





Tolstoy, Lev Nikolaevich
WAR AND PEACE

BY
COUNT LYOF N. TOLSTOY

FROM THE RUSSIAN BY
NATHAN HASKELL DOLE

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PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS IN "WAR AND PEACE."

- Bezukhói:** Count Kírrill Vladimírovitch.
Count Piótr (Pierre) Kirílovitch (Kiríluitch).
- Bolkonsky:** Prince Nikolái Andréyevitch.
Prince Andréi (André, Andréyusha) Nikoláyevitch (Nikoláitch).
- Bolkónskaya:** Princess Yelizaviéta (Liza, Lise) Kárllovna (*née* Meinen).
Princess Maríya (Marie, Másha, Máshenka) Nikoláyevna, afterwards Countess Rostóva.
- Kurágin:** Prince Vasíli (Basil) Sergéyevitch (Sergéyitch).
Prince Ippolít Vasílyevitch.
Prince Anatol Vasílyevitch.
- Kurágina:** Princess Yeléna (Eléna, Ellen, Lyólina, Lyólya) Vasílyevna, afterwards Countess Bezúkhaya.
- Rostóf:** Count Ílya Andréyevitch (Andréyitch).
Count Nikolái (Nikólenka, Nikólushka, Kólya, Koko) Ílyitch.
Count Piótr (Pétya, Petrúshka, Pétenka) Ílyitch.
- Rostóva:** Countess Natálya, *née* Shínshina.
Countess Viéra (Viérushka, Viérotchka) Ílyinitchna, afterwards Mrs. Berg.
Countess Natálya (Nathalie, Natásha) Ílyinitchna, afterwards Countess Bezúkhaya.
Sófya (Sophie, Sónya, Sónyushka) Aleksándrovna, the niece of the Rostófs.
Dmitri (Mitenka) Vasílyevitch, the adopted son and manager.
- Berg:** Alphonse Kárluitch.
- Drubétskoï:** Prince Borís (Bórenka).
- Drubétskaya:** Princess Anna Mikháillovna.
- Karágina:** Márya Lvóvna and her daughter Julie, afterwards Princess Drubétskaya.
- Mamóntova:** Princess Yekatyerína (Ekaterína, Catherine, Katish, Katiche) Semyónovna.
Princess Sófya Semyónovna. } Pierre's cousins.
Princess Olga Semyónovna. }
- Denísouf:** Vasíli (Vaska) Feódorovitch.
- Dolókhof:** Feódor (Fédya) Ivánovitch, son of
- Dolókhova:** Márya Ivánovna.
- Akhrasímov:** Márya Dmítrievna.
- Shínshin:** Piótr Nikoláyevitch.
- Timókhin:** Prokhór Ignátyevitch.

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PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS IN "WAR AND PEACE."

Bazdéyef: Ósip (Iósiph) Alekséyevitch (vol. ii. p. 68).
 Schubert: General Karl Bogdánovitch (Bogdánvitch).
 Perónskaya: Márya Ignátyevna (vol. ii. p. 198).
 Karatáyef: Platon (Platósha, Platoche), vol. iv. p. 45.
 Smolyáninof: Lieutenant Telyánin.
 Mélyukova: Pelagáya Danílovna (vol. ii. p. 295).
 Schérer: Anna Pávlovna (Annette).
 Bourienne (Búrienka): Mlle. Amélie.

Mikháíl Nikanorovitch ("The Little Uncle").
 Semyón Chekmár, Danílo (Daníla) Teréntyitch, Éduard Karluitch Dimmler,
 Zakhár, Luíza Ivánovna Schoss, Tíkhon, Máksimka, Márya Bogdánovna
 the midwife, Féoktist the cook, Praskóvya Sávishta the old nyánya,
 Ivánushka the old pilgrim, Fedósyushka, Father Amfílokhi, Mávrushka
 the maid, Gerásim the servant, Ilyushka the gypsy, Yákof Alpátvitch,
 Lavrúshka, etc.

The Emperor Alexander Pavlovitch (Románof).

The Emperor Napoleon Bonaparte.

Mikháíl Iliáronovitch Kutúzof.

Pável Ivánovitch Kutúzof (vol. iii. p. 178).

Féodor Vasilyevitch Rostópchin (*Rus-tóp-tchin*), vol. ii. p. 318.

Prince Adam Czartorúsky (*Char-to-rís-ky*).

Count Ostermann-Tolstói.

General Prschebiszewsky (*Presh-év-sky*).

Mikháíl Mikháílovitch S��ránsky (vol. ii. p. 318).

Aleksēi Andréyevitch Arakchéyef (vol. ii. p. 163).

General Milorádovitch.

Yúri Vladimírovitch Dolgorúkof or Dolgorúki.

Count Viazemsky.

Prince Aleksandr Narúshkin.

Féodor Petróvitch Uvárof.

General Benigsen (or Benningsen).

Countess Potocka (*Pototska*).

Count Maíkof.

Prince Soltuikóf (Saltykoff).

Generals Winzengeróde, Barclay de Tolly (vol. iii. p. 38), Yermólof, Count
 Orlof-Denísof (vol. iv. p. 82), Poniátowsky (vol. iii. p. 202), Novosíltsof,
 Weirother, Baláshof, Murat (vol. iii. p. 16, 378), Davoust (vol. iii. p. 18;
 iv. 137), Pfuhl (Pfühl) (vol. iii. p. 40), Rummyántsof, Stoluipin, Grand Duke
 Konstantin Pávlovitch (vol. iii. p. 39), Potemkin (Pat-yóm-kin), Suvárof
 (Suvarof, Suvarrow), etc.

WAR AND PEACE.

PART FIRST.

CHAPTER I.

"WELL, prince, Genoa and Lucca are now nothing more than the apanages, than the private property of the Bonaparte family. I warn you that if you do not tell me we are going to have war, if you still allow yourself to condone all the infamies, all the atrocities of this Antichrist — on my word I believe he is Antichrist — that is the end of our acquaintance; you are no longer my friend, you are no longer my faithful slave, as you call yourself.* Now, be of good courage, I see I frighten you. Come, sit down and tell me all about it."

It was on a July evening, 1805, that the famous Anna Pavlovna Scherer, maid of honor and confidant of the Empress Maria Feodorovna, thus greeted the influential statesman, Prince Vasili, who was the first to arrive at her reception.

Anna Pavlovna had been coughing for several days; she had the *grippe*, as she affected to call her influenza — *grippe* at that time being a new word only occasionally employed.

A number of little notes distributed that morning by a footman in red livery had been all couched in the same terms: —

"If you have nothing better to do, M. le Comte (or mon Prince), and if the prospect of spending the evening with a poor invalid is not too dismal, I shall be charmed to see you at my house between seven and ten.

ANNETTE SCHERER."

"Oh! what a savage attack!" rejoined the prince, as he came forward in his embroidered court uniform, stockings, and diamond-buckled shoes, and with an expression of seren-

* In the fifth edition of Count Tolstoi's works. this conversation is in a mixture of French and Russian. In the seventh (1887) the Russian entirely replaces the French — N. H. D.

ity on his insipid face, showing that he was not in the least disturbed by this reception.

He spoke that elegant French in which Russians formerly not only talked but also thought, and his voice was low and patronizing, as becomes a distinguished man who has spent a long life in society and at Court.

He went up to Anna Pavlovna, kissed her hand, bending down to it his perfumed and polished bald head, and then he seated himself comfortably on the sofa:—

“First tell me how you are, *chère amie*, calm your friend’s anxiety,” said he, speaking in Russian, but not altering the tone of his voice, which, in spite of the gallant and sympathetic nature of his remark, still betrayed indifference and even raillery.

“How can one be well—when one’s moral sensibilities are so tormented? Is it possible in these days for a person possessed of any feeling to remain calm?” exclaimed Anna Pavlovna. “You will spend the evening with us, I hope?”

“Ah! but the English ambassador’s *fête*? It is Wednesday, you know. I must show myself there,” said the prince. “My daughter is coming for me, to take me there.”

“I thought that had been postponed. I confess all these *fêtes* and fireworks are beginning to grow insipid!”

“If they had known that it was your desire, they would have postponed the *fête*,” said the prince, from habit, like a watch wound up, saying things which he had no expectation of being believed.

“Don’t tease me!—Well, what decision has been reached in regard to Novosiltsof’s despatch? You know everything.”

“How can I tell you,” said the prince, in a cold tone of annoyance, “what decision has been reached? This: that Bonaparte has burnt his ships, and I believe that we are about to burn ours.”

Prince Vasili always spoke indolently, like an actor rehearsing an old part. Anna Pavlovna, on the contrary, in spite of her forty years, was full of vivacity and impulses.

Being an enthusiast had given her a peculiar position in society, and sometimes, even when it was contrary to her own inclinations, she worked herself up to the proper pitch of enthusiasm, so as not to disappoint her acquaintances. The suppressed smile constantly playing over her face, although incongruous with her faded features, expressed, just as in the case of spoiled children, the unfailing consciousness of a fail-

ing on the side of amiability, which she could not and would not correct, even if she thought it advisable.

They got deep in a conversation about political matters, and Anna Pavlovna became thoroughly heated. —

“Oh! don't say anything to me about Austria. Perhaps I do not know anything about it, but Austria has never wished for war, and she does not now. She is betraying us. Russia alone must be the salvation of Europe. Our benefactor realizes his high calling, and will be faithful to it. That is one thing in which I have a firm belief. The grandest part in the world lies before our kind and splendid sovereign, and he is so benevolent and good that God will not abandon him, and he will fulfil his mission of crushing the hydra of revolution, which is now more monstrous than ever, in the face of this murderer and scoundrel. We alone are called upon to redeem the blood of the just. On whom can we rely, I ask you? — England with her commercial spirit does not understand, and cannot understand all the loftiness of soul of the Emperor Alexander. She has refused to evacuate Malta. She is anxious to find, she is seeking for some secret motive in our actions. What did they say to Novosiltsof? — nothing! They do not and they cannot understand the self-denial of our emperor, who wishes nothing for his own gain, but everything for the good of the world. And what have they promised? Nothing! Even what they have promised will not be performed. Prussia has already declared that Bonaparte is invincible, and that all Europe is powerless before him. — And I have not the slightest faith in Hardenberg or in Haugwitz. This famous Prussian neutrality is only a snare. I believe in God alone, and in the high destiny of our beloved emperor. He will save Europe!” —

She suddenly paused, with a smile of amusement at her own impetuosity.

“I think,” said the prince, smiling, “that if you had been sent instead of our dear Vintzengerode, you would have taken the King of Prussia's consent by storm. You are so eloquent! Will you give me some tea?”

“Directly. *À propos*,” she added, becoming calm once more, “this evening I shall have two very interesting men: le Vicomte de Montemart, connected with the Montmorencys through the Rohans, one of the best families of France. He is one of the decent emigrants of the genuine sort. And then l'Abbé Morio; do you know that profound mind? He has been received by the sovereign. Do you know him?”

"Ah! I shall be most happy," said the prince. "But tell me," he went on to say, as though something just at that moment for the first time occurred to him, whereas in reality this question was the chief object of his visit, "is it true that *l'Impératrice Mère* wishes Baron Funke to be named as first secretary at Vienna? It seems to me that this baron is a poor specimen." *

Prince Vasili was anxious for his son to get the appointment to this place, which a party was trying to secure for the baron through the influence of the Empress Maria Feodorovna.

Anna Pavlovna almost closed her eyes, to signify that neither she nor any one else could tell what would satisfy or please the empress.

"Baron Funke was recommended to the Empress Dowager by her sister," said she in French, curtly, dryly, and in a melancholy tone. Whenever Anna Pavlovna spoke of the empress, her face suddenly assumed a deep and genuine expression of devotion and deference tinged with melancholy, and this was characteristic of her at all times when she was reminded of her august patroness. She said that her majesty had been pleased to show Baron Funke *beaucoup d'estime*, and again the shade of melancholy passed over her face.

The prince preserved an indifferent silence. Anna Pavlovna, with a quickness and dexterity characteristic of a woman, and especially of one brought up at court, had taken pains to give the prince a rap because of his daring to speak in dispraise of a person who had been recommended to the empress, and at the same time she consoled him. "*Mais à propos de votre famille,*" she added, "do you know that your daughter, since she came out, has roused the enthusiasm of all our best people. She is considered to be as lovely as the day." †

The prince bowed in token of his respect and gratitude.

"I often think," pursued Anna Pavlovna, after a moment's silence, drawing a little closer to the prince and giving him a flattering smile, as though to imply that she had nothing more to say about politics and society, but was ready to enter into a confidential chat: "I often think how unfairly happiness in life is distributed. Why should fate have given you two such splendid children (I don't count Anatol, your youngest, for I don't like him," she said decisively, in way of parenthesis, and raising her brows), two such lovely children, and really

* *C'est un pauvre Sire, ce Baron à ce qu'il paraît.*

† *Fait les délices de tout le monde. On la trouve belle comme le jour.*

you do not appreciate them, and therefore do not deserve them."

And she smiled her enthusiastic smile.

"*Que voulez-vous?*" Lavater would have said that I lack the bump of philoprogenitiveness," said the prince.

"Now stop joking. I wanted to have a serious talk with you. You must know, I am out of patience with your youngest son. Between you and me (here her face assumed its melancholy expression), they have been talking about him at her majesty's, and pitying you."

The prince made no reply, but she paused and looked at him significantly while waiting for his answer. Prince Vasili frowned.

"What do you wish me to do!" he exclaimed at last. "You know I have done everything for their education that is in a father's power, and both have turned out *des imbéciles*. Ippolit is nothing worse than an inoffensive idiot, but Anatol is one of quite an opposite stamp. There is that difference between them," said he, with a smile more natural and animated than usual, and at the same time allowing an unexpectedly coarse and disagreeable expression to be most distinctly manifest in the wrinkles around his mouth.

"And why is it that such men as you have children? If you were not a father, I should not be able to find fault with you about anything," said Anna Pavlovna, lifting her eyes pensively.

"I am your faithful slave, and I can confess it to you alone. My children are the stumbling-blocks of my existence.* This is my cross. That is the way that I explain it to myself. *Que voulez-vous?*" —

He paused, expressing with a gesture his submission to his cruel fate. Anna Pavlovna was lost in thought.

"Has it never occurred to you to find a wife for your prodigal son? they say old maids have a mania for match-making, I am not as yet conscious of this weakness, but I know a *petite personne*, who is very unhappy with her father, a relative of ours, *une Princesse Bolkonskaya*."

Prince Vasili made no reply, but the motion of his head showed that, with the swiftness of calculation and memory characteristic of men of the world, he was taking her suggestion into consideration.

"Did you know that this Anatol costs me forty thousand a year?" said he, evidently unable to restrain the painful current

* *Ce sont les entraves de mon existence.*

of his thoughts. He hesitated: "What will it be five years hence, if it goes at this rate. *Voilà l'avantage d'être père!* Is she rich, this princess of yours?"

"Her father is very rich and stingy. He lives in the country. You know, he is that famous Prince Bolkonsky, who retired during the lifetime of the late Emperor. He was nicknamed 'The King of Prussia.' He is a very clever man, but full of whims, and a trial. *La pauvre petite* is as unhappy as she can be.* She has a brother who recently married Lise Meinen. He is on Kutuzof's staff. He will be here this evening."

"Listen, *chère Annette*," said the prince, suddenly taking his companion's hand and bending it down for some reason. "*Arrangez moi cette affaire* and I will be your faithfullest slave forever and ever. She is of good family and rich — all that I require."

And with that easy and natural grace for which he was distinguished, he raised her hand, kissed it, and having kissed it, still retained it in his, while he settled back in his arm-chair and looked to one side.

"*Attendez!*" said Anna Pavlovna, after a moment of consideration. "I will speak about it this very evening to Lise (young Bolkonsky's wife), and perhaps it can be arranged. In your family I shall begin my old maid's apprenticeship."

CHAPTER II.

ANNA PAVLOVNA'S drawing-room gradually began to be filled. The highest aristocracy of Petersburg came; people most widely differing in age and in character, but alike in that they all belonged to the same class of society. Prince Vasili's daughter, the beautiful Ellen, came, in order to go with her father to the ambassador's reception. She was in ball toilet and wore the Imperial decoration. There came also the little, young Princess Bolkonskaya known as the most fascinating woman in Petersburg. She had been married during the past winter, and now, owing to her expectations, had ceased to appear at large entertainments, but still went to small receptions. Prince Ippolit, Prince Vasili's son, came with Montemart, whom he was introducing to society. The Abbé Morio and many others also came.

"Have you seen my aunt yet?" or "Do you know my

* *Malheureuse comme les pierres.*

aunt?" asked Anna Pavlovna of her guests, as they came in, and with perfect seriousness she would lead them up to a little old lady wearing tremendous bows, who had sailed out from the next room the moment the guests began to arrive, and she presented them by name, deliberately looking from guest to aunt, and then going back to her place again.

All the guests had to go through the formality of an introduction to this superfluous aunt, whom no one knew or cared to know. Anna Pavlovna, with a melancholy, rapturous expression of sympathetic approval, silently listened to their exchange of formalities.

"*Ma tante*," spoke to all new comers in precisely the same terms about their health, her own health, and the health of her majesty. "which was better to-day, thank God." All those who fell into her clutches, though from politeness they showed no undue haste, made their escape with the consciousness of relief at having accomplished a disagreeable duty, and took pains not to stay near the old lady or to come into her vicinity again during the evening.

The young Princess Bolkonskaya came, bringing some work in a gold-embroidered velvet bag. Her pretty little upper lip, just shaded by an almost imperceptible down, was rather short, but all the more fascinating when it displayed her teeth, and more fascinating still when she drew it down a little and closed it against the under lip. As is always the case with perfectly charming women, her defect of a short lip and a half-open mouth seemed like a peculiar distinction and an addition to her beauty.

It was a delight for all to look at this beautiful young woman so full of health and life, and so gracious with the promise of coming motherhood. Old men and surly young men, soured before their time, as they looked at her seemed to become like her, after being in her presence and talking with her for a little time. Whoever spoke with her and saw her bright smile, and her shining white teeth displayed at every word, was sure to go away with the impression that he had been unusually agreeable that day. And every one felt the same.

The young princess, with her workbag in her hand, making her way along with short quick steps, passed around the table and joyously disposing her dress, sat down on the sofa near the silver samovar, as though all that she did was *partie de plaisir* for herself and all around her.

"I have brought my work," she said, in French, opening

her reticule, and addressing the whole company. "Now see here, Annette, don't play a naughty trick upon me," she went on to say, turning to the hostess. "You wrote me that it was to be a little informal *soirée*; see, how unsuitably I am dressed!"

And she spread out her arms so as to display her elegant gray gown trimmed with lace and belted high with a wide ribbon.

"*Soyez tranquille, Lise.*" replied Anna Pavlovna, "you will always be the most beautiful of all."

"You know my husband is deserting me," continued the young princess, still in French, and addressing a general, "He is going to meet his death. — Tell me, why this wretched war?" she added, this time speaking to Prince Vasili, and without waiting for his rejoinder, she had some remark to make to Prince Vasili's daughter, the handsome Ellen.

"*Quelle délicieuse personne que cette petite princesse!*" whispered Prince Vasili to Anna Pavlovna.

Shortly after the young princess's arrival, a huge, stout young man came in. His head was close cropped, he had on eyeglasses, and wore stylish light trousers, an immense frill, and a cinnamon-colored coat. This stout young man was the illegitimate son of Count Bezukhoi, a famous grandee of Catherine's time, and now lying at the point of death in Moscow. He had not as yet entered any branch of the service, having just returned from abroad, where he had been educated, and this was his first appearance in society.

Anna Pavlovna welcomed him with a nod reserved for men of the very least importance in the hierarchy of her salon. But notwithstanding this greeting, almost contemptuous in its way, Anna Pavlovna's face, as Pierre came toward her, expressed anxiety and dismay such as one experiences at the sight of anything too huge and out of place.

Pierre was indeed rather taller than any one else in the room, but the princess's dismay could have been caused only by the young man's intelligent, and at the same time diffident glance, so honest and keen that it distinguished him from every one else in the room.

"It is very kind of you, 'Monsieur Pierre,' to come and see a poor invalid," said Anna Pavlovna, looking up in alarm from her aunt, to whom she was conducting him.

Pierre blurted out some incoherent reply, and continued to let his eyes wander around the assembly. With a gay, rapturous smile he bowed to the little princess as though she were an intimate friend, and was led up to the aunt.

Anna Pavlovna's alarm was justified, for Pierre did not wait for the old lady to finish her discourse about her majesty's health, but left her in the midst of it. Anna Pavlovna in dismay tried to detain him with the words, —

"Do you know the Abbé Morio?" she asked, "he is a very interesting man."

"Yes, I have heard of his plan for a perpetual peace, and it is very interesting, but hardly feasible."

"Do you think so?" said Anna Pavlovna, for the sake of saying something, and once more returning to her duties as hostess; but Pierre now was guilty of an incivility of an opposite nature. Before, he had left a lady without allowing her to finish speaking; now he detained another lady and made her listen to him though she wished to leave him.

Bending his head down, and spreading his long legs, he began to show Anna Pavlovna why he conceived that the abbé's plan was chimerical.

"We will talk about that by and by," said Anna Pavlovna, with a smile.

And having turned away from this young man who did not know the ways of polite society, she once more devoted herself to her duties as hostess, and continued to listen and look on, ready to lend her aid wherever conversation was beginning to flag. Just as the proprietor of a spinning establishment, who has stationed his workmen at their places, walks up and down on his tour of inspection, and when he notices any spindle that has stopped or that makes an unusually loud or creaking noise, hastens to it, and checks it or sets it going in its proper rote, even so Anna Pavlovna, as she walked up and down her drawing-room, came to some group that was silent, or that was talking too excitedly, and by a single word or a slight transposition, set the talking machine in regular decorous running order again.

But while she was occupied with these labors, it could be seen that she was all the time in especial dread of Pierre. She watched him anxiously while he went to listen to what was said in the circle around Montemart, and then joined another group, where the abbé was discoursing.

For Pierre, who had been educated abroad, this reception at Anna Pavlovna's was the first introduction to society in Russia. He knew that all the intellect of Petersburg was gathered here, and like a child in a toy-show, he kept his eyes open. He was all the time afraid of missing some clever conversation that might interest him. As he saw the assured

and refined expressions on the faces of those gathered here, he was ever on the look out for something especially intellectual.

He had finally come where Morio was. The conversation seemed to him interesting, and he stood there waiting a chance to air his opinions, as young men are fond of doing.

CHAPTER III.

ANNA PAVLOVNA's reception was in full swing. The spin-dles on all sides were buzzing smoothly and without halt. With the exception of *Ma Tante*, near whom sat only one elderly lady with a thin tear-worn face, a poor soul rather out of place in this brilliant society, the guests were divided into three circles. In one, for the most part composed of men, the Abbé Morio formed the centre; in the second there were young people grouped around the beautiful Princess Ellen, Prince Vasili's daughter, and the pretty little Princess Bolkon-skaya, fair and rosy, but too stout for her age.

In the third were Montemart and Anna Pavlovna.

The viscount was an attractive-looking young man, with delicate features and refined manners. He evidently regarded himself as a celebrity, but through his good breeding, modestly allowed the company with which he mingled to profit by his presence. It was plain to see that Anna Pavlovna served him as a treat for her guests, just as a good *maître d'hôtel* offers as a supernaturally delicious dish, some piece of meat which no one would feel like eating were it seen in the unsavory kitchen; so this evening Anna Pavlovna served up to her guests first the viscount, then the abbé, as some sort of supernatural delicacy.

In Montemart's circle they immediately began to discuss the murder of the Duke d'Enghien. The viscount maintained that the duke had fallen a victim to his own magnanimity, and that there had been personal reasons for Bonaparte's ill will.

"Ah! *Voyons. ConteZ nous cela, vicomte,*" said Anna Pavlovna, ecstasically, with a consciousness that this phrase, "*conteZ nous cela vicomte*—tell us about it viscount," had a certain ring like Louis XV.

The viscount bowed in token of submission, and smiled urbanely. Anna Pavlovna made her circle close in around the viscount, and invited all to hear his account.

"The viscount knew the duke personally," whispered Anna Pavlovna in French, to one of her guests. "The viscount is

wonderfully clever at telling a story," she said to another, "How easy it is to tell a man used to good society," she exclaimed to a third, and the viscount was offered to the company in a halo most exquisite and flattering to himself, like roast beef garnished with parsley on a hot platter.

The viscount was just about beginning his narration, and a faint smile played over his lips.

"Come over here, *chère Hélène*," said Anna Pavlovna, to the lovely young princess, who was seated at some little distance, the centre of the second group.

The Princess Ellen smiled; she stood up with the smile on her face which is so natural to a perfectly beautiful woman, and which she had worn when she first came into the room. Lightly trailing her white ball dress, ornamented with smilax and moss, with shoulders gleaming white, with glossy hair and flashing gems, she made her way through the ranks of men who stood aside to let her pass, and not looking at any one in particular, but smiling on all, and as it were, amiably granting each one the privilege of viewing the beauty of her form, of her plump shoulders, of her beautiful bosom and back, exposed by the low cut of dresses then in vogue, seeming to personify the radiance of festivity, she crossed over to Anna Pavlovna's side.

Ellen was so lovely that not only there was not a shade of coquetry to be perceived in her, but on the contrary, she was, as it were, conscience-stricken at her unquestionable and all-conquering maidenly beauty. She seemed to have the will but not the power to diminish the effect of her loveliness.

"*Quelle belle personne*," was remarked by all who saw her.

The viscount, as though overwhelmed by something quite out of the ordinary, shrugged his shoulders and dropped his eyes at the moment she took her seat in front of him and turned upon him the radiance of that perpetual smile.

"Madame, I fear that my ability is not on a par with such an audience,"* said he, inclining his head with a smile.

The young princess rested her bare round arm on the table, and did not think it incumbent upon her to say anything in reply. She smiled and waited. All the time that he was telling his story she sat upright, glancing occasionally now at her beautiful plump arm, which by its pressure on the table altered its shape, now at her still more beautiful bosom, on which she adjusted her diamond necklace; once or twice she smoothed out the folds of her dress, and when the story was unusually

* *Je crains pour mes moyens devant un pareil auditoire.*

impressive, she would look at Anna Pavlovna and for an instant assume the very same expression that was on the *fréilin's* face, and then again relapse into her calm, radiant smile.

The little Princess Bolkonskaya also left the tea table and followed Ellen.

"Wait a moment, I am going to bring my work!" she exclaimed. — "*Voyons à quoi pensez-vous.*" she added, turning to Prince Ippolit — "bring me my workbag."

The young wife, smiling, and having a word for every one, quickly effected her transmigration, and as she took her seat, merrily arranged herself.

"Now I am comfortable," she exclaimed, and begging the viscount to begin, she set herself to her work again. Prince Ippolit brought her the bag and, placing his chair near her, sat down.

Le charmant Hippolyte struck one by his extraordinary likeness to his sister, the beautiful Ellen, and still more by the fact that in spite of this likeness he was astonishingly ugly. His features were the same as his sister's, but in her case all was illumined by her radiantly joyous, self-contented, unfailing smile of life and youth, and the remarkable classic beauty of her form. In the case of the brother, on the contrary, the face, though the same, was befogged with an idiotic expression, and looked always self-conceited and sulky, and his body was lean and feeble. Eyes, nose, mouth, all were fixed, as it were, in a perpetual grimace vaguely indicative of his discontented state of mind, while his arms and legs always assumed some unnatural attitude.

"This is not a ghost story, is it?"* he asked, as he sat down near the princess and hastily put on his eyeglass, as though without this instrument it were impossible for him to say a word.

"Why no, my dear," replied the astonished narrator, shrugging his shoulders.

"Because I detest ghost stories," he added, and it was plain from his tone that only after he had spoken these words he realized their significance.

The self-assurance with which he spoke was so complete, no one could tell whether his remark was very witty or very stupid. He wore a dark green coat, pantaloons of a shade that he called *cuisse de nymphe effrayé*, and stockings and pumps.

* *Ce n'est pas une histoire de revenants ?*

The viscount gave a very clever rendering of an anecdote at that time going the rounds, to the effect that the Duke d'Enghien had gone secretly to Paris to see Mlle. George, and there met Bonaparte who also enjoyed the favors of the famous actress, and that Napoleon on meeting the duke there, happened to fall into one of the swoons to which he was subject, and thus came into the duke's power, but the duke refrained from taking advantage of it, while Bonaparte in return for this magnanimity revenged himself in the duke's death.

The story was very nice and interesting, especially at the place where the rivals suddenly recognize each other, and the ladies, it appeared, were moved.

"*Charmant !*" exclaimed Anna Pavlovna, looking interrogatively at the little princess.

"*Charmant*," whispered the little princess, looking for her needle in her work, as though to signify that the interest and charm of the tale had prevented her from going on with her sewing.

The viscount was flattered by this mute tribute of praise, and with a gratified smile was about to continue; but at this instant Anna Pavlovna who kept her eye constantly on the young man who seemed to her so dangerous, noticed that he and the abbé were talking altogether too loud and energetically, and she hastened to carry aid to the imperilled place.

In reality Pierre had succeeded in leading the abbé into a conversation on political equipoise; and the abbé, evidently interested by the young man's frank impetuosity, was giving him the full benefit of his pet idea. Both were talking and listening with too much natural ardor, and this was displeasing to Anna Pavlovna.

"By what means? — the balance of Europe and *droit des gens*," the abbé was saying. "It is possible for one powerful empire like Russia, having the repute of being barbarous, to take her stand disinterestedly at the head of an alliance whose aim is the balance of Europe — and she would save the world!"

"How would you bring about this balance of power?" Pierre was beginning to ask; but just at this instant Anna Pavlovna joined them, and, giving Pierre a stern glance, asked the Italian how he bore the climate of Petersburg.

The Italian's face instantly changed and took on an offensively, affectedly soft expression, which was evidently habitual with him when he engaged in conversation with women.

"I am so enchanted by the charms of the wit and culture,

especially among the women of the society into which I have the honor of being received, that I have not had time as yet to think of the climate," said he.

Anna Pavlovna, making sure of Pierre and the abbé, brought them into the general circle, so that she might keep them under her observation.

At this moment, a new personage appeared in the drawing-room. This new personage was the young Prince Andrei Bolkonsky, the husband of the little princess. Prince Bolkonsky was a very handsome youth of medium height, with strongly marked and stern features. Everything about him, from the weary, bored expression of his eyes to the measured deliberation of his step, presented a striking contrast with his little lively wife. He was not only acquainted, it seemed, with every one in the room, but found them so tedious that even to look at them and hear their voices was too much for his equanimity. Of all those faces there, apparently, the face of his lovely little wife was the one that bored him the most. With a grimace that disfigured his handsome face, he turned away from her. He kissed Anna Pavlovna's hand, and with half-closed eyes looked round at the assembly.

"So you are getting ready for war, prince?" * asked Anna Pavlovna.

"General Kutuzof has been kind enough to desire me as his aide-de-camp."

He spoke in French and accented the last syllable of Kutuzof's name like a Frenchman.

"*Et Lise, votre femme?*"

"She will go into the country."

"Isn't it a sin for you to deprive us of your charming wife?"

"André," exclaimed the little princess, addressing her husband in the same coquettish tone that she employed toward strangers, "You should have heard the story the viscount has been telling us about Mlle. George and Bonaparte!"

Prince Andrei frowned and turned away; Pierre, who from the moment that Prince Andrei entered the room had not taken his merry kindly eyes from him, now came to him and took him by the arm. Prince Andrei, without looking round, again contracted his face into a grimace expressing his annoyance that any one should touch his arm, but when he saw Pierre's smiling face, his face lighted up with an unexpectedly kind and pleasant smile.

* *Vous-vous enrôlez pour la guerre, mon prince?*

"What is this! — you also in gay society?" said he to Pierre.

"I knew that you would be here," replied Pierre, "I will go home to supper with you," he added in a whisper, so as not to disturb the viscount, who was proceeding with his story, "Can I?"

"No, of course you can't," said Prince Andrei, laughing, and by a pressure of the hand giving Pierre to understand that he had no need of asking such a question.

He had something more on his tongue's end, but at this moment, Prince Vasili and his daughter arose and the two young men stood aside to give them room to pass.

"You will excuse me, my dear viscount," said Prince Vasili, courteously insisting that the Frenchman should keep his seat, "This unfortunate ball at the embassy deprives me of a pleasure, and compels us to interrupt you — I am very sorry to leave your delightful reception," said he to Anna Pavlovna.

His daughter, the Princess Ellen, gracefully holding the folds of her dress, made her way among the chairs, and the smile on her lovely face was more radiant than ever. Pierre looked with almost startled, though enthusiastic eyes at the beautiful creature as she passed by him.

"Very handsome," said Prince Andrei. "Very," said Pierre.

As he went by, Prince Vasili seized Pierre by the hand and turned to Anna Pavlovna.

"Train this bear for me," said he. "Here he has been living a month at my house, and this is the first time that I have seen him in society. Nothing is so advantageous for a young man as the society of clever women."

CHAPTER IV.

ANNA PAVLOVNA smiled and promised to look out for Pierre, who was, as she knew, on his father's side related to Prince Vasili.

The elderly lady who had been sitting near *Ma Tante* jumped up hastily and followed Prince Vasili into the entry. Her face lost all its former pretence of interest. Her kind, wear-worn face expressed only anxiety and alarm.

"What can you tell me, prince, about my Boris," she said, as she followed him (she pronounced the name Boris with the accent on the first syllable), "I cannot stay any longer in Petersburg. Tell me what tidings I can take to my poor boy."

Although Prince Vasili's manner in listening to the old lady was reluctant and almost uncivil, and even showed impatience, still she gave him a flattering and affectionate smile and took his arm to detain him.

"What would it cost you to say a word to the emperor and then he would be at once admitted to the Guards!" she added.

"Be assured that I will do all I can, princess," replied Prince Vasili; "but it is not easy for me to ask his majesty; I should advise you to appeal to Rumyantsof through Prince Golitsin. That would be a wiser move."

The elderly lady bore the name of the Princess Drubetskaya, belonging to one of the best families in Russia, but as she was poor, and had long been living in retirement, she had lost her former social position. She was now in Petersburg in the hopes of securing the admittance of her only son into the Imperial Guards. Merely for the sake of meeting Prince Vasili, she had accepted Anna Pavlovna's invitation and come to the reception; merely for this she had listened to the viscount's story. She was dismayed at Prince Vasili's words; her handsome face expressed vexation, but this lasted only an instant. She smiled once more and clasped Prince Vasili's arm more firmly.

"Listen, prince," said she, "I have never asked anything of you, and I never shall ask anything of you again and I have never reminded you of the friendship that my father had for you. But now I beg of you, in God's name, do this for my son and I will look upon you as our benefactor." She added hastily, "No, don't be angry, but promise me this. I have asked Golitsin, he refused. *Soyez le bon enfant que vous avez été,*" she said, trying to smile, though the tears were in her eyes.

"Papa, we shall be late," said the Princess Ellen, who stood waiting at the door, and turned her lovely head on her classic shoulders.

Influence in society is a capital which has to be economized lest it be exhausted. Prince Vasili understood this, and having once come to the conclusion that if he asked favors for everybody who applied to him, it would soon be idle to ask anything for himself, he rarely exerted his influence. The Princess Drubetskaya's last appeal however, caused him to feel something like a pang of conscience. She had reminded him of the fact that he had owed to her father his advancement in his career; moreover he saw by her action that she was one of those women, notably mothers, who

ing once conceived a notion, do not rest until they attain the object of their desires, and, if opposed are ready with fresh urgencies, and even scenes at any day or any moment. This last consideration turned the scale with him.

"*Chère Anna Mikhailovna*," said he, with his usual familiarity and with a shade of ill humor in his voice: "It is almost impossible for me to do what you wish; but in order to show you how fond I am of you, and how much I honor your father's memory, I will do the impossible; your son shall be admitted to the Guards, here is my hand on it. Are you satisfied?"

"My dear, you are our benefactor. I expected nothing less from you — I knew how kind you were. — He started to go, Wait, two words more — *une fois passé aux gardes*" — she hesitated. "You are good friends with Mikhail Ilarionovitch Kutuzof, do recommend Boris to him as aide-de-camp. Then I should be content, and then" —

Prince Vasili smiled.

"That I can't promise. You have no idea how Kutuzof has been besieged since he was appointed commander-in-chief. He himself told me that all the ladies of Moscow had offered him all their children as adjutants."

"No, but you must promise, I will not let you go, my dear friend, my benefactor," —

"Papa," again insisted the beautiful Ellen, in the same tone, "we shall be late."

"Well, *au revoir*, good-by. You see?"

"Then to-morrow you will speak to his majesty?"

"Without fail, but I cannot promise about Kutuzof."

"No, but promise, promise, Basile," insisted Anna Mikhailovna, with a coquettish smile, which perhaps in days long gone by, might have been becoming to her, but now ill suited her haggard face. She evidently forgot her age, and through habit, put her confidence in her former feminine resources. But as soon as he was gone, her face again assumed the same expression as before, of pretended cool complacency. She returned to the group where the viscount was still telling stories, and again she made believe listen, though she was anxiously waiting for the time to go, now that her purpose was accomplished.

"But what do you think of all this last comedy *du sacre de Milan*?" asked Anna Pavlovna, "and the new comedy of the people of Genoa and Lucca coming to offer their homage to Monsieur Bonaparte sitting on a throne and accepting the

homage of nations. Oh, this is delicious! No, it is enough to make one beside one's self. You would think the whole world had gone mad."

Prince Andrei looked straight into her face and smiled.

"God has given me this crown; beware of touching it," he said (these were Bonaparte's words, *Dieu me la donne, gare à qui la touche*, at his coronation). "They say he was very handsome as he pronounced these words," he added, and again repeated them in Italian: — "*Dio mi la dona, guai a chi la tocca.*"

"I hope," pursued Anna Pavlovna, "that this will at last be the drop too much. The sovereigns cannot longer endure this man who is a menace to each and every one of them."*

"The sovereigns? — I do not refer to Russia," said the viscount politely, but in a tone of despair: — "The sovereigns, madame? What have they done for Louis XVIII., for the Queen, for Madame Elizabeth. Nothing!" he added, becoming animated. "And, believe me, they are suffering their punishment for having betrayed the cause of the Bourbons. The sovereigns? They sent ambassadors to compliment the usurper!"

And with an exclamation of contempt, he again changed his position.

Prince Ippolit who had been long contemplating the viscount through his lorgnette, suddenly at these words turned completely round to the little princess, and asking her for a needle proceeded to show her what the escutcheon of Condé was, scratching it with the needle on the table. He interpreted this coat-of-arms for her benefit, with such a business-like expression that one would have supposed the princess had asked him to do it for her.

"*Bâton de gueules, engrêlé de gueules d'azur — maison Condé,*" he said. The princess listened with a smile.

"If Bonaparte remains a year longer on the throne of France, things will have gone quite too far," said the viscount, still pursuing the same line of conversation, like a man, who without regard to the opinions of others, and considering himself the best informed on any given subject, insists on following the lead of his own thoughts. By intrigue, violence, proscriptions and capital punishment, society, I mean good society, French society, will be utterly destroyed, and then" —

* *J'espère enfin que ça a été la goutte d'eau qui fera déborder la verre. Les souverains ne peuvent plus supporter cet homme qui menace tout.*

He shrugged his shoulders and spread open his hands. Pierre was about to put in a word, the conversation interested him, but Anna Pavlovna, who was on the watch, broke in, —

“The Emperor Alexander,” said she, with the melancholy which always accompanied any reference to the imperial family, “has declared that he will leave it to the French themselves to choose their own form of government. And it is my opinion that unquestionably the whole nation, when once freed from the usurper, will throw itself into the arms of its rightful King,” said she, striving to say something flattering for the *émigré* and Royalist.

“That is doubtful,” said Prince Andrei. “*Monsieur le vicomte* is perfectly right when he remarks that things have already gone too far. I think that there are many difficulties in the way of returning to the old.”

“I have recently heard” remarked Pierre, again, with a flushed face, venturing to take part in the conversation, “that almost all the nobility have gone over to Bonaparte.”

“That is what the Bonapartists say,” replied the viscount, not looking at Pierre. “It is hard nowadays to know what the public opinion of France really is.”

“Bonaparte said so,” sneered Prince Andrei. It was evident that the viscount did not please him, and also that the latter though without especially addressing him, directed all his remarks in his direction. “‘I have showed them the path of glory,’” he went on, after a moment’s silence, again quoting Napoleon’s words, “‘and they would not enter it; I opened my antechambers to them, and they rushed in in throngs.’” * I know how far he was justified in saying that.”

“Not in the least,” said the viscount, “After the assassination of the duke, even the most partial ceased to look on him as a hero. Even if he has been a hero for certain people,” continued the viscount, turning to Anna Pavlovna, “since the assassination of the duke there is one martyr more in heaven, and one hero less on earth.”

Anna Pavlovna and the others had not time to reward the viscount with a smile of approval for his words, before Pierre again rushed into the conversation, and Anna Pavlovna, though she had a presentiment that he would say something indecorous, was unable to restrain him.

“The punishment of the Duke d’Enghien,” said Monsieur Pierre, “was a political necessity, and I for one regard it as mag-

* *Je leur ai montré le chemin de la gloire, ils n’en ont pas voulu ; je leur ai ouvert mes antechambres, ils se sont précipités en foule.*

nanimity in Napoleon not hesitating to assume the sole responsibility of this act."

"*Dieu! mon Dieu!*" exclaimed Anna Pavlovna in a whisper of dismay.

"What, Monsieur Pierre! you see magnanimity in assassination?"* said the little princess, smiling and moving her work nearer to her.

"Ah! Oh!" said a number of different voices.

"Capital," said Prince Ippolit, in English, and he began to slap his knee with his hand.

The viscount merely shrugged his shoulders.

Pierre looked triumphantly at the company over his spectacles, "I say this," he went on to explain, in a sort of desperation, "because the Bourbons fled from the revolution, leaving their people a prey to anarchy. And it was Napoleon alone who was able to understand the revolution, to conquer it, and consequently, when the good of all was in the balance, he could not hesitate before the life of a single individual."

"Don't you want to come over to this table?" suggested Anna Pavlovna. But Pierre, without heeding her, went on with his discourse.

"No," said he, growing more and more excited, "Napoleon is great because he stands superior to the revolution, because he has crushed out its abuses, preserving all that was good — the equality of citizens, and freedom of speech, and the press, and that was the only way that he gained the power."

"Yes, if, when he gained the power, instead of using it for assassination, he had restored it to the legitimate king," said the viscount, "then I should have called him a great man."

"But he could not do that. The power was granted him by the people, solely that he might deliver them from the Bourbons, and because they saw that he was a great man. The Revolution was a mighty fact," continued Monsieur Pierre, betraying by this desperate and forced proposition, his extreme youth, and his propensity to speak out whatever was in his mind.

"Revolution and regicide mighty facts! — After this — but will you not come over to this table?" insisted Anna Pavlovna.

"Rousseau's *Contrat social*," suggested the viscount, with a benignant smile.

"I am not talking about regicide, I am talking about the idea."

* *Comment, M. Pierre, vous trouvez que l'assassinat est grandeur d'âme.*

"Yes, the idea of pillage, assassination, and regicide," suggested an ironical voice.

"Those are the extremes, of course, and the real significance is not in such things, but in the rights of man, in emancipation from prejudices, in equality of citizenship; and all these principles Napoleon has preserved in all their integrity."

"Liberty and equality!" exclaimed the viscount, scornfully, as though he had at last made up his mind seriously to prove to this young man all the foolishness of his arguments. "All high-sounding words, which long ago were shown to be dangerous. Who does not love liberty and equality? Our Saviour himself preached liberty and equality. But after the Revolution were men any better off? On the contrary. We wanted freedom, and Bonaparte has destroyed it."

Prince Andrei with a smile on his face, looked now at Pierre, now at the viscount, and now at the hostess. During the first instant of Pierre's outbreak, Anna Pavlovna was appalled, notwithstanding her experience in society: but when she saw that Pierre's sacrilegious utterances did not make the viscount lose his temper, and when she became convinced that it was impossible to check them, she collected her forces, and taking the viscount's side, she attacked the young orator.

"*Mais, mon cher Monsieur Pierre,*" said Anna Pavlovna, "how can you call a man great who can put to death a duke, simply a man, when you come to analyze it, without trial and without cause?"

"I should like to ask," said the viscount, "how monsieur explains the Eighteenth Brumaire. Was it not a fraud? It was a piece of trickery wholly unlike what a great man could have done."*

"And the prisoners in Africa, whom he killed?" suggested the little princess. "That was horrible!" and she shrugged her shoulders.

"*C'est un roturier, vous aurez beau dire.*"†

Monsieur Pierre did not know which one to answer; he looked at them all and smiled. His smile was unlike other men's, falsely compounded of seriousness. Whenever a smile came on his face, then suddenly, like a flash, all the serious and even stern expression vanished, and in its place came another, genial, frank, and like that of a child asking forgiveness.

* *C'est un escamotage qui ne ressemble nullement à la manière d'agir d'un grand homme.*

† He is a low fellow, whatever you may say.

The viscount, who had never seen this young Jacobin before, recognized clearly that he was not nearly as terrible as his words.

All were silent.

"How can you expect him to answer all of you at once?" said Prince Andrei. "Besides, in the actions of a statesman, one must distinguish the actions of a private individual, a general, or an emperor. It seems to me so."

"Yes, yes, of course," put in Pierre, delighted at this ratification of his ideas.

"It is impossible not to acknowledge," pursued Prince Andrei, "that Napoleon was great as a man on the bridge at Arcola, or in the hospital at Jaffa, when he shook hands with the plague-stricken soldiers, but—but there are other actions of his which it is hard to justify."

Prince Andrei, who had evidently been desirous of smoothing over Pierre's awkwardness, got up, with the intention of leaving, and giving his wife the hint.

Suddenly, Prince Ippolit arose, and with a gesture of his hand detaining the company, and begging them to be seated, he went on to say, —

*"Ah! aujourd'hui on m'a raconté une anecdote moscovite charmante; il faut que je vous en régle. Vous m'excuserez, vicomte, il faut que je raconte en Russe. Autrement, on ne sentera pas le sel de l'histoire."**

And Prince Ippolit began to speak in Russian, with much the same fluency as Frenchmen who have spent a year in Russia, usually attain. All stopped to listen, because Prince Ippolit had been so strenuously urgent in attracting their attention to his story.

"In Moscow there is a lady, *une dame*, and she is very miserly. She has to have two *valets de place* behind her carriage. And very tall ones. That was her hobby. And she had *une femme de chambre*, who was also very tall. She said" —

Here Prince Ippolit paused to think, evidently at a loss to collect his wits.

"She said, — yes, she said, 'Girl (*à la femme de chambre*) put on a livery and go with me, behind the carriage, *faire des visites*.'"

* Oh, I was told to-day such a charming Russian story. I must give you the benefit of it. You will excuse me, viscount, I must tell it in Russian. Otherwise, the flavor of the story will be lost.

Here Prince Ippolit burst out into a regular guffaw, and his laugh so completely failed to be echoed by his hearers that it produced a very disheartening effect upon the narrator. However a few, including the elderly lady and Anna Pavlovna, smiled.

"She drove off. Suddenly a strong wind blew up. The girl lost her hat and her long hair came down."

Here he could not hold in any longer, but through his bursts of broken laughter he managed to say these words, —

"And every one knew about it."

That was the end of the anecdote. Although it was incomprehensible why he told it, and why he felt called upon to tell it in Russian rather than French, still Anna Pavlovna and the others appreciated Prince Ippolit's cleverness in so agreeably putting an end to Monsieur Pierre's disagreeable and stupid freak.

The company, after the anecdote, broke up into little groups, busily engaged in the insignificant small talk about some ball that had been or some ball that was to be, or the theatre, or when and where they should meet again.

CHAPTER V.

CONGRATULATING Anna Pavlovna on what they called her *charmante soirée*, the guests began to take their departure.

Pierre, as has been already said, was awkward. Stout, of more than the average height, broad shouldered, with huge red hands, he had no idea of the proper way to enter a drawing-room, and still less the proper way of making his exit; in other words he did not know how to make some especially agreeable remark to his hostess before taking his leave. Moreover he was absent-minded. He got up, and instead of taking his own cap, he seized the plumed three-cornered hat of some general, and held it, pulling at the feathers until the general came and asked him to surrender it. But all his absent-mindedness and clumsiness about entering a drawing-room, and his zeal in putting forward his own ideas were redeemed by his expression of genuine goodness, simplicity, and modesty.

Anna Pavlovna turned to him, and with Christian sweetness expressing her forgiveness for his behavior, nodded to him, and said, —

"I shall hope to see you again, but I shall hope also that

you will change your opinions, my dear Monsieur Pierre," said she.

He could find no words to answer her; he only bowed, and again they all saw his smile, which really said nothing, except this: "opinions are opinions, and you can see what a good and noble young man I am." And all, Anna Pavlovna included, could not help feeling that this was so.

Prince Andrei went into the entry, allowed the lackey to throw his mantle over his shoulders, and with cool indifference listened to the chatter of his wife and Prince Ippolit, who had also come into the entry.

Prince Ippolit stood near the pretty little princess, and stared straight at her through his eyeglasses.

"Go back, Annette, you will take cold," said the little princess, by way of farewell to Anna Pavlovna. "It is all understood," she added, in an undertone.

Anna Pavlovna had already had a chance to speak a word with Lisa in regard to the suggested match between Anatol and the little princess's sister-in-law.

"I shall depend upon you, my dear," said Anna Pavlovna, also in an undertone. "You write to her and tell me *comment le père envisagera la chose* — how the father will look at it. *Au revoir*." And she went back from the entry.

Prince Ippolit came to the little princess, and bending his face down close to her began to talk to her in a half-whisper.

Two lackeys, one the princess's, holding her shawl, the other his, with his overcoat, stood waiting until they should finish talking and listened to their chatter, which being in French was incomprehensible, but their faces seemed to say, "We understand, but we do not care to show it."

The princess, as always, smiled as she spoke, and listened, laughing gayly.

"I am very glad that I did not go to the ambassador's," said Prince Ippolit, "a bore" — we've had a lovely evening, haven't we, a lovely evening."

"They say it will be a very fine ball," replied the princess, curling her downy lip. "All the pretty women in society will be there."

"Not all, because you are not there, certainly not all," said Prince Ippolit, gayly laughing, and taking the shawl from the servant, he even pushed him away and began to wrap it round the princess. Either through awkwardness or intentionally, (no one could tell which), it was a long time before he took his arms away from her even after the shawl was well wrapped

round her, and he seemed almost to be embracing the young woman.

She gracefully, and with a smile on her lips, drew back a little, turned around and glanced at her husband. Prince Andrei's eyes were closed; he seemed so tired and sleepy!

"Are you ready?" he asked, giving his wife a hasty glance.

Prince Ippolit hastily put on his overcoat, which being in the latest style came to his heels, and stumbling along in it rushed to the steps after the princess, whom the lackey was assisting into the carriage.

"*Princesse, au revoir,*" he cried, his tongue as badly entangled as his feet.

The princess gathering up her dress, took her seat in the darkness of the carriage; her husband was arranging his sword; Prince Ippolit, in his efforts to be of assistance, was in everybody's way.

"Excuse me, sir," said Prince Andrei in Russian, in a cold, disagreeable tone, addressing Ippolit who stood in his way.

"I shall expect you, Pierre," said the same voice, but warmly and affectionately.

The postillion whipped up the horses and the carriage rolled noisily away.

Prince Ippolit laughed spasmodically, as he stood on the steps, waiting for the viscount whom he had promised to take home.

"*Eh bien, mon cher, votre petite princesse est très bien, très bien,*" said the viscount, as he took his seat in the carriage with Ippolit, "*Mais très bien.*" He kissed the tips of his fingers.

"*Et tout-à-fait française.*"

Ippolit roared with laughter.

"And do you know, you are terrible with your little innocent ways," continued the viscount. "I pity the poor husband, — that little officer who puts on the airs of a reigning prince."

Ippolit again went off into a burst of laughter, through which he managed to articulate, —

"And yet you were saying that the Russian ladies were not anywhere equal to the French ladies! One must be able to show a little skill."

Pierre, being the first to reach the house, went into Prince Andrei's own room, like one thoroughly at home, and imme-

diately stretching himself out on the sofa, as his habit was, took up the first book that he found on the shelf—it was Cæsar's Commentaries—and leaning on his elbow began to read in the middle of the volume.

"What have you been doing to Mlle. Scherer? She will be quite laid up now," said Prince Andrei, coming into the room and rubbing his small white hands together.

Pierre turned over with his whole body, making the sofa creak, looked up at Prince Andrei with his eager face, smiled and waved his hand.

"No," said he, "that abbé is very interesting, only he does not understand the matter aright. — In my opinion, permanent peace is possible, but I cannot tell how—certainly not through the balance of power."

Prince Andrei was evidently not interested in these abstract questions.

"It is impossible, *mon cher*, always and everywhere to say what you think. But have you come to any final decision yet as to your career? Will you be a horse guardsman or a diplomat?" asked Prince Andrei, after a moment's silence.

Pierre sat up on the sofa, doubling his legs under him.

"Can you imagine, I have not as yet the slightest idea. Neither the one, nor the other pleases me."

"But see here, you must come to some decision. Your father is waiting."

Pierre at the age of ten had been sent abroad, with an abbé for a tutor, and had remained there till he was twenty. On his return to Moscow, his father dismissed the abbé and said to the young man, —

"Now go to Petersburg, look about, and take your choice. I give my consent to anything. Here is a letter to Prince Vasili, and here is money for you. Write me about everything, and I will help you in any way."

Pierre had been trying for three months to choose a career, and had not succeeded. It was in regard to this choice that Prince Andrei spoke. Pierre rubbed his forehead.

"But he must be a Freemason," said he, referring to the abbé whom he had met that evening.

"That is all nonsense," said Prince Andrei, again stopping him short, "Let us talk about your affairs. Have you been to the Horse Guards?"

"No, not yet, but here is an idea that occurred to me and I wanted to tell you; now there is war against Napoleon. If it had been a war for freedom, I should have taken part, I should

have been the first to enter the military service; but to help England and Austria against the greatest man in the world, that is not good."

Prince Andrei merely shrugged his shoulders at Pierre's childish talk. He made believe that it was impossible to reply to such stupidities, but in reality it was difficult to answer this naive question in any other way than Prince Andrei did answer it.

"If all men made war only for their convictions, there wouldn't be any war," said he.

"That would be splendid," said Pierre.

Prince Andrei laughed.

"Very likely that would be splendid, but it will never be."

"Now, why are you going to war?" asked Pierre.

"Why? I'm sure I don't know. It must be so. Besides, I'm going" — He paused. "I am going because the life which I lead here, my life, is not to my mind."

CHAPTER VI.

THE rustle of a woman's dress was heard in the adjoining room. As though caught napping, Prince Andrei shook himself, and his face assumed the same expression which it had worn in Anna Pavlovna's drawing-room.

Pierre set his feet down from the sofa.

The princess came in. She had already changed her dress for another, a wrapper to be sure, but equally fresh and elegant.

Prince Andrei got up and courteously pushed forward an easy-chair.

"Why is it, I often wonder," she remarked, speaking as always in French, and at the same time briskly and spryly sitting down in the easy-chair, "Why is it that Annette never married. How stupid you all are, messieurs, that you never married her. You will excuse me for saying so, but you have not the slightest comprehension of women. What an arguer you are, Monsieur Pierre."

"Your husband and I were just this moment arguing. I cannot understand why he wants to go to war," said Pierre, turning to the princess without any of the embarrassment so commonly shown in the relations of a young man toward a young woman.

The princess gave a start. Evidently Pierre's words touched her to the quick.

"Ah, that is exactly what I say!" said she. "I do not understand, really I do not understand why men cannot live without war. Why is it that we women wish nothing and need nothing? Now you be the judge. I will tell him just as it is: here he is adjutant to uncle, a most brilliant position. Everybody knows him. Everybody esteems him. The other day at the Apraksin's I heard a lady asking: '*C'est ça la fameux Prince André?*' *Ma parole d'honneur.*" — she began to laugh — "he is received so everywhere. He might very easily be even fligel-adjutant. You know his majesty talks very cordially with him. Annette and I have talked it all over; it might be very easily arranged. What do you think?"

Pierre glanced at Prince Andrei, and seeing that this conversation did not please his friend, made no reply to her.

"When are you going?" he asked.

"Ah! don't speak of going, don't speak of it. I do not wish to hear a word of it!"* exclaimed the princess, in the same capriciously vivacious tone in which she had spoken to Ippolit. It was obviously out of place in the family circle, in which Pierre was an adopted member.

"To-day when it came over me that I had to break off from all these pleasant relations — and then, you know, André" — She blinked her eyes significantly at her husband. "*J'ai peur, j'ai peur,*" she whispered.

A shiver ran down her back.

Her husband looked at her with a surprised expression, as though for the first time he had noticed that any one besides himself and Pierre had come into the room. Then with a cool politeness he addressed his wife inquiringly, —

"What is it that you are afraid of, Lisa. I cannot understand," said he.

"Now how selfish all you men are, all, all selfish. Simply from his own whim, God knows why, he deserts me, shuts me up in the country alone."

"With my father and sister, don't forget that," said Prince Andrei, gently.

"All alone, just the same, away from my friends — and he expects me not to be afraid."

Her tone grew querulous; her lip was lifted, making the ex-

* *Ah! ne me parlez pas de ce départ, ne m'en parlez pas. Je ne veux pas en entendre parler.*

pression of her face not mirthful but repulsive and like a squirrel's. She paused, as though she regarded it as indecorous to speak of her condition before Pierre, though this was the real secret of her fear.

"And still I do not understand why *vous avez peur*," drawled Prince Andrei, letting his eyes rest on his wife.

The princess blushed and spread open her hands with a gesture of despair.

"*Non, André, je dis que vous avez tellement, tellement changé.*"

"Your doctor bids you go to bed earlier," said Prince Andrei. "You had better retire."

The princess made no answer, and suddenly her short downy lip trembled; Prince Andrei, shrugging his shoulders, got up and began to walk up and down the room.

Pierre gazed through his glasses with naive curiosity, first at him then at the princess, and made a motion as though he also would get up, but then changed his mind.

"What difference does it make to me if Monsieur Pierre is here!" suddenly exclaimed the little princess, and her pretty face at the same time was contracted into a tearful grimace. "I have been wanting for a long time to ask you, André, why you have changed toward me so? What have I done to you? You are going to the army, you are not sorry for me at all. Why is it?"

"Lise!" exclaimed Prince Andrei, but this one word carried an entreaty, a threat, and above all a conviction that she herself would regret what she had said; but she went on hurriedly, —

"You treat me as though I were ill or a child, I see it all. You were not so six months ago."

"Lise, I beg of you to stop," said Prince Andrei, still more earnestly.

Pierre, growing more and more stirred as this conversation proceeded, arose and went to the princess. He could not, it seemed, endure the sight of tears, and he himself was ready to weep.

"Calm yourself, princess. This is only your fancy, because, I assure you, I myself have experienced — and so — because. No, excuse me, a stranger is in the way. No, calm yourself, good-by."

Prince Andrei detained him, taking him by the arm, —

"No, stay Pierre. The princess is so kind that she will not have the heart to deprive me of the pleasure of spending the evening with you."

"Yes, he only thinks about his own pleasure!" exclaimed the princess, not restraining her angry tears.

"Lise," said Prince Andrei, dryly, raising his voice sufficiently to show that his patience was exhausted.

Suddenly the angry, squirrel-like expression on the princess's pretty little face changed to one of alarm, both fascinating and provocative of sympathy; her beautiful eyes looked from under her long lashes at her husband, and there came into her face that timid look of subjection such as a dog has when it wags its drooping tail quickly but doubtfully.

"*Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!*" muttered the princess, and gathering up the skirt of her dress with one hand, she went to her husband and kissed him on the forehead.

"*Bon soir, Lise,*" said Prince Andrei, getting up and courteously kissing her hand as though she were a stranger.

The friends were silent. Neither the one nor the other felt like being the first to speak. Pierre looked at Prince Andrei: Prince Andrei rubbed his forehead with his slender hand.

"Let us have some supper," said he, with a sigh, getting up and going to the door.

They went into the elegant dining-room, newly furnished in the richest style. Everything, from the napkins to the silver, the faience, and the glassware, had that peculiar imprint of newness which is characteristic of the establishment of a young couple.

In the midst of supper, Prince Andrei leaned forward on his elbows, and, like a man who has for a long time had something on his heart and suddenly determines to confess it, he began to talk with an expression of nervous exasperation such as Pierre had never before beheld in his friend. —

"Never, never get married, my friend! This is my advice to you. Do not marry until you have come to the conclusion that you have done all that is in your power to do and until you have ceased to love the woman whom you have chosen, until you have seen clearly what she is; otherwise, you will make a sad and irreparable mistake. When you are old and good for nothing, then get married. — Otherwise, all that is good and noble in you will be thrown away. All will be wasted in trifles. Yes, yes, yes! Don't look at me in such amazement. If ever you have any hope of anything ahead of you, you will be made to feel at every step that, as far as you are concerned, all is at an end, all closed to you, except the drawing-room, where you will rank with court lackeys and idiots. — That's a fact!"

He made an energetic wave of his hand.

Pierre took off his spectacles, and this made his face, as he gazed in amazement at his friend, even more expressive than usual of his goodness of heart.

"My wife," continued Prince Andrei, "is a lovely woman. She is one of those few women to whom one can feel that his honor is safely entrusted; but, my God! what would I not give at this moment if I were not married! You are the first and only person to whom I have whispered this, and it is because I love you."

Prince Andrei, in saying this, was still less like the Bolkon sky who, that same evening, had been comfortably ensconced in Anna Pavlovna's easy-chairs, and murmuring French phrases as he blinked his eyes. Every muscle in his spare face was quivering with nervous animation; his eyes, in which before the fire of life seemed to be extinguished, now gleamed with a fierce and intense brilliancy. It was evident that, however lacking in life he might appear in ordinary circumstances, he more than made up for it by his energy at moments of almost morbid excitability.

"You cannot understand why I say this to you," he went on. "Why, it is the whole history of a life. You talk about Bonaparte and his career," said he, although Pierre had not said a word about Bonaparte. "You talk about Bonaparte, but Bonaparte, when he was toiling, went step by step straight for his goal; he was free; he let nothing stand between him and his goal, and he reached it. But tie yourself to a woman and your whole freedom is destroyed, as though you were a prisoner in chains. And in proportion as you feel that you have ambition and powers, the more you will be weighed down and tormented with regrets. Drawing-rooms, tittle tattle, balls, vulgar show, meanness, — such is the charmed circle from which it is impossible for me to make my escape. I am now getting ready to take part in the war, in the greatest war that ever was, and yet I know nothing and am fit for nothing. *Je suis très aimable et très caustique*," continued Prince Andrei. "and at Anna Pavlovna's they hang upon my lips. And this stupid society, without which my wife cannot live, and these women. — If you could only know what *toutes les femmes distinguées* and women in general amount to! My father is right. Egotism, ostentation, stupidity, meanness in every respect — such are women when they show themselves in their real light. You see them in society and think that they amount to something, but they are naught, naught, naught! No, don't marry,

my dear heart, don't marry," said Prince Andrei in conclusion.

"It seems ridiculous to me," said Pierre, "that you should regard yourself as incapable and your life as spoiled. Everything is before you — everything. And you" —

He did not finish his sentence, but his very tone made it evident how highly he prized his friend and how much he expected from him in the future.

"How can he speak so!" thought Pierre, who considered Prince Andrei the model of all accomplishments, for the very reason that Prince Andrei united in himself to the highest degree, all those qualities that were lacking in Pierre, and which more nearly than aught else can express the concept: will-power.

Pierre always admired Prince Andrei's ability to meet with perfect ease all sorts of people, his extraordinary memory, his breadth of knowledge, — he had read everything, he knew about everything, he had ideas on every subject, — and, above all, his powers of work and study. And if Pierre was often struck by Andrei's lack of aptitude for speculative philosophy — which was his own specialty — he at least regarded it not as a fault but as a sign of strength.

In all the best relations, however friendly and simple, flattery or praise is indispensable, just as grease is indispensable for making wheels move easily.

"*Je suis un homme fini*," said Prince Andrei. "What is there to say about me! Let us talk about yourself," said he, after a short silence, and smiling at his consoling thoughts. This smile was instantly reflected on Pierre's face.

"But what is there to be said about me," asked Pierre, his lips parting in a careless, merry smile. "What am I, any way? *Je suis un bâtard!*"

And suddenly a purple flush dyed his cheeks. It was evident that he had exerted great effort to say that. "*Sans nom, sans fortune*. — And yet it is true." He did not say what was true. "I am free for the present, and I like it. Only I don't know what to take up next. I should like to have a serious talk with you on the subject."

Prince Andrei looked at him with kindly eyes. But in his glance, friendly and flattering as it was, there was betrayed the consciousness of his superiority.

"I am fond of you, especially for the reason that you are the only living man in all our circle. You are happy. Choose whatever you like, it is all the same. You will be happy any-

where; but there's one thing. Stop going to those Kuragins and leading their kind of life. That sort of thing does not become you: all those revels, that wild life, and all" —

"*Que voulez vous, mon cher,*" exclaimed Pierre, shrugging his shoulders, "*Les femmes, mon cher, les femmes!*"

"I don't understand it," replied Andrei. "*Les femmes comme il faut*, that is another thing, but such as have to do with Kuragin, *les femmes et le vin*, I can't understand it."

Pierre had been living at Prince Vasili Kuragin's, and had been taking part in the dissipated life of his son Anatol, the very same young man to whom it had been proposed to marry Prince Andrei's sister in order to reform him.

"Do you know," said Pierre, as though a happy thought had come unexpectedly into his mind, — "Seriously, I have been thinking about it for some time. Since I have been leading this sort of life, I have not been able to think or to come to any decision. My head aches; I have no money. This evening he invited me, but I did not go.

"Give me your word of honor that you will not go with him again."

"Here's my word on it!"

CHAPTER VII.

It was already two o'clock, when Pierre left his friend. It was a luminous June night, characteristic of Petersburg. Pierre took his seat in the hired carriage, with the intention of going home, but the farther he rode the more impossible he found it to think of sleeping on such a night, which was more like twilight or early morning. He could see far down through the empty streets. On the way it occurred to him that the gambling club were to meet as usual that evening at Anatoli Kuragin's, after which they were accustomed to have a drinking bout, topping off with one of Pierre's favorite entertainments.

"It would be good fun to go to Kuragin's," said he to himself, but instantly he remembered that he had given Prince Andrei his word of honor not to go there again.

But, as it happens to men of no strength of character, this was immediately followed by such a violent desire to have one more last taste of this dissipated life, so well known to him, that he determined to go. And, in excuse for it, the thought entered his mind that his promise was not binding, because, before he had given it to Prince Andrei, he had also

promised Anatol to be present at his house; moreover, he reasoned that all such pledges were merely conditional and had no definite meaning, especially, if it were taken into consideration that perhaps by the next day he might be dead, or something might happen to him so extraordinary that the distinctions of honorable and dishonorable would entirely vanish. Arguments of this nature often occurred to Pierre, entirely upsetting his plans and purposes.

He went to Kuragin's.

Driving up to the great house at the Horse-Guard barracks, where Anatol lived, he sprang upon the lighted porch, ran up the steps and entered the open door. There was no one in the entry; empty bottles, cloaks, and overshoes were scattered about; there was an odor of wine; in some distant room he could hear loud talking and shouts.

Play and supper were over, but the guests had not yet dispersed. Pierre threw off his cloak and went into the first room, where were the remains of the supper: a single waiter, thinking that no one could see him, was stealthily drinking up the wine in the half empty glasses. In a third room, were heard the sounds of scuffling, laughter, the shouts of well-known voices, and the growl of a bear. Eight young men were eagerly crowding around an open window. Three were training with the cub, which one of their number was dragging by a chain and trying to frighten the others with.

"I bet a hundred on Stevens," cried one.

"See that he doesn't hold on," cried a second.

"I bet on Dolokhof," cried a third, "Get those fellows away from the bear, Kuragin."

"There, let Mishka go, the wager is here."

"One pull, or he loses," cried a fourth.

"Yakof, bring the bottle, Yakof!" cried the host of the evening, a tall, handsome fellow, standing in the midst of the crowd, in a single thin shirt, thrown open at the chest.—"Hold on, gentlemen! Here he is, here is our dear friend, Petrushka," he cried, turning to Pierre.

A short man, with clear blue eyes, whose voice, among all those drunken voices, was noticeable for its tone of sobriety, shouted from the window, "Come here and hear about the wagers."

This was Dolokhof, an officer of the Semyenovskiy regiment, a well-known gambler and bully, whose home was with Anatol. Pierre smiled, as he gayly looked around him.

"I don't understand at all. What's up?"

"Hold on! He's not drunk. Bring a bottle," cried Anatol, and taking a glass from the table, went up to Pierre,—
"First of all, drink."

Pierre proceeded to drain glass after glass, at the same time closely observing and listening to his drunken companions, who had again crowded around the window. Anatol kept his glass filled with wine and told him how Dolokhof had laid a wager with Stevens, an English naval man who happened to be there, that he, Dolokhof, was to drink a bottle of rum, sitting in the third story window with his legs hanging out.

"There, now, drink it all," said Anatol, handing the last glass to Pierre. "I shan't let you off."

"No, I don't wish any more," replied Pierre, and pushing Anatol aside, he went to the window. Dolokhof was holding the Englishman by the arm, and was clearly and explicitly laying down the conditions of the wager, turning more particularly to Anatol and Pierre, as they approached.

Dolokhof was a man of medium height, with curly hair and bright blue eyes. He was twenty-five years old. Like all infantry officers, he wore no mustache, so that his mouth, which was the most striking feature of his face, was wholly revealed. The lines of the mouth were drawn with remarkable delicacy. The upper lip closed firmly over the strong lower one in a sharp curve at the centre, and in the corners hovered constantly something in the nature of two smiles—one in each corner! and all taken together and especially in conjunction with a straightforward, bold, intelligent look, made it impossible not to take notice of his face.

Dolokhof was not a rich man, and he had no influential connections. But although Anatol spent ten thousand rubles a year and it was known that Dolokhof lived with him, nevertheless, he had succeeded in winning such a position that Anatol and all who were acquainted with the two men, had a higher regard for him than for Anatol. Dolokhof played nearly every kind of a game and almost always won. However much he drank, he never was known to lose his head. Both Kuragin and Dolokhof were at this time notorious among the rakes and spendthrifts of Petersburg.

The bottle of rum was brought. Two lackeys, evidently made timid and nervous by the orders and shouts of the boon companions, tried to pull away the sash that hindered any one from sitting on the outer slope of the window seat.

Anatol, with his swaggering way, came up to the window. He wanted to smash something. He pushed the lackeys away

and tugged at the sash, but the sash would not yield, so he broke the window panes.

"Now you try it, you man of muscle," said he, turning to Pierre.

Pierre seized hold of the cross bar, gave a pull, and the oaken framework gave way with a crash.

"Take it all out, or they'll think I clung to it," said Dolokhof.

"The Englishman accepts it, does he? — All right?" asked Anatol.

"All right," said Pierre, glancing at Dolokhof, who took the bottle of rum and went to the window, through which could be seen the sky where the evening and morning light were beginning to mingle — He leaped upon the window sill with the bottle in his hand.

"Listen!" he cried, as he stood there and looked back into the room. All were silent. "I wager." — he spoke French so that the Englishman might understand him, and spoke it none too well either, — "I wager fifty imperials; or perhaps you prefer a hundred?" he added, addressing the Englishman.

"No, fifty," replied the Englishman.

"Very well, then, fifty it is, — that I will drink this whole bottle of rum without taking it once from my mouth; drink it sitting in this window, in that place there" (he bent over and pointed to the sloping projection of the wall outside the window), "and not holding on to anything. Is that understood?"

"Very good."

Anatol turned to the Englishman and, holding him by the button of his coat and looking down upon him, — for the Englishman was small of stature, — began to repeat the terms of the wager in English.

"Hold!" cried Dolokhof, thumping on the window with the bottle, in order to attract attention, — "Hold, Kuragin, listen! If any one else does the same thing, then I will pay down a hundred imperials. Do you understand?"

The Englishman nodded his head, though he did not make it apparent whether or no he were prepared to accept this new wager. Anatol still held him by the button, and, in spite of the nods that he made to signify that he understood all that was said, Anatol insisted on translating Dolokhof's words for him into English.

A lean young leib-hussar, who had been playing a losing game all the evening, climbed upon the window, leaned over, and gazed down, —

"Oo! Oo! Oo!" he exclaimed, as he looked down from the window to the flagstones below.

"Hush!" cried Dolokhof, and he pulled the officer back from the window, who, getting his feet entangled in his spurs, awkwardly leaped down into the room.

Placing the bottle on the window sill so as to be within reach, Dolokhof, warily and coolly climbed into the window. Letting down his legs and spreading out both hands, he measured the width of the window, sat down, let go his hands, moved to the right, then to the left, and took up the bottle. Anatol brought two candles and set them on the window seat, although it was now quite light. Dolokhof's back, in the white shirt, and his curly head were illuminated on both sides. All gathered around the window. The Englishman stood in the front row. Pierre smiled and said nothing. One of the older men present suddenly stepped forward, with a stern and frightened face, and attempted to seize Dolokhof by the shirt.

"Gentlemen, this is folly; he will kill himself," said this man, who was less foolhardy than the rest.

Anatol restrained him, —

"Don't touch him; you will startle him, and then he might fall. What if he should? Hey?"

Dolokhof turned around, straightening himself up, and again stretching out his hands.

"If any one touches me again," said he, hissing the words through his thin compressed lips, "I will send him flying down there! So now!" Thus having spoken, he resumed his former position, dropped his hands, and seizing the bottle he lifted it to his lips, bent his head back and raised his free arm as a balance. One of the lackeys, who had begun to clear away the broken glass, paused in his work, and, without straightening himself up, fixed his eyes on the window and Dolokhof's back. Anatol stood straight with staring eyes. The Englishman, thrusting out his lips, looked askance. The man who had tried to stop the proceeding repaired to one corner of the room and threw himself on a sofa, with his face to the wall. Pierre covered his eyes, and the feeble smile still hovering over his lips now expressed horror and apprehension.

All were silent. Pierre took his hand from his eyes. Dolokhof was still sitting in the same position, only his head was thrown farther back, so that the curly hair in the nape of his neck touched his shirt collar, and his hand hold-

ing the bottle was lifted higher and higher, trembling under the effort. The bottle was evidently nearly empty and consequently had to be held almost perpendicularly over his head.

"Why should it take so long?" thought Pierre. It seemed to him as though more than a half hour had elapsed. Suddenly Dolokhof's body made a backward motion and his arm trembled nervously; this tremor was sufficient to make him slip as he sat on the sloping ledge. In fact, he slipped, and his arm and head wavered more violently as he struggled to regain his balance. He stretched out one hand to clutch the window seat, but refrained from touching it.

Pierre again covered his eyes, and declared to himself that he would not open them again. Suddenly he was conscious that there was a commotion around him. He looked up. Dolokhof was standing on the window seat; his face was pale but radiant.

"Empty!"

He flung the bottle at the Englishman, who cleverly caught it on the fly. Dolokhof sprang down from the window. He exhaled a powerful odor of rum.

"Capital!" "Bravo!" "That's a wager worth having!" "The devil take you all," were the voices that rang from all sides.

The Englishman, taking out his purse, was counting out his money. Dolokhof was scowling, and had nothing to say. Pierre started for the window.

"Gentlemen! Who wants to make the bet with me; I will do the same thing," he cried. "But there's no need of any wager. Give us a bottle. I will do it any way. Bring a bottle."

"Hold on! Hold on!" said Dolokhof, smiling.

"What is the matter with you?" "Are you beside yourself?" "We won't let you!" "It makes you dizzy even on a staircase," were shouted from various sides.

"I will drink it; give me a bottle of rum," cried Pierre, pounding on the table with drunken resolution, and climbing into the window. He was seized by the arm, but his strength was so great that whoever approached him was sent flying across the room.

"No, you will never dissuade him that way," said Anatol. "Hold on; I will throw dust in his eyes. Listen, I will make the wager with you, but to-morrow; but now we are all going to ——s."

"Come on," cried Pierre, "Come on! And we will take Mishka with us." And seizing the bear, he began to gallop round the room with him.

CHAPTER VIII.

PRINCE VASILI fulfilled the promise which he had made to the Princess Drubetskaya, when she asked him on the evening of Anna Pavlovna's reception, to help her only son, Boris. The request had been preferred to the Emperor, and contrary to the experience of many others, he was allowed to enter the Semyenovskiy regiment of the Guard as ensign. But in spite of all Anna Mikhailovna's efforts and intrigues, Boris failed of his employment as adjutant or attaché to Kutuzof.

Shortly after Anna Pavlovna's reception, the princess returned to Moscow and went straight to her rich relations, the Rostofs, at whose house she always stayed when visiting in Moscow, and where her idolized Borenka had been educated from early childhood and had lived some years, waiting to be transferred from the Line to his position as ensign of the Guard. The Guard had already left Petersburg on the twenty-second of August, and the young man, delayed in Moscow by his uniform and outfit, was to join his regiment at Radzivilof.

The Rostofs were celebrating the *fête* day of the mother and the youngest daughter, both of whom were named Natalia. Since morning there had been an unceasing stream of carriages coming and going with guests, who brought their congratulations to the countess's great mansion on the Povarskaya, so well known to all Moscow. The countess herself and her eldest daughter, a beautiful girl, were in the drawing-room receiving the guests, whose places were constantly filled by new comers.

The Countess Rostova was a woman of forty-five, of a thin oriental type of countenance, and evidently worn out by her cares as mother of a family of a dozen children. Her deliberateness of motion and speech, which arose from her lack of strength, gave her a certain appearance of dignity that commanded respect.

The Princess Anna Mikhailovna Drubetskaya, in her capacity of friend of the family, was also in the drawing-room, helping to receive the company and join in the conversation.

The young people were in the rear rooms, not considering it incumbent upon them to take part in receiving the visitors. The count met the guests, and escorted them to the door again, urging them all to dine with him.

"Very, very much obliged to you, *ma chère* or *mon cher*:" (*ma chère* or *mon cher* he said to all without exception, without the slightest shadow of difference whether his guests stood high or low in the social scale). "much obliged to you for myself and for my dear ones whose name day we are celebrating. See here, come back to dinner. You will affront me, if you do not, *mon cher*. Cordially I invite you, and my whole family join with me, *ma chère*."

These words he repeated to all, without exception or variation, with an unchanging expression on his round, jolly, and clean-shaven countenance, and with a monotonously firm grip of the hand, and with repeated short bows. Having escorted a guest to his carriage, the count would return to this, that, or the other visitor, still remaining in the drawing-room; dropping down on a chair, with the aspect of a man who understands and enjoys the secret of life, he would cross his legs in boyish fashion, lay his hands on his knees, and shaking his head significantly, would set forth his conjectures concerning the weather, or exchange confidences about health, sometimes speaking in Russian, sometimes in very execrable but self-confident French, and then again with the air of a weary man, who is nevertheless bound to fulfil all obligations, he would go to the door with still another departing guest, straightening the thin gray hairs on his bald head, and dutifully proffering the invitations to dinner.

Sometimes returning through the entry to the drawing-room, he would pass through the conservatory and butler's room to the great marble hall where covers were laid for eighty guests, and glancing at the butlers who were bringing the silver and china, setting the tables and unfolding the damask table linen, he would call to him Dimitri Vasilyevitch, a man of noble family, who had charge of all his affairs, and would say, —

"Well, well, Mitenka, see that everything is all right. That's good, that's good," he would say, glancing with satisfaction on the huge extension table. "The principal thing is the service. Very good, very good." And with a deep sigh of satisfaction, he would go back to the drawing-room once more.

"Marya Lvovna Karagin and her daughter," announced

the countess's footman, in a thundering bass voice, coming to the door. The countess was thoughtful for a moment, and took a pinch of snuff from a gold snuff-box ornamented with a portrait of her husband.

"I am tired to death of these callers," said she. "Well, this is the last one I shall receive. She is very affected. — Ask her to come in," said she, to the footman, in a mournful voice, as though her words had been: "If I must be killed, kill me now."

A tall, portly, haughty-looking lady, in a rustling train came into the drawing-room, followed by her round-faced, smiling young daughter.

"Dear Countess it has been such a long time — she has been ill in bed, *la pauvre enfant* — "*au bal des Razoumowsky*" — "*et la Comtesse Apraksine*" — "*j'ai été si heureuse*," — such were the phrases spoken by lively feminine voices, and mingling with the rustle of silks and the moving of chairs.

That sort of conversation had begun which is, by unanimous consent, manœuvred in such a way that at the first pause, the visitor is ready to get up, and with a rustling of garments, to murmur: "*Je suis bien charmé — la santé de maman — et la Comtesse Apraksine*," and again with rustling garments to beat a retreat into the entry, to throw on the shuba or the cloak, and to depart.

The conversation was turning on the chief item of city news at that time namely, the illness of the famous old Count Bezukhoi, one of the richest and handsomest men of Catherine's time, and also about his illegitimate son, Pierre, the same young man who had behaved in such an unseemly manner at Anna Pavlovna's reception.

"I am very sorry for the old count," said one of the ladies, "his health is so wretched, and now to have to suffer this mortification on account of his son — it will be the death of him."

"What is that," asked the countess, as though she were not aware of what the visitor was talking about, although she had heard fifty times already, the cause of Count Bezukhoi's mortification.

"It all comes from the present system of education. Sending them abroad!" pursued the lady. "This young man has been left to shift for himself, and, now they say that he has been carrying on so horribly in Petersburg, that the police had to interfere and send him out of the city."

"Pray, tell us about it," urged the countess.

"He made a bad choice of friends," remarked the Princess Anna Mikhailovna. "Prince Vasili's son, this Pierre, and a young man named Dolokhof, they say, have been doing — heaven only knows what. But all of them have had to suffer for it. Dolokhof has been reduced to the ranks, and Bezukhoi's son has been sent to Moscow, and Anatol Kuragin has been taken in charge by his father. At all events, he has been sent away from Petersburg."

"Yes, but what was it, pray, that they did?" asked the countess.

"They acted like perfect cut-throats, especially Dolokhof," said the visitor. "He is a son of Marya Ivanovna Dolokhova, — such an excellent woman, just think of it! Can you imagine it? the three of them somehow, got hold of a bear, took it with them into a carriage, and carried it to the house of some actresses. The police hastened to apprehend them. They seized the officer and tied him back to back to the bear, and then threw the bear into the Moskva: the bear started to swim with the police officer on his back!"

"Capital, *ma chère*, what a figure the officer must have cut!" cried the count, bursting with laughter.

"Oh, how terrible! what can you find to laugh at, count?" But the ladies had to laugh in spite of themselves.

"It was with difficulty that they rescued the unfortunate man," pursued the visitor. "And to think that a son of Count Kirill Vladimirovitch Bezukhoi should find amusement in such intellectual pursuits," she added, sarcastically. "But they say that he is so well educated and so clever. That shows what educating young men abroad makes of them! I hope that no one will bring him here, though he is so rich. They wanted to give him an introduction to me. I most decidedly refused; I have daughters you know."

"What made you say that this young man was so rich," asked the countess, bending away from the younger ladies, who immediately pretended not to hear what she was saying. "You see, he has only illegitimate children. It appears — and Pierre is also illegitimate."

"The guest waved her hand: "I imagine he has a score of them."

The Princess Anna Mikhailovna took part in the conversation, with the evident desire of showing off her powerful connections and her acquaintance with all the details of high life.

"This is the truth of the matter," said she, significantly,

and also in a half whisper, "Count Kirill Vladimirovitch's reputation is notorious; as for his children, he has lost count of them, but this Pierre was his favorite."

"How handsome the old man," said the countess, "and only last year too! I never saw a handsomer man!"

"Now he is very much changed," said Anna Mikhailovna, "As I was going to say, on his wife's side, Prince Vasili, is the direct heir to all his property, but the old man is very fond of Pierre, has taken great pains with his education, and has written to the Emperor about him; so that no one knows, if he should die. — he is so weak, that it may happen any moment, and Dr. Lorrain has come up from Petersburg, — no one knows, I say, which will get his colossal fortune, Pierre or Prince Vasili. He has forty thousand souls and millions. I know all about this, because Prince Vasili himself told me. Yes, and besides, Kirill Vladimirovitch is my great uncle on my mother's side. And he is also Boris's godfather," she added, pretending that she attributed no significance to this circumstance.

"Prince Vasili came to Moscow, yesterday. He is on some official business, I was told," said the guest.

"Yes, but *entre nous*," said the princess, "it's a mere pretext; he has come principally on account of Count Kirill Vladimirovitch, because he knew that he was so sick."

"At all events, *ma chère*, that's a splendid joke," said the count, and perceiving that the elderly visitor did not hear him, he turned his attention to the young ladies. "Charming figure, that cut by the police officer, — I can imagine it!"

And as he waved his arms in imitation of the unfortunate police officer, he again burst out into a ringing bass laugh, which made his portly frame fairly shake, as is the way with men who always live well, and especially those who indulge in generous wines.

"So glad to have you dine with us," said he.

CHAPTER IX.

A SILENCE ensued. The countess looked at the guest, smiling pleasantly, but nevertheless making no pretence of the fact that she would not be sorry if she got up and took her departure. The daughter was already arranging her dress and looking inquiringly at her mother, when suddenly there was heard in the next room the noise of several persons

running towards the door, then the catching and upsetting of a chair, and instantly into the drawing-room darted a maiden of thirteen, holding something in her short muslin skirt. She halted in the middle of the room, and it was evident that her wild frolic had carried her farther than she had intended. At the same instant there appeared in the door a student with a crimson collar, a young officer of the Guard, a maiden of fifteen, and a plump, rosy-faced little boy in a frock.

The count jumped up, and swinging his arms, threw them around the little girl who had come running in.

"Ah! here she is" he cried, with a jolly laugh. "Her name day, *ma chère*, her name day!"

"*Ma chère, il y a un temps pour tout*,"* said the countess, feigning severity. "You are always spoiling her. Elie," she added, addressing her husband.

"*Bonjour, ma chère, je vous félicite*," said the visitor. "*Quelle délicieuse enfant!*" she added, turning to the mother.

The little maiden, with her black eyes and her large mouth, was not pretty, but was full of life; her childish shoulders, still breathlessly rising and sinking from the effort of her excited running, were bare; her dark locks were thrown back in confusion; she had thin, bare arms, and wore pantalettes trimmed with lace, and low slippers on her dainty feet. She was at that charming age when the girl is no longer a child, but when the child is not yet a young lady.

Tearing herself away from her father, she ran to her mother, and giving no heed to her stern reproof, hid her blushing face in the lace folds of her mother's mantilla, and went into a fit of laughter. The cause of her laughter was the doll which she took out from under her skirt, trying to tell some fragmentary story about it.

"Do you see? — It's my doll — Mimi — You see" —

And Natasha was unable to say any more, it seemed to her so ludicrous. She leaned on her mother and laughed so merrily and infectiously, that all, even the conceited visitor, in spite of herself, joined in her amusement.

"Now, run away, run away with your monster," admonished the mother, pushing away her daughter, with pretended sternness. "She is my youngest," she added, turning to the visitor.

Natasha, for a moment raising her face from her mother's lace mantle, glanced up at the stranger through her tears of laughter and again hid her face.

* My dear, there is a time for all things.

The visitor, compelled to admire this family scene, felt it incumbent upon her to take some part in it. "Tell me, my dear," said she, turning to Natasha, "what relation is this Mimi to you? She is your daughter, I suppose."

Natasha was offended by the condescending tone in which the lady addressed her. She made no reply, and looked solemnly at her.

Meantime, all the young people mentioned — the officer, who was none other than Boris, the son of the Princess Anna Mikhailovna, Nikolai, the student, the count's oldest son, Sonya, the count's fifteen-year-old niece, and the little Petrusha, his youngest boy, all crowded into the drawing-room, evidently doing their utmost to restrain within the bounds of propriety the excitement and merriment which convulsed their faces. It could be seen that there in the rear rooms, from which they had rushed so impetuously, they had been engaged in much more entertaining conversation than town gossip, the weather and Comtesse Apraksine.

Occasionally they would glance at one another and find it hard to refrain from bursting out laughing again.

The two young men, the student and the officer, who had been friends from childhood, were of the same age and were both good-looking, but totally unlike each other. Boris was tall and fair, with regular, delicate features and a placid expression. Nikolai was a short, curly-haired young man, with a frank, open countenance. On his upper lip the first dark down had already begun to appear, and his whole face was expressive of impetuosity and enthusiasm. Nikolai's face had flushed crimson the moment he entered the drawing-room. It was plain to see that he strove in vain to find something to say; Boris, on the contrary, immediately regained his self-possession, and began to relate, calmly and humorously, how he had been acquainted with this Mimi-kulka when she was a fine young lady, before her nose had lost its beauty; how since their acquaintance, begun five years before, she had grown aged and cracked as to the whole surface of her cranium!

As he said this he looked at Natasha, but she turned away from him and looked at her little brother, who was squeezing his eyes together and shaking with suppressed laughter, and finding that the effort was beyond her power, snickered out loud and darted from the room as fast as her nimble little feet would carry her. Boris managed to preserve his composure.

"*Maman*, do you not want to go out? Shall I not order the carriage," he asked, turning to his mother with a smile.

"Yes, yes, go and order it, please," said she, returning his smile.

Boris quietly left the room and went in pursuit of Natasha; the plump little boy trotted sturdily after them, as though he was vexed at heart at the disarrangement made in his plans.

CHAPTER X.

OF the young people, not reckoning Miss Kuragina and the count's oldest daughter, who was four years older than her sister and regarded herself as already grown up—only Nikolai and the niece Sonya remained in the drawing-room.

Sonya was a miniature little brunette, with a tawny-tinted complexion especially noticeable on her neck and bare arms, which were slender, but graceful and muscular. She had soft eyes shaded by long lashes, and she wore her black hair in a long braid twined twice about her head. By the easy grace of her movements, by the suppleness and softness of her slender limbs, and by a certain cunning and coyness of manner, she reminded one of a beautiful kitten which promises soon to grow into a lovely cat. She evidently considered it the right thing to manifest her interest in the general conversation by a smile; but her eyes against her will, shot glances of such passionate girlish adoration from under their long, thick, lashes at her cousin who was soon to join the army, that her smile could not for an instant deceive any one, and it was plain to see that the kitten had only crouched down in order to jump and play all the more merrily with her cousin, as soon as the two followed the example of Boris and Natasha, and left the drawing-room.

"Yes, *ma chère*," said the old count, turning to Mrs. Kuragina and pointing to Nikolai: "His friend Boris, here, has been appointed an officer in the guard, and they are such good friends that they cannot be separated, so he throws up the University and his old father, and is going into the military service, *ma chère*. And yet there was a place all ready for him in the department of the Archives, and all. That's what friendship is," concluded the count, with a dubious shake of the head.

"Yes, there's going to be war, they say," said the visitor.

"They have been saying so for a long time," replied the

count, "and they will say so again, and keep saying so and that will be the end of it. *Ma chère*, that's what friendship is," he repeated, "he is going to join the hussars."

The visitor, not knowing what reply to make, shook her head.

"It is not out of friendship at all," declared Nikolai, flushing up and spurning the accusation as though it were a shameful aspersion on his character. "It is not from friendship at all, but, simply because I feel drawn to a military life."

He glanced at his cousin and at the young lady visitor, both were looking at him with a smile of approbation.

"Colonel Schubert of the Pavlogradsky regiment of hussars is going to dine with us to-night. He has been home on leave of absence, and is going to take Nikolai back with him. What's to be done about it?" asked the count, shrugging his shoulders and affecting to treat as a jest what had evidently occasioned him much pain.

"I have already told you, *papenka*," said the lad, "that if you do not wish me to go, I will stay at home. But I know that I am not good for anything except the army; I cannot be a diplomatist or a *chinovnik*, I can't hide what I feel," and as he said this, he glanced, with a handsome young fellow's coquetry, at Sonya and the young lady visitor.

The kitten feasted her eyes on him and seemed ready at a second's notice to play and show all her kittenish nature.

"Well, well, let it go," said the old count. "He's all on fire? This Bonaparte has turned all their heads; they all think what an example he gave them in rising from a lieutenant to be an emperor. Well, good luck to them," he added, not noticing his visitor's sarcastic smile.

They began to talk about Napoleon. Julie Karagina turned to young Rostof, —

"How sorry I was that you didn't come last Thursday to the Arkharofs. It was lonesome there without you," said she, giving him an affectionate smile.

The young man, much flattered, drew his seat nearer to her and engaged the smiling Julie in a confidential conversation, entirely oblivious that this coquettish smile cut as with a knife the jealous heart of poor Sonya, who flushed and tried to force a smile.

In the midst of this conversation he happened to glance at her. She gave him a look of passionate anger and, scarcely able to hold back her tears, and with the pretended smile still on her lips, got up and left the room. All Nikolai's anima-

tion deserted him. He availed himself of the first break in the conversation, and with a disturbed countenance left the room in search of Sonya.

"How the secrets of these young folks are sewed with white threads!" exclaimed Anna Mikhaïlovna, nodding in the direction of the vanishing Nikolai, "*Cousinage dangereux voisinage!*" she added.

"Yes," replied the countess, when, as it were, the very light of the sun had departed from the room, together with these young people, and then, as though she were answering a question which no one had asked, but which was constantly in her mind: "How much suffering, how much unrest must be gone through with in order that at last we may have some joy in them! And even now! truly there's more sorrow than joy. You're always in apprehension, always in apprehension! This is the age when there are so many perils both for young girls and for boys."

"It all depends upon the education," said the visitor.

"Yes, you are right," continued the countess. "So far I have been, thank God, the confidant of my children, and enjoy their perfect confidence," declared the countess, repeating the error of many parents who cherish the illusion that their children have no secrets in which they do not share. "I know that I shall always be my daughter's chief *confidente*, and that Nikolinka, even, with his impetuous nature, if he does play some pranks, as all boys will, still, there's no danger of his being like those Petersburg young men!"

"Yes, they're splendid, splendid children," emphatically affirmed the count, who always settled every question too complicated for him by finding everything splendid. "But what's to be done! He wanted to go into the hussars! What would you have, *ma chère?*"

"What a charming creature your youngest girl is!" said the visitor. "Like powder!"

"Yes, like powder," said the count. "She resembles me! And what a voice she has! Although she is my daughter, yet I am not afraid to say that she is going to be a singer, a second Salomoni. We have engaged an Italian master to teach her."

"Isn't she too young yet? They say it is injurious for the voice to study at her age."

"Oh no! why do you consider it too early?" exclaimed the count. "Didn't our mothers get married when they were twelve or thirteen?"

"And she's already in love with Boris! Just think of it!" said the countess, looking at the princess with a sweet smile; then apparently answering a thought that constantly occupied her, she went on to say, —

"Well, now, you see if I were too strict with her, if I were to forbid her — God knows what they might be doing on the sly (she meant, they might exchange kisses)! but now I know everything they say. She comes to me herself every evening, and tells me all about it. Maybe, I spoil her, but indeed this seems to be the best plan. I kept a too-strict rein over my eldest daughter."

"Yes, I was brought up in an entirely different way," said the oldest daughter, the handsome Countess Viera, smiling. But the smile did not add to the beauty of her face, as often happens; on the contrary it lost its natural expression and therefore became unpleasant. She was handsome, intelligent, well bred, well educated, her voice was pleasant, what she said was right and proper enough, and yet, strange to say, her mother and all the others looked at her, as though surprised at her saying such a thing, and regarded it as one of the things that had better have been left unsaid.

"People always try to be very wise with their eldest children, — try to accomplish something extraordinary," said the visitor.

"How naughty to prevaricate, *ma chère*! The little countess tried to be very wise with Viera," said the count. "Well, on the whole, she has succeeded splendidly," he added, winking approvingly at his daughter.

The visitors got up and took their departure, promising to return to dinner.

"What manners! I thought they were going to stay forever," remarked the countess, after she had seen her visitors to the door.

CHAPTER XI.

WHEN Natasha left the drawing-room, she ran only as far as the conservatory. There she paused, listening to the chatter in the drawing-room and expecting Boris to follow her. She was already beginning to grow impatient, and stamped her foot, on the very verge of crying because he did not follow her instantly, when she heard the noisy, deliberate steps of a young man. Natasha hastily sprang between some tubs full of flowers and concealed herself.

It was Boris, who paused in the centre of the room, looked around him, brushed the dust from the sleeve of his uniform, and then going to the mirror, contemplated his handsome face. Natasha, holding her breath, peered out from her hiding-place and waited to see what he would do. He stood for some moments in front of the mirror; then smiling with satisfaction, went toward the entrance door.

Natasha was just about to call to him, but then she thought better of it. "Let him find me," she said to herself. As soon as Boris had left the conservatory, Sonya came in from the other door, all flushed, and angrily muttering to herself. Natasha restrained her first impulse to run to her and kept in her hiding-place, as though under an invisible cap, looking at what was going on in the world. She was experiencing a new and peculiar enjoyment.

Sonya was still muttering something, and looked expectantly toward the drawing-room. Then Nikolai made his appearance.

"Sonya! what is the matter? How can you do so?" asked the lad, going up to her.

"No, no, leave me alone!" and Sonya began to sob.

"Well, I know what the trouble is."

"If you know, so much the better; go back to her, then."

"So-o-onyia! one word! How can you torment me, and torment yourself for a mere fancy!" asked Nikolai, taking her hand. Sonya did not withdraw her hand and ceased weeping.

Natasha, not moving, and hardly breathing, peered from her concealment. "What will they do now, I wonder," she said to herself.

"Sonya! The whole world is nothing to me! Thou alone art all to me," said Nikolai. "I will prove it to thee!"

"I don't like it when you talk so with" —

"Well, I won't do so any more, only forgive me, Sonya!"

He drew her to him and kissed her.

"Ah! how nice!" thought Natasha, and when Sonya and Nikolai had left the room, she followed them and called Boris to her.

"Boris! Come here," said she, with her face full of mischievous meaning. "I want to tell you something. Here, come here!" she said, and drew him into the conservatory, to the very place among the tubs where she had been in hiding. Boris smiling, followed her.

"What may this *something* be?" he inquired.

She grew confused, glanced around her, and espying the doll which she had thrown on one of the tubs, she took it up.

"Kiss the doll," said she.

Boris looked down into her eager face, with an inquiring, gracious look, and made no reply.

"Don't you care to? Well, then come here," said she, and made her way deeper among the flowers, at the same time throwing away the doll. "Nearer, nearer," she whispered. She seized the officer's coat by the cuff, and her flushed face expressed eagerness and apprehension. "Then, will you kiss me?" she whispered, so low as hardly to be heard, looking up at him and smiling, and almost crying with emotion.

Boris reddened. "How absurd you are!" he exclaimed, but he bent over to her, reddening still more violently, but not quite able to make up his mind whether to do it or not.

Natasha suddenly sprang on a tub, so that she was taller than he, threw both slender bare arms around his neck, and by a motion of her head, tossing back her curls, kissed him full in the lips. Then she slipped away between the flower-pots, and hanging her head, stood still on the other side.

"Natasha," said he, "you know that I love you, but" —

"Are you in love with me," asked Natasha, interrupting him.

"Yes, I am, but please let us not do this again. — In four years, — then I will ask for your hand."

Natasha pondered.

"Thirteen, fourteen, fifteen, sixteen," said she, reckoning on her delicate fingers. "Good! Then it is decided?" And a smile of joy and satisfaction lighted up her animated face.

"Yes, it is decided," said Boris.

"For ever and ever," said the girl. "Till death itself!" And taking his arm, she went with a happy face into the divan-room with him.

CHAPTER XII.

THE countess was now so tired of receiving, that she gave orders not to admit any more visitors, and the Swiss was told to invite any one else who came, to return to dinner.

The countess was anxious to have a confidential talk with the friend of her childhood, the Princess Anna Mikhailovna,

whom she had scarcely seen since her return from Petersburg. Anna Mikhailovna, with her rather sad, but pleasant face, drew her chair nearer to the countess.

"I will be perfectly frank with you," said she. "We have very few of our old friends left. And that's why I prize your friendship so highly!"

She glanced at Viera, and paused.

The countess pressed her hand; then, turning to her eldest daughter, who was evidently not her favorite, she said, —

"Viera, haven't you any perception at all? Cannot you see that you are in the way? Go to your sisters, or" —

The handsome Viera smiled scornfully, evidently not feeling the least offended.

"If you had only told me sooner, *mamenka*, I should have gone immediately," said she, and she left the room. But as she was going past the divan-room, she saw that two couples were snugly ensconced in the embrasures of the two windows. She paused and smiled satirically. Sonya was sitting close by Nikolai, who was copying some verses in her honor, — the first he had ever written. Boris and Natasha were sitting in the other window, and stopped talking as Viera passed. Both of the girls looked up at her with guilty and yet happy faces.

It was both amusing and touching to see these two girls, so head over ears in love, but the sight of them evidently, did not rouse pleasant thoughts in Viera's mind.

"How many times have I asked you not to touch my things," said she, "you have your own room."

And she took the inkstand away from her brother.

"Wait a minute, wait a minute," said he, dipping his pen.

"You always succeed in doing things at just the wrong time," exclaimed Viera. "There you came running into the drawing-room, so that every one was mortified on your account."

In spite of the fact, or perhaps because what she said was perfectly true, no one made her any reply, and all four only exchanged glances among themselves. Viera lingered in the room holding the inkstand in her hand.

"And how can such young things as Natasha and Boris and you two, have 'secrets', — it's all nonsense!"

"Well, what concern is it of yours, Viera?" asked Natasha, in a gentle voice, defending herself. She was evidently more than ordinarily sweet, and well-disposed to every one just at the time.

"It's very stupid," said Viera, "I blush for you. "What sort of 'secrets'?" —

"Every one has his own. We don't disturb you and Berg," said Natasha, hotly.

"I suppose you don't disturb me," said Viera, "and because you can't find anything improper in my behavior. But I am going to tell mamenka how you behave to Boris."

"Natalya Ilyinishna behaves very well to me," said Boris, "I cannot complain of it."

"Stop, Boris, you are such a diplomat (the word 'diplomat' was in great vogue among the young people, with a special meaning which they gave to it), "It's very annoying," said Natasha, in an offended, trembling voice. "Why should she worry me so? You will never understand such things," she added, turning to Viera, "because you never were in love with any one, you have no heart, you are only Madame de Genlis (this was a nickname considered very insulting, which had been first applied to Viera by Nikolai), and your chief pleasure is to cause other people annoyance. You may flirt with Berg as much as you please," she said, spitefully.

"Well, at all events, you don't find me running after a young man in the presence of visitors."

"There, now, you have done what you wanted," interrupted Nikolai, "you have said all sorts of unpleasant things, and disturbed us all. Let's go to the nursery."

All four, like a frightened bevy of birds, jumped up and flew out of the room.

"It's you who have been saying unpleasant things, but I haven't said anything to any one," cried Viera.

"Madame de Genlis! Madame de Genlis!" shouted the merry voices from the other room, through the open door.

The handsome Viera, who found a sort of pleasure in doing these unpleasant and irritating things, smiled, evidently undisturbed by what was said of her, went to the mirror and rearranged her sash and hair. As she caught a glimpse of her pretty face, she became to all appearances, cooler and more self-satisfied.

Meantime, the ladies in the drawing-room, continued their talk:

"Ah, *chère*," said the countess, "in my life *tout n'est pas rose*. I cannot help seeing that at the rate we are going, * our property will not hold out much longer. And then his club, and his easy ways. Even if we live in the country, how much rest do we get? Theatricals, hunting, and heaven

* *Du train que nous allons.*

knows what all. But what's the use of my talking!—Now tell me how you manage to get along. I often marvel at you, Annette; how it is that you, at your time of life, fly about so in your carriage, alone, in Moscow, in Petersburg, to all the ministers, to all the notables, and succeed in getting around them all, I marvel at it! Now tell me how you do it? I cannot understand it at all.”

“Ah! my dear heart,” replied the Princess Anna Mikhailovna. “May God forbid that you ever learn by experience what it is to be left a widow, and without any protector, with a son whom you adore. You get schooled to everything,” she went on to say, with some pride. “My lawsuit has given me a great experience. If I need to see any ‘big wig’, I write a note: ‘*Princesse une telle* desires to see such and such a person,’ and I myself go in a hired carriage, twice, three times, four times, until I get what I need. It is a matter of indifference to me what they think of me.”

“Well, now, how was it.—whom did you apply to for Borenka,” asked the countess. “There he is already an officer of the Guard, and my Nikolushka is going merely as a yunker. There was no one to work for him. Whom did you ask?”

“Prince Vasili. He was very kind. He immediately consented to do all in his power, and he laid the matter before the Emperor,” said the Princess Anna Mikhailovna, entirely forgetting, in her enthusiasm, all the humiliation through which she had passed, for the attainment of her ends.

“Prince Vasili must have aged somewhat,” queried the countess. “I have not seen him since our theatricals at the Rumyantsofs. I suppose he has entirely forgotten me. *Il me faisait la cour*,” she added, with a smile.

“He is just the same as ever,” replied Anna Mikhailovna. “Polite and full of compliments. His head hasn’t been turned at all by all his elevation. ‘I am grieved that it is such a small thing to do for you, my dear princess,’ said he. ‘You have only to command me.’ No, he’s a splendid man, and a lovely relative to have. But you know, Nathalie, my love for my boy. I don’t know what I would not do for his happiness. But my means are so small for doing anything,” continued the princess, in a melancholy tone, lowering her voice. “They are so small that I am really in a most terrible position. My unlucky lawsuit eats up all that I have, and is no nearer an end. I have nothing, you can imagine it *à la lettre*, I haven’t a kopek, and I don’t know how I shall get Boris his uniform.”

She drew out her handkerchief and begun to weep, —

"I must have five hundred rubles, and all I have is a twenty-five ruble bill. That's the position I am in. I have only one hope now, — in Kirill Vladimirovitch Bezukhoi. If he will not help out his godson — for you see he stood sponsor to Boris — and grant him something for his support, then all my pains will have been lost. I shall not have enough to pay for his uniform."

The countess shed some sympathetic tears, and sat silently pondering.

"Maybe, it's a sin," said the princess. "but I often think: There is Count Kirill Bezukhoi, living alone — that enormous fortune — and why does he live on? Life is a burden for him, while Boris is only just beginning to live."

"He will probably leave something to Boris," said the countess.

"God only knows, *chère amie!* These rich men and grandees are so selfish! But, nevertheless, I am going right away to see him with Boris, and I am going to tell him plainly how things are. Let them think what they please of me, it is all the same to me, when my son's fate depends upon it." The princess got up. "It is now two o'clock and you dine at four. I shall have plenty of time to go there."

And with the decision of the true Petersburg lady of business, who knows how to make the best use of her time, she called her son and went with him into the entry.

"Good by, dear heart," said she to the countess, who accompanied her to the door. "Wish me good luck," she added in a whisper, so that her son might not hear.

"So you are going to Count Kirill Vladimirovitch, *ma chère!*" said the count, coming out from the dining-room into the entry. "If he is better, ask Pierre to come and dine with me. You see he used to be here a great deal, and danced with the children. Now we shall see how splendidly Taras will do by us to-day. He declares that Count Orlof never had such a dinner as we are going to have!"

CHAPTER XIII.

"*Mon cher Boris,*" said the Princess Anna Mikhailovna to her son, as the Countess Rostova's carriage, in which they were riding, rolled along the straw-covered street and entered the wide court of Count Kirill Vladimirovitch Bezukhoi's resi-

dence. "*Mon cher* Boris," said the mother, stretching out her hand from under her old mantle and laying it on her son's with a timid and affectionate gesture, "be amiable and considerate. Count Kirill Vladimirovitch is your godfather, and your prospects depend upon him. Remember this, *mon cher*, be nice as you can be."

"If I knew that anything would come from this except humiliation," replied the son, coldly. "But I have given you my promise, and I do it for your sake."

Though it was a respectable carriage that drove up to the steps, the Swiss, noticing the lady's well-worn mantle, looked askance at mother and son (who without sending the footman to announce them had walked straight into the mirror-lined vestibule, between two rows of statues standing in niches) and asked them whom they wished to see, the young princesses or the count, and when they said the count, he told them that his excellency was worse and could not receive any one to-day.

"Then let us go," said the son, in French.

"*Mon ami!*" exclaimed the mother, in an supplicating voice, again laying her hand on his arm, as though her touch had the effect of calming or encouraging him. Boris said no more, but without removing his cloak looked dubiously at his mother.

"My dear,"* said the princess, in a wheedling tone, turning to the Swiss. "I know that the Count Kirill Vladimirovitch is very ill; that's why I came. I am a relative of his. I do not wish to disturb him, my dear, I only wanted to know — see Prince Vasili Sergeyevitch; I understand that he is here. Be so good as to announce us."

The Swiss gruffly pulled the bell cord and turned away.

"Princess Drubetskaya for Prince Vasili Sergeyevitch," he called to the footman in smallclothes, pumps, and dress coat, who ran to the head of the stairs and looked over from above.

The princess straightened the folds of her dyed silk dress, glanced at the massive Venetian mirror on the wall, and firmly mounted the carpeted staircase in her old worn shoes.

"*Mon cher, vous m'avez promis,*" said, she, turning round to her son and encouraging him with a touch of her hand. The young man, dropping his eyes, silently followed her.

They went into a hall which led into the suite of rooms occupied by Prince Vasili. Just as the mother and son started to walk through this room, and were about to ask the

* In the original she calls him the pet name *golubchik*.

way of an elderly footman, who had sprung to his feet on their approach, the bronze door-knob of one of the heavy doors turned, and Prince Vasili himself, dressed in a velvet fur-trimmed coat with a single star, as though he were at home, came in, escorting a handsome, black-bearded man. This man was the celebrated Petersburg Doctor Lorrain.

"*C'est donc positif?*" the prince was saying.

"*Mon prince, errare humanum est* ; *mais*" — replied the doctor, who swallowed his r's and spoke the Latin words, "To err is human," with a strong French accent.

"*C'est bien, c'est bien*" —

Perceiving Anna Mikhailovna, and her son, Prince Vasili dismissed the doctor with a bow, and advanced in silence and with an inquiring look toward them. The son noticed that his mother's eyes suddenly took on an expression of deep concern and grief, and he laughed in his sleeve.

"Under what melancholy circumstances we meet again, prince — well, how is our dear invalid," said she, as though she did not notice the cold, insulting glance fastened upon her. Prince Vasili looked questioningly at her and then at Boris, as though he were surprised to see them there.

Boris bowed civilly. Prince Vasili, entirely ignoring it, replied to Anna Mikhailovna's question by a significant motion of his head and lips, giving her to understand that there was very slim hope for the sick man.

"Is it possible?" cried Anna Mikhailovna, "Ah! this is terrible! Fearful to think. — This is my son," she added, pointing to Boris. "He was anxious to thank you in person," Boris again bowed politely.

"Be assured, prince, that a mother's heart will never forget what you have done for us."

"I am glad if I have been able to be of service to you, my dear Anna Mikhailovna," said Prince Vasili, adjusting his frill, and manifesting both in tone and manner, here in Moscow before Anna Mikhailovna whom he had put under deep obligation, a far more consequential air than at Petersburg at Annette Scherer's reception.

"Do your best to serve with credit and prove yourself deserving," he added, turning to Boris. "I am glad. — Are you here on leave of absence?" he asked, in an apathetic tone.

"I am waiting for orders, your excellency, before setting out for my new position," replied Boris, manifesting not the slightest resentment of the prince's peremptory tone, nor any

inclination to pursue the conversation, but bearing himself with such dignity and deference that the prince gave him a scrutinizing glance.

"Do you live with your mother?"

"I live at the Countess Rostova's," said Boris, again, taking pains to add, "Your Excellency."

"It is that Ilya Rostof, who married Nathalie Shinshina," said Anna Mikhailovna.

"I know, I know," returned Prince Vasili, in his monotonous voice. "I never could understand how Nathalie made up her mind to marry that unlicked bear. A perfectly stupid and absurd creature, and a gambler besides, they say." *

"*Mais très brave homme, mon prince.*" remarked Anna Mikhailovna, smiling with a touching smile, as though she too, knew very well that Count Rostof deserved such an opinion of him, but did her best to say a good word for the poor old man.

"What do the doctors say," asked the princess, after a short silence, and again allowing an expression of deep grief to settle upon her careworn face.

"Very little hope," said the prince.

"I wanted so much to thank my *uncle* once more, for all his kindnesses to me and Boris—he's his godson," she added in French, in such a tone as though this piece of information must be highly delightful to the prince.

Prince Vasili sat pondering and knitting his brows. Anna Mikhailovna realized that he was apprehensive lest she were a rival for the count's inheritance. She hastened to reassure him.

"If it were not for my true love and devotion to my *uncle*," said she, uttering the words, *my uncle*, with remarkable effrontery and unconcern—"I know his noble, straightforward character; but you see, he has only the young princesses with him: they are both so inexperienced." She inclined her head and added, in a whisper: "Has he yet fulfilled the last duty, prince? How precious are these last moments! Things couldn't be worse, he should be prepared at once, if he is so ill. We women, prince," she smiled with self-importance, "always understand how to put these things. It's indispensable that I should see him, however hard it may be for me; but then, I am accustomed to sorrow."

* "*Je n'ai jamais pu concevoir comment Nathalie s'est décidée épouser cet ours mal-léché! Un personnage complètement stupide et ridicule. Et joueur à ce qu'on dit.*"

The prince evidently knew only too well, just as he had known at Annette Scherer's, that he would have no little difficulty in getting rid of Anna Mikhailovna.

"This interview might be very injurious for him, *chère* Anna Mikhailovna; better wait till evening; the doctors have been expecting a crisis."

"But it is impossible to wait, prince, at such moments. *Pensez, il y va du salut de son âme — Ah c'est terrible, les devoirs d'un Chrétien.*"*

A door opened, and from an inner chamber appeared one of the count's nieces, a young lady with a sour, cold face, and with a waist disproportionately long for her stature.

Prince Vasili went toward her: "Well, how is he?"

"Just about the same; but what could you expect — this noise," said the princess, staring at Anna Mikhailovna as though she were a stranger.

"Ah, *chère*, I did not recognize you," exclaimed Anna Mikhailovna, with a beaming smile and ambling lightly forward toward the count's niece. "I have just come, and I am at your service to help you take care of my uncle. I can imagine how much you have suffered,"† she added, still in French, and sympathetically turning up her eyes.

The count's niece made no reply, nor did she even smile, but immediately left the room. Anna Mikhailovna took off her gloves and established herself in an arm-chair as though ready to endure a siege, and motioned to the prince to sit down near her.

"Boris," said she to her son, and with a smile, "I am going to see the count, my uncle; in the meantime, *mon ami*, you go and find Pierre, and don't forget to give him the invitation from the Rostofs. They ask him to dinner. I think very likely he may not wish to come," she suggested, turning to the prince.

"On the contrary," returned the prince, evidently very much annoyed, "I should be very glad to have him taken off my hands. He stays in his own room. The count has not asked for him once."

He shrugged his shoulders. A footman conducted the young man downstairs and then up, by another flight, to Pierre's quarters.

* Just think, it concerns his soul's safety. — Ah, it is terrible, the duties of a Christian."

† "*Je viens d'arriver, et je suis à vous pour vous aider à soigner mon oncle. J'imagine combien vous avez souffert.*"

CHAPTER XIV.

PIERRE had not succeeded in choosing a career for himself when he was sent to Moscow on account of his disorderly conduct. The story which had been related at Count Rostof's was correct: Pierre had been one of the young men who had tied the policeman on the bear's back.

He had arrived in Moscow a few days previous, and taken up his abode as usual in his father's house. Although he foresaw that the story would be noised abroad in Moscow, and that the ladies who formed his father's household and who were always hostile to him, would take advantage of this occurrence to irritate the count against him, he nevertheless, on the very day of his arrival started to go to his father's apartments.

As he went into the drawing-room, where the princesses usually sat, he stopped to pay his respects to the ladies, who were there busy with their embroidery-frame and in listening to a book which one of them was reading aloud.

There were three of them. The oldest, a severely prim old maid with a long waist — the very one who had made the descent upon Anna Mikhailovna, was the reader; the younger ones, both rosy-cheeked and rather pretty, and exactly alike, except that one of them had a little mole on her lip, decidedly adding to her beauty, were engaged at the embroidery-frame.

Pierre was received like a ghost or a leper. The oldest princess ceased reading and silently looked at him with eyes expressive of alarm. The one without the mole did the same. The third, who had the mole and some sense of the ludicrous, bent over the embroidery to conceal a smile, caused by what she thought promised to be an amusing scene. She drew the thread down and bent over, as though studying the pattern, but in reality to hide her laugh.

"*Bonjour, ma cousine,*" said Pierre. "*Vous ne me reconnaissez pas ?*"

"I know you very well, altogether too well."

"How is the count? Can I see him?" asked Pierre, awkwardly as usual, but still not disconcerted.

"The count is suffering, both physically and mentally, and it seems you have taken pains to cause him the greater part of his moral suffering."

"Can I see the count?" repeated Pierre.

"Hm! If you desire to kill him, to kill him out and out,

then you can see him. Olga, go and see if the bouillon is ready for uncle, it is high time," she added, making Pierre see by this that they were wholly absorbed in caring for his father, while he, on the contrary, was palpably bent on annoying him.

Olga left the room. Pierre stood still, looking at the sisters and then said with a bow, —

"Then I will go back to my room. As soon as it is possible you will please tell me."

He went out and behind his back was heard the young princess's laugh, ringing but not loud.

On the next day came Prince Vasili and put up at the count's. He called Pierre to him and said, —

"*Mon chère, si vous vous conduisez ici comme à Pétersbourg, vous finirez très mal ; c'est tout ce que vous dis.** The count is very, very ill; it is imperative that you should not see him."

From that time, Pierre had been left severely alone, and spent his days in solitude, upstairs in his own rooms.

At the moment that Boris appeared at the door, Pierre was walking up and down his room, occasionally pausing in the corners and making threatening gestures at the walls, as though trying to thrust through some unknown enemy, and looking savagely over his spectacles and then again beginning his promenade, muttering indistinct words, shrugging his shoulders and spreading out his hands.

"*L'Angleterre a vécu,*" he was declaiming, with a frown and pointing at some imaginary person with his finger. "*M. Pitt, comme traître à la nation et au droit des gens, est condamné à*" — †

But he had no time to complete his denunciation of Pitt spoken by himself, personating his hero Napoleon, in whose company he imagined himself crossing the perilous Dover Straits and already taking London by storm, before he caught sight of a handsome, well-built young officer coming towards him.

He stopped short.

Boris was a lad of fourteen when he had last seen him, and he did not recognize him at all; but, nevertheless, he seized him by the hand in his impulsive, cordial way, and smiled affectionately.

* My dear fellow, if you carry on here as you have at Petersburg, you will come out very badly; that's all I have to say to you.

† England has outlived its glory; Pitt, as a traitor to the nation and to the law of nations, is condemned to" —

"Do you remember me?" asked Boris, calmly, with a pleasant smile. "I came with my mother to see the count, but it seems he is too ill to receive us."

"Yes, he is very ill. They keep him stirred up all the time," returned Pierre, striving to recollect who this young man was.

Boris was certain that Pierre did not recognize him, but he did not think it necessary to tell his name, and without manifesting the slightest awkwardness he looked him full in the face.

"Count Rostof invites you to dine with him this afternoon," said he, after a rather long silence that made Pierre feel uncomfortable.

"Ah! Count Rostof," exclaimed Pierre, joyfully. "Then you are his son Ilya. At the first instant I did not recognize you, as you can easily imagine. Do you remember how you and I and Madame Jaquot used to go out walking on the Sparrow Hills—years ago?"

"You are mistaken," said Boris deliberately, and with a bold and rather derisive smile; "I am Boris, the son of the Princess Anna Mikhailovna Drubetskaya. Rostof's father is named Ilya, and his name is Nikolai. And I never knew Madame Jaquot."

Pierre made a gesture with his hands and head, as though he were driving away mosquitoes.

"Ah! is that so indeed! I have mixed everything all up. I have so many relatives in Moscow! So you are Boris—yes. Well, you and I seem to have begun with a misunderstanding. Well, what do you think of the expedition to Boulogne? It will go pretty hard with the English if only Napoleon crosses the Channel, won't it? I think the expedition is feasible, it only Villeneuve doesn't fail him."

Boris knew nothing about the Boulogne expedition; he had not read the newspapers, and this was the first time he had ever heard of Villeneuve.

"We here in Moscow are more taken up with dinners and gossip than with politics," said he, in his calm, satirical tone. "I know nothing about such things. Moscow is given over especially to tittle-tattle," he went on to say. "Now you and the count are the talk."

Pierre smiled his good-natured smile, as though to deprecate anything unpleasant which his companion might be likely to say. But Boris spoke with due circumspection, clearly and dryly, looking straight into Pierre's eyes.

"Moscow likes to do nothing better than talk gossip," he repeated. "All are solicitous about knowing to whom the count is going to leave his property: and yet, very possibly, he will outlive all of us. I hope so with all my heart."

"Yes, this is all very trying," interrupted Pierre, — "very trying." Pierre all the time was apprehensive lest this young officer should unexpectedly turn the conversation into some awkward channel.

"But it must seem to you," said Boris, flushing slightly, but not allowing his voice or his manner to vary, — "it must seem to you that all take an interest in this simply because they hope to get something from the estate."

"Here it comes," thought Pierre.

"I expressly wish to tell you, lest any misunderstanding should arise, that you are entirely mistaken if you consider me and my mother in the number of these people. We are very poor, but I at least say this on my own account for the very reason that your father is rich, that I do not consider myself a relative of his, and neither I nor my mother would ask or even be willing to receive anything from him."

Pierre for some time failed to comprehend, but when the idea dawned upon him, he leaped from the sofa, seized Boris under the arm with characteristic impetuosity and clumsiness, and while he reddened even more than the other, he began to speak with a mixed feeling of vexation and shame, —

"Now, this is strange! I then — indeed and who would have ever thought — I know very well" —

But Boris again interrupted him.

"I am glad that I have told you all. Perhaps it was disagreeable to you; you will pardon me," said he, soothing Pierre instead of letting himself be soothed by him. "I hope that I have not offended you. It is a principle with me to speak right to the point. What answer am I to give? Will you come to dinner to the Rostofs?"

And Boris, having acquitted himself of a difficult explanation, and got himself out of an awkward position by putting another into it, again became perfectly agreeable.

"Now, look here, listen," said Pierre, calming down. "You are a remarkable man. What you have just said is very good, very good. Of course you don't know me. We have not met for a long time — we were still children. You might have had all sorts of ideas about me. I understand you, understand you perfectly. I should not have done such a thing, I should not have had the courage, but it is excellent. I am

very glad to have made your acquaintance. Strange," he added, after a short silence and smiling, — "Strange that you should have had such an idea of me." He laughed. "Well, who knows? We shall get better acquainted, I beg of you."

He pressed Boris's hand. "Do you know, I have not seen the count yet? He has not asked for me. It is trying to me as a man, but what can I do about it?"

"And do you think that Napoleon will succeed in getting his army across?" asked Boris with a smile.

Pierre understood that Boris wanted to change the conversation, and taking his cue he began to expound the advantages and disadvantages of the Boulogne expedition.

A footman came to summon Boris to his mother. The princess was ready to start. Pierre, looking affectionately through his spectacles, promised to come and dine with the Rostofs so as to get better acquainted with Boris, whose hand he pressed warmly as they parted.

After he was left alone, Pierre still paced for a long time up and down the room, no longer threatening an invisible enemy with the sword, but smiling at the thought of this likeable young man who was so intelligent and clever and decided. As often happens in early youth, and especially when a man is lonesome, he felt an inexplicable affection for the lad, and promised himself that they should become good friends.

Prince Vasili escorted the princess to the door. The good lady held her handkerchief to her eyes, and there were traces of tears on her cheeks.

"This is terrible, terrible!" she exclaimed. "But, so far as in me lay, I fulfilled my duty. I will come back and spend the night. It is impossible to leave him in such a state. Every moment is precious. I cannot understand why the princesses have delayed about it. Perhaps God will enable me to find some means of preparing him. *Adieu, mon prince, que le bon Dieu vous soutienne.*"

"*Adieu, ma bonne,*" replied Prince Vasili, as he turned away from her.

"Ah, he is in a frightful state," said the princess to Boris, after they had again taken their seats in the carriage. "He scarcely knows any one."

"I cannot understand, mamenka, what his feelings are in regard to Pierre, can you?" asked the son.

"Everything will be made clear by his will, my dear; our fate also depends upon that."

"What makes you think that he is going to leave anything to us?"

"Ah! my dear, he is so rich and we are so poor."

"Well, that is a most inconclusive reason, *mamenka*."

"Ah, my God, my God, how ill he is," exclaimed the mother.

CHAPTER XV.

AFTER Anna Mikhailovna and her son had gone to Count Bezukhoi's, the Countess Rostova sat for some time alone, applying her handkerchief to her eyes. At last she rang the bell.

"What is the matter with you, my dear?" she demanded severely of the maid, who had kept her waiting several minutes. "Don't you care to serve me? If not, I can find another place for you."

The countess was greatly affected by her old friend's grief and humiliation, and therefore she was out of sorts, as could be told by her speaking to the maid by the formal *vui*, "you," and *miliya*, "dear."

"Beg pardon," said the girl.

"Ask the count to come to me."

The count came waddling to his wife with a rather guilty look, as usual.

"Well, little countess,* what a *sauté au madère* of woodcock we are going to have, *ma chère*! I have been trying it. Taras is well worth the thousand rubles that I give for him. It was well spent."

He took a seat near his wife, with an affectation of bravery, leaning one hand on his knee and with the other rumpling up his gray hair: "What do you wish, little countess?"

"See there, my love; how did you get that spot on you," said she, pointing to his waistcoat. "It is evidently some of your *sauté*," she added, with a smile. "See here, count: I need some money."

His face grew mournful. "Ah! little countess!" And the count made a great ado in getting out his pocket-book.

"I want a good deal, count; I want five hundred rubles." And she took her cambric handkerchief and began to rub her husband's waistcoat.

"You shall have it at once. Hey, there!" cried the count, in a tone used only by men who are certain that those whom

* *Graphinyushka*.

they command will rush headlong at their call. "Send Mitenka to me!"

Mitenka, the nobleman's son whom the count had brought up and had now put in charge of all his affairs, came with soft noiseless steps into the room.

"See here, my dear," said the count to the deferential young man as he entered the door; "bring me," — he hesitated, — "yes, bring me seven hundred rubles, yes. And see here, don't bring such torn and filthy ones as you do sometimes, but clean ones: they are for the countess."

"Yes, Mitenka, please see that they are clean," said the countess, with a sigh.

"Your excellency, when do you wish them," asked Mitenka, "you will deign to know that — however, don't allow yourself to be uneasy," he added, perceiving that the count was already beginning to breathe heavily and rapidly, which was always a sign of a burst of rage. — "I had forgotten. Will you please to have them this instant?"

"Yes, yes, instantly; bring them. Give them to the countess."

"What a treasure that Mitenka is!" he added with a smile, as the young man left the room. "He never finds anything impossible. That is a thing I cannot endure. All things are possible."

"Ah! money, count, money; how much sorrow it causes in the world!" exclaimed the countess. "But this money is very important for me."

"Little countess, you are a terrible spendthrift," declared the count, and kissing his wife's hand he disappeared again into his own apartment.

When Anna Mikhailovna returned from her visit to Bezukhoi, the money, all in new clean bank notes, was lying on a stand under a handkerchief in the countess's room. Anna Mikhailovna noticed that the countess was excited over something.

"Well, my dear?" asked the countess.

"Ah! he's in a terrible state! you would never know him, he is so ill, so ill! I stayed only a short minute and didn't say two words."

"Annette, for heaven's sake, don't refuse me," suddenly exclaimed the countess, taking out the money from under the handkerchief, while her old, thin, grave face flushed in a way that was strange to see.

Anna Mikhailovna instantly understood what she meant,

and was already bending over so as to embrace the countess gracefully at the right moment.

"It is from me to Boris, for his outfit."

Anna Mikhailovna interrupted her by throwing her arms around her and bursting into tears. The countess wept with her. They wept because they were friends and because they were kind-hearted, and because, having been friends from childhood, they were now occupied with such a sordid matter as money, and because their youth had past. But theirs were pleasant tears.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE Countess Rostova, with her daughters and a considerable number of guests, was sitting in the drawing-room. The count had taken the men into his cabinet and was showing them his favorite collection of Turkish pipes. Occasionally, he would go out and ask: "Hasn't she come yet?"

They were waiting for Marya Dmitrievna Akhrosimova, called in society *le terrible dragon*, a lady who was distinguished not for her wealth or her titles, but for the honesty of her character, and her frank, simple ways. The imperial family knew her, all Moscow knew her, and all Petersburg, and both cities, while they laughed at her on the sly and related anecdotes of her brusque manners, nevertheless, without exception, respected and feared her.

The conversation in the cabinet, which was full of smoke, turned on the war which had just been declared through a manifesto in regard to the recruiting. No one had, as yet, read the manifesto, but all were aware of its appearance.

The count was sitting on a low ottoman, between two of his friends, who were talking and smoking. He, himself, did not smoke and did not talk, but, inclining his head now to one side, now to the other, he looked with manifest satisfaction at those who did, and listened to the conversation of his two friends, whom he had already set by the ears.

One of the men was a civilian, with a wrinkled, sallow, lean and cleanly-shaven face; though he was approaching old age, he was dressed in the height of style, like a young man; he was sitting with his feet on the ottoman, like a man thoroughly at home, and holding the amber mouthpiece at one side of his mouth was sucking strenuously at the smoke, and frowning over the effort. This was the old bachelor, Shinshin, the countess's own cousin, a "venomous tongue," as it was said of

him in Moscow drawing-rooms. He talked as though it were an act of condescension toward his opponent.

The other, a fresh, ruddy young officer of the Guard, irreproachably belted, buttoned, and barbered, held the mouth-piece in the middle of his mouth, and gently sucked the smoke through his rosy lips, sending it out in rings from his handsome mouth. This was Lieutenant Berg, an officer of the Semyenovskiy regiment, with whom Boris was going to the army; the very person about whom Natasha had teased Viera by calling him her lover.

The count was sitting between these two and listening attentively. The occupation that the count enjoyed most, next to the game of Boston, of which he was very fond, was that of listener, especially when he had a chance to get two good talkers on the opposite sides of an argument.

"Well now, batyushka, my most honorable Alphonse Karlich," said Shinshin, with a sneer, and, as his custom was when he talked, mixing up the most colloquial Russian expressions with the most refined French idioms, "your idea is to make money out of the state? you expect to get a nice little income from your company, do you?"

"Not at all, Piotr Nikolaitch, I only wish to prove that the advantages of serving in the cavalry are far less than in the infantry. You can now imagine my position, Piotr Nikolaitch."

Berg always spoke very accurately, calmly, and politely. His conversation invariably had himself as its central point: he always preserved a discreet silence when people were talking about anything that did not directly concern himself, and he could sit that way silently for hours without feeling or causing others to feel the slightest sense of awkwardness. But as soon as the conversation touched any subject in which he was personally interested, he would begin to talk at length and with evident satisfaction.

"Consider my position, Piotr Nikolaitch: if I were in the cavalry I should not receive more than two hundred a quarter, even with the rank of lieutenant, but now I get two hundred and thirty," said he, with a pleasant, joyful smile, glancing at Shinshin and the count, as though it were plain for him that his success would always be an object of interest to everybody else.

"Moreover, Piotr Nikolaitch," continued Berg, "by being transferred to the Guard, I am in sight; vacancies in the infantry occur far more often. Then, you can see for yourself,

on two hundred and thirty rubles a quarter, how well I can live. I can lay up some and send some to my father, too," he went on to say, puffing out a spiral of smoke.

"That's where the difference lies, a German can grind corn on the but of his hatchet, as the proverb puts it," said Shinshin, shifting the mouthpiece of his pipe to the other side of his mouth and winking at the count.

The count laughed heartily. The other guests, seeing that Shinshin was engaged in a lively conversation, crowded round to listen. Berg, remarking neither the quizzical nor indifferent looks of the others, proceeded to explain how, by his transfer to the Guard, he would attain rank before his comrades of the Corps; how, in time of war, the company commanders were apt to be killed; and he, if left the senior in the company, might very easily become a captain; and how everybody in the regiment liked him, and how proud of him his papenka was.

Berg evidently took great delight in telling all this, and he never seemed to suspect that other people had also their interests. But all that he said was so suavely serious, the naivete of his youthful egotism was so palpable, that he quite disarmed his auditors.

"Well, my lad,* whether you are in the infantry or in the guard, you will get on; that I can predict," said Shinshin, tapping him on the shoulder and setting his feet down from the ottoman. Berg smiled with self-satisfaction. The count, followed by his guests, passed into the drawing-room.

It was the time just before dinner is announced when the assembled guests, in expectation of being summoned to partake of the *zakuska*, are disinclined to entering any detailed conversation and, at the same time, feel that it is incumbent upon them to stir about and say something, in order to show that they are in no haste to sit down.

The host and hostess keep watching the dining door and exchange glances from time to time. The guests try to read in those glances for whom or for what they are waiting; some belated influential connection, or for some dish that is not done in time.

Pierre came in just before the dinner hour, and awkwardly sat down in the first chair that he saw, right in the middle of the drawing-room, so that he was in everybody's way. The countess tried to engage him in conversation, but he merely

* *Bátyushka*, little father.

answered her questions in monosyllables and kept looking naively around him through his spectacles, as though in search of some one. It was exceedingly annoying, but he was the only person who did not notice it. The majority of the guests, knowing about his adventure with the bear, looked curiously at this big, tall, quiet-looking man, and found it difficult to believe that such a burly, unassuming creature could have played such a trick on a police officer.

"Have you only just come?" asked the countess.

"*Oui, madame,*" replied he, glancing around.

"You have not seen my husband?"

"*Non, madame.*" And he smiled at absolutely the wrong time.

"You were in Paris lately, I believe. I think it is very interesting."

"Very interesting."

The countess exchanged glances with Anna Mikhailovna, who perceived that she was wanted to take charge of this young man. She took a seat by his side and began to talk to him about his father, but he answered her, just as he had the countess, merely in monosyllables. The other guests were all engaged in little groups: "Les Razoumovsky," — "That was charming," — "You are very good," — "La Comtesse Apraksine," were the broken phrases that were heard on all sides. The countess got up and went into the hall. "Is that you, Marya Dmitrievna?" rang her voice through the hall.

"My own self," was the answer in a harsh voice, and immediately after, Marya Dmitrievna entered the room. All the young ladies and even the married women, except those who were aged, rose. Marya Dmitrievna paused in the doorway. She was tall and erect, fifty years old, and wore her gray hair in ringlets. Under the pretext of turning back and adjusting the wide sleeves of her dress, she took a deliberate survey of all the guests. Marya Dmitrievna always spoke in Russian.

"Congratulations to the dear ones," said she, in her loud deep voice, which drowned all other sounds. "Well, you old sinner, how are you?" she said, addressing the count, who kissed her hand. "I suppose you are bored to death in Moscow? Hey? No chance to let out the dogs. Well, what's to be done, batyushka, when you have these birds already grown up?" She waved her hand toward the young ladies. "Whether you wish it or no, you have got to find husbands for them. Well, my Cossack," said she (Marya Dmitrievna always called Natasha the Cossack), smoothing Natasha's hair

as she came running up to kiss her hand gayly and without any fear. "I know that this little girl is a madcap, but I am fond of her all the same."

She took out of a monstrous reticule a pair of pear-shaped amethyst earrings, and gave them to the blushing Natasha in honor of her name day; then she turned immediately upon Pierre.

"Hé! hé! my dear! come here, right here!" she cried in a pretendedly gentle voice. "Come here, my dear fellow." And she threateningly pulled her sleeve still higher.

Pierre went to her, ingenuously looking at her through his spectacles.

"Come here, come, my dear fellow. I have been the only one who dared tell your father the whole truth when he required it, and now I shall do the same in your case. It's God's will."

She paused. All held their breath, waiting for what was to come, and feeling that this was but the prologue.

"He's a fine lad. I must say, a fine lad! His father lying on his death-bed, and this young man amuses himself by tying a policeman on a bear's back! For shame, batyushka, for shame. You would better have gone to the war."

She turned away from him and gave her hand to the count, who found it difficult to keep from laughing outright.

"Well, then, to dinner; it is ready, I believe," said Marya Dmitrievna.

The count led the way with Marya Dmitrievna followed by the countess escorted by the colonel of hussars, a man to be made much of, since Nikolai was to join his regiment. Anna Mikhailovna went with Shinshin. Berg gave his arm to Viera. The smiling Julie Karagina went with Nikolai to the table. Behind them followed the rest in couples, making a long line through the hall, and the rear was brought up by the tutors and governesses, each leading one of the children.

The waiters bustled about, chairs were noisily pushed back, an orchestra was playing in the gallery, and the guests took their places. The sounds of the count's private band were soon drowned in the clatter of knives and forks, the voices of the guests, and the hurrying steps of the waiters.

At the head of the table sat the countess, Marya Dmitrievna at her right, Anna Mikhailovna at her left; then the other ladies. At the other end of the table sat the count, with the colonel of hussars at his left, and Shinshin and the other men at his right.

At one side of the long table were the young gentlemen and ladies: Viera next to Berg, Pierre and Boris together, all facing the children and their guardians on the other side.

The count, through the long line of decanters and vases with fruits, looked across to his wife and her towering head-dress with its blue ribbons, and zealously helped his neighbors to wine, not forgetting himself. The countess also, not neglecting the duties of a hostess, cast significant glances at her husband over the tops of the pineapples, and it seemed to her that his bald forehead and face were all the more conspicuously rubicund from the contrast of his gray hair.

On the ladies' side there was an unceasing buzz of conversation. On the side of the men the voices grew louder and louder; and loudest of all talked the colonel of hussars, who ate and drank all that he could, his face growing more and more flushed, so that the count felt called upon to hold him up to the other guests as an example. Berg, with an affectionate smile, was talking with Viera on the theme of love being not an earthly but a heavenly feeling. Boris was enlightening his new friend Pierre as to the guests who were at the table, and occasionally exchanged glances with Natasha, whose seat was on the opposite side.

Pierre himself said little but he ate much, while he scanned the faces of the guests. Having been offered two kinds of soups he had chosen turtle, and from the fish-*kulebyaka* to the *sauté* of woodcock, he did not refuse a single dish, or any of the wines which the butler offered him; thrusting the bottle, mysteriously wrapped in a white napkin, over his neighbor's shoulder, murmuring: "dry Madeira," or "Hungarian," or "Rhine wine." He held up the first that he happened to lay his hand upon of the four wineglasses, engraved with the count's arms, that stood before each guest, and drank rapturously, and the face that he turned upon the guests grew constantly more and more friendly.

Natasha sitting opposite, gazed at Boris, as young girls of thirteen only can on the lad with whom they have just exchanged kisses, and are very much in love. Occasionally she let her eyes rest on Pierre, and this glance of the ridiculous little maiden, so lively in all her ways, almost made him feel like laughing, he could not tell why.

Nikolai was seated at some distance from Sonya, and next to Julie Karagina, and was again talking with her with the same involuntary smile. Sonya also had a smile on her lips, but it was not natural, and she was evidently tortured by jeal-

ousy; first she turned pale, then red, and was trying with all her might to imagine what Nikolai and Julie were talking about.

The governess was looking around nervously, as though ready to make resistance should any one presume to injure her young charges. The German tutor was endeavoring to fix in his memory all the different courses, desserts, and wines, so as to give a full description of it when he wrote home to Germany; he felt sorely grieved because the butler who had the bottle wrapped in the napkin passed him by. He frowned, and tried to make it appear that he had no wish to taste that wine, and was only affronted because no one was willing to see that he needed the wine not for allaying his thirst, or from greediness, but from motives of mere curiosity.

CHAPTER XVII.

At the men's end of the table, the conversation was growing more and more animated. The colonel was telling that the manifesto in regard to the declaration of war had already appeared in Petersburg and that he had seen a copy of it which had been brought that day by a courier to the commander-in-chief.

"Why the deuce should it behoove us to fight with Bonaparte," exclaimed Shinshin; "he has already made Austria talk very mild. I fear that now it will be our turn."*

The colonel was a stout, tall German of a sanguine temperament, but a thorough soldier and a patriot, nevertheless. He felt affronted at what Shinshin said.

"But why, my dear sir," said he, mispronouncing every word, "inasmuch as de emperor knows dat? In his mahnifest, he says dat he caln not looke with indeeference on de danjers treetening Russia, and dat de safety of de empire and de sanctity of de allies" — and he put a special emphasis on the word *allies*, as though it contained the whole essence of the matter.

And then with his infallible memory, trained by official life, he began to repeat the introductory clause of the manifesto: "And as the emperor's wish and constant and unalterable aim is to establish peace in Europe on lasting foundations, he nas determined to move a portion of his army across the

* *"Il a déjà rabattu le caquet à l'Autriche. Je crains que cette fois ce ne soit son tour."*

frontier, and to make every effort for the attainment of this design.' And dat is de reason, my dear sir," said he, in conclusion, edifyingly draining his glass of wine and glancing at the count for encouragement.

"Do you know the proverb, 'Yerema, Yerema, you'd better stay at home and twirl the spindle?' " said Shinshin, frowning and smiling. "That fits us to a T. Even Suvarof was cut all to pieces, and where shall we find a Suvarof nowadays? What do you think about it?" asked he, incessantly changing from Russian to French.

"Ve must fight to the last dr-r-rop of our blood," said the colonel, thumping on the table; "ve must be villing to per-r-rish for our emperor, and then all vill be vell. And argue as leedle as po-oo-sible, as leedle as po-ossible," he repeated, giving a strong stress to the word possible, and looking again at the count. "Dat's de vay ve old hussars look at it. And how do you look at it, young mahn and young hussar?" he added, turning to Nikolai, who, quite neglecting his fair companion, now that the talk turned on the war, was looking with all his eyes at the colonel and drinking in all that he had to say.

"I agree with you entirely," returned Nikolai, in a glow, and turning his plate round and rearranging his wineglasses with a resolute and desperate face, as though at that very instant he were going to be called upon to face a great peril. "I am convinced that we Russians must either conquer or die," said he, and then instantly felt just as the rest did, after the words were out of his mouth, that he had spoken more enthusiastically and bombastically than the occasion warranted, and had, therefore, been guilty of a solecism.

"What you just said was splendid," said Julie, with a sigh. Sonya was all of a tremble, and blushed to her ears and even to her shoulders, while Nikolai was speaking. Pierre listened to the colonel's speeches and nodded his head in approval.

"Here, that's splendid," said he.

"You're a real hussar, young mahn!" cried the colonel, again thumping on the table.

"What are you making such a noise about there," suddenly spoke up Marya Dmitrievna, her deep voice ringing across the table. "Why are you pounding on the table?" she demanded of the hussar. "What are you getting so heated about, pray? One would really think that the French were right here before you!"

"I am delling the druth," said the hussar, smiling.

"Always talking about the war," cried the count, across the table. "You see I have a son who is going. Marya Dmitrievna, my son is going."

"Well, I have four sons in the army, but I don't mourn over it. God's will rules all. You may die at home lying on your oven, or God may bring you safe out of battle," rang Marya Dmitrievna's loud voice without any effort, from the farther end of the table.

"That is so."

And the conversation again was confined among the ladies at their end of the table and among the men at theirs.

"You won't dare to ask it," said Natasha's little brother to her. "I tell you, you won't dare to!"

"Yes, I will, too," replied Natasha.

Her face suddenly kindled and expressed a desperate and mischievous resolution. She started up with a glance, causing Pierre who was sitting opposite to her to listen, and addressed her mother.

"Mamma," rang her childish chest voice across the table.

"What is it you wish?" asked the countess, alarmed; but seeing by her daughter's face that it was some prank, she shook her finger sternly at her and shook her head warningly.

There was a lull in the conversation.

"Mamma! what sort of pastry is coming?" cried the little voice even more clearly and without any hesitation.

The countess tried to look severe but could not. Marya Dmitrievna shook her stout finger at the girl. "Cossack!" said she. The majority of the guests looked at the old ladies and did not know what to make of this freak.

"You will see what I shall do to you," said the countess.

"Mamma! tell me what pastry are we going to have?" cried Natasha again, all in a giggle, and assured in her own merry little heart that her prank would not be taken amiss. Sonya and the stout little Petya were struggling with suppressed laughter.

"There, I did ask," whispered Natasha to her little brother and to Pierre, on whom she again fastened her eyes.

"Ices; but you are not to have any," said Marya Dmitrievna.

Natasha saw that there was nothing to be afraid of, and therefore she had no fear of Marya Dmitrievna.

"Marya Dmitrievna! what kind of ices? I don't like ice cream."

"Carrot."

"No! what kind? Marya Dmitrievna, tell me what kind," she almost screamed.

Marya Dmitrievna and the countess laughed, and the rest of the guests did the same. All laughed, not so much at Marya Dmitrievna's repartee, as at the incomprehensible bravery and cleverness of the little girl who could and dared treat Marya Dmitrievna so.

Natasha was made to hold her tongue only when she was told that they were to have pineapple sherbet. Before the ices were brought, champagne was handed around. Again the orchestra played, the count exchanged kisses with his "little countess," and the guests standing, drank a health to the hostess, clinking their glasses across the table with the count, with the children, and with each other. Again the waiters bustled about, there was the noise of moving chairs, and in the same order but with more flushed faces, the guests returned to the drawing-room and to the count's cabinet.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE card tables were brought out, partners were selected, and the count's guests scattered through the two drawing-rooms, the divan-room, and the library.

The count, having arranged his cards in a fan shape, found it difficult to keep from indulging in his usual after-dinner nap, and laughed heartily at everything. The young people at the countess's instigation gathered around the clavichord and the harp. Julie, first, by general request, played a piece with variations on the harp and then she joined with the rest of the girls in urging Natasha and Nikolai, whose musical talent was known to all, to sing something. Natasha was evidently very much flattered by this request and at the same time it filled her with trepidation.

"What shall we sing?" she asked.

"The Fountain," suggested Nikolai.

"Well, give me the music, quick; Boris, come here," said Natasha. "But where is Sonya?" She looked around and seeing that her cousin was nowhere in the room, she started to find her.

She ran into Sonya's room and not finding her there, hastened to the nursery, but she was not there. Natasha then came to the conclusion that Sonya might be in the corridor on the great chest. The great chest in the corridor was the

place of mourning for all the young women of the house of Rostof. There in fact Sonya was found in her airy pink frock, all crumpled, lying flat on her face on a dirty striped pillow that belonged to the nurse, and, hiding her face in her hands, was crying as though her heart would break, while her poor, bare shoulders shook under her sobs.

Natasha's face which had been so radiant all through her name day, suddenly changed; her eyes grew fixed, then her throat contracted, and the corners of her mouth drew down.

"Sonya! what is the matter? Tell me what is it; what is the matter with you? Oo-oo-oo!" And Natasha, opening her large mouth and becoming perfectly ugly, cried like a child, without knowing any reason for it except that Sonya was crying. Sonya tried to lift up her head, tried to answer, but found it impossible and hid her face again. Natasha sat down on the blue cushion and threw her arms around her dear cousin. At length Sonya put forth an effort, sat up, and began to wipe away her tears, saying, —

"Nikolenka is going away in a week — his — papers — have come — he himself told me so. But I should not have wept. (She held out a piece of paper which she had been reading; it contained the verses which Nikolai had written for her.) — I should not have wept for that — but you cannot understand — No one can understand — what a noble heart he has."

And once more her tears began to flow at the thought of what a noble heart he had.

"You are happy — I do not envy you — I love you and Boris too," said she, composing herself by an effort. "He is good; for you there are no obstacles. But Nikolai is my cousin — we should have to — the archbishop himself — else it would be impossible. And then if mamenka (Sonya always regarded the countess as her mother and called her so) — she will say that I am spoiling Nikolai's career, that I am heartless and ungrateful, and she would be right, too; but God is my witness (here she crossed herself), I love her so and all of you, except only Viera — and why is it? What have I done to her? — I am so grateful to you, that I would gladly make any sacrifice for you, — but it's no use" — Sonya could say no more, and again she buried her face in the cushion and her hands. Natasha tried to calm her, but it could be seen by her face that she understood all the depth of Sonya's woe.

"Sonya!" she exclaimed, suddenly, as though surmising the actual reason of her cousin's grief, "truly, didn't Viera say something to you after dinner? Tell me!"

"Nikolai wrote these verses himself, and I copied off some other ones; and she found them on my table and said that she was going to show them to mamenka, and she said too that I was ungrateful, that mamenka would never let him marry me, and that he was going to marry Julie. You saw how he was with her all the time, Natasha; why should it be so?"

And again she began to sob, more bitterly than before. Natasha tried to lift her up, threw her arms around her, and smiling through her tears, began to console her.

"Sonya, don't you believe her, dear heart; don't believe her. Don't you remember we three and Nikolenka talked together in the divan-room, after lunch? Why we thought it all out, how it should be. I don't exactly remember how it was, but you know it will be all right and everything can be arranged. There was Uncle Shinshin's brother married his *own* cousin, and we are only second cousins. And Boris said that that was perfectly possible. You know I tell him everything. For he is so clever and so kind," said Natasha. "Now, Sonya, don't cry any more, dear dove, sweetheart, Sonya," and she kissed her, and laughed merrily; "Viera is spiteful. I'm sorry for her! But all will be well, and she won't say anything to mamenka; Nikolenka himself will tell her, and then again, he doesn't care anything about Julie," and she kissed her on her hair. Sonya jumped up, and again the kitten became lively, its eyes danced, and it was ready, waving its tail, to spring down on its soft little paws and to play with the ball again, as was perfectly natural for it to do.

"Do you think so? Truly? Do you swear it?" said she quickly, smoothing out her crumpled dress and hair.

"Truly! I swear it!" replied Natasha, tucking an unruly tuft of curly hair back under her cousin's braid. "Well, now, let us go and sing 'The Fountain!'"

"Come on!"

"But do you know, that stout Pierre who sat opposite me is so amusing!" suddenly exclaimed Natasha, stopping short. "Oh, it is such fun!" and the girl danced along the corridor.

Sonya, shaking off some down, and hiding the verses in her bosom, her face all aglow, followed Natasha with light merry steps along the corridor, into the divan-room. According to the request of the guests, the young people sang the quartet, entitled "The Fountain," which was universally acceptable; then Nikolai sang a new song which he had just learned, —

*"The night is bright, the moon is sinking,
 How sweet it is to tell one's heart
 That some one in the world is thinking,
 'My own true only love thou art!'
 That she, her lovely hand is laying
 Upon the golden harp to-night,
 While passionate harmonies are swaying
 Her soul and thine to new delight;
 One day, two days, then Paradise! —
 Alas! thy love on her death bed lies!"*

He had hardly finished singing the last word, when preparations began to be made for dancing, and the musicians made their way into the gallery with a trampling of feet, and coughing.

Pierre was sitting in the drawing-room with Shinshin who, knowing that he had recently returned from abroad, was trying to induce a political conversation that was exceedingly tedious to the young man; several others had joined the group. When the music struck up, Natasha went into the drawing-room, and going straight up to Pierre, said, laughing and blushing, —

"Mamma told me to ask you to join the dancers."

"I am afraid of spoiling the figures" said Pierre, "but if you will act as my teacher," and he offered his big arm to the dainty damsel, though he was obliged to put it down very low.

While the couples were getting their places, and the musicians were tuning up, Pierre sat down with his little lady. Natasha was perfectly delighted; she was going to dance with a *big man*, who had just come *from abroad*. She sat out in front of everybody, and talked with him, exactly as though she were grown up. In her hand she had a fan which some lady had given her to hold; and with all the self-possession of an accomplished lady of the world (God knows when and where she had learned it), she talked with her cavalier, flirting her fan and smiling behind it.

"Well, well! do look at her, do look at her," said the countess, as she passed through the ballroom, and caught sight of Natasha. The girl reddened and laughed.

"Now what is it, mamma? what would you like? What is there extraordinary about me?"

In the midst of the third "*Écossaise*," the chairs in the drawing-room, where the count and Marya Dmitrievna were

playing cards, were moved back, and a large number of the distinguished guests and the older people, stretching their cramped limbs after long sitting, and putting their portmonaies and wallets into their pockets, came into the ballroom.

First of all came the count and Marya Dmitrievna, both with radiant faces. The count with farcical politeness, as though in ballet fashion, offered the lady his bended arm. Then he straightened himself, and his face lighted with a peculiarly shrewd and youthful smile, and as soon as the last figure of the "*Écossaise*" was danced through, he clapped his hands at the musicians and called out to the first violin, —

"Semyon! Do you know 'Daniel Cooper'?"

This was the count's favorite dance, which he had danced when he was a young man (more particularly it was one of the figures of the *Anglaise*).

"Look at papa!" cried Natasha, loud enough to be heard all over the ballroom. (She forgot entirely that she was dancing with a grown-up man!) She bent her curly head over her knees, and let her merry laugh ring out unchecked. Indeed all who were in the hall gazed with a smile of pleasure at the jolly little man standing with the dignified Marya Dmitrievna, who was considerably taller than her partner, holding his arms in a bow, straightening his shoulders, and turning out his toes, slightly beating time with his foot, while a beaming smile spread more and more over his round face, and gave the spectators an inkling of what was to follow. As soon as the merry, fascinating sounds of "Daniel Cooper" were heard, reminding one of the national dance, the *trepaká*, all the doors to the ballroom were suddenly filled; on one side by the serving men belonging to the household, on the other with the women, all with smiling faces coming to look at their merry-hearted barin.

"Oh! our little father! an eagle!" exclaimed an old nurse, in a loud staccato, in one of the doors.

The count danced well, and he knew it, but his partner had absolutely no wish or ability to dance well. Her portentous form was erect, and her big hands hung down by her side; she had handed her reticule to the countess; only her stern but handsome face danced!

What was expressed in the whole rotund person of the count, was expressed in Marya Dmitrievna merely in her ever more and more radiantly smiling face and loftier lifted nose!

But while the count, growing ever more and more lively,

captivated the spectators by the unexpectedness of his graceful capers and the light gambols of his lissome legs, Marya Dmitrievna, by the slightest animation on her part, by the motion of her shoulders or the bending of her arms in turning about or beating time, produced the greatest impression; for the very reason that every one always felt a certain awe before her dignity of bearing and habitual severity.

The dance grew livelier and livelier. The other dancers could not for an instant attract attention to themselves and did not even try. All eyes were fastened on the count and Marya Dmitrievna. Natasha kept pulling at the sleeves and dresses of all who were near her to make them look at her papenka, but even without this reminder they would have found it hard to take their eyes off the two dancers.

The count, in the intervals of the dance, made desperate efforts to get breath, waved his hands, and cried to the musicians to play faster. Quicker, quicker and ever quicker, lighter, lighter and ever more lightly gambolled the count, now on his toes, now on his heels, pirouetting around Marya Dmitrievna, and, at last, having conducted the lady to her place, he made one last "*pas*," lifting his fat leg up from behind in a magnificent scrape, and bowing his perspiring head low, at the same time with a smiling face sweeping his arm round amid rapturous applause and laughter, especially on the part of Natasha.

Both of the dancers paused, breathing heavily, and wiping their heated faces with cambric handkerchiefs.

"That's the way we used to dance in our time, *ma chère*," said the count.

"Good for 'Daniel Cooper!'" exclaimed Marya Dmitrievna, drawing a long breath and tucking back her sleeves.

CHAPTER XIX.

At the very time when in the Rostof's ballroom they were dancing the sixth "*Anglaise*," and the musicians from weariness were beginning to play out of tune, and the tired servants and cooks were preparing for the supper, Count Bezukhoi received his sixth stroke of apoplexy. The doctors declared that there was not the slightest hope of his rallying from it. The form of confession and communion was administered to the dying man and preparations were making for extreme unction, while the mansion was filled with the bustle and expectation usual such circumstances.

Outside the house, around the doors, hidden by the throngs of carriages, gathered the undertakers, hoping to reap a rich harvest from the count's obsequies.

The military governor of Moscow, who had been assiduous in sending his adjutant to inquire for the count, this evening came himself to bid farewell to the famous grandee of Catherine's time.

The magnificent reception-room was crowded. All stood deferentially, when the governor, who had been closeted for half an hour with the sick man, came out, slightly bowing in reply to the salutations, and endeavoring to pass as rapidly as possible by the doctors, priests, and relatives who fixed their eyes upon him. Prince Vasili, grown a trifle thinner and paler under the strain, accompanied the military governor, and was repeating something in an undertone.

Having seen the distinguished caller to the door, Prince Vasili sat down alone in the hall, threw one leg over the other, resting his elbow on his knee and covering his eyes with his hand. Having sat that way for some little time, he got up and with hasty irregular steps, looking around with startled eyes, he passed through the long corridor that led to the rear portion of the house, to the room occupied by the oldest of the three princesses.

The visitors in the dimly lighted reception-room talked among themselves in low whispers and relapsed into silence, looking with eyes full of curiosity or expectation when the door that led into the death chamber opened to let any one pass in or out.

"The limit of his life," said a little old man, a priest, to a lady sitting near him and listening earnestly, "the limit is fixed, he will not live beyond it."

"It seems to me it is late for extreme unction, is it not?" asked the lady, adding the name of the priest. She affected to be unenlightened upon this point.

"It is a great mystery, gentle lady," replied the priest, passing his hand over his bald forehead, on which still lay a few carefully brushed locks of grayish hair.

"Who was that? The Governor of Moscow?" some one asked at the other end of the room. "What a young-looking man!"

"But he's seventy years old! They say, don't they, that the count doesn't recognize any one any longer? Are they going to give him extreme unction?"

"All I know is, he's had seven strokes."

The second niece just came out of the sick chamber with weeping eyes and sat down by Doctor Lorrain, who had assumed a graceful position under the portrait of the Empress Catherine, and sat with his elbow resting on the table.

"Beautiful weather, princess, and this being in Moscow is like being in the country," said the doctor, in French.

"It is, indeed," said the princess, with a sigh. "Can he have a drink?"

Lorrain pondered a moment.

"Has he taken his medicine?"

"Yes."

"Take a glass of boiled water, and add a pinch (he indicated with his slender fingers what he meant by a pinch) of cream of tartar."

"I neffer heard of a gase vere a mahn surfied more dan a dird stroke," said a German doctor to an adjutant.

"What a constitution the man must have had!" said the adjutant. "And who will get all his wealth?" he added, in a whisper.

"Some vun vill be fount to tek it," replied the German, with a smile.

Again they all looked at the door; it opened to let the young princess pass with the drink which Lorrain had suggested for the sick man. The German doctor went over to Lorrain; "Do you think he will last till to-morrow morning?" he asked, in atrocious French.

Lorrain thrust out his lips and made a motion of severe negation with his fingers, in front of his nose.

"To-night, at latest," said he in a low voice, with a slight smile of self-satisfaction at being able to understand and express the state of his patient; then he went out.

Meantime, Prince Vasili had opened the door into the princess's apartment.

It was almost dark in the room; two little lamps were burning before the holy pictures, and there was a pleasant odor of incense and flowers. The whole room was furnished with small articles of furniture, chiffonieres, cabinets and little tables. Behind a screen could be seen the white curtain of a high post bedstead. A little dog came running out, and barking.

"Ah, is it you, *mon cousin*?"

She got up and smoothed her hair which, as always, was so extraordinarily smooth that one would have thought it

made of one piece with her head and then covered with varnish.

"What is it? What has happened?" she asked. "You startled me so!"

"Nothing! There is no change. I only came to have a talk with you, Katish—about business," said the prince, wearily sitting down in the chair from which she had just risen. "How warm you are here," he exclaimed. "However, sit down there; let us talk."

"I thought something must have happened," said the princess, and she took a seat in front of him, with her face hard and stony as usual and prepared to hear what he had to say. "I was trying to get a nap, *mon cousin*, and I could not."

"Well, my dear," said Prince Vasili, taking the princess's hand and doubling it over in a way peculiar to himself.

It was evident that this "well, my dear," referred to a number of things, which though unspoken, were understood by both of them.

The princess, with her long thin waist, so disproportionate to the rest of her body, looked at the prince full in the face from her prominent gray eyes. Then she shook her head, and, with a sigh, glanced at the holy pictures. This action might have been taken as an expression of grief and resignation, or as an expression of weariness and hope of a speedy respite. Prince Vasili explained this action as an expression of weariness.

"That's the way with me," said he. "Do you suppose it's any easier for me? I am as played out as a post horse,* but still, I must have a talk with you Katish, and a very serious one."

Prince Vasili became silent, and his cheeks began to twitch nervously, first on one side then on the other, giving his face an unpleasant look such as it never had when he was in company. His eyes, also, were different from usual; at one moment they gleamed impudently malicious; at the next, a sort of fear lurked in them.

The princess, holding the little dog in her dry, thin hands in her lap, scrutinized the prince sharply, but it was plain to see that she did not intend to break the silence by asking any question, even though she sat till morning.

"Do you not see, my dear princess and cousin, Katerina Semyonovna," continued Prince Vasili, evidently bringing himself, not without an inward struggle, to attack the sub-

* "*Je suis éreinté comme un cheval de poste.*"

ject; "at such moments as this, we must think about all contingencies. We must think about the future, about yourselves. — I love all of you as though you were my own children; you know that."

The princess gazed at him immovably, betraying no sign of her feelings.

"In a word, it is necessary, also, to think of my family," continued Prince Vasili, testily giving the stand a push. "You know, Katish, that you three Mamontof sisters and my wife are the count's only direct heirs. I know, I know how hard it is for you to speak and think about such things. And it is no easier for me; but, my dear, I am sixty years old, I must be ready for anything. Do you know that I have had to send for Pierre? The count pointed directly at his portrait signifying that he wanted to see him."

Prince Vasili looked questioningly at the princess, but he could not make out whether she comprehended what he had said to her or was simply looking at him.

"I do not cease to pray God for him, *mon cousin*," she replied, "that He will pardon him and grant his noble soul a peaceful passage from this" —

"Yes, of course," hastily interposed Prince Vasili, rubbing his bald forehead and again testily drawing toward him the table that he had just pushed away, "but — but — to make a long story short, this is what I mean: you yourself know that last winter the count wrote a will by which all his property was left to Pierre, and all the rest of us were left out in the cold."

"But think how many wills he has made!" replied the princess, calmly. "Besides, he can't leave — make Pierre his heir. + Pierre is illegitimate."

"*Ma chère*," said Prince Vasili, suddenly clutching the table in his excitement, and speaking more rapidly: "But supposing a letter has been written to the emperor, in which the count begs to have Pierre legitimatized? Don't you understand that in view of the count's services his petition would be granted?"

The princess smiled that smile of superiority peculiar to people who think they know more about any matter than those with whom they are talking.

"I will tell you, moreover," pursued Prince Vasili, seizing her by the hand, "the letter has been written, but it has not been sent yet, but the emperor knows about it. The question is merely this; has it been destroyed or not. If not then, as

soon as *all is over*" — Prince Vasili sighed, giving to understand what he meant to convey by the words "*all is over*," — "then the count's papers will be opened, the will and the letter will be handed to the emperor, and the petition will be undoubtedly granted. Pierre, as the legitimate son, will inherit all!"

"But our share?" demanded the princess, smiling ironically, as though all things except this were possible.

"But, my poor Katish, it is as clear as day. Then he will be the only legal heir and will have the whole, and you will simply get nothing. You ought to know, my dear, whether the will and the letter have been written, or whether they have been destroyed. And if they have been forgotten, then you ought to know where they are and to find them, so that" —

"That's the last feather!" interrupted the princess, smiling sardonically and not varying the expression of her eyes. "I am a woman, and according to your idea, all of us women are stupid, but I know well enough that an illegitimate son cannot inherit — *un bâtard!*" she added, with the intention of showing the prince, by this French term, conclusively how inconsistent he was.

"Why can't you understand, Katish! You are so clever! Why can't you understand that if the count has written a letter to the emperor begging him to legitimize his son, of course Pierre will not be Pierre any longer, but Count Bezukhoi, and then he will inherit the whole according to the will? And if the will and the letter are not destroyed, then you will get nothing except the consolation of knowing that you were dutiful *et tout ce qui s'en suit!* That is one sure thing!"

"I know that the will has been made, but I know also that it is not good for anything, and it seems to me that you take me for a perfect fool, *mon cousin*," said the princess, with that expression that women assume when they think they have said something sharp and insulting.

"My dear Princess Katerina Semyonovna," impatiently reiterated Prince Vasili, "I did not come with the intention of having a controversy with you, but to talk with you about your own interests as with a relative, a kind, good, true relative. I tell you for the tenth time that if this letter to the emperor and the will in Pierre's favor are among the count's papers, then you, my dear little friend, will not inherit anything, nor your sister either. If you don't believe me, then ask somebody who does know. I have just been talking with

Dmitri Onufriyitch (that was the count's lawyer), and he says the same thing."

A change evidently came over the countess's thoughts; her thin lips grew white (her eyes remained the same) and her voice when she spoke evidently surprised even herself by the violence of its gusty outburst.

"That would be fine," said she. "I have never desired anything, and I would not now." She brushed the dog from her lap and straightened the folds of her dress. "Here is gratitude, here's recognition for all the sacrifices that people have made for him!" cried she. "Excellent! Very fine! I don't need anything, prince."

"Yes, but it is not you alone; you have sisters," replied Prince Vasili. The princess, however, did not heed him.

"Yes, I have known for a long time, but I had not realized it, that I had nothing to expect in this house except baseness, deception, envy, intrigue; except ingratitude, the blackest ingratitude."

"Do you know or do you not know where that will is?" asked Prince Vasili, his cheeks twitching even more than before.

"Yes, I was stupid; I have always had faith in people, and loved them, and sacrificed myself. But those only are successful who are base and low. I know through whose intrigues this came about."

The princess wanted to get up, but the prince detained her by the arm. The princess's face suddenly took on the expression of one who has become soured against the whole human race; she looked angrily at her relative.

"There is still time enough, my dear. You must know, my dear Katish, that all this may have been done hastily, in a moment of pique, of illness, and then forgotten. Our duty, my dear, is to correct his mistake, to soothe his last moments, so that he cannot in decency commit this injustice; we must not let him die with the idea that he was making unhappy those who"—

"Those who have sacrificed everything for him," interrupted the princess, taking the words out of his mouth. Again she tried to get up, but still the prince would not allow her. "And he has never had the sense to perceive it. No, *mon cousin*," she added with a sigh, "I shall yet live to learn that in this world it is idle to expect one's reward; that in this world there is no such thing as honor or justice; in this world one must be shrewd and wicked."

"Well, *voyons*, calm yourself; I know your good heart."

"No; I have a heart full of wickedness."

"I know your heart," repeated the prince. "I prize your friendship, and I could wish that you had as high an opinion of me. Now calm yourself and *parlons raison*. Now is the golden time—a few hours at most, perhaps a few moments; now tell me all you know about this will, and above all where it is; you must know. He has probably forgotten all about it. Now we must take it and show it to the count. Probably he has forgotten all about it, and would wish it to be destroyed. You understand that my sole desire is sacredly to carry out his wishes, and that is why I came here. I am here only to help him and you."

"Now I understand all. I know whose intrigues it was. I know," said the princess.

"That is not to the point, my dear heart."

"It is your *protégé*, your dear Princess Drubetskaya, Anna Mikhailovna, whom I would not take for my chambermaid; that filthy, vile woman!"

"Let us not lose time," said the prince, in French.

"Ah! don't speak to me. Last winter she sneaked in here, and she told the count such vile things, such foul things about all of us, especially about Sophie,—I cannot repeat them,—so that the count was taken ill, and for two weeks would not see any of us. It was at that time, I know, that he wrote that nasty, vile paper, but I supposed that it did not mean anything."

"That is just the point; why haven't you told me before?"

"In the mosaic portfolio which he keeps under his pillow. Now I know," again went on the princess. "Yes, if I have any sins on my soul, my greatest sin is my hatred of that horrid woman," almost cried the princess, her face all convulsed. "And why did she sneak in here? But I will tell her my whole mind, that I will. The time will come!"

CHAPTER XX.

At the time that these various conversations were going on in the reception-room and in the princess's apartment, the carriage with Pierre (who had been sent for) and with Anna Mikhailovna (who found it essential to accompany him) drove into Count Bezukhoi's courtyard. When the carriage wheels

rolled noiselessly upon the straw scattered under the windows, Anna Mikhailovna turned to her companion with consoling words, but was surprised to find him asleep in the corner of the carriage. She wakened him, and, as he followed her from the carriage, it dawned upon him for the first time that a meeting with his dying father was before him.

He noticed that they had drawn up not at the state entrance but at the rear door. Just as he left the carriage two men in merchant garb skulked down from the doorway and hid in the shadow of the wall. Stopping a moment to look around, he saw several other similar figures on both sides in the shadow. But neither Anna Mikhailovna nor the lackey nor the coachman, though they could not have helped seeing these men, paid any attention to them. "Why of course it must be all right," said Pierre to himself, and followed Anna Mikhailovna.

Anna Mikhailovna with hurried steps tripped up the dimly-lighted narrow stone stairway, and beckoned to Pierre, who loitered behind her. He could not seem to realize why it was necessary for him to go to the count, and still less why they had to enter by the rear door, but concluding by Anna Mikhailovna's assurance and haste that it was absolutely necessary, he decided to follow her.

Half way up the stairs they almost ran into some men with buckets, who came clattering down and pressed up close to the wall to let them pass, but showed not the slightest surprise to see them there.

"Is this the way to the princesses' apartments?" she inquired of one of them.

"Yes," replied the lackey, in a loud, insolent voice, as though now anything were permissible. "The door at the left, *matushka*."

"Perhaps the count did not call for me," said Pierre, when they reached the landing. "I would better go to my room."

Anna Mikhailovna waited till Pierre overtook her, —

"Ah, *mon ami*," said she, laying her hand on his arm, just as she had done that morning to her son, "believe that I suffer as much as you, but be a man!"

"Really, hadn't I better go?" asked Pierre, looking affectionately at Anna Mikhailovna through his spectacles.

"Ah, *mon ami*," said she, still in French, "forget the wrongs that may have been done you; remember he is your father — perhaps even now dying," she sighed. "I have loved

you from the very first, like my own son. Trust in me, Pierre I will not forget your interests." *

Pierre did not in the least comprehend, but again with even more force it came over him that all this must necessarily be so, and he submissively followed Anna Mikhailovna, who had already opened the door.

The door led into the entry of the rear apartments. In one corner sat an old man servant of the princesses, knitting a stocking. Pierre had never before been in this part of the house, he was not even aware of the existence of such rooms.

Anna Mikhailovna hailed a maid whom she saw hurrying along with a carafe on a tray, and calling her by various familiar terms of endearment, asked how the princesses were, and at the same time beckoned Pierre to follow her along the stone corridor.

The first door on the left led into the princesses' private rooms. The chambermaid with the carafe, in her haste (everything was done in haste at this time in this mansion) failed to close the door, and as Pierre and Anna Mikhailovna passed by, they involuntarily glanced into the room where sat the oldest of the nieces in close conference with Prince Vasili. Seeing them passing, Prince Vasili made a hasty movement and drew himself up; the princess sprang to her feet, and in her vexation slammed the door to with all her might.

This action was so unlike the princess's habitual serenity, the apprehension pictured on the prince's face was so contrary to his ordinary expression of self-importance, that Pierre paused and looked inquiringly at his guide through his spectacles. Anna Mikhailovna manifested no surprise; she merely smiled slightly and sighed, as though to signify that all this was to be expected.

"*Soyez homme, mon ami!* I will watch over your interests," said she, in answer to his glance, and tripped along the corridor even more hastily than before.

Pierre did not comprehend what the trouble was and still less her words: "watch over your interests," † but he came to the conclusion that all this must be so. They went from the corridor into a dimly lighted hall which adjoined the count's reception-room. It was one of those cold and magnificent apartments in the front of the house which Pierre knew so

* *Oubliez les torts qu'on a pu avoir envers vous; pensez que c'est votre père — peut-être à l'agonie. Je vous ai tout de suite aimé comme mon fils. N'iez vous à moi, Pierre. Je n'oublierai pas vos intérêts.*

† *Veiller à vos intérêts.*

well. But even in this room, right in the middle stood a forgotten bath tub, from which the water was leaking into the carpet. A servant, and a clergyman carrying a censer came toward them on their tiptoes but paid no attention to them. Then they entered the reception-room, with its two Italian windows, its door leading into the "winter garden," and adorned with a colossal bust and a full-length portrait of the Empress Catherine.

The room was filled with the same people in almost the same attitudes, sitting and whispering together. They all stopped talking and stared at Anna Mikhailovna as she entered with her pale, tear-stained face, followed by the stout, burly Pierre, submissively hanging his head.

Anna Mikhailovna's face expressed the consciousness that a decisive moment was at hand; and with the bearing of a genuine Petersburg woman of affairs, she marched into the room, not allowing Pierre to leave her, and showing even more boldness than in the morning. She knew that as she was bringing the person whom the dying count desired to see, her reception was assured. With a quick glance she surveyed all who were in the room and perceiving the count's priest, she without exactly bowing but suddenly diminishing her stature, sailed with a mincing gait up to the confessor and respectfully received the blessing first of one and then of the other priest.

"Thank God! we are in time," said she to the priest, "we are his relatives and were so much alarmed lest we should be too late. This young man here is the count's son." She added, in a lower tone, — "A terrible moment."

After speaking these words, she went over to the doctor, —

"*Cher docteur*," said she to him, "*Ce jeune homme est le fils du comte. Y-a-t-il de l'espoir?*" — Is there any hope?"

The doctor, silently, with a quick movement shrugged his shoulders and cast his eyes upward. Anna Mikhailovna exactly imitating him, also raised hers, almost closing them, and drew a deep sigh; then she turned from the doctor to Pierre. Her manner was respectful and affectionate, with a shade of sadness.

"Have confidence in His mercy," said she in French, pointing him to a small sofa where he should sit and wait for her while she noiselessly directed her steps toward the door which was the attraction for all eyes, and noiselessly opening it disappeared from sight.

Pierre, making up his mind in all things to obey his guide,

went to the little sofa which she pointed out to him. As soon as Anna Mikhailovna was out of sight, he noticed that the eyes of all who were in the room were fastened upon him with more curiosity than sympathy. He noticed that all were whispering together, nodding toward him with a sort of aversion and even servility. He was shown a degree of respect which he had never been shown before: a lady whom he did not know, the one who had been talking with the two priests, got up from her place and motioned to him to sit down; the adjutant picked up a glove which he had dropped and gave it to him; the doctors preserved a respectful silence as he passed by them and fell back to make way for him.

At first, Pierre was inclined to sit down in another place so as not to disturb the lady, was inclined to pick up his own glove, and to turn out for the doctors, though they were not at all in his way; but, on second thought, it suddenly occurred to him that this would not be becoming; he felt that this night he was a person expected to fulfil some terrible and obligatory ceremony, and therefore he was in duty bound to accept the services of all these people.

He silently received the glove from the adjutant, took the lady's place, laying his huge hands on his evenly-planted knees in the naive poise of an Egyptian statue, and saying to himself that all this was just as it was meant to be, and that, lest he should lose his presence of mind and commit some absurdity, it behooved him this evening above all to give up all idea of self-guidance, but commit himself wholly to the will of those who assumed the direction of him.

Not two minutes had passed, when Prince Vasili in his kافتان, with three stars on his breast, carrying his head majestically, came into the room. He seemed thinner than when Pierre had last seen him; his eyes opened larger than usual when he glanced about the room and caught sight of Pierre. He went straight up to him, took his hand, (a thing which he had never done before) and bent it down as though trying by experiment whether it had any power of resistance. "Courage, courage, *mon ami!* he has asked to see you. That is good," and he started to go away. But Pierre felt that it was suitable to ask, —

"How is he," he stammered, not knowing exactly how to call the dying count; he was ashamed to call him father.

"He had another stroke half an hour ago. Courage, *mon ami.*"

Pierre was in such a dazed condition of mind that at the

word *coup* he imagined that some one had hit him. He looked at Prince Vasili in perplexity, and it was only after some time that he was able to gather that "*coup*" meant an attack of apoplexy.

Prince Vasili, as he went by, said a few words to Lorraine and went into the bedroom on his tiptoes. He was not used to walking on his tiptoes and his whole body jumped as he walked. He was immediately followed by the oldest princess: then came the confessor and priests; some of the house servants also joined in the procession and passed into the sleeping-room. There was heard some stir, and finally Anna Mikhailovna, with the same pale countenance, firmly bent on the fulfilment of her duties came running out and touching Pierre on the arm said: "The goodness of God is inexhaustible; the ceremony is about to begin. Come!"*

Pierre passed into the room, treading on the soft carpet, and noticed that the adjutant and the strange lady and one of the servants all followed him, as though now it were no longer necessary to ask permission to go in.

CHAPTER XXI.

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PIERRE well knew this great room, divided by columns and an arcade, and all hung with Persian tapestries. The part of the chamber behind the columns, where on one side stood a high mahogany bedstead with silken curtains, and on the other a monstrous *kiot* or shrine with images — was all brightly and beautifully lighted, just as churches are usually lighted for evening service.

Under the glittering decorations of this shrine stood a long Voltaire reclining chair, and in the chair, supported by snowy white, unruffled cushions, apparently only just changed, lay the majestic form of Pierre's father, Count Bezukhoi, with his hair heaped up on his lofty forehead like a lion's mane, as Pierre remembered it so well, and the same strong, deep wrinkles on his handsome, aristocratic face, reddish yellow in color. He was wrapped to the waist in a bright green quilt, and lay directly under the holy pictures; both of his great stout arms were uncovered and lay on the quilt. In his right hand, which lay palm down, a wax taper was placed between

* "*La bonté divine est inépuisable. C'est la cérémonie de l'extreme onction qui va commencer. Venez!*"

the thumb and forefinger, and an old servant bending over the chair held it upright.

Around the chair stood the clergy in their magnificent glittering robes, with their long locks streaming down over their shoulders, with lighted tapers in their hands, performing their functions with slow solemnity.

A little back of them stood the two younger princesses with handkerchiefs in their hands, pressed to their eyes, and just in front of them was the oldest sister, Katish, with a spiteful, resolute face, not for a moment letting her eyes wander from the ikon, as though she were saying to all that she would not be responsible for her actions if she looked around.

Anna Mikhailovna, with an expression of sanctified grief and universal forgiveness on her face, stood near the door with the strange lady. Prince Vasili on the other side of the door, nearer the count, stood behind a carved chair, upholstered in velvet, which he had turned back to and was leaning on it his left hand with a taper, and crossing himself with his right hand, raising his eyes each time that his fingers touched his forehead. His face expressed calm devoutness and submission to the will of God. "If you cannot comprehend these feelings, so much the worse for you," his countenance seemed to say.

Behind him stood the adjutant, the doctors, and the men servants; just as in church, the men and women took opposite sides. No one spoke; all kept crossing themselves; the only sound was the reading of the service, the low, subdued chanting of the priests' deep bass, and during the intervals of silence, the restless movement of feet and deep sighs.

Anna Mikhailovna with that significant expression of countenance that showed she knew what she was doing, crossed the whole width of the chamber to where Pierre was and gave him a taper. He lighted it, and then, growing confused under the glances of those around him, began to cross himself with the hand which held the taper.

The youngest of the sisters, the rosy and fun-loving princess Sophie, the one with the mole, was looking at him. She smiled and hid her face in her handkerchief, and did not expose it for some time; when she caught sight of Pierre again, her amusement again overcame her. Then evidently feeling that she had not the self-control sufficient to allow her to look at him without smiling, and that she could not keep from looking at him, she quietly fled from temptation by retreating behind a column.

In the midst of the service the voices of the clergy suddenly ceased, the priests whispered something to each other; the old waiting-man who held the candle in the count's hand, straightened up and went over to the ladies' side. Anna Mikhailovna stepped forward, and bending over the sick man, beckoned to Doctor Lorraine without turning round. The French doctor had been standing without a lighted taper, leaning against one of the pillars, in that reverent attitude by which one who, though a stranger and belonging to a different creed, shows that he appreciates all the solemnity of the ceremony and even assents to it. With the noiseless steps of a man possessed of perfect vigor he answered Anna Mikhailovna's call, went over to the sick man, lifted in his white, slender fingers the hand that lay on the green quilt, and bending over, began to count the pulse and grew grave.

Something was given to the invalid to drink, there was a slight stir about him; then once more they all took their places and the service proceeded.

At the time of this interruption, Pierre noticed that Prince Vasili left his position behind the carved chair and with an expression of countenance that seemed to say that he knew what he was doing, and that it was so much the worse for others if they did not understand him, went, not to the sick man but past him, and being joined by the oldest of the princesses, retired with her into the depths of the alcove, to the high bedstead under the silken hangings. From there both the prince and the princess disappeared through a rear door, but before the end of the service both resumed their places, one after the other. Pierre gave this strange action no more thought than to anything else, having once for all made up his mind that all that took place that evening was absolutely essential.

The sounds of the church chant ceased, and the voice of the priest was heard respectfully congratulating the sick man on his having received the mystery. The count lay as before, motionless, and as though lifeless. Around him there was a stir; footsteps and a whispering were heard: Anna Mikhailovna's voice could be distinguished above the rest. Pierre listened, and heard her say, —

"He must be carried instantly to bed; it will never do in the world for him here to" —

The doctors, princesses and servants, crowded around the invalid so that Pierre could no longer see that reddish-yellow face with the gray mane of hair, which ever since the service

began had constantly filled his vision to the exclusion of everything else. He surmised by the guarded movements of those who crowded around the arm chair that they were lifting and carrying the dying man.

"Hold by my arm! You'll drop him so," said one of the servants in a frightened whisper. "Take him lower down!" "One more," said different voices, and the labored breathing, and shuffling of feet growing more hurried, seemed to indicate that the load that the men were carrying was beyond their strength.

As the bearers, among their number Anna Mikhailovna, came opposite the young man he caught a momentary glimpse over their heads and backs, of his father's strong, full chest uncovered, his stout shoulders, lifted above the people carrying him under their arms, and his leonine head with its curly mane. The face, with its extraordinary high forehead and cheek bones, handsome, sensitive mouth, and majestic, cold eyes, was undisfigured by the nearness of death. It was just the same as when Pierre had seen it three months previously when the count sent him to Petersburg. But the head rolled helplessly under the uneven steps of the bearers and the cold, indifferent eyes gave no sign of recognition.

There followed a few moments of bustle around the high bedstead; those who had been carrying the sick man withdrew. Anna Mikhailovna touched Pierre on the arm and said, "*Venez.*"

Pierre went with her to the bed whereon the sick man had been placed in solemn attitude, evidently in some manner connected with the sacrament just accomplished. He lay with his head propped high on pillows. His hands were placed side by side, palm downward, on the green silk quilt. As Pierre went to him, the count was looking straight at him, but his look had that meaning and significance which it is impossible for a man to read. Either that look had simply nothing to say and merely fastened upon him because those eyes must needs look at something, or they had too much to say.

Pierre paused, not knowing what was expected of him, and glanced inquiringly at his guide. Anna Mikhailovna made him a hasty motion with her eyes toward the sick man's hand, and with her lips signified that he should kiss it. Pierre bent over carefully so as not to disturb the quilt, and in accordance with her advice touched his lips to the broad, brawny hand. Neither the hand nor a muscle of the count's

face moved. Pierre again looked questioningly at Anna Mikhailovna to find what he should do next. She signed to him with her eyes, to sit down in an arm-chair which stood near the bed. Pierre submissively sat down, his eyes mutely asking if he were doing the right thing. Anna Mikhailovna approvingly nodded her head. Pierre again assumed the symmetrically simple attitude of the Egyptian statue, and evidently really suffered because his awkward, huge frame took up so much space, though he strove with all his might to make it seem as small as possible.

He looked at the count. The count was staring at the spot where Pierre had just been standing. Anna Mikhailovna showed by her actions that she realized the pathetic importance of this final meeting of father and son. This lasted two minutes, which seemed an hour to Pierre. Suddenly a tremor appeared in the deep, powerful muscles and lines of the count's face. It grew more pronounced; the handsome mouth was drawn to one side (this caused Pierre for the first time to realize how near to death his father was) and from the drawn mouth proceeded an indistinguishable hoarse sound.

Anna Mikhailovna looked anxiously into the sick man's eyes and tried to make out what he wanted, pointing first at Pierre, then at the tumbler; then she asked in a whisper if she should call Prince Vasili, then pointed at the quilt. The sick man's face and eyes expressed impatience. He mustered force enough to look at the man servant who never left his master's bedside.

"He wants to be turned over on the other side," whispered the servant, and proceeded to lift and turn the count's heavy body, face to the wall.

Pierre got up to help the servant.

Just as they were turning the count over, one of his arms fell back helplessly, and he made a futile effort to raise it. Did the count notice the look of terror in Pierre's face at the sight of that lifeless arm? or did some other thought flash across his dying brain at that moment? At all events, he looked at his disobedient hand, then at Pierre's terror-stricken face and back to his hand again, and over his lips played a martyr's weak smile out of character with his powerful features, and seeming to express a feeling of scorn for his own lack of strength.

At the sight of this smile, Pierre unexpectedly felt an oppression around the heart, a strange pinching in his nose, and the tears dimmed his eyes.

The sick man lay on his side toward the wall. He drew a long sigh.

"He is going to sleep," said Anna Mikhailovna, to one of the nieces who returned to watch. — "*Allons.*"

Pierre left the room.

CHAPTER XXII.

THERE was no one in the reception-room except Prince Vasili and the oldest princess, and these two were sitting under the empress's portrait, talking eagerly about something. As soon as they caught sight of Pierre and his guide, they stopped, and it seemed to the young man that the princess hid something and whispered. —

"I cannot abide the sight of that woman."

"Katish has had tea made in the little drawing-room," said Prince Vasili in French, addressing Anna Mikhailovna. "Come, *ma pauvre* Anna Mikhailovna, you had better take something to eat; else you might be the worse for it."

He said nothing to Pierre, but gave his arm a sympathetic pressure just below the shoulder. Pierre and Anna Mikhailovna went into what he called *le petit salon*.

"There is nothing so refreshing as a cup of this excellent Russian tea, after a sleepless night,"* said Doctor Lorraine, with an expression of restrained liveliness, as he stood in the small, circular drawing-room, sipping his tea from a delicate porcelain cup. Just back of him was a table with the tea service and a cold supper. Around the table were gathered for refreshments all those who were spending this night in Count Bezukhoi's mansion.

Pierre well remembered this little circular drawing-room, with its mirrors and small tables. In days gone by, when the count gave balls, Pierre, who did not know how to dance, liked to sit in this little room of mirrors and watch the ladies in their ball toilets, with diamonds and pearls on their bare necks, as they passed through, glance at themselves in the brightly illuminated mirrors, which reflected back their beauties.

Now, the room was dimly lighted by a pair of candles, and at this midnight hour there stood on one of the small tables a disorderly array of tea things, while a motley throng of people in anything but ball dresses were scattered about in it talk-

* "*Il n'y a rien qui restaure comme une tasse de cet excellent thé russe après une nuit blanche.*"

ing in whispers, by every motion, every word, evincing how little they could forget what was now taking place or going to take place in that chamber of death.

Pierre did not care to eat, though he was very hungry. He glanced inquiringly at his guide, and saw that she was tiptoeing back to the reception-room, where they had left Prince Vasili and the oldest niece. Pierre took it for granted that this also was as it should be, and after waiting a little while, he followed her.

Anna Mikhailovna was standing in front of the young lady, and both were talking at once in angry undertones, —

“Permit me, princess, to decide what is necessary and what is not necessary,” the Princess Katish was saying, evidently still in the same angry frame of mind that she had been when she slammed the door of her room.

“But, my dear young princess,” said Anna Mikhailovna, in a sweet but conclusive manner, barring the way to the count’s chamber and not allowing the young lady to pass, “Will this not be too great an effort for your uncle at this time when he so much needs rest? At this time any conversation about worldly matters, when his soul has already been prepared” —

Prince Vasili still sat in the arm-chair in his familiar posture, with one leg thrown over the other. His cheeks twitched violently and seemed to grow flabbier than usual, but he preserved the attitude of a man to whom the altercation of the two women was of no consequence.

“*Voyons, ma bonne Anna Mikhailovna*, let Katish have her way. You know how fond the count is of her.”

“I don’t even know what is in this paper,” said the young princess, turning to Prince Vasili and pointing to the mosaic portfolio which she had in her hand, “I only know that his last will is in his bureau, but this is a paper which he has forgotten.”

She tried to pass by Anna Mikhailovna, but Anna Mikhailovna springing forward again barred her way.

“I know, my dear, good princess,” said Anna Mikhailovna, grabbing the portfolio, and so firmly that it was evident she would not let go in a hurry; “My dear princess, I beg of you, I beseech you, have pity upon him. *Je vous en conjure.*”

The young princess said not a word. All that was heard was the noise of the struggle for the possession of the portfolio.

It was plain to see that if she had opened her mouth to speak, what she said would not have been flattering for Anna Mikhailovna. The latter clung to the portfolio unflinchingly, but, nevertheless, her voice was as soft, sweet, and gentle as ever.

"Pierre, my dear, come here. I think he will not be in the way in this family council, will he prince?"

"Why don't you speak, *mon cousin*," suddenly cried the young princess, so loud that those in the little drawing-room heard it and were startled. "Why don't you speak, when here God knows who permits herself to meddle in matters that don't concern her, and make scenes on the very threshold of the death chamber! *Intrigantka!*" she hissed in a loud whisper, and snatched at the portfolio with all her force; but Anna Mikhailovna took two or three steps forward so as not to let go her hold of it, and succeeded in keeping it in her hand.

"Oh!" cried Prince Vasili reproachfully, and rising in surprise: "*C'est ridicule! Voyons!* Let go, I tell you!"

The Princess Katish obeyed. "You also!"

Anna Mikhailovna paid no attention to him.

"Drop it, I tell you. I will assume the whole responsibility. I will go and ask him. I will. That ought to satisfy you."

"*Mais, mon prince,*" said Anna Mikhailovna, "After this great mystery allow him a moment of rest. Here, Pierre, give us your opinion," said she, turning to the young man, who, coming close to them, looked in amazement at the princess's angry face, from which all dignity had departed, and at Prince Vasili's twitching cheeks.

"Remember that you will answer for all the consequences," said Prince Vasili, angrily: "you don't know what you are doing."

"You vile woman," screamed the young princess, unexpectedly darting at Anna Mikhailovna, and snatching away the portfolio. Prince Vasili hung his head and spread open his hands.

At this juncture, that terrible door at which Pierre had been looking so long, and which was usually opened so gently, was hastily and noisily flung back, so that it struck against the wall, and the second sister rushed out wringing her hands.

"What are you doing?" she cried in despair, "He is dying, and you leave me alone." *

The Princess Katerina dropped the portfolio. Anna Mikhailovna hastily bent over and picking up the precious object, hastened into the death-chamber. The Princess Katerina and Prince Vasili, coming to their senses, followed her. In a few moments, Princess Katerina came out again, the first of all, with a pale, stern face, and biting her lower lip. At the sight of Pierre, her face expressed uncontrollable hatred.

* "*Il s'en va, et vous me laissez seule.*"

"Yes, now you can swell round," said she, "You have been waiting for this," and beginning to sob, she hid her face in her handkerchief and ran from the room.

The princess was followed by Prince Vasili. Reeling a little he went to the sofa on which Pierre was sitting and flung himself on it, covering his face with his hands. Pierre noticed that he was pale, and that his lower jaw trembled and shook as though he had an ague attack.

"Ah, my friend," said he, taking Pierre by the elbow, and there was in his voice a sincerity and gentleness which Pierre had never before noticed in it. "How we sin and how we cheat and all for what? I am sixty years old, my dear. — Look at me. — Death is the end of all, all! Death is horrible!" and he burst into tears.

Anna Mikhailovna came out last of all. She went straight up to Pierre, with slow, quiet steps: "Pierre!" said she.

Pierre looked at her inquiringly. She kissed the young man on the forehead, which she wet with her tears. Then after a silence she added, —

"*Il n'est plus*, he is dead."

Pierre looked at her through his glasses.

"Come, I will lead you away. Try to weep. Nothing is so consoling as tears."*

She led him into the dark drawing-room, and Pierre was relieved that no one was there to see his face. Anna Mikhailovna left him there, and when she returned he was sound asleep, with his head resting on his arm.

The next morning, Anna Mikhailovna said to Pierre in French, —

"Yes, my dear, it is a great loss for all of us. I am not speaking of you. But God will give you support; you are young, and at the head of an immense fortune, I hope. The will has not been opened yet. I know you well enough to believe that this will not turn your head, but new duties will devolve upon you, and you must be a man."

Pierre made no reply.

"Perhaps later I will tell you, *mon cher*, that if I had not been here, — God knows what might have happened. You know, *mon oncle*, only the day before, promised me that he would not forget Boris. But he did not have the time; I hope, *mon cher ami*, that you will fulfil your father's desire."

Pierre entirely failed to see what she was driving at, and

* "*Allons, je vous reconduirai. Tâchez de pleurer. Rien ne soulage comme les larmes.*"

without saying anything and reddening with mortification, looked at Anna Mikhailovna. Having thus spoken with Pierre, she drove back to the Rostofs and lay down to rest. After her nap, that same morning, she began to tell the Rostofs and all her acquaintances the particulars of the death of Count Bezukhoi.

She declared that the count had died as she herself would wish to die, that his end had been not only pathetic but even edifying; the last meeting of father and son had been so touching that she could not think of it without tears, and that she could not tell which had borne himself with the more composure during these dreadful moments, the father who had had a thought for everything and every one during those last hours, and had spoken such affectionate and touching words to his son, or Pierre, whom it was pitiful to see, he was so overcome and yet in spite of it, struggled so manfully to hide his grief, so as not to pain his dying father.

"Such scenes are painful, but they do one good, it is elevating to the soul to see such men as the old count and his noble son."*

As to the actions of the Princess Katerina and Prince Vasili she spoke of them also; but in terms of reprobation, and under the promise of the strictest secrecy.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE arrival of the young Prince Andrei and his wife at Luisiya Gorui, (Bald Hills) Prince Nikolai Andreyevitch Bolonsky's estate, was daily expected. But this did not make any break at all in the strenuous routine according to which life in the old prince's mansion was regulated. Prince Nikolai Andreyevitch, a former general-in-chief, popularly called *le roi de Prusse*, had been banished to his estates during the reign of the Emperor Paul, and had lived like a hermit there ever since with his daughter, the Princess Mariya, and her hired companion, Mlle. Bourienne.

Even after the death of Paul, although he was free to go wherever he pleased, he still continued to live exclusively in the country, saying that if any one wanted him, it was only half a hundred versts from Moscow to Luisiya Gorui, while as far as he was concerned he wanted nothing and nobody.

* "*C'est pénible, mais cela fait du bien; ça élève l'âme de voir des hommes le vieux comte et son digne fils.*"

He declared that there were only two sources of human vice, idleness and superstition; and only two virtues, activity and intelligence.

He himself undertook his daughter's education, and in order to inculcate both these virtues he had given her lessons up to the age of twenty in algebra and geometry, and had apportioned her life into an uninterrupted system of occupations.

He himself was constantly engaged in writing his memoirs, or in solving problems in the higher mathematics, or in turning snuff-boxes on a lathe, or in working in his garden and superintending the erection of buildings which were always going up on his estate. As the chief condition of activity is order, therefore order in his scheme of life was carried to the last degree of minuteness. His appearance at meals invariably took place under the same circumstances, and at not only the same hour but the same moment each day.

The prince was sharp and scrupulously exacting with the people around him, from his daughter to the humblest menial, and therefore, while he was not cruel, he inspired an awe and deference such as it would have been difficult for even the cruelest man to exact.

Although he was living in seclusion, and had now no influence in matters of state, every nachalnik of the government in which he lived considered it his duty to pay his respects to him, and, precisely the same as the architect or the gardener or the Princess Mariya, waited the designated hour for the prince's appearance in the lofty hall. And each one of those waiting in this hall experienced the same feeling of awe and fear as soon as the massive door of his cabinet swung open, and the form of the little old man appeared, in his powdered wig, with his small, dry hands and pendulous gray eyebrows, which sometimes when he frowned concealed the gleam of his keen and youthfully glittering eyes.

On the morning of the day when the young couple were expected, the Princess Mariya as usual, at the regular hour, came down into the hall to wish her father good morning, and with fear and trembling crossed herself and repeated an inward prayer. Each morning she came the same way, and each morning she prayed that their daily meeting might be propitious.

The old servant in a powdered wig, who was sitting in the hall, got up quietly and addressed her in a respectful whisper.

Beyond the door could be heard the monotonous hum of the

lathe. The princess timidly opened the door, which moved easily and noiselessly on its hinges, and stood at the entrance. The prince was working at his lathe. He looked round and then went on with his work.

The great cabinet was full of things, apparently in constant use: a huge table, whereon lay books and plans; the lofty bookcases, with keys in the mirror-lined doors; a high reading desk; a cabinet-maker's lathe, with various kinds of tools and shavings and chips scattered around; — all this indicated a constant, varied, and regular activity.

By the motion of his small foot, shod Tatar fashion in a silver-embroidered boot, by the firm pressure of his sinewy, thin hand, it could be seen that the prince had still the tenacious and not easily impaired strength of a green old age.

Having made a few more turns, he took his foot from the treadle of the lathe, wiped his chisel, put it in a leather pocket attached to the lathe, and going to the table called his daughter to him. He never wasted blessings on his children, and therefore, merely offering his bristly cheek, which had not as yet been shaven for the day, he said, with a severe and at the same time keenly affectionate look, —

“Are you well? — Now then, sit down.”

He took a copy book of geometrical work written out in his own hand, and pushed his chair along with his foot.

“For to-morrow,” said he, briskly, turning to the page, and marking the paragraphs with his stiff nail. The princess leaned over the table toward the note-book. “Wait, a letter for you,” said the old man abruptly, taking an envelope addressed in a feminine hand from the pocket fastened to the table and tossing it to her.

The princess's face colored in blotches at the sight of the letter. She hastily picked it up and examined it intently.

“From your Heloise?” asked the prince, with a chilling smile that showed his teeth that were still sound though yellow.

“Yes, from Julie,” said the princess, timidly glancing up and timidly smiling.

“I shall allow two more letters to pass, but I shall read the third,” said the prince, severely. “I fear you pen much nonsense. I shall read the third.”

“You may read this, *mon père*,” replied the princess, with a still deeper flush, and holding the letter toward him.

“The third, I said, the third,” rejoined the prince, laconically, pushing away the letter; then, leaning his elbow on the

table, he laid the note-book with the geometrical designs before her.

"Well, young lady," * began the old man, bending over toward his daughter and laying one arm on the back of her chair, so that the young princess felt herself surrounded by that peculiar acrid odor of tobacco and old age which she had so long learned to associate with her father. "Well, young lady, these triangles are equal; if you will observe the angle $\triangle ABC$." — The princess gazed in dismay at her father's glittering eyes so near to her; the red patches again overspread her face, and it was evident that she had not the slightest comprehension of what he said, and was so overcome with fear that it really prevented her from comprehending any of her father's instructions, no matter how clearly they were expressed.

The teacher may have been at fault, or the pupil may have been, but each day the same thing recurred; the princess's eyes pained her; she could not see anything or hear anything; all that she felt was the consciousness of her stern father's withered face, the consciousness of his breath and peculiar odor, and her single thought was to escape as soon as possible from the cabinet and solve the problem by herself in peace. The old man would lose all patience; noisily push back the chair in which he was sitting and then draw it forward again; then he would exert his self-control so as not to break out into a fury, but rarely succeed, and sometimes he would fling the note-book upon the floor.

The princess made a mistake in her answer.

"Now, how can you be so stupid!" stormed the prince, throwing aside the note-book and hastily turning away; then he rose to his feet, walked up and down, laid his hand on her hair, and again sitting down, drew close to her and proceeded with his instructions.

"No use, princess, no use," said he, as the young lady took the lesson-book, and closing it started to leave the room: "mathematics is a great thing, my girl, and I don't wish you to be like our stupid, silly women. By dint of perseverance one learns to like it," he patted her on the cheek "the dulness will vanish from your brain."

She started to go; he detained her by a gesture, and took down from the high table a new book with uncut leaves. "Here, your Heloise has sent you something else; some 'Key to the Mystery,' a religious work. I don't interfere with any one's belief. I looked it over. Take it. Now, be off; be off."

He patted her on the shoulder and closed the door himself, after she had gone out.

The young Princess Mariya, returned to her chamber with the pensive, scared expression which rarely left her, and which rendered her plain, sickly face still more unattractive. She sat down at her writing-table covered with miniature portraits and cluttered with note-books and volumes. The princess was just as disorderly as her father was systematic: she threw down her book of problems and hastily broke the seal of the letter, which was from the most intimate friend of her childhood: this was no other than the Julie Karagina who was at the Rostof's on the day of the *fête*.

Julie read as follows,—*

“*Chère et excellente amie*: — What a terrible and frightful thing is distance! It is in vain that I tell myself that half of my existence and happiness is in you, that, in spite of the distance which lies between us, our hearts are bound to each other by indissoluble ties; mine rebels against my fate, and, notwithstanding all the pleasures and attractions that surround me, I cannot overcome a certain lurking sadness which I have felt in the depths of my heart ever since our separation. Why are we not together as we were this past summer in your great cabinet, on the blue sofa,—*le canapé à confidences*? Why can I not now, as I did three months ago, draw fresh moral strength from your eyes, so sweet, so calm, so penetrating, the eyes which I loved so much and which I imagine I see before me as I write.”

Having read to this point, the Princess Mariya sighed and glanced at the pier-glass that stood over against her, reflecting her slight, homely form and thin face. Her eyes, which were generally melancholy, just now looked with a peculiarly hopeless expression at her image in the glass.

“She is flattering me,” said the princess to herself, turning away and continuing her reading of the letter. Julie, however, had not flattered her friend: in reality, the princess's eyes were large, deep, and luminous, sometimes whole sheaves, as it were, of soft light seemed to gleam forth from them; and then they were so beautiful that they transformed her whole face, notwithstanding the plainness of her features, and gave her a charm that was more attractive than mere beauty.

But the young princess had never seen the beautiful expression of her own eyes, the expression which they had at times when she was not thinking of herself. Like most people, her

* The letters in this chapter are in French in the original.

face assumed an affectedly unnatural and ill-favored expression as soon as she looked into the glass.

She went on with the letter,—

“All Moscow is talking of nothing but the war. One of my two brothers has already gone abroad; the other is with the Guard, which is just about to set out for the frontier. Our beloved emperor has left Petersburg, and, according to what they say is intending to expose his precious life to the perils of war. God grant that the Corsican monster, who is destroying the peace of Europe, may be laid low by the angel whom the Almighty, in his mercy, has sent to rule over us.

“Not to speak of my brothers, this war has deprived me of one who is nearest and dearest to my heart: I mean the young Nikolai Rostof, who was so enthusiastic that he was unable to endure inactivity, and has left the university to join the army. *Eh bien, ma chère Marie*, I will confess to you, that, notwithstanding his extreme youth, his departure for the army is a great grief to me. The young man, — I told you about him last summer — has so much nobility, so much of that genuine youthfulness, which we meet with so rarely in this age of ours, among our old men of twenty! He has really so much candor and heart! he is so pure and poetic, that my acquaintance with him, slight as it has been, must be counted as one of the sweetest enjoyments of my poor heart, which has already suffered so keenly. Some day I will tell you of our parting and what passed between us. As yet, it is still too fresh in my memory.

“Ah! *chère amie*! how happy you are not to experience these joys and these pangs so keen! You are fortunate, because the latter are usually the keenest. I know very well that Count Nikolai is too young ever to be anything to me more than a friend, but this sweet friendship, these relations, so poetic and so pure, have become one of the necessities of my heart. But enough of this!

“The chief news of the day, which all Moscow is engaged in talking about, is the death of the old Count Bezukhoi and his inheritance. Just imagine: the three princesses get very little, Prince Vasili, nothing, and it is Monsieur Pierre who has inherited everything. He has, moreover, been declared legitimate, and is, therefore, Count Bezukhoi, and the possessor of the finest fortune in Russia. It is claimed that Prince Vasili has played a very poor part in this whole business, and that he has gone back to Petersburg very much crestfallen.

“I confess I have very little understanding of this mat-

ter of the bequests and the will; all I know is, that since this young man whom we knew under the name of Monsieur Pierre, pure and simple, has become Count Bezukhoi and master of one of the greatest fortunes of Russia. I am greatly amused to notice the changed tone and behavior of mammas burdened with marriageable daughters, and even the young ladies themselves, toward this individual, who, parenthetically, has always seemed to me to be a poor specimen. As it has been the amusement of many people for the past few years to marry me off, and generally to men whom I do not even know, *la Chronique matrimoniale* of Moscow now makes me out Countess Bezukhova. You know perfectly well that I have no desire of acquiring that position!

"*Apropos de mariage*, do you know that quite recently *la tante en général*, Anna Mikhailovna, has confided to me, under the seal of the strictest secrecy, a marriage project for you: this is neither more nor less than Prince Vasili's son, Anatol, whom it is proposed to bring to order by marrying him to a young lady of wealth and distinction, and you are the one upon whom the choice of the relatives has fallen. I know not how you will look upon the matter, but I felt that it was my duty to inform you. They say he is very handsome and a great scapegrace; that is all that I have been able to find out about him.

"But a truce to gossip like this. I am at the end of my second sheet, and mamma is calling me to go to dine at the Apraksins. Read the mystic book which I send you, and which is all the rage with us. Although there are things in this book difficult for the feeble mind of man to fathom, it is an admirable work, the reading of which soothes and elevates the mind. Adieu. My respects to your father, and my compliments to Mlle. Bourienne. I embrace you with all my heart.

"JULIE.

"P. S. Tell me the news about your brother and his charming little wife."

The princess sat thinking, a pensive smile playing over her lips; her face, lighted up by her luminous eyes, was perfectly transfigured; then suddenly jumping up she walked briskly across the room to her table. She got out some paper and her hand began to fly rapidly over it. This was what she wrote in reply.

"*Chère et excellente amie*: — Your letter of the thirteenth caused me great delight. So, then, you still love me, my poetic Julie. And absence, of which you say such hard things, has

not had its usual effect upon you. You complain of absence—what should I have to say if I *dared* complain, bereft as I am of all those who are dearest to me? Ah! if we had not religion to console us, life would be very sad.

“Why should you suspect me of looking stern, when you speak to me of your affection for the young man? In this respect, I am lenient to all except myself. I appreciate these sentiments in others, and if I cannot approve of them (never having myself experienced them), I do not condemn them. It only seemed to me that Christian love, love for our neighbor, love for our enemies, is more meritorious, and, therefore, sweeter and more beautiful than those sentiments inspired in a poetic and loving young girl like you by a young man’s handsome eyes.

“The news of Count Bezukhoi’s death reached us in advance of your letter, and my father was very much moved by it. He says that he was the last representative but one of the ‘*grand siècle*,’ and that now it is his turn; but that he shall do his best to put it off as long as possible. God preserve us from such a terrible misfortune!

“I cannot agree with you in your judgment of Pierre, whom I knew as a boy. He always seemed to me to have an excellent heart and that is the quality which I most value in people. As to his inheritance and the *rôle* played by Prince Vasili, it is very sad for both of them. Ah, dear friend! our divine Saviour’s saying, that it is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God is terribly true; I pity Prince Vasili and I am still more sorry for Pierre. So young, and to be loaded down with this wealth; what temptations will he not have to undergo! If I were asked what I should desire most in this world, it would be to be poorer than the poorest of beggars.

“A thousand thanks, *chère amie*, for the work which you send me and which is so much the rage with you in Moscow. However, as you say that while there are many good things in it, there are others which the feeble mind of man cannot fathom, it seems to me quite idle to waste one’s time in reading what is unintelligible, and which, therefore, can be productive of no good fruit. I have never been able to understand the passion which some people have for disturbing their minds by devoting themselves to mystical books that only arouse doubts, kindling their imaginations, and giving them a love for exaggeration utterly contrary to Christian simplicity. Let us read the Apostles and the Gospels. Let us give up trying to pene-

trate the mysteries they contain, for how should we, miserable sinners that we are, presume to investigate the terrible secrets of Providence, while we carry with us this garment of flesh which forms an impenetrable veil between us and the Eternal? Then let us confine ourselves to a studying of the sublime principles which our divine Saviour has left for our guidance here below; let us seek to conform to them and follow them, being persuaded that the less rein we give to our feeble human minds, the more pleasing it is to God, Who repudiates all knowledge not proceeding from Him; that the less we seek to explore what it has seen best to Him to hide from our comprehension, the sooner He will grant us to discover it by His divine spirit.

“My father has not said anything to me of a suitor; he has merely told me of having received a letter and of expecting a visit from Prince Vasili. As far as the project of marriage concerns me, I will tell you *chère et excellente amie*, that in my opinion, marriage is a divine institution to which it is necessary to conform. However painful it might be to me, if the Almighty should ever impose upon me the duties of a wife and mother, I shall endeavor to fill them as faithfully as I can, without disturbing myself by inquiring into the nature of my feelings toward him whom He shall give me as a husband.

“I have had a letter from my brother, announcing his speedy arrival at Luisiya Gorui with his wife. This will be a joy of short duration, for he will leave us to take part in this unhappy war, into which we are dragged God knows why and how. Not alone with you, at the centre of business and society, is the war the only topic of conversation, but here amid the labors of the fields, and that calm of nature which the inhabitants of cities ordinarily imagine to be peculiar to the country, the rumors of the war make themselves painfully heard and felt. My father can talk of nothing else but marches and countermarches, things of which I have no comprehension, and day before yesterday, while taking my usual walk down the village street, I witnessed a heartrending scene: it was a party of recruits, enlisted on our estate and on their way to the army. You ought to have seen the state in which were the mothers, wives and children of the men who were off, and to have heard their sobs. You should think that humanity had forgotten the precepts of their divine Saviour, Who taught love, and the forgiveness of offences; one would think that they imputed their greatest merit to the art of killing each other.

"Adieu, *chère et bonne amie*! May our divine Saviour and His Holy Mother keep you in their holy and powerful keeping.

"MARIE."

"Ah, you are despatching a courier, princess; I have already sent mine; I have written to my poor mother," * said the smiling Mlle. Bourriene, speaking rapidly and swallowing her R's, and altogether bringing into the Princess Mariya's concentrated and melancholy atmosphere what seemed like the breath of another world, where reigned gayety, light-heartedness, and complacency.

"Princess, I must warn you," she added, lowering her voice, "the prince has had a quarrel with Mikhail Ivanof. He is in a very bad humor; very morose. I warn you,—you know."

"Ah, *chère amie*," replied the Princess Mariya, "I have asked of you never to speak to me of the humor in which my father happens to be. I do not allow myself to make remarks about him and I do not wish others to."

The princess glanced at her watch and noticing that she was already five minutes behind the time when it was required of her to practise on the harpsichord, she hurried from the room with dismay pictured on her face. Between twelve o'clock and two the prince took his nap, and it was the immutable rule of the house that the princess then should practise.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE gray-haired man-servant was sitting in the cabinet, dozing and listening to the prince's snoring. From a distant part of the house, through the closed doors, came the notes of a difficult phrase of a Dussek sonata, repeated for the twentieth time.

At this time, a coach and a britchka drove up to the entrance door and from the coach descended Prince Andrei, who handed his little wife down and allowed her to pass ahead of him. The gray-haired Tikhon, in a wig, thrust his head out of the hall door and informed them in a whisper that the prince was asleep and then softly closed the door. Tikhon was well aware that not even the arrival of the son, nor any other event, however uncommon, should be allowed to interrupt the order of the day. Prince Andrei knew this as well as Tikhon; he looked at his

* "*Ah, vous expédiez ce courier, princesse; moi, j'ai déjà expédié le mien. J'ai écrit à ma pauvre mère.*"

watch, as though to convince himself that there had been no change in his father's habits since he had seen him, and having satisfied himself on that score, turned to his wife.

"He will be awake in twenty minutes. Let us go to the Princess Mariya," said he.

The little princess had grown stouter, but her eyes and her short, downy lip, and her sweet smile were just the same as ever.

"*Mais c'est un palais!*" she exclaimed, glancing around with an expression such as people have in congratulating a host on a ball. "Come along quick, quick!" and she glanced with a smile at Tikhon and her husband and the footman who was leading the way. "It's Marie practising: let us go softly, so as to surprise her."

Prince Andrei followed her, with a polite but bored expression.

"You have grown older, Tikhon," said he to the old manservant, who, as he passed by, kissed his hand.

Just as they reached the room where the harpsichord was heard, the pretty, fair-haired Frenchwoman came tripping out. Mlle. Bourienne seemed overjoyed to see them.

"*Ah, quel bonheur pour la princesse!*" she cried, "you are here at last. I must go and tell her."

"*Non, non*, I beg of you! You are Mlle Bourienne; I know you already from the friendship which my sister-in-law has for you," said the princess, kissing her; "she is not expecting us?"

They went to the door of the sitting-room, where the phrase was being repeated again and again. Prince Andrei paused and frowned, as though he were expecting a disagreeable scene.

The princess went in. The phrase was broken off in the middle; a cry was heard, followed by the sound of hasty footsteps and kisses. When Prince Andrei went in, the two sisters-in-law, who had only met once for a short time, at Prince Andrei's wedding, were still locked in a fond embrace, just as at the first moment of their meeting. Mlle. Bourienne was standing near them, with her hand on her heart and a beatific smile on her lips, evidently as ready to cry as to laugh. Prince Andrei shrugged his shoulders and frowned, just as lovers of music frown when they hear a discord. Both the women stood apart; then once again, as though time were precious, they seized each other's hand and began to kiss them; and not satisfied with kissing their hands, they began to kiss each other in the face, and to Prince Andrei's unqualified surprise, they both burst

into tears and again began to kiss each other. Mlle. Bourienne was also melted; it was awkward enough for Prince Andrei, but to the women it seemed perfectly natural to weep; indeed, they could never have dreamed of a meeting without such an accompaniment.

"Ah, *chère!*" "Ah, Marie!" they kept exclaiming, amid laughter and tears. "I dreamed about you last night." "Ah, Marie, you have grown thin." "And you have grown so stout!"

"*J'ai tout de suite reconnu madame la princesse,*" put in Mlle. Bourienne.

"And here was I not thinking of such a thing!"* cried the Princess Mariya. "Ah, Andrei, I did not see you!"

Prince Andrei kissed his sister's hand, and told her that she was as great a cry-baby as ever. The Princess Mariya turned to her brother, and through her tears, her eyes, now large and beautiful and luminous, rested on him with a fond, gentle, and sweet expression.

The young wife chattered incessantly. Her short, downy upper lip every instant drew down and touched the rosy under lip, and then curled again with the brilliant smile that made her eyes and her teeth shine. She related about an accident that happened at Spáskaya Gorá which threatened to be seriously dangerous in her condition, and then she apprised them that she had left all her dresses in Petersburg and God knew what she should have to wear while here, and that Andrei had greatly changed, and that Kitty Oduintsova had married an old man, and that she had a husband for Marie *pour tout de bon*, but that they would talk about that afterwards.

The Princess Mariya stood looking silently at her brother, and her lovely eyes beamed with affection and melancholy. It was evident that she was now following her own course of thought, quite independent of her sister-in-law's prattle. Right in the midst of a description of the last *fête* at Petersburg, she turned to her brother,—

"And are you really going to the war, André," she asked with a sigh. Lise also sighed. "Yes, and I must be off by to-morrow," replied her brother.

"He leaves me, and God knows why, when he might have been promoted."†

The Princess Mariya paid no attention to this remark, but

* "*Et moi, qui ne me doutais pas.*"

† "*Il m'abandonne ici, et Dieu sait pourquoi, quand il aurait pu avoir de l'avancement.*"

following the thread of her thoughts, gave her sister-in-law a significant glance from her affectionate eyes.

"You are sure of it."

The young wife's face changed. She sighed again.

"Certainly I am," said she. "Ah, it is terrible."

Her lip went down. She brought her face near to the young princess's, and again unexpectedly burst into tears.

"She needs to rest," said Prince Andrei, scowling, "Don't you Lisa? Take her to her room and I will go to my bat-yushka. How is he? Just the same as ever?"

"Just the same; but perhaps your eyes will see some change in him," replied the princess, cheerfully.

"The same regular hours, the same promenades in the garden, the lathe?" asked Prince Andrei, with a barely perceptible smile, which proved that notwithstanding all his love and reverence for his father, he was not blind to his weaknesses.

"Yes, just the same hours, and the lathe, and the mathematics, and my geometry lessons," replied the princess merrily, as though her geometry lessons were among the most delightful reminiscences of her life.

When the twenty minutes which remained for the prince's nap were over, Tikhon came to summon the young man to see his father. The old man allowed a variation in his mode of life in honor of his son; he commanded to have him come to him in his own room, while he was dressing, before dinner. The prince dressed in the old-time costume of a kaftan and powdered wig. When Prince Andrei—not with the peevish face and manners which he assumed in society, but with a lively expression, such as he had when he was talking with Pierre—went into his father's room, the old man was at his toilet, sitting in a wide morocco-upholstered arm-chair in a wrapper, while Tikhon was putting the last touches to his head.

"Ah, my soldier! so you are going to conquer Bonaparte?" cried the old prince, and he shook his powdered head, so far as he was allowed by the pig tail which Tikhon was busy plaiting. "You do well to go against him; otherwise, he would soon be calling us his subjects! Are you well?" and he offered his son his cheek.

The old man awoke from his noon nap in an excellent frame of mind (he was accustomed to say that a nap after dinner was silver, but one before dinner was golden). He squinted cheerily at his son from under his thick, beetling brows. Prince Andrei went and kissed his father on the spot designated. He made

no reply to his father's favorite topic of conversation and his sarcasms on the military men of the present time and especially on Napoleon.

"Yes, I have come to you, batyushka, and with my wife, who soon expects to be a mother," said Prince Andrei, watching with eager and reverent eyes all the play of his father's features. "How is your health?"

"Only fools and rakes ever need to be unwell, my boy, and you know me: busy from morning till night, and temperate, and of course I'm well."

"Thank God for that," said the son, smiling.

"God has nothing to do with it. Well," continued the old man, returning to his favorite hobby, "tell us how the Germans and Bonaparte have taught us to fight, according to this new science of yours, that you call 'strategy'?"

Prince Andrei smiled.

"Let me have time to collect my wits, batyushka," said he, and his expression showed that his father's foibles did not prevent him from reverencing and loving him. "Why, you see I have not even been to my room yet."

"Nonsense, nonsense," cried the old man, pulling at his little pigtail to assure himself that it was firmly plaited, and grasping his son by the arm. "The quarters for your wife are all ready. The Princess Mariya will take her there and show them to her and they will chatter their three basketsful! that's their woman's way. I'm glad to have her here. Sit down and talk. I understand Michelson's army and Tolstoi's, too. It's a simultaneous descent. But what's the Southern army going to do? Prussia remains neutral, I know that; but how about Austria?" he asked, as he got up from his chair and began to walk up and down the room, with Tikhon running after him to give him the various parts of his attire. "What's Sweden going to do? How will they get across Pomerania?"

Prince Andrei, perceiving the urgency of his father's inquiries, began, at first unwillingly, but gradually warming up more and more, to explain the plan of operations determined upon for the campaign. As he spoke, he involuntarily, from very force of habit, kept dropping from Russian into French. He explained how an army of ninety thousand was to threaten Prussia and force her to abandon her neutrality and take part in the war; how a portion of this army was to go to Stralsund and unite with the Swedish forces; how two hundred and twenty thousand Austrians, with a hundred thousand Russians, were to engage in active operations in Italy and on the

Rhine; and how fifty thousand Russians and fifty thousand English were to disembark at Naples, and how this army, with a total of five hundred thousand men, was to make an attack simultaneously from different sides upon the French.

The old prince did not manifest the least interest in the description, any more than if he had not heard it, and continued to dress himself as he walked up and down; though three times he unexpectedly interrupted him. Once he stopped him by crying, "The white one! the white one!"

That meant that Tikhon had not given him the waistcoat that he wished. The second time he stopped and asked, "And is the baby expected soon?" and reproachfully shaking his head, said, "That's too bad, — go on, go on!"

The third time, when Prince Andrei had finished his description, the old man sang in a high falsetto, with the cracked voice of age,—

*"Malbroug s'en va-t-en guerre.
Dieu sait quand reviendra."**

The son merely smiled.

"I don't say that I approve of this plan," said he, "I am only telling you what it is. Napoleon, of course, has his plan, which is probably as good as ours."

"Well, you haven't told me anything that is in the least new," and the old man thoughtfully continued to hum the refrain: "*Dieu sait quand il reviendra.*" "Go into the dining room."

CHAPTER XXV.

At the appointed hour, the prince, powdered and shaved, went to the dining-room, where his daughter-in-law, the Princess Mariya, and Mlle. Bourienne and the architect were waiting for him. The latter was allowed at the table through an old caprice of the prince, though his insignificance of position would naturally have precluded him from being shown such an honor. The prince, who was a great stickler for differences of rank, and rarely admitted to his table even the important functionaries of the province, suddenly selected Mikhail Ivanovitch (who blew his nose in the corner on a checked handkerchief) as a living example of the theory that all men were equal, and more than once assured his daughter that the archi-

* Marlborough is going to the war. God knows when he'll come back again.

fect was as good as they were. At the table the prince was very apt to address his conversation mainly to the speechless Mikhail Ivanovitch.

In the dining-room, tremendously lofty, like all the rest of the rooms in the mansion, the prince's butlers and serving-men, each standing behind a chair, were waiting his coming. The major-domo, with a napkin over his arm, glanced to see that the table was properly set, beckoned to the waiters, and constantly let his troubled eyes wander from the clock to the door where the prince was expected to enter.

Prince Andrei was looking at a huge gilded frame, which he had never before seen, containing a representation of the genealogical tree of the Bolkonskys, which hung opposite a similar frame with a badly executed painting, evidently perpetrated by some domestic artist, and meant to be a portrait of a reigning prince, in a crown, showing that he was descended from Rurik, and was the originator of the house of Bolkonsky. Prince Andrei was studying this genealogical tree, and shaking his head and laughing, as though the portrait struck him as something ludicrous.

"How like him this all is!" he was saying to the Princess Mariya, as she came up to him.

The Princess Mariya looked at her brother in amazement. She could not understand what he could find to amuse him. All that her father did inspired in her a reverence that removed it beyond criticism.

"Every man has his Achilles' heel," continued Prince Andrei. "With his tremendous intellect, the idea of going into this absurdity — *donner dans ce ridicule!*"

The Princess Mariya could not approve of this audacious judgment of her brother's, and was just about to reprove him, when the steps which they were awaiting were heard coming from the cabinet. The prince came in briskly, even gayly, as was his universal custom, as though he meant by his lively ways to make a contrast with the stern routine of the house.

Just at the instant that the great clock struck two, and was answered by the feebler tone of another in the reception-room, the prince made his appearance. He paused. From under his thick, overhanging brows, his keen, flashing, stern eyes surveyed all who were present, and then rested on his son's young wife. The young princess instantly experienced that feeling of fear and reverence which this old man inspired in all those around him, — a feeling akin to that experienced by courtiers at the coming of the Tsar.

He smoothed the princess's head, and then, with a clumsy motion, patted her on the back of the neck.

"I am glad to see you, glad to see you," said he; and, after looking into her face steadily once more, he turned away and sat down in his place.

"Sit down, sit down! Mikhail Ivanovitch, sit down."

He assigned his daughter-in-law the place next him: the waiter pushed the chair up for her. "Ho! ho!" said the old man, looking at her critically, "your time is coming! too bad!"

He smiled dryly, coldly, disagreeably, with his lips alone, as usual, and not with his eyes. "You must walk, walk, as much as possible; as much as possible," said he.

The little princess did not hear, and did not wish to hear his words. She said nothing, and seemed dispirited. The prince asked after her father, and she replied and smiled. He asked about common acquaintances: the princess grew more animated, and began to deliver messages, and tell the prince the gossip of the town. "The Countess Apraksina, poor woman, has lost her husband, and quite cried her eyes out,"* said she, growing still more lively.

The livelier she became, the more sternly the prince looked at her, and suddenly, as though he had studied her enough, and had formed a sufficiently clear idea of her mental calibre, he turned abruptly away and began to talk with Mikhail Ivanovitch.

"Well, now, Mikhaila Ivanovitch, it is going to go hard with our Bonaparte. As Prince Andrei has been telling me (he always spoke of his son in the third person), great forces are collecting against him. But then you and I have always considered him to be a wind-bag."

Mikhail Ivanovitch really did not know when he and the prince had ever said any such things about Bonaparte, but perceiving that this was necessary as a preliminary for the prince's favorite subject of conversation, looked in surprise at the young prince, and wondered what would be the outcome of it.

"He is great at tactics," said the old prince to his son, referring to the architect, and again the conversation turned on the war, on Bonaparte, and the generals of the present day and the great men of the reign. The old prince, it seemed, was persuaded in his own mind that all the men at the head

* "*La Comtesse Apraksine, la pauvre, a perdu son mari et elle a pleuré les larmes de ses yeux.*"

of affairs at the present day were mere schoolboys, who did not know even the a b c's of war and civil administration, and that Bonaparte was an insignificant Frenchman, who had been successful simply from the fact that there were no Potemkins or Suvarofs to meet him; but he was persuaded, also, that no political complications, of any account, existed in Europe; that the war did not amount to anything, but was a sort of puppet-show, at which the men of the present day were playing, while pretending to do something great.

Prince Andrei took his father's sarcasms at the "new men" in good part, and with apparent pleasure led him on, and heard what he had to say.

"The past always seems better than the present," said the young man; "yet didn't that same Suvarof fall into the trap which Moreau laid for him, — fell in, and hadn't the wit to get himself out of it?"

"Who told you that? who told you?" cried the prince. "Suvarof!" and he flung away his plate, which Tikhon was quick enough to catch. "Suvarof! — Consider, Prince Andrei! Friedrich and Suvarof were a pair; — Moreau! Moreau would have been taken prisoner if Suvarof's hands had been free; but he had on his hands a *Hofskriegswurstschnapsrath*.* The devil himself could not have done anything. Now if you go on you will find out what these *Hofskriegswurstschnapsraths* are like. Suvarof was no match for them: what chance do you suppose Mikhail Kutuzof will have? No, my dear young friend," he went on to say; "there's no chance for you and your generals against Bonaparte; you must needs take Frenchmen, so that birds of a feather may fight together. You have sent the German Pahlen, to New York, to America, after the Frenchman Moreau," said he, referring to the overtures that had been made that same year to Moreau to enter the Russian service. "It's marvellous! Were the Potemkins, Suvarofs, Orlofs, Germans, pray? No, brother, either all of you have lost your wits, or I have gone into my second childhood. God give you good luck! but we shall see. Bonaparte a great general, on their side! hm!"

"I don't say, at all, that all our arrangements are wise," returned Prince Andrei, "only I can't understand how you have such a low opinion of Bonaparte. Laugh as much as you please, but Bonaparte is, nevertheless, a great general."

"Mikhaila Ivanovitch," cried the old prince to the architect, who was giving his attention to the roast, and devoutly hoping

* Court-War-Sausage-Schnaps-Council.

that he was quite forgotten. "I have told you, have I not, that Bonaparte was a great tactician? And he says so, too."

"How, your Illustriousness?" replied the architect.

The prince again laughed his chilling laugh.

"Bonaparte was born with a silver spoon in his mouth.* His soldiers are excellent. And then, again, he had the good luck to fight with the Germans first. Only a lazy man would fail to whip the Germans. Ever since the world began, the Germans have always been whipped. And they have never whipped any one. Oh, yes, each other! He made his reputation by fighting them."

And the prince began to expatiate on all the blunders that Napoleon, in his opinion, had made in all his wars, and even in his act of administration. His son did not dispute what he said, but it was evident that whatever arguments were employed against him, he was just as little inclined to alter his opinion as the old prince himself. Prince Andrei listened, refraining from engaging in any discussion, and only smiling as he involuntarily wondered how it was possible for this old man, who had lived for so many years like a hermit in the country, to know so thoroughly and accurately all the military and political occurrences that had taken place in Europe during the last years, and was able to form such an opinion of them.

"You think, do you, that I am too old to understand the present state of affairs? Well, this is all there is of it: I can't sleep o'nights. Now, wherein is this general of yours so great? Where has he ever shown it?"

"It would take too long to tell," replied the son.

"Well, then, go off to your Bonaparte! Mlle. Bourienne, here is another admirer of your clodhopper of an emperor,"† he cried, in excellent French.

"You know that I am not a Bonapartist, prince."

"*Dieu sait quand il reviendra*," hummed the prince, in his falsetto, and with a smile that was still more falsetto, he got up and left the table.

The little princess, during the whole time of the discussion and the rest of the meal, sat in silence, looking in alarm, now at her husband's father, now at the Princess Mariya. After they left the table, she took her sister-in-law's arm and drew her into the next room.

"How bright your father is," said she, "that's probably the reason that he makes me afraid of him."

"Ah, he is so good!" exclaimed the princess.

* Russ: "Was born in his shirt."

† "*Voilà encore un admirateur de votre goujat d'empereur.*"

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE next evening, Prince Andrei was about to take his departure. The old prince, not making any change in his routine, had gone to his room immediately after dinner. The young wife was with the Princess Mariya. Prince Andrei, having put on a travelling-coat without epaulets, was engaged in his room, with his valet, in packing up. He himself had personally looked after the carriage, and the arrangement of his luggage, and ordered the horses to be put in. In the chamber remained only those things which Prince Andrei always took with him: his dressing-case, a huge silver bottle-holder, two turkish pistols, and a sabre which his father had captured at Ochakof and presented to him. All these appurtenances had been put in the most perfect order; all were bright and clean, in woolen bags, carefully strapped.

If men are ever inclined to think about their actions, the moment when they are about to go away and enter upon some new course of life, is certain to induce a serious frame of mind. Generally, at such moments, the past comes up for review and plans are made for the future.

Prince Andrei's face was very thoughtful and tender. With his hands behind his back, he was walking briskly, from corner to corner, up and down the room, with his eyes fixed and occasionally shaking his head. Was it terrible for him to be going to the war, or was he a little saddened at the thought of leaving his wife? Perhaps there was a trifle of each feeling. However, hearing steps in the entry, and evidently not wishing to be seen in any such state, he hurriedly dropped his hands and paused by the table, as though engaged in fastening the cover of his dressing-case, and his face became as usual, serene and impenetrable. The steps that he heard were those of the Princess Mariya.

"I was told that you had ordered the horses put in," said she, panting (she had evidently been running), "and I did so want to have a little talk with you, all alone. God knows how long it will be before we see each other again. You are not angry with me for coming? You have changed very much, Andryusha," she added, as though in explanation of such a question.

She smiled as she called him by the pet diminutive, "Andryusha." Evidently, it was strange for her to think that this

stern, handsome man was the same Andryusha, the slender, frolicsome lad who had been the playmate of her childhood.

"Where is Lise," he asked, merely replying to her question with a smile.

"She was so tired that she fell asleep on the sofa in my room! Oh, André, what a treasure of a wife, you have," she said, as she sat down on the sofa, facing her brother. "She is a perfect child, such a sweet, merry-hearted child. I have learned to love her dearly!"

Prince Andrei made no reply, but the princess noticed the ironical and scornful expression which her words called forth on his face.

"But you must be indulgent to her little weaknesses; who is there that is without them, André? You must not forget that she was educated and brought up in society. And besides, her position is now not all roses. We ought always to put ourselves in the place of another. To understand is to forgive.* Just think how hard it is on the poor little woman, after the gay life to which she is accustomed, to be parted from her husband, and to be left alone in the country, and in her condition! It is very hard!"

Prince Andrei smiled and looked at his sister, as we smile when we look at people whose motives are perfectly transparent to us.

"You live in the country and don't find this life so horrible, do you?"

"I?—but that's another thing. Why should you speak about me? I have no desire for any other life, because I have never known any other life. But you think. André, what it is for a healthy young woman to be buried for the best years of her life in the country, alone, too,—for papenka is always busy, and I,—you know what poor company I am for a woman who has been accustomed to the best society. There's only Mlle. Bourienne."

"Your Bourienne does not please me very much," said Prince Andrei.

"Oh how can you say so? She is very kind and good, and, what is more, is greatly to be pitied. She has no one, no one at all. To tell you the truth, she is not at all necessary, but if anything she's in my way. You know that I have always been somewhat of a misanthrope, and now more than ever I love to be alone. *Mon père* is very fond of her. She and Mikhail Ivanitch are two people for—to whom he is always

* "*Tout comprendre, c'est tout pardonner.*"

polite and kind, because both of them are under obligations to him; as Sterne says 'We do not love men so much for the good that they do us, as for the good that we do them.' *Mon père* took her in as an orphan from the street, and she is very good, and *mon père* loves her way of reading. She always reads aloud to him in the evening. She reads beautifully."

"Now tell the truth, Marie; I am afraid my father's temper must be very trying to you sometimes, — isn't it so?" suddenly demanded Prince Andrei. The Princess Mariya was at first dumbfounded, then terrified, at this question.

"To me — me — trying?" she stammered.

"He has always been harsh, but now he has become desperately trying, I should think," said Prince Andrei, speaking lightly of his father, apparently, for the sake of perplexing or testing his sister.

"You're good to every one, André, but you have such pride of intellect," said the princess, following the trend of her own thoughts rather than the course of the conversation. "And that is a great sin. Have we any right to judge our father? And even if we had, what other feeling beside *vénération* could such a man as *mon père* inspire? And I am so happy and content to live with him. I only wish that all were as happy as I am."

Her brother shook his head incredulously.

"There is only one thing that is hard for me — I will tell you the truth about it, André — it is father's ways of thinking of religious things. I cannot understand how a man with such a tremendous intellect can fail to see what is as clear as day, and can go so far astray. This is the one thing that makes me unhappy. But even in this I have noticed lately a shade of improvement. Lately his sarcasms have not been quite so pronounced, and there is a monk whom he allowed to come in and have a long talk with him."

"Well, my dear, I am afraid that you and the monk wasted your powder," said Prince Andrei, in a jesting but affectionate way.

"Ah! *mon ami*! All I can do is to pray to God and hope that he will hear me. André," said she timidly, after a moment's silence, "I have one great favor to ask of you."

"What is that, my dear?"

"Promise me that you will not refuse me. It won't be any trouble to you at all, and nothing unworthy of you in doing it; but it will be a great comfort to me. Promise me, Andryusha," said she, thrusting her hand into her reticule

and holding something in it but not yet showing it, as though what she held constituted the object of her request, and she were unwilling to take this *something* from the reticule, until she were assured of his promise to do what she desired. She looked at her brother with a timid, beseeching glance.

"Even if it required great trouble, I would," replied Prince Andrei, evidently foreseeing what the request was.

"Think whatever you please. — I know that you are exactly like *mon père*, — think whatever you please, but do this for my sake. Please do! My father's father, our grandfather, wore it in all his battles." Not even now did she take from the reticule what she held in her hand. "So, will you promise me?"

"But what is it?"

"André, I give you this little picture with my blessing, and you must promise me that you will never take it off. Will you promise?"

"If it does not weigh two poods* and won't break my neck, I will do it if it will give you any pleasure," but at that instant, noticing the pained expression which passed over his sister's face at this jest, he regretted it. "With pleasure, really with pleasure, my dear," he added.

"He will save and pardon you in spite of your hardness of heart; he will bring you to Himself, because in Him alone is truth and peace," she said, in a voice trembling with emotion, and with a gesture of solemnity held up before her brother an ancient oval medallion of the Saviour, with a black face in a silver frame, attached to a silver chain of delicate workmanship.

She made the sign of the cross, kissed the medallion, and held it out to Andrei.

"Please, André, for my sake." Her large eyes were kindled by the rays of a soft and kindly light which transfigured her thin, sickly face and made it beautiful. Her brother was about to take the medallion, but she stopped him. He understood what she meant, and crossed himself and kissed the image. His face was both tender (for he was touched) and, at the same time, ironical.

"Thanks, my dear."

She kissed him on the brow and again sat down on the sofa. Both were silent.

"As I was saying to you, André, be kind and magnanimous as you always used to be. Don't judge Lise harshly," she

* A pood is thirty-six pounds avoirdupois.

began after a little. "She is so sweet, so good! and her position is very hard just now."

"Why, Masha, I have not said that I found any fault with my wife, or been vexed with her. Why do you say such things to me?"

The Princess Mariya flushed, and she was silent as though she felt guilty.

"I have not said anything to you, but some one has been talking to you. And I am sorry for that."

The red patches flamed still more noticeably on the Princess Mariya's forehead, neck, and cheeks. She tried to say something, but speech failed her. Her brother had guessed right; his little wife after dinner had wept, and confessed her forebodings about the birth of her baby, and how she dreaded it, and poured out her complaints against her father-in-law and her husband. And after she had cried, she fell asleep.

Prince Andrei was sorry for his sister.

"I wish you to know this, Masha, that I find no fault with my wife, I never have found fault with her and never shall, and there is nothing for which I can reproach myself; and this shall always be so, no matter in what circumstances I find myself. But if you wish to know the truth, if you wish to know whether I am happy, I tell you No. Is she happy? No! Why is it? I don't know."

As he said this, he got up, went over to his sister, and bending down, kissed her on the forehead. His handsome eyes showed an unwonted gleam of sentiment and kindness, though he looked not at his sister, but over her head at the dark opening of the door.

"Let us go to her, it is time to say good-by. Or, rather, you go ahead and wake her, and I will follow you. Petrushka," he cried to the valet, "Come here; pick up those things. This goes under the seat; this, at the right."

The Princess Mariya got up and directed her steps toward the door, then she paused,—

"André," said she, in French, "if you had faith, you would have implored God to give you the love which you do not feel. And your prayer would have been heard."*

"Yes, perhaps so," said Prince Andrei. "Go on, Masha, I will follow immediately."

On the way to his sister's room, in the gallery which connected one part of the house with the other, Prince Andrei met

* "*André, si vous avez la foi, vous vous seriez adressé à Dieu, pour qu'il vous donne l'amour, que vous ne sentez pas, et votre prière aurait été exaucée.*"

the sweetly smiling Mlle. Bourienne; it was the third time that she had crossed his path that day in the corridor, and with the same enthusiastic and naive smile.

"Ah, I thought you were in your own room," said she, blushing a little, and dropping her eyes.

Prince Andrei looked at her sternly. His face suddenly grew wrathful. He gave her no answer, but looked at her with such a scornful expression that the little Frenchwoman flushed scarlet and turned away without another word.

When he reached his sister's room, the princess, his wife, was already awake, and her blithe voice was heard through the open door. She was chattering as fast as her tongue would let her, as though she were anxious to make up for lost time, after long repression: — "No, Marie, but just imagine the old Countess Zubova, with her false curls and a mouth full of false teeth, as though she were trying to cheat old age! ha! ha! ha!"

Prince Andrei had heard his wife get off exactly the same phrase about the Countess Zubova, and the same joke,* at least five times. He went quietly into the room. The princess, plump and rosy, was sitting in an easy-chair, with her work in her hands, and was talking an incessant stream, repeating her Petersburg reminiscences, and even the familiar Petersburg phrases. Prince Andrei went up to her, smoothed her hair, and asked if she felt rested. She answered him and went on with her story.

A coach with a six-in-hand was waiting at the front entrance. It was a dark, autumn night. The coachman could not see the pole of the carriage. Men with lanterns were standing on the door steps. The great mansion was alive with lights, shining through the lofty windows. The domestics were gathered in the entry to say good-by to the young prince; all the household were collected in the hall: Mikhail Ivanovitch, Mlle. Bourienne, the Princess Mariya, and her sister-in-law. Prince Andrei had been summoned to his father's cabinet, where the old prince wanted to bid him good-by privately. All were waiting for their coming.

When Prince Andrei went into the cabinet, the old prince, with spectacles on his nose and in his white dressing-gown, in which he never received any one except his son, was sitting at the table and writing. He looked around.

"Are you off?" and he went on with his writing.

* *Zub*, from which the name Zubova is derived, means tooth.

"I have come to bid you good-by."

"Kiss me here." He indicated his cheek. "Thank you, thank you."

"Why do you thank me?"

"Because you don't dilly-dally, because you don't hang on to your wife's petticoats. Service before all! Thank you! thank you!"

And he went on with his writing so vigorously that the ink flew from his sputtering pen. "If you have anything to say, speak. I can attend to these two things at once," he added.

"About my wife — I am so sorry to be obliged to leave her on your hands."

"What nonsense is that? Tell me what you want."

"When it is time for my wife to be confined, send to Moscow for an *accoucheur*. Get him here."

The old prince paused, and pretending not to understand, fixed his eyes on his son.

"I know that no one can help, if nature does not do her work," said Prince Andrei, evidently confused, "I am aware that out of millions of cases only one goes amiss; but this is her whim and mine. They have been talking to her, she had a dream, and she is afraid."

"Hm! hm!" growled the old prince, taking up his pen again. "I will do so." He wrote a few more lines, suddenly turned upon his son, and said with a sneer: "Bad business, hey?"

"What is bad, batyushka?"

"Wife!" said the old prince, with laconic significance.

"I don't understand you," said Prince Andrei.

"Well, there's nothing to be done about it, my young friend," said the prince; "they're all alike, there's no way of getting unmarried. Don't be disturbed, I won't tell any one, but you know 'tis so."

He seized his son's hand in his small, bony fingers and shook it, looking him straight in the face with his keen eyes, which seemed to look through a man, and then once more laughed his cold laugh.

The son sighed, thereby signifying that his father read him correctly. The old man continued to fold and seal his letters with his usual rapidity, and when he had finished he caught up and put away the wax, the seal, and the paper.

"What can you do? She's a beauty! I will see that everything is done. Be easy on that score," said he abruptly, as he sealed the last letter.

Andrei made no reply: it was both pleasant and disagreeable to have his father understand him so well. The old man stood up and handed a letter to his son.

"Listen," said he, "don't worry about your wife. Whatever can be done, shall be done. Now listen: give this letter to Mikhail Ilarionovitch* I have written him to employ you in the good places, and not keep you too long as adjutant, — it's a nasty position. Tell him I remember him with affection, and write me how he receives you. If all goes well, stay and serve him. Nikolai Andreyvitch Bolkonsky's son must not serve any one from mere favoritism. Now, come here."

He spoke so rapidly that he did not finish half of his words, but his son understood him; he led him to a desk, threw back a lid, opened a little box and took out a note-book, written in his own large, angular, but close hand.

"I shall probably die before you do. Remember, these are my memoirs, they are to be given to the emperor, after my death. Now, see here, take this bank note and this letter: this is a prize for the one who shall write a history of the wars of Suvarof; send it to the Academy. Here are my remarks; after I am gone you may read them; you will find them worth your while."

Andrei did not tell his father that he would probably live a long time yet. He felt that it was not necessary to say that.

"I will do it all, batyushka," said he.

"Well, then, good-by." He offered him his hand to kiss, and then gave him an embrace. "Remember one thing, Prince Andrei; if you are killed it will be hard for me to bear; I am an old man" — He unexpectedly paused, and then as suddenly proceeded, in a tempestuous voice: "But if I should hear that you had behaved unworthy of a son of Nikolai Bolkonsky, I should be — ashamed," he hissed.

"You should not have said that to me, batyushka," replied the son, with a smile.

The old man was silent.

"I have still another request to make of you," Prince Andrei went on to say. "If I should be killed, and if a son should be born to me, don't let him go from you, as I was saying last evening. Let him grow up under your roof, please?"

"Not let your wife have him?" asked the old man, and tried to laugh. Both stood in silence for some moments, facing each other. The old man's keen eyes gazed straight into his

* Kutuzof.

son's. There was a slight tremor in the lower part of the old prince's face.

"We have said good by, now go!" said he, suddenly. "Go!" he cried, in a stern, loud voice, opening his cabinet door.

"What is it? what's the matter?" asked Prince Andrei's wife and sister, as the young man came out, and they caught a momentary glimpse of the old prince, in his white dressing-gown, and without his wig, and in his spectacles, as he appeared at the door, screaming at his son.

Prince Andrei sighed, and made no answer.

"Well?" said he, turning to his wife, and this "well (*nu*)" sounded chillingly sarcastic, as though he had said, "Now begin your little comedy."

"André, already?" said the little wife, turning pale, and fixing her terror-stricken eyes on her husband. He took her in his arms: she gave a cry, and fell fainting on his shoulder.

He carefully disengaged himself of her form, looked into her face, and tenderly laid her in an arm chair.

"Adieu, Marie," said he, gently, to his sister, kissed her hand, and hastened out of the room.

The fainting princess lay in the chair; Mlle. Bourienne chafed her temples. The Princess Mariya, holding her up, was still looking, with her lovely eyes dim with tears, at the door through which Prince Andrei had disappeared, and her blessing followed him.

In the cabinet the old prince was heard repeatedly blowing his nose, with sharp, angry reports, like pistol shots. Prince Andrei had hardly left the room when the cabinet door was hurriedly flung open, and the prince's stern figure appeared in the white dressing-gown.

"Has he gone?" he asked; "well, it is just as well," said he. Then, looking angrily at the unconscious little princess, he shook his head reproachfully, and clapped the door to after him.

PART SECOND.

CHAPTER I.

IN October, 1805, the Russian army were cantoned in certain villages and towns in the archduchy of Austria, making a heavy burden for the inhabitants, and still new regiments were on the way from Russia, and concentrating around the fortress of Braunau, where Kutuzof, the commander-in-chief, had his headquarters.

On the twenty-third of October, one of the many regiments of infantry that had just arrived, stopped about half a mile from the city, waiting to be reviewed by the commander-in-chief. Notwithstanding the un-Russian landscape — orchards, stone walls, tiled roofs, and mountains on the horizon — and the un-Russian aspect of the people, who gathered to look with curiosity at the soldiers, this regiment presented exactly the same appearance as every other Russian regiment getting ready for inspection anywhere in the centre of Russia.

The evening before, during their last march, word had been received that the commander-in-chief would review the regiment. The words of the order had not seemed altogether clear to the regimental commander, and the question having arisen, how it was to be taken, — were they to be in marching order or not? — he called a council of officers, at which it was decided that the regiment should be presented in parade dress, on the principle that it is always better to go beyond than not to come up to the requirements. And the soldiers, after a march of three hundred versts, during which they had not once closed their eyes, were kept all night mending and cleaning up; the aids and captains classified and enrolled their men, and by morning the regiment, instead of a straggling, disorderly mob, such as it had been during the last stage of their march, presented a compact mass of two thousand men, each one of whom knew his place and his duty; every button and every strap were in order, and shining with neatness.

Not only were all the externals put into perfect order, but if the commander-in-chief should take it into his head to look under the uniforms, then he would have found that each man

had on a clean shirt, and that in each knapsack were the required number of things, "*shiltse i miltse*" — awl and soap — as the soldiers express it.

There was only one particular in regard to which no one could be satisfied; this was foot wear. The shoes of more than half of the men were in tatters. But this lack was not the fault of the regimental commander, since, notwithstanding his repeated demands, the necessary goods had not been furnished by the Austrian commissariat, and, moreover, the regiment had marched a thousand versts.

The regimental commander was an elderly general, of sanguine complexion, with gray brows and side whiskers, stout and broad; the distance from his chest to his back was greater than across his shoulders. He wore a brand-new uniform, which showed the creases caused by having been folded, and on his shoulders were heavy gold epaulets, which raised his fat shoulders still higher.

The regimental commander had the aspect of a man who had happily accomplished one of the most important functions of life. He marched up and down in front of the line, and as he marched he shook at every step, slightly bending his back. It could be seen that the regimental commander was very fond of his regiment, and felt happy at the idea that all his mental faculties were absorbed in it. But, nevertheless, his pompous gait seemed to insinuate that over and above his military interests there was still left no small room in his heart for the affairs of society and the feminine sex.

"Well, batyushka, Mikhailo Mitritch," said he turning to one of the majors, who stepped forward with a smile (it was evident that they were all happy): "We had a pretty tough tussle last night, didn't we? However, according to my idea our regiment isn't one of the worst, hey?"

The major appreciated the jocund irony and laughed.

"No, we should not be driven off from the Empress's Field." *

"What is it?" asked the commander, catching sight of two horsemen galloping along the road to the city, lined with signal men. It was an adjutant, with a Cossack riding behind him.

The adjutant had been sent from headquarters to explain what had been enigmatical in the last evening's order, and especially to insist upon it that the commander-in-chief wished to review the regiment in exactly the condition in which it had

* *Tsaritsuin Lug*, a famous parade ground near St. Petersburg. — Tr.

arrived — in cloaks, gun covers, and without any preparations whatever.

The evening before, it had happened that a member of the Hofkriegsrath had arrived from Vienna, asking and urging that Kutuzof should make all haste to join the allied armies under the Archduke Ferdinand and General Mack; and Kutuzof, considering that this junction was not advantageous, desired to exhibit in support of his own theories, and to have the Austrian general see for himself, the pitiable state in which the army from Russia had arrived. With this end in view he was anxious to find the regiment in marching order, and therefore the worse the situation of the men the more agreeable it would be to him. The adjutant knew nothing about these reasons, but he transmitted to the regimental commander the general-in-chief's urgent desire that the men should be in marching order, and added that if it were otherwise the commander-in-chief would be very much offended.

On hearing these words, the regimental commander hung his head, silently shrugged his shoulders, and spread his hands with a despairing gesture.

"This is great doings!" he cried. "It's what I told you, Mikhailo Mitritch — in marching order, in cloaks" said he, turning reproachfully to the major. "Akh! my God," he exclaimed and stepped resolutely forward. "Gentlemen! Captains!" he cried, in a voice accustomed to command. "Sergeants! — Will they be here soon?" he asked, turning to the adjutant with an expression of deferential politeness evidently proportioned to the dignity of the personage of whom he was speaking.

"Within an hour, I think."

"Shall we have time to make the change?"

"I don't know, general."

The regimental commander, hastening into the ranks, made the dispositions for changing back into marching costume again. The captains ran to their companies, the sergeants bustled about (the cloaks were not altogether in order) and in an instant the solid squares which had just been standing silently and orderly, stirred, stretched out, and began to buzz with busy voices. Soldiers were running this way and that, getting their knapsacks on their shoulders and over their heads, taking down their cloaks and lifting their arms high in the air, trying to get them into their sleeves.

Within half an hour the whole regiment was in the same order as before; only the squares were transformed from black

to grey. The regimental commander was again walking up and down in front of the regiment with the same tottering gait, and inspecting it from a distance.

"What does that mean? What is that?" he cried suddenly halting. "Captain of the third company!"

"The general wants the captain of the third company"—

"The general wants the third captain!"—"The general wants the third company!" cried various voices along the ranks, and an aid hastened to discover the missing officer.

Even while the sounds of gruff voices commingling, and some even crying the "company wants the general" rang along the lines, the missing officer appeared from behind his company and although he was well on in years and not used to running, he came toward the general at an awkward dog trot on his tip-toes.

The captain's face expressed such anxiety as a schoolboy feels when he is called upon to recite a lesson that has not been learned. His nose was red and covered with blotches (evidently caused by intemperance) and his mouth twitched nervously. The regimental commander surveyed the delinquent captain from head to foot, as he came up panting, and slackening his pace as he approached.

"Do you let your men wear women's sarafans? What does that mean?" cried the regimental commander, thrusting out his lower jaw and pointing to a soldier in the ranks of the third company who wore a colored capote of broadcloth in violent contrast with the cloaks of the other soldiers. "Where have you been? The commander-in-chief is expected, and here you are out of your place!—Hey?—I will teach you to dress your men in Cossack coats for review!—Hey!"

The captain, not taking his eyes from his chief, kept his two fingers at his visor, as though he found his salvation now in this one position alone.

"Well, why don't you speak? Whom have you there, in that Hungarian costume?" sternly demanded the regimental commander, with grim facetiousness.

"Your excellency"—

"Well what of *your excellency*? 'Your excellency!' and 'your excellency!' But what does—do you mean by 'your excellency'? * Nobody knows what you mean!"

"Your excellency, that is Dolokhof, cashiered," stammered the captain.

"Well, was he cashiered to be a field-marshal, or a private?

* *Váshe prevaskhodtyelstvo.*

If as a private, then he ought to be dressed like the others, in uniform!"

"Your excellency, you yourself allowed him to dress so on the march."

"Allowed him? Allowed him? That's always the way with you young men," said the general, cooling down a little. "Allowed him? We tell you one thing and you" — The general paused. "We tell you one thing and you — well!" said he, with a fresh access of temper, "Be good enough to have your men dressed decently" —

And the regimental commander glanced at the adjutant and proceeded along the line with his faltering gait. It could be seen that his outburst of temper had given him great satisfaction, and that as he passed along the line he wanted to find some excuse for further violence. Berating one officer for not having a clean gorget, and another for having his company "dressed" unevenly, he proceeded to company three. "H-o-o-o-ow are you standing? Where is your leg? Your leg! where is it?" screamed the regimental commander, with a suggestion of keen suffering in his voice, passing by half a dozen men to come to Dolokhof, who was dressed in a bluish capote.

Dolokhof slowly straightened his bended leg, and, with his keen, bold eyes, stared into the general's face.

"Why that blue capote? Off with it! Sergeant! strip him. The blun" — He did not have time to finish.

"General, I am bound to fulfil orders, but I am not bound to put up" — began Dolokhof, hastily.

"No talking in the ranks! No talking, no talking!"

"I am not bound to put up with insults," cried Dolokhof, in a loud, ringing voice. The eyes of the general and the private met.

The general said no more, but angrily pulled down his tight belt.

"Have the goodness to change your coat, I beg of you," said he, as he turned away.

CHAPTER II.

"He is coming," cried one of the signal men.

The regimental commander, flushing scarlet, ran to his horse, seized the stirrup with trembling hands, threw himself into the saddle, straightened himself up, drew his sabre, and with a radiant, resolute face, drew his mouth to one side, ready to

shout his order. A shiver ran through the regiment, as though it were a great bird about to spread its wings; then it became motionless.

"Eyes fr-r-r-r-ont!" cried the regimental commander, in a voice trembling with emotion; pleasant as it sounded to himself, it was peremptory toward the regiment, and suggestive of welcome to the approaching chief.

Along the broad highway, unpaved, shaded with trees, came a high Viennese calash, painted blue, and swinging easily on its springs, as its six horses trotted briskly along. Behind it, galloped the suite and an escort of Kroatians. Next Kutuzof sat the Austrian general, in a white uniform, which made a peculiar contrast with the dark Russian ones. The calash drew up near the regiment. Kutuzof and the Austrian general were engaged in conversation in low tones, and Kutuzof smiled slightly, as he slowly and heavily stepped down from the carriage, exactly as though the two thousand men who were breathlessly gazing at him and the regimental commander, did not exist.

The word of command rang out, again the regiment stirred into life, and presented arms. In the dead silence the undertone of the commander-in-chief was heard.

The regiment shouted, "Long life to your hi-i-ghness!" and again all was still.

At first Kutuzof stood where he was and watched the regiment go through this evolution, then side by side with the general in the white uniform, and accompanied by his suite, he started to walk down the line.

By the way in which the regimental commander had saluted his chief, and kept his eyes fastened upon him, and now followed behind the two generals as they walked down the lines, and as he drew himself up and bent forward to listen to every word that fell from their lips, it was evident that he fulfilled his duties as a subordinate with even greater satisfaction than he did those of a commander. The regiment, thanks to the commander's stern discipline and strenuous endeavors, was in excellent condition compared to the others which had come to Braunau at the same time; there were only two hundred and seventeen sick and stragglers; and all things were in excellent order, with the exception of the shoes.

Kutuzof proceeded down the ranks, occasionally stopping to say a few friendly words to officers or even privates whom he had known during the war with Turkey. Glancing at their shoes, he more than once shook his head mournfully and

directed the Austrian general's attention to them with an expression that meant to imply that no one was to blame for it, but it was a pity, all the same, to see such a state of things.

The regimental commander, each time that he did so, pushed forward, fearing to lose a single word that his chief might speak regarding his regiment.

Behind Kutuzof, just near enough to be able to catch every word, however lightly spoken, that might fall from his lips, followed the twenty men of his suite, talking among themselves and occasionally laughing. Nearest to the commander-in-chief walked a handsome adjutant: this was Princee Bolkonsky. Next him went his messmate, Nesvitsky, a tall and remarkably stalwart staff-officer, with a kindly, smiling, handsome face and liquid eyes. Nesvitsky could hardly refrain from laughing at the antics of a dark-complexioned officer of Hussars who was walking near him. The Hussar officer, without smiling, and not changing the serious expression of his eyes, gazed at the regimental commander's back and was mimicking his every motion. Every time that the general tottered and pushed forward, the young Hussar officer would, in almost precisely the same way, totter and push forward. Nesvitsky was amused, and nudged the others to look at the mimic.

Kutuzof walked slowly and lazily in front of the thousands of eyes that were starting from their sockets to follow the motions of the chief. As he came along to company three, he suddenly halted. The suite, not anticipating this halt, involuntarily crowded up close to him.

"Ah, Timokhin!" cried the commander-in-chief, recognizing the red-nosed captain, — the one who had been obliged to suffer on account of the blue capote.

It would seem as though it were impossible for him to draw himself up higher than he had done during the scolding administered by the regimental commander. But now that the commander-in-chief stopped to speak to him, the captain put such a strain upon himself, that it seemed as though he could not stand it should the commander-in-chief stay a moment longer; and, accordingly, Kutuzof, evidently appreciating his position and being anxious to show every kindness to the captain, hastened to turn away, a scarcely perceptible smile flitting over his plump, scarred face.

"Another comrade of Izmailo!" said he. "A brave officer! Are you satisfied with him?" asked Kutuzof of the regimental commander.

The regimental commander, who, unknown to himself was

mimicked as in a mirror by the officer of hussars, started as if stung, sprang forward and replied, —

“Very well satisfied, your high excellency.”*

“We all of us have our weaknesses,” continued Kutuzof, smiling and turning away. “His used to be his devotion to Bacchus.”

The regimental commander was alarmed lest he were to blame for this and found no words to reply. The Hussar at this instant caught sight of the captain with the red nose and rounded belly and perpetrated such an exact imitation of his face and pose that Nesvitsky laughed outright. Kutuzof turned around. It was evident that the young officer had perfect command of his features: for at the instant that Kutuzof turned round the officer’s face had assumed the most serious, deferential, and innocent of expressions.

The third company was the last and Kutuzof paused, evidently trying to recollect something. Prince Andrei stepped out from the suite and said in French in an undertone, —

“You ordered me to remind you of Dolokhof, who was cashiered to this regiment” —

“Where is this Dolokhof?”

Dolokhof who now wore the gray military capote, did not wait to be summoned. Kutuzof saw a well-built soldier with light curly hair and bright blue eyes come forth from the ranks and present arms.

“A grievance?” asked Kutuzof, slightly frowning.

“That is Dolokhof,” said Prince Andrei.

“Ah?” exclaimed Kutuzof. “I hope that you will profit by this lesson. Do your duty. The emperor is merciful. And I will not forget you, if you deserve well.”

† The clear blue eyes looked into the chief’s face with the same boldness as at the regimental commander’s, their expression seeming to rend the veil of rank that so widely separated the commander-in-chief from the private soldier. †

“I should like to ask one favor, your high excellency,” said he deliberately, in a firm, ringing voice; “I beg that you give me a chance to wipe out my fault and show my devotion to His Majesty the Emperor, and to Russia.”

Kutuzof turned away. The same sort of smile flashed over his face and through his eyes as at the time when he turned away from Captain Timokhin. He turned away and frowned, as though he wished to express by this that all that Dolokhof had said to him and all that he could possibly say to him

* *Váshe vuisokoprevaskhodŭtŭelstvo.*

he had known long, long ago, and that it was all a bore to him and that it was so much wasted breath. He turned away and went back to the calash.

The regiment broke up into companies and marched to the quarters assigned them not far from Braunau, where they hoped to get shoes and clothes and rest after their long marches.

"You will not complain of me, will you, Prokhor Ignatyitch," asked the regimental commander, galloping after the third company and overtaking Captain Timokhin, who rode at their head. The general's face shone with unrestrained delight at the successful outcome of the review. — "The service of the Tsar. — Can't help — one flies off — I am the first to apologize. You know me — Thank you very much!" And he held out his hand to the captain.

"I beg of you, general! how could I think of such a thing," replied the captain: his nose grew scarlet and he smiled, the smile betraying the lack of two front teeth which had been knocked out by the butt end of a gun, under Izmailo.

"And assure Mr. Dolokhof that I shall not forget him — to rest easy on that score. And tell me please, I have been wanting for some time to ask you, how does he behave? And always" —

"He is very regular in his duty, your excellency — but his temper" — said Timokhin.

"Well, what of his temper?" demanded the regimental commander.

"Some days, your excellency, he goes it," said the captain, "but otherwise he is intelligent and well informed and quiet. And then again he is a wild beast. In Poland he almost killed a Jew, you will have the grace to know."

"Yes, yes," said the regimental commander. "We must always be easy on a young man in misfortune. You see he has influential connections — so you had better" —

"I understand, your excellency" rejoined Timokhin, with a smile that showed that he understood his chief's desires.

"Yes, yes, just so!"

The regimental commander sought out Dolokhof in the ranks and reined in his horse.

"Epaulets at the first engagement!" said he.

Dolokhof looked up, but made no answer and did not alter the expression of the ironical smile that curled his lips.

"Well, this is very good," continued the regimental commander, "A glass of vodka to the men from me," he added,

loud enough to be heard by the soldiers. "I thank you all! Slava Bohu—glory to God!" And he rode on and overtook the next company.

"Well, it's a fact, he's a good man and not hard to serve under," said Timokhin to a subaltern riding next him.

"In a word, very hearty," said the subaltern officer, laughing at his own joke. The regimental commander was nicknamed, "The King of Hearts."

The cheerful frame of mind felt by the officers after the review was shared also by the men. The regiment marched along merrily. On all sides were heard the voices of the soldiers talking.

"How is it? They say Kutuzof is blind of one eye?"

"Well so he is; quite blind."

"Nay, brother, he can see better than you can. He inspected our boots and leg-wrappers and everything."

"My! when he looked at my legs I didn't know what I was standing on."

"And that other one, the *Austriak* who was with him! I should think he was whitewashed! White as flour! Think what a job to clean that uniform!"

"Say, Fedeshou, did he say when we should begin to be on our guard? You were in front! I was told that *Bunaparte* himself was at *Brunova*."

"*Bunaparte* here! what a lie you fool! Don't you know anything? Now the *Prusak* is up in arms; and the *Austriak* of course, have got to put him down. And when he's put down then there'll be war with *Bunaparte*. And yet they say *Bunaparte* is here at *Brunova*! Anybody could see you was a fool! Keep your ears peeled, you idiot!"

"The devil! what sort of quartermasters these are! see! there's the fifth company turning off into the village; they'll have their kasha-pots boiling before we get in."

"Give me a biscuit, you devil!"

"Didn't I gie you some tobacky, last evening? Too thin, brother! Well, then, God be with you!"

"Oh! I wish they'd call a halt! the idea of marching five versts more on an empty stomach!"

"What you'd like'd be for those Germans to give us a lift in their carriages. Then you'd go easy enough; that would be fine!"

"But here, brother, see all these beggarly people come out! The *Polyaks*, back there, belonged to the Russian crown, but here, brother, there's nothing but Germans come out."

"Singers to the front!" cried the captain.

A score of men from the different companies ran to their places at the head of the column. The drummer who led the singing faced the singers and waved his arm and struck up the drawling soldier's song beginning with the words,—

"Is it the dawn, and has the red sun risen?"

and ending,—

"Well, boys, what glory we shall win with Father Kamensky."

This song had been composed in Turkey, and was now sung in Austria, with simply this variation, that in place of "Father Kamensky," Father Kutuzof was substituted.

The drummer, a stalwart, handsome fellow, forty years old, having sung these last words in staccato, soldier style, made a gesture with his hands as though he were throwing something to the ground, looked sternly at his singers, and frowned. Then feeling the consciousness of all eyes being fastened upon him, he lifted his arms high above his head, as though he were carrying with the greatest care some invisible and precious object, and holding them so for several moments, he suddenly flung it down with a despairing gesture, singing,—

"*Akh vui sèni, moi sèni.*" *

while twenty voices took up the refrain, and a spoonmaker, disregarding the weight of his equipment, friskily danced ahead and walked backwards before the company, shrugging his shoulders and making gestures of defiance with his spoons.

The soldiers, clapping their hands in time with the measure of the song, marched on in step.

Behind them were heard the rattle of wheels, the creaking of springs, and the trampling of horses' feet. It was Kutuzof and his suite, on their way back to the city. The commander-in-chief signified that the men should keep on as they were, and he and all his suite showed by their faces how much they enjoyed the music of the songs, the sight of the dancing soldier, and the bold and buoyant appearance of the company.

Conspicuous in the second file of the right flank, near which the calash passed, was Dolokhof, the blue-eyed private, as he marched along with an extraordinarily bold and graceful gait, keeping time to the song and looking into the faces of

* Ah, my cottage, my cottage.

the passing officers with an expression that seemed to smack of pity for all who did not march with his company. The cornet of Hussars in Kutuzof's suite, who had mimicked the regimental commander, fell behind the calash and drew up alongside of Dolokhof.

Zherkof, this cornet of hussars, had at one time belonged to the same wild set in Petersburg of which Dolokhof was the leader. Here, abroad, Zherkof met Dolokhof in the ranks, but did not find it expedient to recognize him at first. Now, however, since Kutuzof had set the example by talking with the degraded officer, he went to him with all the cordiality of an old friend.

"My dear fellow, how are you?" said he, right in the midst of the song, as he walked his horse abreast of the company.

"How am I?" repeated Dolokhof, "As you see."

The military song gave a special significance to the tone of easy good fellowship in which Zherkof spoke, and the pronounced coolness of Dolokhof's answer.

"And how do you get along with your chiefs?" asked Zherkof.

"All right; good fellows. How did you manage to get on the staff?"

"I am attached — on duty."

Neither spoke.

*"Vuipuskála sokolá
Da iz právava rukavá"**

rang out the song, involuntarily inspiring a bold, blithe feeling. Their talk would probably have been different, if they had not spoken while the singing was in progress.

"Is it true that the Austrians are beaten?" asked Dolokhof.

"The devil only knows; so they say."

"I am glad of it," exclaimed Dolokhof, curtly, as though the song demanded it of him.

"Say, come to us this evening. You'll have a chance at faro," said Zherkof.

"Did you bring a good deal of money with you?"

"Come."

"Can't. I've sworn off. I neither drink nor play till I'm promoted."

"Well, that'll come the first engagement."

"We shall see."

* She unleashed the falcon, and from the right sleeve.

Again they relapsed into silence.

"Look in, anyway; if you need anything, the staff will help you."

Dolokhof laughed.

"Don't make yourself uneasy. If I need anything, I shall not ask for it: I'll take it."

"Well, I mean"—

"Well, and so do I mean."

"Good-by."

"Farewell."

*"I vuiskó i dalekó,
Na rodómu storanú."* *

Zherkof put spurs to his horse, which pranced and danced not knowing with which foot to start, and then, with a spring, galloped off, leaving the company far behind, and overtook the calash, while still the rhythm of the song seemed to wing its feet.

CHAPTER III.

ON his return from the review, Kutuzof, accompanied by the Austrian general, went into his private room and calling his adjutant bade him bring certain papers relating to the state of the troops, and some letters received from the Archduke Ferdinand, the commander of the army of the van. Prince Andrei Bolkonsky came into the commander-in-chief's office with the desired papers. Kutuzof and the member of the Hofkriegsrath were sitting at a table on which was spread a map.

"Ah," said Kutuzof, with a glance at Bolkonsky, signifying by this exclamation that the adjutant was to wait, while at the same time he went on in French with the conversation that he had begun.

"I have only one thing to say, general," proceeded Kutuzof, with a pleasing elegance of diction and accent which constrained one to listen to each deliberately spoken word.

It was evident that Kutuzof took pleasure in hearing himself.

"I have only one thing to say, general; if the matter depended solely on me, then the desire of his majesty the Emperor Franz would long ago have been fulfilled. I should long ago have joined the archduke. And I assure you, on my honor, that for me personally, I should have been rejoiced to give over the supreme command of the armies to a general

* "High and far in our fatherland."

so much more learned and more experienced than myself, — and such men abound in Austria, — and to be relieved of the heavy responsibility; but circumstances are often beyond our control, general."

And Kutuzof smiled, with an expression that seemed to say: You are at perfect liberty not to put any confidence in what I say, and it is absolutely of no consequence to me whether you believe me or not, but you have no need to tell me so. And that's all there is of it.

The Austrian general looked dissatisfied, but could not do otherwise than reply in the same tone.

"On the contrary," said he, in a querulous and angry tone, that put the lie to the flattering intention of his words; "on the contrary, his majesty highly appreciates the part that you have taken in the common cause, but we think that the present delay will rob the brave Russian army and their generals of those laurels which they are in the habit of winning in war," he rejoined, in a phrase evidently prepared beforehand.

Kutuzof bowed but still continued to smile.

"Well, such is my idea of it, and relying upon the last letter which his highness the Archduke Ferdinand has done me the honor of writing me, I have no doubt that the Austrian army, under the command of such an experienced coadjutor as General Mack, has already won a decisive victory and no longer needs our aid," said Kutuzof.

The general frowned. There was indeed no accurate information about the condition of the Austrians, yet there was a preponderating weight of circumstantial evidence in favor of the unfavorable rumors that were in circulation, and therefore Kutuzof's assumption of an Austrian victory, seemed very much like a jest. But Kutuzof smiled blandly, with an expression that seemed to affirm his right to make this assumption. In fact, the last letter that he had received from Mack's army informed him of a probable victory, and of the very advantageous strategical position of his army.

"Give me that letter," said Kutuzof, addressing Prince Andrei. "Have the goodness to listen to this," and Kutuzof, with an ironical smile hovering on his lips, read in German to the Austrian general the following passage from the Archduke Ferdinand's letter:—

"We have our forces perfectly concentrated—nearly seventy thousand strong—so that we can attack and defeat the enemy should he attempt to cross the Lech. Since we are masters of Ulm, we cannot lose the advantage of having con-

trol of both banks of the Danube; moreover, should the enemy not cross the Lech, we can at any moment take the other side of the Danube, attack his line of communication, and, by recrossing the Danube lower down, instantly nullify his plans, if he should think of turning the main body of his forces against our faithful allies. Thus we can confidently wait the moment when the Imperial Russian army is ready to join us, and then easily find an opportunity in common to inflict upon the enemy the fate that he deserves."*

Kutuzof drew a long breath, when he had finished this passage, and looked with a sympathetic and kindly expression at the member of the Hofkriegsrath.

"But you know, your excellency, that the law of courage advises to be prepared for the worst," said the Austrian general, evidently anxious to have done with jokes and take up serious business. He involuntarily glanced at the adjutant.

"Excuse me, general" exclaimed Kutuzof, interrupting him and also turning to Prince Andrei. "See here, my dear fellow, get from Kozlovsky all the reports from our spies. Here are two letters from Count Nostitz, and here's a letter from the Archduke Ferdinand, — another still," said he, handing him a quantity of papers. "Have an abstract of these made out neatly in French, as a memorandum, so that we can see at a glance all the facts that we have in regard to the doings of the Austrian army. Now then, when it is done you will hand it to his excellency."

Prince Andrei inclined his head as a sign that he comprehended from the very first word not only all that Kutuzof had said, but all that he meant to say to him. He gathered up the papers and with a general salutation went into the reception-room, stepping noiselessly over the soft carpet.

Notwithstanding the fact that not much time had elapsed since Prince Andrei had left Russia, he had greatly changed. In the expression of his face, in his motions, in his gait, there was almost nothing to be recognized of his former affectation, lassitude, and laziness. He had the appearance of a man who had no time to think about the impression that he produced upon others, but who was occupied with pleasant and interesting work. His face showed more of contentment with himself and his surroundings; his smile and glance were more cheerful and attractive.

Kutuzof, whom he joined in Poland, had received him very warmly and promised not to forget him; treated him with

* In German in the original.

more distinction than his other adjutants, and had taken him to Vienna with him and intrusted him with the most important duties. From Vienna, Kutuzof sent a letter to his old comrade, Prince Andrei's father, —

"Your son," he wrote, "bids fair to become an officer who will be distinguished for his quickness of perception, his firmness, and his faithfulness. I count myself fortunate in having such a helpmeet."

Among the officers of Kutuzof's staff and in the army generally, Prince Andrei bore two diametrically opposite reputations, just the same as in Petersburg society. One party, the minority, regarded Prince Andrei as in some way different from themselves and all other people, and expected him to achieve the most brilliant success; they listened to him, praised him, and imitated him, and Prince Andrei was on pleasant and easy terms with these men. The other party, the majority, were not fond of Prince Andrei; they considered him haughty, cold, and disagreeable. But Prince Andrei had succeeded in winning their respect and even their fear.

Coming into the reception-room from Kutuzof's cabinet, Prince Andrei took his papers to one of his colleagues, the adjutant Kozlovsky who was on duty and was sitting with a book at the window.

"Well, what is it, prince?" asked Kozlovsky.

"You are ordered to draw up a memorandum, to account for our not advancing."

"But why?"

Prince Andrei shrugged his shoulders.

"Any news of Mack?"

"No."

"If it were true that he is defeated, we should have heard of it by this time."

"Probably," rejoined Prince Andrei, and started for the outer door; but at that very instant the door was flung almost into his face, and a tall Austrian general, in an overcoat, and with his head swathed in a dark handkerchief, and with the order of Maria Theresa around his neck, hurried into the room, having evidently just arrived from a journey.

Prince Andrei paused.

"General-in-chief Kutuzof?" hurriedly demanded the newly arrived general, with a strong German accent, and looking anxiously on all sides, started without delay for the door of the general's private room.

"The general-in-chief is engaged," said Kozlovsky, hasten-

ing toward the unknown general and barring the way to the cabinet.

"Whom shall I announce?"

The unknown general looked scornfully down on the diminutive Kozlovsky, and seemed to be amazed that he was not recognized.

"The general-in-chief is engaged," repeated Kozlovsky calmly.

The general's face contracted, his lips drew together and trembled.

He drew out a note-book, quickly wrote something in pencil, tore out the leaf, and handed it to the adjutant; then, with quick steps, he walked over to the window, threw himself into a chair, and surveyed those in the room, as though asking why they stared at him so? Then the general lifted his head, stretched out his neck, as though he were about to say something, and then, affecting to hum to himself, produced a strange sound, instantly swallowed. The office door opened, and Kutuzof himself appeared on the threshold. The general with the bandaged head, who had apparently escaped from some peril, bowed, and hastened, with long, swift strides across the room, toward Kutuzof.

"*Vous voyez le malheureux Mack!*"* said he, in a broken voice.

Kutuzof's face, as he stood at his office door, remained perfectly unchangeable for several moments. Then a frown ran like a wave across his brow, and passed off, leaving his face as serene as before. He respectfully bent his head, shut his eyes, silently allowed Mack to pass in front of him into the office, and then closed the door behind him.

The rumor, already spread abroad, as to the defeat of the Austrians and the surrender of the whole army at Ulm, was thus proved to be correct. Within half an hour, adjutants were flying about in all directions with orders for the Russian army, till now inactive, to prepare immediately to meet the enemy.

Prince Andrei was one of those uncommon staff officers whose interest is concentrated on the general operations of the war. On seeing Mack, and learning the particulars of his defeat, he realized that half of the campaign was lost, and appreciated the painfully difficult situation of the Russian army, while his imagination vividly pictured the fate that was awaiting the army, and the part which he was about to play

* "You see the unfortunate Mack!"

in it. In spite of himself he experienced a strong feeling of delight at the thought of the shame that Austria had brought upon herself, and that perhaps within a week he would have a chance to witness and take part in an encounter between the Russians and the French, the first since the time of Suvarof.

But he feared lest Bonaparte's genius should show itself superior to the valor of the Russian troops, and at the same time he could not bear the thought of his hero suffering disgrace.

Agitated and stirred by these thoughts, Prince Andrei started for his room to write his father, to whom he sent a daily letter. In the corridor he fell in with his roommate, Nesvitsky, and the buffoon Zherkof; as usual, they were laughing and joking.

"Why are you so down in the mouth?" asked Nesvitsky, noticing Prince Andrei's pale face and flashing eyes.

"There's nothing to be gay about," replied Bolkonsky.

Just as Prince Andrei joined Nesvitsky and Zherkof, there came toward them from the other end of the corridor the Austrian general, Strauch, who was attached to Kutuzof's staff, to look after the commissariat of the Russian army. He was with the member of the Hofkriegsrath, who had arrived the evening before.

There was plenty of room in the wide corridor for the generals to pass without incommoding the three officers; but Zherkof, giving Nesvitsky a push, exclaimed, in a hurried voice, —

"They are coming! they are coming! Stand aside, please! Please make room!"

The generals came along, evidently desiring to avoid embarrassing etiquette. A stupid smile spread over the buffoon Zherkof's face.

"Your excellency," said he, in German, as he stepped forward and addressed the Austrian general, "I have the honor of congratulating you." He made a low bow, and, awkwardly, like a child learning to dance, began to scrape first with one foot then with the other.

The member of the Hofkriegsrath gave him a stern look; but concluding, by his idiotic smile that he was in earnest, he was constrained to listen for a moment. He frowned, to show that he was listening.

"I have the honor of congratulating you! General Mack has come; he's perfectly well, save for a slight wound here," said he, with a radiant smile, pointing to his forehead.

The general frowned, and turned away, — and went on his way.

"Heavens, what simplicity!" * said he, angrily, after he had gone a few steps.

Nesvitsky, with a laugh, threw his arms around Prince Andrei; but the latter, paler than ever, and with a wrathful look on his face, pushed him aside, and turned to Zherkof. The nervous excitement induced by the sight of Mack, by the news of his defeat, and the thoughts of what was awaiting the Russian army, found its outlet in wrath at this ill-timed jest of Zherkof's.

"If you, my dear sir," he exclaimed, scornfully, while his lower jaw twitched a little, "choose to be a buffoon, why I cannot hinder you; but I assure you that if you *dare* a second time to act like a fool in my presence, I will teach you how to behave."

Nesvitsky and Zherkof were so amazed at this outburst that all they could do was to look in silence at Bolkonsky, with wide open eyes.

"Why, I only congratulated them!" said Zherkof.

"I am not jesting with you; be good enough to hold your tongue!" cried Bolkonsky, and taking Nesvitsky by the arm he drew him away from Zherkof, who found nothing to say.

"Well, now, what's the matter, brother,?" asked Nesvitsky, in a soothing tone.

"What's the matter?" repeated Prince Andrei, pausing in his excitement. "Why you know well enough, either we are officers in the service of our Tsar and our country, rejoicing at our common success and grieving over our common failure, or we are 'lackeys,' who have no interest in our master's concerns. Forty thousand men massacred and the army of our allies destroyed, and still you find it something to laugh at!" said he, as though these last sentences, which were spoken in French, added to the effect of what he was saying. "It is well enough for a trifler, *un garçon de rien*, like that fellow whom you have made your friend. Only street arabs could find amusement in such things," said Prince Andrei, suddenly changing to Russian again, but pronouncing the Russian word for street arab with a French accent. Noticing that Zherkof was still within hearing, he waited to see if the cornet had any answer to make. But Zherkof turned away and left the corridor.

* *Gott! wie naiv!*

CHAPTER IV.

THE Pavlograd regiment of hussars was encamped two miles from Braunau. The squadron in which Nikolai Rostof served as yunker, was quartered in the German village of Salzeneck. The squadron commander, Captain Denisof, who was known to the entire cavalry division as Vaska Denisof, had been assigned to the best house in the village. Yunker Rostof had shared the captain's quarters ever since he joined the regiment in Poland.

On the very same October day, when at headquarters all had been thrown into excitement by the news of Mack's defeat, the camp life of the squadron was going on in its usual tranquil course. Denisof, who had been playing a losing game of cards all night long, had not yet returned to his rooms, when Rostof, early in the morning rode up on horseback from his foraging tour. He was in his yunker uniform, and, as he galloped up to the doorstep and threw over his leg with the agile dexterity of youth, he paused a moment in the stirrup, as though sorry to dismount, but at last sprung lightly from the horse and called the orderly.

"Hey! Bondarenko, my dear fellow," he shouted to the hussar who hurried forward to attend to the horse. "Lead him about a little, my friend," said he, with that fraternal geniality with which handsome young men are apt to treat everybody when they are happy.

"I will, your illustriousness," replied the little Russian, * gayly shaking his head.

"See that you walk him about well."

Another hussar also hastened up to attend to the horse, but Bondarenko had already taken the bridle. It was evident that the yunker gave handsome fees and that it was a pleasure to serve him. Rostof smoothed the horse's neck, then his flank, and turned and looked back from the step.

"Excellent! He'll be a horse worth having!" said he to himself, and then smiling and picking up his sabre he mounted the steps with clinking spurs.

The German who owned the house, glanced up as he worked in his shirt-sleeves and nightcap, pitching over manure in the cowhouse. The German's face always lighted at the sight of Rostof. He gayly smiled and winked: "Good morning, good

* *Khokhól*, literally Topknot, a nickname of the Malo-Russians.

morning!"* he reiterated, evidently taking great satisfaction in giving the young man his morning greeting.

"Busy already, *schon fleissig?*" asked Rostof, with the same good-natured, friendly smile, which so well became his animated face. "Hurrah for the Austrians! hurrah for the Russians! hurrah for the Kaiser Alexander!"† he shouted, repeating the words which his German host was fond of saying. The German laughed, came out from the door of the cowhouse, took off his nightcap, and waving it over his head, cried: "Hurrah for the whole world — *Und die ganze Welt hoch!*"

Rostof, following the German's example, waved his forage cap around his head, and with a merry laugh shouted, "*Und vivat die ganze Welt!* — Long live the whole world!"

Although there was no special reason for rejoicing, either on the part of the German who was engaged in pitching manure, or for Rostof, who had been on a long ride with his men after hay, nevertheless both men looked at each other with joyous enthusiasm and brotherly love, nodded their heads to show that they understood each other, and then separated with a smile, the German to his cowhouse, and Rostof to the cottage which he and Denisof shared together.

"Where's the barin?" he asked of Lavrushka, Denisof's rascally valet, who was known to the whole regiment.

"He hasn't been in since evening. Probably been losing at cards," replied Lavrushka. "I have learned that if he has good luck, he comes in early and in high spirits, but if he does not get in before morning, it means he's been losing, and he'll come in mad enough. Will you have coffee?"

"Yes, give me some."

In less than ten minutes, Lavrushka brought the coffee. "He's coming," said he, "Now we'll get it!"

Rostof glanced out of the window and saw Denisof meandering home. He was a little man, with a red face, brilliant black eyes, and dark mustache, and hair all in disorder. He wore a hussar's pelisse unbuttoned, wide, sagging pantaloons, and a hussar's cap on the back of his head. He came up the steps in a gloomy mood, with hanging head.

"Lav'ushka," he cried in a loud, surly voice, "Here, you blockhead — take this off!"

"Don't you see I am taking it off," replied Lavrushka's voice.

* "*Schoen, gut morgen! Schoen, gut morgen!*"

† "*Hoch Oestreicher! hoch Russen! Kaiser Alexander, hoch!*"

"Ah, you are up already?" asked Denisof, as he came into the cottage.

"Long ago!" replied Rostof, "I have been after hay and I saw Fraulein Mathilde!"

"So ho! and there I have been, bwother, losing howibly all night, like a son of a dog!" cried Denisof, slurring over his R's. "Such howid bad luck! Peffectly howid! The moment you left, luck changed. Hey! Tea!"

Denisof snarled with a sort of smile, that showed his short, sound teeth, and began to run the short fingers of both hands through his thick, black hair, that stood up like a forest.

"The devil himself dwove me to that W'at" (the officer's nickname was the Rat), said he, rubbing his forehead and face with both hands. "Just imagine! Didn't have a single cahd, not one, not a single one!" Denisof took out the pipe which he had been smoking, knocked the ashes into his palm, and scattering the fire, laid it upon the floor and went on shouting.

"Simple stakes, lose the doubles, simple stakes, lose the doubles." After he had scattered the fire, he broke his pipe in two and flung it away. Then, after a silence, he suddenly looked up at Rostof with his bright, black eyes full of merri-ment,—

"If there were only some women here. But here there's nothing to do but dwink. If we could only have a wound of fighting!—Hé! who's there?" he cried, going to the door, on hearing the sound of heavy boots and the jingling of spurs in the next room.

"The quartermaster," announced Lavrushka. Denisof frowned still more portentously.

"Dwat it," he exclaimed, flinging his friend a purse containing a few gold pieces. "Wostof, count it, chicken! see how much is left, then hide it under my pillow," said he, and went out to see the quartermaster.

Rostof took the money, and mechanically making little heaps of the new and old coins, according to their denominations, began to count them.

"Ah! Telyanin! How d'e? Got done up last night!" Denisof was heard saying in the next room.

"Where? At Buikof's—at the Rat's—I heard about it," said a second, thin voice, and immediately after, Lieutenant Telyanin, a young officer of the same squadron, came into the room.

Rostof thrust the purse under the pillow and pressed the little moist hand that was held out to him. Telyanin had been removed

from the Guards, shortly before the campaign, for some reason or other. He now conducted himself very decently in the regiment, but he was not liked, and Rostof, especially, could not conquer, or even conceal, his unreasonable antipathy to this officer.

"Well, young cavalier, how does my Grachik suit you?" (Grachik, or Young Rook, was a saddle horse that Telyanin had sold Rostof). The lieutenant never looked the man with whom he was talking straight in the eye; his eyes were constantly wandering from one object to another. "I saw you riding him this morning."

"First rate, he's a good horse," said Rostof, in spite of the fact that the animal for which he had given seven hundred rubles, was worth half the price he had paid. "He's begun to go lame of the left foreleg."

"Hoof cracked! That's nothing. I will teach you or show you what kind of a rivet to put on."

"Yes, show me please," said Rostof.

"I will show you, certainly I will; it's no secret. And you will thank me for the horse."

"I'll have him brought right round," said Rostof, anxious to get rid of Telyanin, and went out to give his orders.

In the entry, Denisof, with a pipe in his mouth, was sitting cross-legged on the threshold in front of the quartermaster, who was making his report. When he saw Rostof, Denisof made up a face and pointing with his thumb over his shoulder into the room where Telyanin was, scowled still more darkly, and shuddered with aversion.

"Okh! I don't like that young fellow," said he, undeterred by the quartermaster's presence.

Rostof shrugged his shoulders, as much as to say: Nor I, either, but what is to be done about it, and having given his orders, returned to Telyanin.

The latter was still sitting in the same indolent position in which Rostof had left him, rubbing his small, white hands.

"What repugnant people one has to meet," said Rostof to himself, as he went into the room.

"Well, did you order the horse brought round?" asked Telyanin, getting up and carelessly looking around.

"I did."

"Come on, then. I just ran over to ask Denisof about to-day's orders; that was all. Have they come yet, Denisof?"

"Not yet. Where are you going?"

"Oh, I am just going to show this young man how to shoe his horse," replied Telyanin.

They went out down the front steps to the stable. The lieutenant showed Rostof how to make a rivet, and then went home.

When Rostof returned, he found Denisof sitting at the table with a bottle of vodka and a sausage before him, and writing with a sputtering pen. He looked gloomily into Rostof's face.

"I'm writing to her," said he. He leaned his elbow on the table, with the pen in his hand, and told to his friend what his letter was to be, evidently taking real delight in the chance of saying faster than he could write all that he had in his mind to put on the paper.

"Do you see, my friend," said he "We are asleep when we are not in love. We are children of the dust; but when you are in love, then you are like God, you are as pure as on the first day of creation. — Who is there? Send him to the devil. I have no time!" he cried to Lavrushka, who came up to him, not in the least abashed,

"What can I do? It's your own order. It's the quartermaster come back for the money."

Denisof scowled, opened his mouth to shout something, but made no sound.

"Nasty job," he muttered to himself. "How much money was there left in that purse?" he asked of Rostof.

"Seven new pieces and three old ones."

"Akh, d'wat it! — Well, what are you standing there for like a booby, fetch in the quartermaster," cried Denisof to Lavrushka.

"Please, Denisof, take some of my money; you see I have plenty," said Rostof, reddening.

"I don't like to bo'wow of my friends, I don't like it," declared Denisof.

"But if you don't let me lend you money, comrade fashion, I shall be offended!" insisted Rostof. "Truly, I have plenty."

"No indeed, I shan't," and Denisof went to the bed to get the purse from under the pillow.

"Where did you put it, W'ostof?"

"Under the bottom pillow."

"It isn't here." Denisof flung both pillows on the floor. There was no purse there. "That's stwange."

"Hold on, didn't you throw it out?" asked Rostof, picking up the pillows and shaking them, and then hauling off the bed-clothes and shaking them. But there was no purse.

"I could not have forgotten it, could I? No, I remember

very well thinking how you kept it like a treasure trove, under your pillow. — Where is it ? ” he demanded, turning to Lavrushka.

“ I haven’t been into the room. It must be where you put it.”

“ But it isn’t.”

“ That is always the way with you. You throw it down and then forget all about it. Look in your pockets.”

“ No, if I had not thought about the treasure trove ” — said Rostof, “ and I remember putting it there.”

Lavrushka tore the whole bed apart, looked under it, under the table, searched everywhere in the room and then stood still in the middle of the room. Denisof silently followed all his motions and when Lavrushka in amazement spread open his hands, he glanced at Rostof. “ Wostof, stop your schoolboy twicks ” —

Rostof, conscious of Denisof’s gaze fixed upon him, raised his eyes and instantly dropped them again. The blood, till then contained somewhere below his throat, rushed in an overmastering flood into his face and eyes. He could not get a breath.

“ There has been no one in the room except the lieutenant and yourselves. It’s nowhere to be found,” said Lavrushka.

“ Now you devil’s puppet, fly awound, hunt for it,” suddenly cried Denisof, growing livid, and starting toward the valet with a threatening gesture. “ Find me that purse or I’ll horse-whip you ! I’ll horsewhip you all ! ”

Rostof, avoiding Denisof’s glance began to button up his jacket, adjusted his sabre and put on his cap.

“ I tell you, give me that purse,” cried Denisof, shaking his man by the shoulders and pushing him against the wall.

“ Denisof, let him go, I know who took it,” said Rostof, going toward the door and not lifting his eyes.

Denisof paused, considered a moment and evidently perceiving whom Rostof meant, he seized him by the arm. “ Wub-bish ! ” he cried, the veins on his face and neck standing out like cords. “ I tell you, you are beside yourself and I won’t have it. The purse is here, I’ll take the hide off this waskel and I’ll get it.”

“ I know who took it,” repeated Rostof, in a trembling voice, and went to the door.

“ But I tell you, don’t you dare to do it ! ” cried Denisof, throwing himself on the yunker, to hold him back. But Rostof freed his arm, and with as much anger as though Denisof were

his worst enemy gave him a direct and heavy blow right between the eyes.

"Do you realize what you are saying," he cried, in a trembling voice. "He is the only person beside myself who has been in the room. Of course if it was not he, then" —

He could not finish and rushed from the room.

"Akh! the devil take you and all the w'est," were the last words that Rostof caught.

He went straight to Telyanin's rooms.

"My barin's not at home; he went to headquarters," said Telyanin's man. "Why, has anything happened?" he added, surprised at the junker's distorted face.

"No, nothing!"

"You just missed him" said the man.

Headquarters were three versts * from Salzeneck. Rostof, without returning home, took a horse and galloped off to headquarters. In the village occupied by the staff was a tavern where the officers resorted. Rostof went to this tavern; at the doorsteps he saw Talyanin's horse.

The lieutenant himself was sitting in the second room of the tavern with a plate of sausages and a bottle of wine.

"Aha! so you have come too, young man" said he smiling and lifting his brows.

"Yes" said Rostof, though it required the greatest effort to speak this monosyllable, and he took his seat at the next table.

Neither said more; two Germans and a Russian officer were the other occupants of the room. No one was talking and the only sounds were the rattle of knives and forks and the lieutenant's munching.

When Telyanin had finished his breakfast, he pulled out of his pocket a double purse, and with his delicate white fingers which turned up at the ends, slipped up the ring, took out a gold piece, and lifting his brows, gave it to the waiter.

"Please make haste," said he.

The gold piece was new. Rostof got up and went to Telyanin.

"Allow me to look at your purse," said he, in a quiet, almost inaudible voice.

With wandering eyes and still lifted brows, Telyanin handed him the purse.

"Yes, it's a handsome little purse, isn't it? — Yes" — said he and suddenly turned pale. "Look at it, youngster," he added.

* A verst is 3,500 feet, 1,067 kilometers.

Rostof took the purse into his hand and looked at it and at the money that was in it and at Telyanin. The lieutenant glanced around in his usual way, and apparently became suddenly very merry.

"If we ever get to Vienna I shall leave all this there, but there's nothing to get with it in these filthy little towns," said he. "Well, give it back to me, youngster, I must be going."

Rostof said nothing.

"And you? Aren't you going to have some breakfast. Pretty good fare," continued Telyanin. "Give it to me."

He stretched out his hand and took hold of the purse. Rostof let it go. Telyanin took the purse and began to let it slip into the pocket of his riding trousers and his brows went up higher than usual, and his mouth slightly parted as much as to say: "Yes, yes, I will put my purse in my pocket, and it is a very simple matter, and it is no one's business at all."

"Well, what is it, youngster," said he, sighing and glancing into Rostof's eyes from under his raised brows. Something like a swift electric flash darted from Telyanin's eyes into Rostof's and was darted back again and again and again all in a single instant.

"Come here with me," said Rostof, taking Telyanin by the arm. He drew him almost to the window. "This money is Denisof's! You took it," he whispered in his ear.

"What? — What? — How do you dare? — What?" exclaimed Telyanin. But his words sounded like a mournful cry of despair and a prayer for forgiveness. As soon as Rostof heard this note in his voice it seemed as though a great stone of doubt had fallen from his heart. He was rejoiced and at the same time felt sincere pity for the unhappy man standing before him, but he was obliged to carry the matter to the end. "There are men here; God knows what they will think," stammered Telyanin, seizing his cap and starting for a small unoccupied room. "We must have an explanation" —

"I know this and can prove it," said Rostof.

"I" —

All the muscles of Telyanin's scared pale face began to tremble, his eyes kept wandering, though they were fixed on the floor, and never once raised to Rostof's, and something like a sob was heard.

"Count! — Don't ruin a young fellow. Here's that wretched money, take it." He threw it on the table. "I have a father who's an old man; I have a mother!"

Rostof took the money, avoiding Telyanin's gaze and, not saying a word, started to leave the room. But at the door he paused and turned back, "My God!" said he, with tears in his eyes; "how could you have done it?"

"Count!" said Telyanin, coming towards the yunker.

"Don't touch me," cried Rostof, drawing himself up. "If you need this money, take it." He tossed him the purse, and hurried out of the tavern.

CHAPTER V.

ON the evening of the same day, a lively discussion took place in Denisof's rooms between some of the officers of the squadron.

"But I tell you, Rostof, that it's your business to apologize to the regimental commander," said the second captain, a tall man, with grayish hair, enormous mustache, and powerful wrinkled features.

Captain Kirsten had twice been reduced to the ranks for "affairs of honor," and twice promoted again.

"I will not allow any one to call me a liar," cried Rostof, who flushed crimson and was in a great state of excitement. "He told me that I lied, and I told him that he lied. And there the matter rests. He may keep me on duty every day; he may put me under arrest, but neither he nor any one else can force me to apologize. If he, as regimental commander, considers it improper to give me satisfaction, then" —

"Yes, yes, calm yourself, batyushka, listen to me," interrupted Captain Kirsten, in his deep, bass voice, calmly twirling his mustaches. "You told the regimental commander, in the *presence of other officers*, that an officer had stolen" —

"It wasn't my fault that the conversation took place before other officers. Maybe, it was not best to have spoken before them, but I am not a diplomat. That's why I joined the Hussars; I thought that here, at least, such fine distinctions were not necessary, and he told me that I lied: let him give me satisfaction, then."

"That's all very good; no one thinks that you are a coward, but that isn't the point. Ask Denisof — put it to any one — if a yunker can demand satisfaction of his regimental commander?"

Denisof, chewing his mustache, was listening to the discussion with a gloomy expression of countenance, evidently not

wishing to take any part in it. In reply to the captain's question, he shook his head.

"In the presence of other officers, you spoke to the regimental commander about this rascality," continued the second captain. "Bogdanuitch * (so the regimental commander was called), Bogdanuitch shut you up."

"He did not shut me up: he told me that I was lying."

"Well, have it so, but you were saying foolish things to him and you ought to apologize."

"Not for the world!" cried Rostof.

"I did not think that of you," said the captain, seriously and sternly. "You are unwilling to apologize, and yet, batyushka, you are in fault, not only towards him but towards the whole regiment, towards all of us. This is the way of it: if you had only thought, if you had only taken advice as to how to move in this matter, but no; you out with it, — right before other officers, too. Well, then, what can the regimental commander do? Must he bring the officer before a court-martial and disgrace the whole regiment? Insult the whole regiment on account of a single rogue? Is that your idea of it? Well, it isn't ours! And Bogdanuitch was a brave fellow: he told you that you were not telling the truth. Disagreeable, but what else could he do? You found your match. And now when we want to hush it up, you — out of sheer obstinacy and pride — aren't willing to apologize, but want to have everybody know about it. You are offended because you are put on extra duty, because you are required to apologize to an old and honored officer! Even if it were not Bogdanuitch, our honorable and brave old colonel, even then you would be offended and would be willing to insult the whole regiment, would you?" The captain's voice began to tremble. "Yes, batyushka, you, who will perhaps not be in the regiment a year from now, to-day here, to-morrow transferred somewhere as adjutant, you don't care a fig if it is said: *thieves* in the Pavlograd regiment. But it isn't all the same to us. What do you say, Denisof? It isn't a matter of indifference, is it?"

Denisof had kept silent all the time, and did not move, though he occasionally glanced at Rostof from his brilliant black eyes.

"Your pride is so dear to you that you aren't willing to apologize," continued the captain. "We old men who have

* Karl Bogdanovitch Schnubert, sportively called in imitation of peasant usage, by the diminished form of the patronymic, Bogdanuitch, son of Bogdan (Deodat or Theodore).

grown up and are going to die, if God grant, in the regiment, guard its honor dearly, and Bogdanuitch knows it. Oh! how we love it, batyushka! And this is not good of you, not good at all! Get mad if you please, but I shall always stick to mother truth. You're all wrong."

And the captain got up and turned his back on Rostof.

"Wight! Devil take it!" screamed Denisof, jumping up, "Now then, W'ostof, now then!"

Rostof, flushing and turning pale, looked first at one and then at the other officer.

"No, gentlemen; no, you do not think. — I see that you are perfectly mistaken in your opinion of me; I, — for my own sake, for the honor of the regiment — what am I saying? And I will prove it; yes, for my own sake and the honor of the regiment. — Well, it's all the same, you're right, I was to blame!" Tears stood in his eyes. "I was to blame, to blame all round. Now what more do you want?"

"That's the way to do it," cried the captain, turning round and slapping him on the shoulder with his big hand.

"I tell you!" cried Denisof, "he's a glorious young fellow!"

"That's the best way, count," repeated the captain, as though the giving him his title made his words more emphatic. "Go and apologize, your illustriousness, that's it."

"Gentlemen, I will do anything. No one shall ever hear another word from me," declared Rostof, in a low, supplicating voice, "but I cannot apologize, by heavens, I cannot! how can you expect it? How can I apologize like a little school-boy, begging forgiveness?"

Denisof laughed.

"So much the worse for you. Bogdanuitch is spiteful. You will pay for your stubbornness," said Kirsten.

"By God! 'tis not stubbornness! I cannot describe every feeling for you, I assure you, I cannot."

"Well, do just as you please," said the captain. "By the way, where is this worthless scamp?" asked he, of Denisof.

"He w'eported himself ill. He's to be stw'uck off the list in to-mowow's orders," replied Denisof.

"Well, it's a kind of illness, there's no other way of explaining it," said the captain.

"Whether illness or not, he'd better not come into my sight, I'd kill him," cried Denisof, in a most bloodthirsty manner.

At this instant, Zherkof came into the room.

"What are you doing here?" demanded the officer, turning to the new comer.

"An expedition, gentlemen. Mack and his army have surrendered: it's all up with them."

"What a story!"

"I saw him myself."

"What! you saw Mack alive — with his hands and his feet?"

"An expedition! an expedition! give him a bottle, for bringing such news! — But how came you here?"

"I am sent back to my regiment on account of that devil of a Mack! The Austrian general complained of me. I congratulated him on Mack's arrival. How are you, Rostof? just out of a bath?"

"My dear boy, we've been having such a stew here, these two days!"

The regimental adjutant came in and confirmed the news brought by Zherkof. The regiment was ordered to break camp the next day.

"An expedition, gentlemen."

"Well, glory to God for that, no more inaction."

CHAPTER VI.

KUTUZOF was retreating toward Vienna, destroying the bridges behind him over the river Inn (at Braunau), and over the river Traun at Linz. On the fourth of November, the Russian army were crossing the river Enns. At noon, the baggage-wagons, the artillery, and the columns of the army, stretched through the city of Enns, on both sides of the river. It was a mild autumnal day, but showery. The wide prospect, commanded by the height where stood the Russian batteries protecting the bridge, was now suddenly veiled by a muslin-like curtain of slanting rain, then again was suddenly still further broadened so that distant objects stood out distinctly, gleaming in the sunlight as though they were varnished.

At their feet lay the little city, with its white houses and red roofs, its cathedral, and the bridge, on both ends of which the Russian troops could be seen, pouring along in dense masses. Down the bend of the Danube, where it was joined by the waters of the Enns, could be seen boats and an island with a castle and park; farther still, was the left bank of the river, with bold rocks and overgrown with evergreens, while in the mysterious dis-

tance arose green mountains with deep ravines. The turrets of a monastery stood out above the wild and apparently impenetrable pine forest, and far away, on a height in front, on the same side of the river Enns, the enemy's scouts could be discerned.

On the brow of the hill, among the field-pieces, stood the general in command of the rearguard, with an officer of his suite, making observations of the landscape with a glass. A little behind them, astride of a gun carriage, sat Nesvitsky, who had been sent to the rearguard by the commander-in-chief. The Cossack who accompanied him was handing out a lunch-bag and flask, and Nesvitsky was inviting the officers to share his little pies and genuine doppel-kümmel. The officers gayly crowded around him, some on their knees, some sitting Turkish fashion, on the wet grass.

"Certainly that Austrian prince was no fool in building his castle there. Glorious place! — You are not eating anything, gentlemen," said Nesvitsky.

"Thank you cordially, prince," returned one of the officers, glad of the chance to exchange a word with such an important member of Kutuzof's suite. "Yes, it's a splendid place. We went by that very park, saw a couple of deer — and it's a magnificent house!"

"Look, prince," said another, who would very gladly have accepted another pie, but was ashamed to do so, and was, therefore, pretending to examine the landscape. "Look yonder, our infantry have got in already. Look there, on that meadow, behind the village, three men are dragging something along. They'll clear out that little place, quick enough!" said he, with evident approval.

"Yes, that's so," said Nesvitsky. "Ah! but what I should like," he added, stuffing a pie into his handsome moist mouth, "I should like to get in yonder!"

He pointed to the turreted convent which could be seen on the mountain-side. He smiled, and his eyes contracted and flashed. "That would be some fun, gentlemen!" — the officers laughed — "How I should like to frighten those little nuns! Italians, they say, and some of them young and pretty. Truly, I would give five years of my life!"

"And they say they find it a bore," said an officer, bolder than the rest, with a laugh.

Meantime, the officer of the suite, standing on the brow of the hill, was pointing out something to the general, who scrutinized it with his fieldglass.

"Yes, that is so, that is so," said the general, gravely, taking the glass from his eye and shrugging his shoulders. "You are right, they are going to fire at them as they cross the river. Why do they dawdle so?"

In that direction, even with the naked eye, could be seen the enemy and his battery, from which arose a milk-white puff of smoke, immediately followed by the distant report, and it could be seen how the Russian troops were hastening to get across the river.

Nesvitsky dismounted from the cannon and, with a smile, went up to the general: "Wouldn't your excellency like to have a bite of luncheon?" he asked.

"It's all wrong," said the general, not answering him. "Our men are so slow."

"Shall I not go down to them, your excellency?" asked Nesvitsky.

"Yes, do go down, please," replied the general, reiterating the orders that he had already given. "And tell the hussars to cross last and burn the bridge, as I ordered, and see to it that no combustible materials are left in it."

"Very good," said Nesvitsky.

He called the Cossack to bring up the horses, bade him pack up the bag and flask, and lightly swung his heavy body into the saddle.

"Truly, I'm going to that nunnery," said he to the officers who were looking at him with a smile, and then galloped off down the path that skirted the hill.

"Now, then, try if you can reach them — take good aim, captain," said the general, turning to the officer. "You'll relieve the monotony by a little fun."

"Serve the guns," commanded the officer, and in a minute the gunners were running with a will from their bivouac fires, and beginning to load.

"Number one" rang the command.

"Number one" rushed spitefully away. With a deafening metallic ring, the cannon resounded and the whizzing shell flew far away over the head of the Russians in the valley, and then a spurt of smoke showed where it had fallen and burst long before it reached the enemy.

The faces of officers and men grew radiant at this report; all leaped to their feet and watched with intense curiosity the motions of their troops in the valley below them, and the approach of the enemy, all spread out before them "as on the palm of the hand."

At the moment the gun had been fired, the sun came out entirely from under the clouds, and the report of the cannon and the brilliancy of the sun mingled in one single martial and joyous impression.

CHAPTER VII.

Two of the enemy's shots had already been fired at the men as they crossed the river, and on the bridge there was a jam. Half way across stood Prince Nesvitsky, who had dismounted from his horse and was leaning with his stout body against the parapet. Laughing, he looked back at his Cossack, who stood a short distance behind him holding the bridles of their two horses. As soon as Prince Nesvitsky tried to force his way forward, the throng of soldiers and baggage wagons crowded him and forced him up against the parapet, and nothing was left for him but to wait.

"Look out there, my boy!" cried the Cossack to a soldier who was driving a baggage wagon and forcing his way right into the infantry, as they thronged under the horses' feet and among the wheels. "Look out there! Have a little patience, don't you see the general wants to pass?" But the driver, paying no heed to the title of general, only cried to the soldiers who blocked his way: "Hey there; boys! keep to the left, hold on!"

But the boys, crowding shoulder to shoulder, and locking bayonets, moved on across the bridge in one unbroken mass.

As Nesvitsky looked down over the parapet, he could see the swift-babbling ripples of the Enns chase each other along as they bubbled, curled, and foamed around the piers of the bridge. Looking at the bridge he saw the almost incessant living waves of soldiery, tassels, shakos with covers, knapsacks, bayonets, and muskets, and under the shakos, faces with high cheek bones, sunken cheeks, and careless, weary eyes, and legs trampling through the mud which covered the planks of the bridge.

Sometimes among the monotonous waves of the infantry, like a spurt of white foam on the ripples of the river, an officer in riding cloak would force his way through, his face noticeable for its refinement in contrast to the men. Then again like a chip borne along on the river, a hussar on foot, an officer, a *denshelik*, or a civilian, would be carried across the bridge by the tide of troops, and sometimes, like a log floating down

stream, an officer's company, or baggage wagon loaded to the top and covered with leather, would roll across the bridge, submerged in the throng.

"See, it's like a freshet breaking through a dyke" said the Cossack, hopelessly blocked. "Say! are there many more of you to come?"

"A million, minus one," replied a jolly soldier in a torn overcoat, winking as he passed. In an instant he was carried by; behind him came an old soldier:—"When *he* (*he*, that is the enemy) takes to making it hot for us on the bridge," said the old soldier glumly, in his Tambof dialect, addressing a comrade, "we shan't stop to scratch ourselves." And the Tambof soldier and his comrade passed beyond.

Following them, came a soldier riding on a baggage wagon.

"Where the devil did I put my leg wrappers?" exclaimed a *denshchik*, hurrying behind the wagon and rummaging into the rear of it. And he in turn was borne past with the wagon.

Behind them came a jovial band of soldiers, who had evidently been drinking. "My dear fellow, he hit him with the butt end of his gun, right in the teeth," gayly said one of the soldiers, who wore the collar of his overcoat turned up and was eagerly gesticulating.

"Good for him, a regular milksop!"* said the other with a loud laugh. And they too passed by. So that Nesvitsky did not find out who was struck in the teeth and to whom the epithet applied.

"Bah! they're in such a hurry! Because he fired a blank cartridge one would think they were all in danger of being killed," said a non-commissioned officer, in an angry, reproachful tone.

"When it flew by me—that round shot," said a young soldier with a monstrous mouth, "I thought I was dead. Fact I was that frightened, by God," added the soldier, scarcely restraining himself from laughing outright with pleasure at the thought of being so frightened. And he too passed on.

Behind him came a vehicle unlike any that had passed so far. This was a German *Vorspann*, loaded apparently with the effects of a whole household; behind the cart, which was drawn by a pair of horses driven by a German, was a handsome brindled cow, with an enormous udder. On a pile of feather beds sat a woman with a baby at the breast, an old granny and a young healthy-looking German girl, with flaming red

* Russ : the sweet ham !

cheeks. Evidently, these natives were availing themselves of the general permission to remove with all their possessions. The eyes of the soldiers were fixed upon the women, and as the cart moved forward at a slow pace, step by step, all sorts of remarks were directed at the two young women. Almost all the faces wore the peculiar smile suggested by unseemly thoughts concerning them.

"Look ye, that sausage there! she's moving too!"

"Sell me the little woman" cried another soldier to the German who with downcast eyes walked with long strides, frightened and solemn.

"Eh! ain't she gay! They're fine little devils!"

"There's a chance for you to make up to 'em, Fyedotof!"

"Did you ever see anything like it, old fellow?"

"Where are you going?" asked an infantry officer, who as he munched an apple looked up at the pretty German girl with a half smile.

The German shut his eyes, signifying that he did not understand.

"If you'd like it, take it" said the officer, giving the girl an apple. She took it and thanked him with a smile.

Nesvitsky, like all the rest who were on the bridge, kept his eyes on the women till they vanished from sight. After they had passed beyond, came the same manner of soldiers with the same interchange of repartee and then at length the train came to a halt. As often happens, the horses attached to some company's baggage wagon became entangled at the end of the bridge, and the whole line were obliged to halt.

"What are they waiting for? There's no order," said the soldiers. "Don't crowd! The devil! Why can't you have patience!" "It will be worse than this when he sets the bridge on fire." "You're crushing that officer!"

Such were the remarks made on all sides among the halting columns, as the men looked at each other and still kept trying to push forward toward the outlet.

As Nesvitsky looked under the bridge at the water of the Enns, he suddenly heard a sound that was new in his ears — of something swiftly approaching him, of something huge, and something that splashed into the water.

"Did you see where that flew to?" gravely asked a soldier who was standing near and trying to follow the sound.

"They are encouraging us to move a little faster," said another uneasily. Again the throng began to move along. Nesvitsky realized that it had been a cannon ball.

"Hé! Cossack! bring me my horse!" he said. "You there! make way, get out of the way! Clear the road!"

By main force he managed to swing himself upon his horse. By shouting constantly, he succeeded in forcing his way forward. The soldiers crowded together so as to let him pass, but immediately after, pressed on his heels so that they squeezed his leg, and those who were nearest could not help themselves because they were pushed on from behind.

"Nesvitsky! Nesvitsky! Is it you, you old fwight," cried a hoarse voice just behind him. Nesvitsky turned round and saw twenty paces away, but separated from him by this living mass of hurrying infantry the handsome Vaska Denisof, shaggy as ever, with his cap on the back of his head, and with his hussar's pelisse jauntily flung back over his shoulder.

"Tell these devils, these fiends, to give us woom," cried Denisof, going into a paroxysm of rage, his coal-black eyes, with their bloodshot whites, rolling and flashing while he brandished his unsheathed sabre, in his bare little hand, as red as his face.

"Hé! Vasya," replied Nesvitsky, delighted. "Is that you?"

"Can't get thwough the sqwad'won," cried Vaska Denisof angrily, showing his shining teeth and spurring on his handsome coal-black Bedouin, which pricked back his ears at the touch of the bayonets, and snorting and scattering around him the froth from his bit was pawing impatiently the planks of the bridge, apparently ready to leap over the parapet, if only his rider gave the permission. "What does this mean? Like sheep! Just like sheep! Out of the way! — give us woom to pass! Hold on there, you man dwiving that wagon! dwat it! I'll cut you into mincemeat," he cried, actually drawing his sabre and beginning to flourish it.

The soldiers, with frightened faces, crowded closer together, and Denisof managed to reach Nesvitsky.

"So you aren't drunk to-day?" said Nesvitsky, as Denisof joined him.

"They don't give us time to get dwunk," replied Vaska. "The wegiment has been wunning this way and that way all day long. If we're going to fight, then let us fight. But the devil knows what all this means."

"How fine you are these days!" said Nesvitsky, glancing at his new pelisse and housings.

Denisof smiled, took his scented handkerchief from his sabretache and held it to Nesvitsky's nose.

"Can't help it! I'm going into action, pe'haps! and so I shaved, bwushed my teeth, and perfumed myself!"

Nesvitsky's imposing figure, with his Cossack in attendance, and Denisof's determination, as he flourished his sabre and shouted at the top of his voice, enabled them to get to the farther end of the bridge and halt the infantry. Nesvitsky there found the colonel to whom he was obliged to deliver the message, and having accomplished his errand he rode back.

After the way was cleared, Denisof reined up his horse at the exit of the bridge. Carelessly holding in his stallion, that stood pawing with one hoof anxious to join his fellows, he gazed at the squadrons that were moving in his direction. The hoof beats of the eager horses sounded hollow on the flooring of the bridge, and the squadrons with the officers riding in advance, hastened across the bridge, four men abreast, and began to pour off from the other end.

The infantry, which had halted in the mud and were packed together, gazed at the neat jaunty hussars riding by in good order, with that peculiar malevolent feeling of jealousy and scorn with which different branches of the service are apt to regard each other.

"Very tidy lads! but only fit for the Podnovinskoye."

"What's the use of them. They're merely for show," said another.

"You infantry-men, don't kick up such a dust!" jestingly shouted a hussar, whose horse playfully spattered the foot soldier with mud.

"If you'd been forced to march two stages with a knapsack, your gold lace would be tarnished," said the infantry man, wiping the mud from his face with his sleeve. "You're not a man but a bird, on that horse!"

"Well now, Zikin, if they should put you on a horse, you'd have an easy time of it; you'd make a graceful rider," jestingly remarked the corporal aiming his jest at the lean little soldier who was bent almost double under the weight of his knapsack.

"Take a broomstick between your legs; that would be a good enough horse for you," retorted the hussar.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE rest of the infantry hurriedly marched across the bridge, though they were crowded in the tunnel-like passage at the end. At last all the baggage wagons had crossed, the crush became less, and the last battalion marched upon the bridge.

Only the hussars of Denisof's command were left on the end

of the bridge toward the enemy. The enemy, though plainly visible from the heights opposite, could not as yet be seen, from the level of the bridge, since from the valley, through which flows the river Enns, the horizon is bounded by an eminence lying about half a verst distant.

Directly in front was a plot of waste land, over which here and there moved bands of Cossack patrols.

Suddenly, on the height opposite the road, appeared troops in blue capotes and accompanied by artillery.

It was the French!

The Cossack patrol came galloping down the road. All the officers and men of Denisof's squadron, although they tried hard to talk of different things and to look in other directions, nevertheless were unable to keep out of their thoughts what was there before them on the hill, and their eyes constantly turned to those patches which were moving against the horizon, and which they knew were the troops of the enemy.

It was now afternoon, and the weather had cleared; the sun was sinking brilliantly over the Danube, and the forest-clad mountains that walled him in. There was no wind, and occasionally from that hilltop came the sounds of bugles and the shouts of the enemy. Between the squadron and the enemy, there was now no one except the Cossack patrols. The space between them was only a little more than two thousand feet. The enemy had ceased to fire, and all the more distinctly was felt that solemn, ominous gap, unapproachable and inexorable, that divides two hostile armies.

"One step beyond that line, which is like the bourn that divides the living from the dead, and there is the Unknown of suffering and of death. And what is there? Who is there? There, beyond that field, beyond that tree, and that roof, glittering in the sun? No one knows, and no one wishes to know, and it is terrible to pass across that line, and I know that sooner or later I shall have to cross it, and shall then know what is there on that side of the line, just as inevitably as I shall know what is on the other side of death. And yet I am strong, full of life, joy, and exuberant spirits, and surrounded by other men, just as full of health and exuberant spirits."

Thus every man feels, even if he does not formulate it in his thought, when he comes in sight of the enemy, and this feeling lends a peculiar vividness and distinctness of impression to everything that occurs at such moments.

On the hill where the enemy were, arose a puff of smoke,

and a cannon ball, whistling, flew over the heads of the squadron of hussars. The officers, who had been standing together, scattered to their posts; the hussars began to get their horses into regular line. No one spoke in the ranks. All looked intently at the enemy and at the commander, and awaited the word of command.

A second, a third shot flew over them. Evidently, the enemy were firing at the hussars, but the cannon balls, whistling, as they flew swiftly by, went far over their heads and fell somewhere in the rear.

The hussars did not look up, but each time that they heard the whizz of the ball, the whole squadron, as though by orders, holding their breaths until the cannon shot had passed over, with their monotonously diverse faces, raised themselves in their stirrups, and then settled back again. The soldiers, not turning their heads, looked at each other out of the corners of their eyes, each curious to know what impression was produced upon his neighbor. Every face, from Denisof's to the trumpeter's, showed, around the lips and chin, a line denoting internal struggle, excitement, and agitation. The quartermaster frowned, and looked at the men as though he meditated inflicting punishment upon them. The yunker, Mironof, ducked his head each time that the ball flew over. Rostof, posted on the left flank, on his prancing Grachik, had the delighted look of a schoolboy called out before a great audience to pass his examination, in which he believes that he is going to distinguish himself. He looked at every one with a face unclouded and bright, as though asking them to bear him witness that he was perfectly calm under fire. But even in his face, the same line, indicative of something new and solemn, showed itself around his mouth, against his will.

"Who's that making a bow, there? Yunker Mi'wonof, you? It isn't wight, look at me!" cried Denisof, who could not keep still, but kept riding up and down in front of the squadron.

Vaska Denisof, with his flat nose and black hair, his little bent figure, his sinewy hand with short, hairy fingers, grasping the hilt of his drawn sword, was just the same as usual, or rather, just the same as he was apt to be in the evening, after he had been drinking a couple of bottles. Only he was a trifle ruddier than ordinary, and, carrying his head very high, like a bird when it is drinking, he pitilessly plunged the spurs into the flanks of his good Bedouin, and galloped back to the other flank of the squadron, and cried out in a hoarse voice his orders that they should examine their pistols.

Then he rode off toward Kirsten, the second captain, who came up to meet Denisof, walking his broad and steady-going mare. The captain, with his long mustaches, was as grave as usual, but his eyes flashed with unwonted brilliancy.

"Well, how is it?" said he to Denisof. "It won't come to a fight. You'll see, we shall be ordered back."

"The deuce only knows what they'll do," replied Denisof.

"Ah! Wostof!" he cried to the yunker, noticing his radiant face. "Well now's your chance!" and he smiled approvingly, evidently feeling proud of the yunker. Rostof felt perfectly happy. At this moment, a high officer appeared on the bridge. Denisof spurred off to meet him.

"Your excellency, let us attack 'em! I will dwive 'em back!"

"Attack them!" cried the officer, showing his annoyance in his voice, and frowning as though at a persistent fly. "And why are you delaying here? Don't you see the flankers are withdrawing. Order your squadron back."

The squadron crossed the bridge and retired beyond reach of the shots, not having lost a single man. Behind them came a second squadron which had been forming the rearguard, and last of all, the Cossacks crossed to the farther side.

The two squadrons of the Pavlograd regiment, crossing the bridge, one after the other, galloped up the road. The regimental commander, Karl Bogdanovitch Schubert, overtook Denisof's squadron, and walked his horse along, not far from Rostof, but without giving him the slightest notice, although it was the first time that they had met since their quarrel about Telyagin.

Rostof, who, now that he was in line, realized that he was in the power of the man toward whom he felt guilty, did not take his eyes from the colonel's athletic back, the light hair at the back of his head, and his red neck. Sometimes, it seemed to Rostof that Bogdanovitch was merely pretending not to notice him, and that his whole aim now was to try the yunker's courage and he straightened himself up and looked around him gayly; then, again, it seemed to him that Bogdanovitch rode close to him to display his own courage. Now, it occurred to him that his opponent was going to send the squadron into some forlorn hope, in order to punish him. And then again, it occurred to him that after the affray he would come to him and magnanimously extend to him the hand of reconciliation, in honor of the wound which he should receive.

The high-shouldered Zherkof, well-known to the Pavlograd

boys, having, not long since been in their regiment, came riding up to the regimental commander. Zherkof, after his dismissal from the general's staff, had not remained in the regiment, saying that he was not such a fool as to put on the "tugging-collar" in the ranks, when, by serving on the staff and having nothing to do, he could gain greater rewards, and so he had succeeded in getting himself appointed as special orderly to Prince Bagration. He now came up to his former chief with a message from the commander of the rearguard.

"Colonel," said he, with his most melancholy assumption of gravity, turning to Rostof's opponent, and glancing at his comrades, "you are ordered to halt and burn the bridge."

"Who orders it?" asked the colonel testily.

"Well, I don't know, colonel, who orders it," replied the cornet, gravely, "but the prince said to me: 'Go and tell the colonel that the hussars are to return as quickly as possible and burn the bridge.'"

Immediately after Zherkof, an officer of the suite rode up to the colonel of hussars, with the same order, And immediately after the officer of the suite, came the stout Nesvitsky, galloping up with all his might, on his Cossack's horse, which could hardly carry him. "How is it, colonel," he cried, while still at a distance, "I told you to burn the bridge, but now some one has mistaken the order; everybody here has lost his wits, and there's nothing done right."

The colonel took his time in halting the regiment, and turned to Nesvitsky,—

"You told me to burn up the combustibles," said he, "but as to burning that, you did not say a word."

"What's that, batyushka," exclaimed Nesvitsky, reining in his horse, taking off his cap, and with his fat hand brushing back his hair, dripping with perspiration. "How's that? Didn't I say that the bridge was to be burned, when you burned all the combustibles?"

"I won't be called batyushka by you, Mister Staff Officer, and you did not tell me to burn the bridge. I know my duties, and I am accustomed faithfully to carry out what I am commanded to do. You said the bridge was to be burned, but who was to do it, the Holy Ghost could not tell me."

"Well, that's always the way," cried Nesvitsky, with a wave of the hand. "What are you doing here?" he asked, turning to Zherkof.

"Exactly the same thing as you are! but how wet you are! let me wring you out!"

"You said, Mister Staff Officer," — proceeded the colonel in an offended tone.

"Colonel," interrupted the officer from the suite, "You must make haste, or else the enemy will be pouring grapeshot into us."

The colonel silently looked at the officer from the suite, at stout Prince Nesvitsky, and at Zherkof, and frowned.

"I will burn the bridge," said he in a solemn voice, as though to express by it that in spite of all the disagreeable things that happened to him, he was always prepared to do his duty.

Spurring his horse with his long, muscular legs, as though the animal were to blame for everything, the colonel started forward, and ordered the second squadron, in which Rostof served, to return, under the command of Denisof, and burn the bridge.

"Well, that's the way it is," said Rostof to himself. "He wants to try me." His heart beat and the blood rushed to his face. "Let him see if I am a coward," he thought.

Once more, over all the happy faces of the men in the squadron, appeared that same serious line which they had worn at the time that they were under fire. Rostof, not taking his eyes from his opponent, the regimental commander, tried to discover in his face a confirmation of his suspicions; but the colonel did not once look at Rostof, but as usual gazed sternly and solemnly along the line. The word of command was heard.

"Lively! lively!" cried voices around him. With their sabres catching in the reins, with rattling spurs, the hussars dismounted in all haste, not knowing what they were to do. They crossed themselves. Rostof now looked no more at the colonel: he had no time. He was afraid, afraid with a real sinking of the heart, that he should be left behind. His hand trembled as he turned his horse over to the groom, and he felt how the blood was rushing back to his heart. Denisof, on his way back shouted something to him as he passed. Rostof saw nothing except the hussars running by his side, impeded by their spurs and with rattling sabres.

"The stretchers!" cried some voice behind him, but Rostof did not stop to think what that demand for stretchers meant; he ran on, striving only to be in advance of the others, but at the very bridge he failed to look where he was going, and slipping in the slimy, sheeted mud, stumbled, and fell upon his hands. The others dashed ahead of him.

"At both sides, captain," shouted the colonel, who having ridden ahead, had reined in his horse not far from the bridge, and sat looking on with a triumphant and radiant expression.

Rostof, wiping his soiled hands on his riding-trousers, glanced at his opponent and determined to go on, thinking that the farther forward he went, the better it would be. But Bogdanuitch, without looking at him, or even noticing that it was Rostof, cried to him,—

“Who is that in the middle of the bridge. Take the right side! Yunker, come back!” he shouted testily, and then turned to Denisof, who, making a show of his foolhardiness, was riding upon the bridge.

“Why run such risks, captain, you’d better dismount,” cried the captain.

“Hé! he always finds some one in fault,” replied Vaska Denisof, turning in his saddle.

Meantime, Nesvitsky, Zherkof, and the staff officer, stood in a little group, out of range, and watched now the little band of hussars, in yellow shakos, dark green roundabouts, embroidered with gold lace, and blue trousers, who were swarming over the bridge, and now, in the other direction, looked at the blue capotes marching down from the distant hill, and the groups with horses, which could easily be recognized as field-pieces.

“Will they get the bridge burnt, or not? Who is ahead? Will they have time to set the bridge on fire before the French turn grape on them and drive them back?”

Such questions as these, every man in the great band of soldiers that were stationed near the bridge involuntarily asked himself, as he looked that bright afternoon, at the bridge, and at the hussars, and then again, on the other side, at the blue-coats approaching with bayonets and field-pieces.

“Okh! the hussars will catch it!” exclaimed Nesvitsky, “They’re within range of grape now.”

“It was useless to send so many men,” said the staff officer.

“That’s a fact,” returned Nesvitsky, “If he’d only sent two smart young fellows, it would have been just as well.”

“Akh! your illustriousness,” remarked Zherkof, not taking his eyes from the hussars, but still speaking in his own peculiar fashion, which left it in doubt whether he were serious or in earnest, “akh! your illustriousness, how can you think so! The idea of sending two men! How then would we get the Vladimir and the ribbon? Supposing they do have a little thrashing, then there’ll be a chance for the colonel to report the squadron and get a ribbon for himself. Our Bogdanuitch knows a thing or two.”

“Now there,” said the staff officer, “that means grape!”

He pointed at the French field-pieces which they were unlimbering and bringing into range.

In the direction of the French, from the groups which had been recognized as the artillery, they saw a puff of smoke arise, then a second, a third, almost simultaneously and by the time the report of the first had reached their ears, a fourth puff arose. Two reports one after the other, and then a third.

"O! okh!" groaned Nesvitsky, as though from excruciating agony, and seizing the staff officer's arm.—"Look, one fell, one fell!"

"Two, I should think?"

"If I were Tsar, there should be no more war," said Nesvitsky, turning away.

The French guns were again quickly loaded. The infantry in the blue capotes came dashing at double-quick toward the bridge. Again at different distances, puffs of smoke appeared and the grape pattered and rattled on the bridge. But this time Nesvitsky could not see what took place on it. A thick smoke poured up from it. The hussars had succeeded in setting fire to it, and the French field-pieces were fired at it, not indeed to prevent it but because they were loaded and there was nothing else to shoot at.

The French had succeeded in sending three charges of grape before the hussars returned to their grooms. Two of the volleys had been wildly aimed and the grape had gone afield, but the last discharge struck into the middle of the group and hit three hussars.

Rostof, preoccupied by his relations with Bogdanutch, remained on the bridge, not knowing what he had to do. There was no one to cut down—he had always imagined a battle to consist of cutting down—and he could not help set fire to the bridge either, because he had not provided himself with wisps of straw as the others had. He was standing there and looking on, when suddenly there was a rattling on the bridge as though some one had been scattering hazel nuts, and one of the hussars who happened to be nearest to him fell against the parapet with a groan. Rostof and several others ran to him. Again there was a cry for stretchers. Four men grasped the wounded hussar and started to bear him away.

"O-o-o-o! Let me alone for Christ's sake," shrieked the wounded man, but nevertheless they took him up and bore him off. Nikolai Rostof turned away and, as though he were searching for something, began to gaze into the distance, at the water of the Danube, at the sky, at the sun. How beauti-

ful the sky seemed, how blue, how calm, how profound! How bright and magnificent the sinking sun! How caressingly brilliant the waters of the distant Danube gleamed! And still more lovely were the far purpling mountains beyond the Danube, the monastery, the mysterious defiles, the pine forests, veiled to the top in a transparent mist. There it was, full of peace and happiness. "I should wish for nothing, wish for nothing, for nothing in the world, if only I were there," thought Rostof. "How much happiness I might have there in this sunshine, while here — groans, suffering, terror, and confusion and hurry. There again some one shrieks, and here we are all running for our lives and I am running with the rest, and here it is, here is death, all above me and around me. A moment, and perhaps never again shall I see this sun, this river, those defiles."

At that instant the sun went into a cloud; Rostof saw several stretchers being carried before him. And the terror of death and of the stretchers, and love for the sun and for life, all mingled in one painfully disturbing impression.

"O Lord God! Thou who art there, in yonder heaven, save, pardon and defend me!" whispered Rostof in his heart.

The hussars hastened back to their grooms, their voices grew louder and more confident; the stretchers were now out of their sight.

"Well, bw'other! so you've smelt powder!" rang Vaska Denisof's voice in his ear,

"It's all over, but I'm a coward, yes I'm a coward," thought Rostof, and with a heavy sigh he took the bridle from the hands of his groom and mounted his Grachik, which was waiting for him.

"What was that? grapeshot?" asked he of Denisof.

"That's just what it was!" shouted Denisof. "We worked like hewoes. And it was waskally work. A charge is ware sport, you hew down the dogs; but here, the devil only knows what it is, they shoot at you as though you were a target."

And Denisof rode off and joined the colonel, Nesvitsky, Zherkof, and the staff officers who were talking together, a short distance from Rostof.

"One thing's evident, no one noticed it," thought Rostof. And in truth no one had noticed it because each and every one shared in the sensation which the yunker experienced at being under fire for the first time.

"We shall have a splendid report sent," Zherkof was saying. "Do you know, they may give me a lieutenancy."

"Inform the prince that I burned the bridge," said the colonel, with a gay and triumphant expression.

"But suppose it is asked about our loss?"

"A mere trifle," said the colonel, in his deepest tones: "Two hussars wounded and one finished," said he with apparent joy, and scarcely refraining from a contented smile, as he brought out with ringing emphasis the happy phrase, *finished*.*

CHAPTER IX.

THE Russian army of thirty-five thousand men, under command of Kutuzof, pursued by the French, a hundred thousand strong, under Bonaparte himself, meeting with unfriendly disposed natives, no longer having confidence in their allies, suffering from a lack of provisions, and obliged to act in a manner opposed to all preconceived conditions of war, was in hasty retreat down the Danube, halting when the enemy overtook them, and fighting them off by skirmishes at the rearguard, but fighting no more than was necessary to ensure their retreat without losing any of their baggage.

Actions had taken place at Lambach, Amstetten and Melck, but, notwithstanding the bravery and fortitude displayed by the Russians, as even their enemy acknowledged, these actions did not prevent their movement from being a retreat, conducted with all possible celerity.

The Austrians, who had escaped from the surrender at Ulm, and had joined Kutuzof at Braunau, had now separated from the Russians, and Kutuzof was left only with his weakened, famished forces.

It was impossible any longer to think of defending Vienna. In place of the offensive warfare so craftily elaborated in accordance with the laws of the new science of strategy, the plan of which had been communicated to Kutuzof by the Hofkriegsrath while he was in Vienna, the only thing that was left him now, unless he were to sacrifice his army, as Mack had done at Ulm, was to effect a juncture with the troops on their way from Russia, and even this was almost an impossibility.

On the ninth of November, Kutuzof and his army crossed to the left bank of the Danube, and, for the first time, halted, having now put the river between himself and the main body of the French. On the eleventh, he attacked and defeated the division under Mortier, which was stationed on the left bank

* *Na-poval*, literally: without exception, totally.

of the Danube. In this engagement, for the first time, some trophies were captured: a stand of colors, cannon, and two of the enemy's generals. For the first time, after a fortnight's retreat, the Russian army halted, and at the end of the battle, not only held the field of battle, but had driven off the French.

Although the army was exhausted and in rags, and reduced a third by the killed, wounded, sick, and stragglers; although the sick and wounded had been left on the other side of the Danube, with a letter from Kutuzof commending them to the magnanimity of the enemy, although the regular hospitals and the houses of Krems which had been turned into lazarettos, were unable to receive all the sick and wounded remaining;—still, in spite of all this, the halt at Krems and the victory over Mortier signally raised the spirits of the army.

The most gratifying but improbable reports were in circulation throughout the troops and even at headquarters, concerning imaginary reinforcements from Russia being at hand, concerning some great victory won by the Austrians, and the retreat and panic of Bonaparte.

During the battle, Prince Andrei had been near the Austrian general, Schmidt, when he was killed. His own horse had been wounded under him, and he himself had been slightly grazed by a bullet on the hand. As a sign of special favor from the commander-in-chief, he was sent to carry the news of this victory to the Austrian Court, which had left Vienna, now threatened by the French, and was established at Brünn. On the evening of the victory, Prince Andrei, excited, but not weary, for in spite of his apparently delicate constitution, he could endure physical fatigue far better than much stronger men, having brought Dokhturof's report to Kutuzof, was despatched that same evening as a special courier to Brünn. Such an errand ensured the courier not only a decoration, but pointed infallibly to promotion.

The night was dark, but starry; the road made a black line across the snow which had been falling during the engagement. Now recalling the impressions of the battle through which he had passed, now joyfully imagining the impression which he should cause by the news of the victory, recollecting the parting words of the commander-in-chief and his comrades, Prince Andrei drove on at a furious pace in his post-carriage, experiencing the feelings of a man who has long waited and at last is about to attain his wished-for joy. As soon as he closed his eyes, his ears were filled with the roar of musketry and cannon,

mingling with the rumble of the wheels and the details of the victory.

Now it seemed to him that the Russians were flying, and that he himself was killed. But he would awake with a start, feeling a strange delight in the realization that nothing of the sort had taken place, and that, on the contrary, it was the French who had been defeated. Then, again, he would recall all the details of the victory, his own serene manliness during the engagement, and his recollections would lull him to sleep again.

The dark, starry night was followed by a bright, joyous day. The snow gleamed in the sunshine, the horses sped swiftly along, and in monotonous variety on both sides flew by new woods, fields, and villages.

At one of the post-houses, he overtook a train of Russian wounded. A Russian officer in charge of the convoy was stretched out in the foremost cart, and shouting at the top of his voice, and scolding the soldiers in coarse language.

The long German vorspanns, each containing six or more wounded, pale and bandaged and dirty, jolted heavily along over the rough, paved road. Some of them were talking (Prince Andrei overheard their Russian speech), others were munching bread, while those who were most seriously hurt gazed with the good-natured and childish curiosity of sickness at the courier hurrying by them.

Prince Andrei ordered the driver to stop, and asked one of the soldiers where they had been wounded. "Day before yesterday, on the Danube," replied the soldier. Prince Andrei took out his purse and gave the soldier three gold pieces.

"For them all," he added, turning to the officer in command. "Get well as fast as you can, boys," said he to the soldiers, "there's still much to be done."

"Well, Mr. Adjutant, what's the news?" asked the old officer, evidently taking a fancy to have a talk.

"Good news!—Forward," he cried to his driver, and he was borne swiftly on.

It was already quite dark when Prince Andrei reached Brunn and found himself surrounded by lofty houses, lighted shops, and street lamps, handsome carriages rumbling over the wooden pavements, and by all that atmosphere of a large, lively city which is always so fascinating to a soldier after camp life.

Prince Andrei, notwithstanding the swiftness of his journey and his sleepless night, felt as he drove up to the palace, even more excited than he had the evening before. His eyes

gleamed with a feverish light, and his thoughts rushed through his mind with extraordinary rapidity and clearness. Vividly, all the details of the battle came into his mind, not with any confusion but in due sequence, word for word, as he imagined he should render his account to the Emperor Franz.

Vividly he imagined the circumstantial questions which might be asked him and the answers which he should make to them. He supposed that he should be immediately summoned before the emperor. But at the principal entrance of the palace, he was met by an official who, discovering that he was only a courier, sent him round to another entrance.

"Take the corridor at the right, *Euer Hochgeboren*, there you will find the Flügel-adjutant, who is on duty," said the official, "He will take you to the minister of war."

The Flügel-adjutant, coming to meet Prince Andrei asked him to wait, while he went to the minister. In five minutes he returned and bowing with unusual deference, and allowing Prince Andrei to pass in front of him, directed him through a corridor into a private office occupied by the minister of war. The Flügel-adjutant, by his extravagant politeness seemed to be trying to defend himself from any attempt at familiarity on the part of the Russian courier. Prince Andrei's exultant feeling was decidedly cooled down the moment he entered the door into the minister's private office. He felt humiliated, and this feeling of wounded pride changed instantly but imperceptibly into a feeling of contempt which had no reasonable cause. His fertile mind at the same moment began to search for a point of view according to which he might be justified in scorning both the Flügel-adjutant and the minister of war. "It's probably very easy for them to show how to gain victories, though they have never smelt gunpowder," he said to himself. His eyes contracted contemptuously; he walked into the war minister's private office with all the deliberation in the world. This feeling was still further intensified when he caught sight of that dignitary sitting between two candles at a great table, and not deigning to give his visitor even a glance for the first two minutes.

† The war minister's bald head, with its fringe of gray hair, was bent over some papers which he was reading and marking with a lead pencil. † He finished reading them, not even lifting his head when the door opened to admit his visitor, though he must have heard the steps. "Take this and deliver it at once," said the minister of war to his secretary, handing him some

papers and not even yet recognizing the existence of the courier.

Prince Andrei came to the conclusion that out of all the affairs that preoccupied the minister of war, the feats of Kutuzof's army either interested him the least or else he felt obliged to give this impression to the Russian courier. "Well, it's all the same to me," said he to himself.

The minister of war assorted the rest of his papers, placing them in regular order and then at last lifted his head. He had an intelligent and determined face, but at the instant that he turned to Prince Andrei, this intelligent and firm expression seemed to change as if by purpose and consciously, and in its place came a dull, hypocritical smile, in which there was no pretence even of hiding its hypocrisy, — the habitual smile of a man accustomed to receiving many petitioners one after the other.

"From General Field Marshal Kutuzof?" he asked, "I hope it is good news. So he's had an encounter with Mortier? A victory? It was time!"

He took the despatch which was directed to him and began to read it with a melancholy expression.

"Ach mein Gott! mein Gott! Schmidt!" said he, in German. "What a misfortune! what a misfortune!" Having run through the paper he laid it on the table and glanced at Prince Andrei, evidently weighing something in his mind. "Ach! what a misfortune! The affair you say, was decisive? But Mortier was not taken." He pondered. "I'm very glad that you have brought this good news, although the death of Schmidt is a costly price to pay for the victory. His majesty will probably desire to see you, but not this evening. I thank you; go and get rested. To-morrow be at the levee after the parade. However, I will give you due notice."

The dull smile which had disappeared during this conversation again appeared on the war minister's face.

"Good by. *Auf wiedersehen* — I thank you very much. His majesty the emperor will no doubt wish to see you," he repeated, and inclined his head.

When Prince Andrei had left the palace he felt that all the interest and happiness which the victory had brought him, had deserted him and had been left behind in the indifferent hands of the war minister and of the polite Flügel-adjutant. The whole course of his thoughts had instantly changed; the battle seemed to him like the recollection of something that happened long before.

CHAPTER X.

PRINCE ANDREI put up at Brunn, at the residence of his friend, the diplomat Bilibin.

"Ah! my dear prince, no one could be more welcome," said Bilibin, coming down to greet him. "Franz, take the prince's luggage into my sleeping-room," he added, turning to the valet who had admitted the visitor. "So you're bringing news of a victory. Excellent! But I'm under the weather, as you can see."

Prince Andrei having washed and changed his dress, joined the diplomat in his luxurious study, and sat down to the dinner which had been prepared for him. Bilibin drew up comfortably before the fire.

After his hurried journey and indeed after this whole campaign, during which he had been deprived of all the comforts and elegancies of life, Prince Andrei experienced a pleasant feeling of repose amid these luxurious conditions of existence, to which he had been accustomed since childhood. Moreover, it was pleasant after his reception by the Austrians to talk, not indeed in Russian, for they spoke in French, but with a Russian who, as he supposed, shared the general Russian aversion, now felt with especial keenness, for the Austrians.

Bilibin was a man of thirty-five, unmarried, and belonging to the same set as Prince Andrei. They had been acquaintances long before in Petersburg, and had become more intimate during Prince Andrei's last visit to Vienna, in company with Kutuzof. Just as Prince Andrei was a young man who promised to make a brilliant career in the military profession, so Bilibin, with even greater probability, was on the road to success in diplomacy. He was still a young man, but he was not a young diplomat, since he had begun his career at the age of sixteen, had been in Paris and in Copenhagen, and now held a very responsible post in Vienna. Both the chancellor and the Russian ambassador at the court of Vienna knew him and prized him highly. He was not one of those diplomats who are considered to be very good, because they have merely negative qualities, do nothing but their perfunctory duties, and are able to speak French. He was rather one of those who work *con amore*, and with intelligence; notwithstanding his natural indolence, he sometimes spent the whole night at his writing-table. He put in good work, no matter what was the nature of the work in

hand. It was the question "how," not the question "why," that interested him.

It was a matter of indifference to him what the diplomatic business was about, but he took the greatest satisfaction in artistically, accurately, and elegantly composing circulars, memorials, or reports.

Bilibin's services were prized, not only because of his skill in inditing letters, but still more because of his faculty for shining in society and carrying on conversation in the highest spheres.

Bilibin liked to talk just as he liked to work, but it was essential that the topic should let him display his delicately polished wit. In society, he was constantly on the watch for a chance to say something remarkable, and he never mingled in conversation except under such conditions. His talk was plentifully begemmed with keen and polished phrases, original with himself, and yet having an interest for all. These phrases were prepared in Bilibin's internal laboratory, as a sort of portable property, which even the dullest members of society might easily remember and carry from party to party. And, in fact, Bilibin's witticism's made the rounds of Viennese drawing-rooms — *le mots de Bilibin se colportaient dans le salons de Vienne* — and often had an effect on so-called important events.

His thin, weary-looking sallow face was covered with deep wrinkles, which always seemed clean and parboiled, like the ends of the fingers after a bath. The motions of these wrinkles constituted the principal play of his physiognomy.

Now, it was his forehead that was furrowed with broad lines and his eyebrows were lifted high, again his brows were contracted and deep lines marked his cheeks. His deep-set little eyes looked always frank and cheerful.

"Now, then, tell us your exploits," said he.

Bolkonsky, in the most modest manner, without once referring to himself, told him of the combat and of the ministers' behavior. "They received me and the news that I brought like a dog in a game of ninepins." * he said, in conclusion.

Bilibin smiled, and the wrinkles in his face relaxed. "However, *mon cher*," said he, "in spite of the high *estime* which I profess for the Orthodox Russian army, I confess that your victory is not one of the most victorious." †

* "*Ils m'ont reçu avec ma nouvelle, comme un chien dans un jeu de quilles.*"

† "*J'avoue que votre victoire n'est pas des plus victorieuses.*"

Thus he went on, all the time speaking in French, and introducing Russian words only when he wished to give them a scornful emphasis. "It was this way, wasn't it? You fell with all your overwhelming numbers upon that unhappy Mortier, and yet Mortier slipped between your hands? Where was the victory in that?"

"Well, speaking seriously," replied Prince Andrei, "we can, at least, say without boasting, that it was rather better than Ulm."

"Why didn't you take one, at least one marshal prisoner?"

"Because things aren't always done as they are forecast, nor can they be arranged with all the regularity of a parade. We expected, as I told you, to turn their flank at seven o'clock in the morning, and we did not succeed till five in the evening."

"Why didn't you succeed by seven in the morning? You ought to have outflanked them by seven in the morning," said Bilibin, smiling, "you ought to have done it at seven in the morning."

"Why didn't you suggest to Bonaparte, through diplomatic agency, that he'd better abandon Genoa," asked Prince Andrei, in the same tone.

"I know," interrupted Bilibin, "as you sit on your sofa before the fire you think that it is very easy to capture marshals. It is, indeed, but why didn't you capture him? And don't be surprised that neither the minister of war, nor his most august majesty, the emperor, nor King Franz is very grateful for your victory, and I myself, the unfortunate secretary of the Russian legation, feel no special impulse to express my delight by giving my Franz a thaler and letting him take his Liebchen for a walk in the prater. To be sure, there's no prater here!" He looked straight at Prince Andrei, and suddenly smoothed out the wrinkled skin upon his forehead.

"Now, my dear, it is my turn to ask you why," said Bolkon-sky, "I assure you, I cannot understand, — perhaps there are diplomatic subtleties here that are above my feeble mind, but I cannot understand: Mack has destroyed a whole army, the Archduke Ferdinand and the Archduke Karl are giving no signs of life, and are making one blunder after another; finally, Kutuzof alone really gains a victory, destroys the spell of the French, — *le charme des Français* — and the minister of war isn't interested enough to inquire after the details!"

"This is the very reason, my dear. *Voyez vous, mon cher!*

hurrah for the Tsar! for Russia, the faith! *Tout ça est bel et bon!* all that's very well and good! but what do we, I mean the Austrian Court, care for your victories! Only bring them your fine news about a victory won by the Archduke Karl, or Ferdinand — *un archiduc vaut l'autre* — one is as good as another, as you know well, a victory, even though it were only over a squad of Bonaparte's firemen, and that would be another thing, we should proclaim it with the thunder of cannon. But this, as a matter of course, can only vex us. The Archduke Karl is doing nothing, the Archduke Ferdinand covers himself with disgrace? You desert Vienna, you no longer defend it, as though you said, 'God is with us, may God be with you and your capital.' One general, whom we all loved, Schmidt, you allowed to be killed by a bullet, and you congratulate us on the victory! Confess that nothing could be imagined more exasperating than this news which you bring. *C'est comme un fait exprès, comme un fait exprès.* Moreover, even if you had won the most brilliant victory, even if the Archduke Karl should, what change would that make in the course of events? It's too late now, for Vienna has been occupied by the French army."

"What! occupied, Vienna occupied!"

"Not only occupied, but Bonaparte is at Schönbrunn, and the count, our dear friend, Count Vrbna, has gone there to him for orders."

Bolkonsky, after his fatigue and the impressions of his journey, and his reception, and especially since his dinner, felt that he did not grasp the full meaning of the words which he heard.

"This morning, Count Lichtenfels was here," continued Bilbin, "and showed me a letter containing a circumstantial account of the parade of the French in Vienna. *Le Prince Murat et tout le tremblement* — You can see that your victory is not such an immense delight, and you can hardly be regarded as our saviours."

"Truly, as far as I am concerned, it is a matter of indifference, absolute indifference," said Prince Andrei, beginning to comprehend that his tidings about the engagement at Krems was of really little importance compared with such an event as the occupation of the Austrian capital. "How came Vienna to be occupied? How about the bridge and that famous *tête de pont*, and Prince Auersperg? It was reported among us that Prince Auersperg was defending Vienna," said he.

"Prince Auersperg is on this side, on our side of the Danube, and will defend us, defend us very wretchedly, I think

but still, he will defend us. And Vienna is on the other side. No, the bridge is not taken yet, and I hope it will not be. It has been mined, and the order is to blow it up. If it were not for that, we should have been long ago in the mountains of Bohemia, and you and your army would have spent a wretched quarter of an hour between two fires."

"But still this does not mean that the campaign is at an end, does it?" asked Prince Andrei.

"Well, it's my impression that it is. And so think the big-wigs here, but they dare not say so. What I said at the beginning of the campaign will come true: that your skirmish near Dürenstein * will not settle the affair, nor gunpowder, in any case, but those who invented it," said Bilibin, repeating one of his *mots*, while he puckered his forehead and paused a moment. "The question simply depends on this: what is to be the outcome of the Berlin meeting of the Emperor with the Prussian king. If Prussia joins the alliance, *on forcera la main de l'Autriche* — Austria's hand is forced — and there will be war. But if not, then all they have to do is arrange for the preliminaries of a second Campo Formio."

"But what an extraordinary genius," suddenly cried Prince Andrei, doubling his small fist and pounding the table with it. "And what luck that man has!"

"Who? Buonaparte?" queried Bilibin, knitting his brow, and thereby signifying that he was going to get off a witticism. "Buonaparte," he repeated, laying a special emphasis on the u, "I certainly think that now when he is laying down the laws for Austria from Schoenbrunn, he must be spared that u — *il faut lui faire grâce de l'u*. I am firmly resolved to make the innovation, and I shall call him Bonaparte *tout court*."

"No, but joking aside," said Prince Andrei, "Is it possible that you think the campaign is finished?"

"This is what I think: Austria has been made a fool of and she is not used to that. And she will take her revenge. And she has been made a fool of because in the first place her provinces have been pillaged (it is said the Orthodox *est terrible pour le pillage*), her army is beaten, her capital is taken, and all this *pour les beaux yeux* of the King of Sardinia. And in the second place, *entre nous, mon cher*, I suspect that we are being duped, I suspect dealings with France, and a project of peace, a secret peace, separately concluded."

"That cannot be," said Prince Andrei, "That would be too base."

* "*Echauffourée de Durenstein.*"

"*Qui vivra, verra*, you will see," said Bilibin, scowling, this time in a way that signified that the conversation was at an end.

When Prince Andrei went to the chamber that had been prepared for him, and stretched himself between clean sheets on a soft down mattress, and on warm perfumed pillows, he began to feel that the battle, the report of which he had brought, was far, far away. The Prussian alliance, the treachery of Austria, Bonaparte's new triumph, the parade and levee, and his reception by the Emperor Franz the next day, filled his mind.

He closed his eyes, but instantly his ears were deafened by the cannonading, the musketry, the rumble of the carriage wheels, and now once more the musketeers came marching in scattered lines down the hillside, and the Frenchmen were firing, and he felt how his heart thrilled, and he galloped on ahead, with Schmidt at his side, and the bullets whistled merrily around him, and he experienced such a feeling of intensified delight in life as he had not felt since childhood. He awoke with a start.

"Yes, it was all so!" said he, smiling to himself, a happy, childlike smile, and he fell asleep with the sound sleep of youth.

CHAPTER XI.

HE awoke the next morning, late. Recalling the impressions of the previous day, he remembered, first of all, that he was to be presented that day to the Emperor Franz, he remembered the minister of war, the officiously polite Flügel-adjutant, Bilibin, and the conversation of the evening before.

Putting on his full-dress uniform, which he had not worn for a long time, to go to Court, he went down to Bilibin's study, with his hand bandaged, but fresh, full of spirits, and handsome. Four young gentlemen connected with the diplomatic corps were gathered in the study. Bolkonsky was already acquainted with Prince Ippolit Kuragin, one of the secretaries of the legation; Bilibin introduced him to the others.

The gentlemen at Bilibin's were gay, rich young men of fashion, who formed, both in Vienna and here in Brünn, an exclusive circle, which Bilibin, the leader of it, called "*ours*," *les nôtres*. This *coterie*, composed almost exclusively of diplomats, were occupied with the doings of society, their relations to certain women, and their duties as secretaries, so that the

interests of war and diplomacy were a sealed book to them. The gentlemen apparently took to Prince Andrei, and adopted him as one of themselves — an honor which they did not confer upon every one.

From politeness, and as a topic for beginning conversation, they asked him a few questions about the army and the battle, and then conversation quickly drifted into inconsequential but jovial sallies of wit and gossip.

"But this is specially good," said one, relating the misfortunes of a colleague. "Especially good, when the chancellor himself told him to his face that his transfer to London was a promotion, and that he was so to regard it. Can you imagine his looks at hearing that?"

"But what is worse than all, gentlemen, I must expose Kuragin: a man is in trouble, and this Don Juan, this terrible man, must needs take advantage of it!"

Prince Ippolit was stretched out in a Voltaire chair, with his legs thrown over the arm. He laughed, —

"Parlez-moi de ça — tell me about it," said he.

"O, you Don Juan!" "O, you snake!" said various voices.

"You don't know, Bolkonsky," said Bilibin, turning to Prince Andrei, "that all the atrocities committed by the French army (I almost said the Russian army) are nothing in comparison with what this man has been doing among the ladies!"

"*La femme est la compagne de l'homme* — woman is man's helpmeet," said Prince Ippolit sententiously, and, he began to stare through his lorgnette at his elevated feet.

Bilibin and "our fellows" roared, as they looked at Prince Ippolit. Prince Andrei saw that this young man of whom (it must be confessed) he had almost been jealous was the butt for this circle.

"I must give you a little sport with Kuragin," whispered Bilibin to Bolkonsky. "It's rich to hear him talk about politics! You must see what an important air he assumes."

He took a seat near Ippolit and wrinkling his brows portentously, began to draw him into a conversation on political affairs.

Prince Andrei and the others gathered around the two.

"The cabinet cannot express any thought of an alliance," began Ippolit, letting his eyes wander significantly from one to the other, "without expressing — as in its last note — *vous comprenez — vous comprenez* — and then if his majesty the Emperor does not go back on his principles, our alliance — *Attendez*, I have not finished," said he to Prince Andrei, seiz-

ing him by the arm, "I suppose that intervention will be stronger than non-intervention, and" — He was silent for a moment, — "the non-receipt of our despatch of the twenty-eighth of November cannot be charged as intentional. That will be the end of it."

And he let go of Bolkonsky's arm, signifying that now he was entirely done.

"Demosthenes I recognize thee by the pebble which thou hast concealed in this golden mouth," * said Bilibin, his cap of hair moving on his head with satisfaction.

All laughed. Ippolit laughed louder than the rest. He was evidently not at his ease and could not get his breath, but he was unable to refrain from the forced laugh that distorted his usually impassive face.

"Now then, gentlemen," said Bilibin, "Bolkonsky is a guest at my house here in Brünn, and I am anxious to treat him well and give him a taste of all of our pleasures here so far as possible. If we were in Vienna this would be easy, but here — in this beastly Moravian hole — *ce vilain trou morave*, it will be harder and I beg you all to lend me your aid. *Il faut lui faire les honneurs de Brunn*. You undertake the theatres; I will introduce him to society; you, Ippolit, of course, the ladies."

"I must show him Amélie, she's a beauty!" said one of the circle, kissing the ends of his fingers.

"All in all, this bloodthirsty soldier," said Bilibin, "must be brought to more humane views."

"It is doubtful if I can profit by your hospitality, gentlemen, for now it is time for me to go out," said Bolkonsky, looking at his watch.

"Where?"

"To the emperor."

"Oh! — oh! — oh!"

"Well, *au revoir*, Bolkonsky. Good-by prince; come back to dinner as early as you can," shouted several voices. "We will look out for you."

"Try to say as much as you can in praise of the commissariat and the roads, when you speak to the emperor," said Bilibin, as he accompanied Bolkonsky into the entry.

"I wish I could say flattering things, but I cannot," said Bolkonsky with a smile.

"Well, then, do just as much of the talking as you can. His passion is for audiences, but he does not like to talk, and he does not know how, as you will see for yourself."

* *Démosthènes, je te reconnais au caillou que tu as caché dans ta bouche d'or.*

CHAPTER XII.

At the levee, Prince Andrei, who stood in the place appointed among the Austrian officers, merely received a long fixed stare from the Emperor Franz, and a slight inclination of his long head. But after the levee, the Flügel-adjutant of the evening before, politely communicated to Bolkonsky the emperor's desire to give him an audience. The Emperor Franz received him standing in the middle of his room. Before beginning the conversation, Prince Andrei was struck by the evident confusion of the emperor, who reddened and did not know what to say.

"Tell me when the action began," he asked hurriedly.

Prince Andrei told him. This question was followed by others, no less simple: "Is Kutuzof well? How long ago did he leave Krems?" and so on. The emperor spoke as though his whole aim were to ask a certain number of questions. The answers to these questions, as he made only too evident, did not interest him.

"At what hour did the engagement begin?" asked the emperor.

"I cannot tell, your majesty, at what hour the fighting began on the front, but at Dürenstein, where I happened to be, the army made the first attack at six o'clock in the evening," said Bolkonsky eagerly, for he supposed that now he had a chance to enter into the carefully prepared and accurate description of all that he had seen and knew. But the emperor smiled and interrupted him, —

"How many miles is it?"

"From where and to where, your majesty?"

"From Dürenstein to Krems?"

"Three miles and a half, your majesty."

"Have the French abandoned the left bank?"

"According to the reports of our scouts, the last of them crossed that same night on rafts."

"Plenty of provender at Krems?"

"Provender was not furnished in that abundance which" —

But the emperor interrupted him: "At what hour was General Schmidt killed?"

"At seven o'clock, I should think."

"At seven o'clock! Very sad! very sad!"

Then the emperor thanked him and made him a bow. Prince Andrei left the audience chamber and was immediately

surrounded by courtiers coming from all sides. From all sides flattering glances rested on him and flattering words were heard around him. The Flügel-adjutant reproached him for not having put up at the palace and offered him the use of his rooms. The minister of war came and congratulated him on having received the order of Maria Theresa of the third degree, which the emperor had conferred upon him. The empress's chamberlain invited him to wait upon her majesty. The grand duchess also desired to see him. He did not know whom to answer first, and it took him several seconds to collect his wits. The Russian ambassador put his hand on his shoulder, drew him into a window, and began to talk with him.

In spite of Bilibin's prognostications, the news brought by Bolkonsky was joyfully hailed. A thanksgiving Te Deum was ordained, Kutuzof was decorated with the grand cross of Maria Theresa, and all the army was rewarded. Bolkonsky was overwhelmed with invitations, and was obliged to spend the whole morning in making calls upon the principal dignitaries of Austria.

Having finished his calls, about five o'clock in the afternoon Prince Andrei, mentally composing a letter to his father about the engagement and his visit to Brünn, returned to Bilibin's lodgings. At the door of the house occupied by Bilibin stood a britzska half full of luggage, and Franz, Bilibin's valet, was just coming out, laboriously dragging another trunk.

On his way back to Bilibin's, Prince Andrei had stepped into a bookstall, to lay in a store of books for his campaign, and had spent some time there.

"What does this mean?" asked Bolkonsky.

"Alas! your excellency!" said Franz, with difficulty tumbling the trunk into the britzska: "We're going farther off. The rascal is after us again." *

"But what is it? What does it mean?" demanded Prince Andrei. Bilibin came out to meet Bolkonsky. His usually tranquil face showed traces of excitement.

"Well, well, confess that it's delightful," said he, "this story of the Thabor bridge [the bridge at Vienna]. They crossed it without striking a blow." †

Prince Andrei still failed to understand. "Where have you been that you don't know what every coachman in the city has heard long since."

* *Ach! Erlaubt! Wir ziehen noch weiter. Der Bösewicht ist schon wieder hinter uns her.*

† *Non, non, avouez que c'est charmant que cette histoire du pont de Thabor. Ils l'ont passé sans coup férir.*

"I have just come from the grand duchess's. I heard nothing of it there."

"And haven't you noticed that everywhere they're packing up?"

"No, I haven't.—But what is the trouble?" asked Prince Andrei impatiently.

"What is the trouble? The trouble is that the French have crossed the bridge which Auersperg was defending, and the bridge was not blown up, so that Murat is now hastening down the road to Brünn, and they will be here to-day or to-morrow."

"Be here? But why was the bridge not blown up, when it was mined?"

"Well, that's what I ask you. No one, not even Bonaparte knows that."

Bolkonsky shrugged his shoulders. "But if the bridge is crossed, the army is destroyed; of course it will be cut off," said he.

"That's the joke of the thing," rejoined Bilibin. "Listen! The French enter Vienna, just as I told you. All very good. On the next day,—that is yesterday.—Messrs. Marshals Murat, Lannes and Belliard mount their horses and ride down to the bridge (notice, all three of them are Gascons). 'Gentlemen,' says one of them, 'you know that the Thabor bridge is mined and countermined and that in front of it is a terrible *tête de pont* and fifteen thousand men, who are commanded to blow up the bridge and not allow us to pass. But our master, the Emperor Napoleon, would be pleased if we took that bridge. Let us three go therefore and take that bridge.' 'Yes, let us go,' said the other, and they go to it and take it and cross it, and now they are on this side of the Danube with their whole army, and are in full march against us and against your communications."

"A truce to jesting," said Prince Andrei, becoming melancholy and serious. This news was sad, and at the same time pleasant to him. As soon as he knew that the Russian army was in such a hopeless situation, it occurred to him that he himself was the one called upon to rescue it from this situation,—that this was his Toulon, destined to lift him from the throng of insignificant officers and open to him the straight path of glory! Even while he was listening to Bililbin, he was picturing himself going back to the army, and there, in a council of war, proposing a plan which alone might save them, and that to him alone it was granted to accomplish this plan.

"A truce to jesting," said he.

"I am not jesting," insisted Bilibin, "Nothing is more veracious or more melancholy. These gentlemen ride upon the bridge without escort, displaying their white handkerchiefs; they assert that there is an armistice, and that they, the marshals, have come over to talk with Prince Auersperg. The officer on guard lets them into the *tête de pont*. They give him a thousand choice specimens of gasconade; they say that the war is ended, that the Emperor Franz has decided upon a conference with Bonaparte, that they wanted to see Prince Auersperg, and a thousand other trumpery lies. The officer sends for Auersperg; these gentlemen embrace the officers, jest, sit astride the cannon, and meantime a French battalion quietly crosses the bridge and flings the bags with the combustibles into the water and enters the *tête de pont*. At last the lieutenant-general, our dear Prince Auersperg von Mautern himself, appears on the scene. 'Our dear enemy! Flower of the Austrian army, hero of the Turkish wars! Our enmity is at an end, we can shake hands. The Emperor Napoleon is dying with anxiety to make the acquaintance of Prince Auersperg!'

"In one word, these gentlemen, who are not Gascons for nothing, so bejuggle Auersperg with fine words, he is so ravished by this rapidly instituted intimacy with the French marshals, so dazzled by the sight of Murat's mantle and ostrich feathers, that he doesn't see the point, and quite forgets that he himself ought to be pointing at the enemy."*

Notwithstanding the vehemence of his remarks, Bilibin did not fail to pause after this *mot*, so as to allow Bolkonsky time to appreciate it.

"The French battalions run on the bridge, spike the cannon, and capture the bridge! the bridge is theirs! But this is best of all," he went on to say, allowing the fascination of his narrative to keep his excitement within bounds, "this, — that the sergeant, who had charge of the cannon, the discharge of which was to explode the mines and blow up the bridge, this sergeant, I say, seeing the French soldiers running over the bridge, was just going to fire his gun, but Lannes pulled away his hand. The sergeant who was evidently more intelligent than his general, hastens to Auersperg and says: 'Prince, you are imposed upon, the French are here!'

"Murat sees that their game is played if the sergeant is allowed to speak further. With pretended surprise (true Gascon

* *Qu'il n'y voit que du feu, et oublie celui qu'il devait faire faire sur l'ennemi."*

that he is) he turns to Auersperg, 'I don't see in this anything of your world-renowned Austrian discipline,' says he. 'Do you allow a man of inferior rank to speak to you so?' It was a stroke of genius. Prince Auersperg prides himself on punctilio and has the sergeant put under arrest. But you must confess that all this story of the Thabor bridge is perfectly delightful. It was neither stupidity nor cowardice."*

"*C'est trahison peut-être* — Perhaps it is treason, though," said Prince Andrei, his imagination vividly bringing up before him the gray capotes, the wounds, the gunpowder smoke, the sounds of battle, and the glory which was awaiting him.

"Not at all. This puts the Court in the most stupid position," continued Bilibin, "it is neither treason nor cowardice, nor stupidity, it's just the same as at Ulm." He paused, as though trying to find a suitable expression: "*C'est — c'est du Mack. Nous sommes Mackés* — we are Macked!" he said, at last satisfied that he had coined *un mot*, and a brilliant *mot*, such an one as would be repeated. The wrinkles that had been deeply gathering on his forehead quickly smoothed themselves out, in token of his contentment, and with a slight smile on his lips, he began to contemplate his finger nails.

"Where are you going?" he asked, suddenly turning to Prince Andrei, who had got up and was starting for his chamber.

"I'm off."

"Where?"

"To the army!"

"But you intended to stop two days longer, didn't you?"

"Yes, but now I'm going immediately." And Prince Andrei, having given his orders for the carriage, went to his room.

"Do you know, my dear fellow?" said Bilibin, coming into his room, "do you know, I have been thinking about you. — Why are you going?" And in testimony of the irrefragibility of his argument against it, all the wrinkles vanished from his face.

Prince Andrei looked inquiringly at his friend, and made no reply.

"Why are you going? — I know; you think that it is your duty to hurry back to the army, now, when it is in danger. I understand it, *mon cher*; *c'est de l'héroïsme*."

"Not at all," said Prince Andrei."

* *C'est génial. Le prince d'Auersperg se pique d'honneur et fait mettre le sergent aux arrêts. Non, mais avouez vous que c'est charmant toute cette histoire du pont de Thabor. C'est ni bêtise, ni lâcheté.*

"But you are *un philosophe* ; be one absolutely ; look at things from the other side, and you will see that your duty, on the contrary, is to preserve yourself. Leave this to others who are not fit for anything else. You have had no orders to return, and you won't be allowed to go from here, so of course you can stay, and go with us wherever our unhappy lot carries us. They say we are going to Olmütz. And Olmütz is a very nice little city. And you and I can make the journey very comfortably in my calash."

"Cease your jesting, Bilibin," said Bolkonsky.

"I am speaking to you sincerely, and as your friend. Judge for yourself. Where, and for what purpose, are you going now, when you can remain here ? One of two things will happen to you (here he managed to gather a fold of wrinkles under his left temple) : either peace will be concluded before you reach the army, or else defeat and disgrace await you with the rest of Kutuzof's army." And Bilibin smoothed the skin again, feeling that the dilemma was unavoidable.

"Of that I am not in a position to judge," said Prince Andrei, coldly ; but he thought in his own mind, "I am going to save the army."

"*Mon cher, vous êtes un héros !*" said Bilibin.

CHAPTER XIII.

THAT same night, having taken his leave of the minister of war, Bolkonsky set out for the army, though he did not himself know where he should find it, and had some apprehensions lest on the road to Krems he should be captured by the French.

At Brünn, all the Court were engaged in packing, and the heavy luggage had already been despatched to Olmütz.

Near Etzelsdorf, Prince Andrei struck the highway over which the Russian army was moving in the greatest haste and the greatest disorder. The road was so encumbered with teams, that it was impossible for a carriage to make its way along. Having secured from the head of the Cossack division a horse and Cossack, Prince Andrei, hungry and tired, managed to get past the teams, and at last drove on in search of the commander-in-chief, and his own train. The most ominous reports of the condition of the army had reached him on his way, and these reports were more than confirmed by the sight of the army hurrying on in disorder.

"This Russian army, which English gold has brought together from the ends of the universe, we shall make it suffer the same fate (the fate of Ulm)." *

Bolkonsky remembered these words from Bonaparte's general orders to his army at the beginning of the campaign, and these words inspired in him an admiration for the genius of his hero, together with a sense of wounded pride and a hope of glory.

"But suppose nothing be left me but to die?" he said to himself. "Well then, be it so, if it is necessary. I shall not die more shamefully than others."

Prince Andrei looked contemptuously at the endless confusion of detachments, baggage wagons, field-pieces and gun carriages, and again, baggage wagons, baggage wagons, baggage wagons, of every possible description, trying to outstrip each other, and getting in each other's way, as they toiled along over the muddy road, three and four abreast. In all directions, in front as well as behind, wherever the ear listened, were heard the creaking of wheels, the rumble of vehicles, carts and gun carriages, the trampling of horses' feet, the cracking of whips, the shouts of drivers, the cursing of soldiers, *denshchiks* and officers.

Along the borders of the highway were everywhere seen the carcasses of horses that had fallen, and been left, either flayed or not flayed, as the case might be; then broken-down wagons, by which solitary soldiers sat waiting for something; then, again, he saw little detachments of troops straying from the main column and hastening to scattered villages, or coming back from them, with hens, sheep, hay, or bags filled with various objects.

On the slopes and rises, the groups crowded together still more densely, and an uninterrupted tumult of noises arose. Soldiers plodding through mud up to their knees helped to drag by main force, the field-pieces and wagons. Whips cracked, hoofs slipped, traces strained, and throats were split with shouting. The officers, who directed the retreat, galloped back and forth among the wagons. Their voices were hardly distinguishable above the general uproar, and it could be seen by their faces that they were in despair at the possibility of reducing this chaos into order.

"*Voilà le cher Orthodox army,*" said Bolkonsky to himself, quoting Bilibin's words.

* "*Cette armée russe que l'or de l'Angleterre a transporté des extrêmes de l'univers, nous allons faire éprouver le même sort.*"

Wishing to inquire of some of these men where the commander-in-chief was to be found, he galloped up to the train. Directly opposite to him was an odd equipage, a sort of cross between a cart, a cabriolet, and a calash, drawn by one horse, and evidently constructed out of some soldier's domestic belongings. This vehicle was driven by a soldier, and under the leather cover, behind the apron, sat a woman all wrapped up in shawls.

Prince Andrei rode up and was just going to question the soldier, when his attention was attracted by the despairing shrieks of the woman sitting in the vehicle. An officer, who had charge of the train, had set to beating her driver because he attempted to pass ahead of the others, and the blows of the whip fell on the apron. The woman was screaming desperately. Seeing Prince Andrei, she thrust her head out from under the hood, and waving her thin arms, freed from the shawls, she cried,—

“Adjutant! Mr. Adjutant! for God's sake, protect me! What is going to happen? I am the doctor's wife, of the Seventh Jägers. They won't let us pass, we are left behind, and have lost our friends.”

“I will knock you flatter than a pancake! turn back!” cried the officer, angrily, to the soldier, “back with you, and take your jade!”

“Mr. Adjutant, help me! What can I do?” cried the doctor's wife.

“Please let this team pass. Don't you see that it is a woman?” said Prince Andrei, riding up to the officer.

The officer glanced at him, and without saying a word, turned to the soldier again. “I'll teach you. Back!”

“Let them pass, I tell you,” repeated Prince Andrei, compressing his lips.

“Who are you, anyway?” suddenly cried the officer, turning to Prince Andrei, in a drunken fury. “Who are you? (he addressed him insolently, with a special emphasis on the pronoun.) Are you commander here? I'm the commander here, and not you! Back with you, I'll knock you flatter'n a pancake.” This expression had evidently pleased the officer.

“He gave the little adjutant a capital rating,” said a voice behind.

Prince Andrei saw that the officer had got into one of those paroxysms of drunken fury in which a man is not responsible for what he says. He saw that his interference in the troubles of the doctor's wife was attended with what he feared more than aught else in the world, — being made ridiculous, but in-

stinct immediately came to his aid. The officer had not time to finish what he was saying, before Prince Andrei, his face distorted by rage, rode up to him and threw up his whip: "Have the goodness to let them pass!"

The officer made an angry gesture and hastily rode off. "It all comes from them, from these staff officers, all this disorder does," he muttered. "Do as you please."

Prince Andrei hastily rode away, without looking up or heeding the thanks of the doctor's wife, who called him her preserver, and, recalling with disgust the particulars of this humiliating scene, he galloped toward the village where he had been told that the commander-in-chief was to be found.

When he reached this village, he dismounted and started for the first house, intending to rest, if only for a minute, and get something to eat and try to banish all the humiliating thoughts that tortured him. "This is a troop of footpads and not an army," he was saying to himself, when, just as he happened to look up at the window of the first house, a well-known voice called him by name.

He looked up and saw Nesvitsky's handsome face thrust out of the little window. Nesvitsky, vigorously chewing something in his moist mouth, was waving his hand and calling him to come in.

"Bolkonsky! Bolkonsky! Don't you hear me? Come quick!" he cried.

Entering the house, Prince Andrei found Nesvitsky and another adjutant having some lunch. They turned eagerly to Bolkonsky, with the question whether he had brought anything new? Prince Andrei read in their familiar faces an expression of alarm and uneasiness. This expression was especially noticeable on Nesvitsky's usually jolly face.

"Where is the commander-in-chief?" asked Bolkonsky.

"Here, in this very house," replied the adjutant.

"Tell us, is it true there is peace and a capitulation?" demanded Nesvitsky.

"I should have to ask you that! I know nothing, except that I had great trouble in finding you."

"And what sort of a plight do you find us in! It's horrible, my dear fellow; I plead guilty for having laughed at Mack, but here we are in a far worse position, brother," said Nesvitsky. "But sit down, and have something to eat."

"Now, prince, you won't find your luggage, or anything, and only God knows where your man, Piotr, is," said the other adjutant.

"Where's the headquarters?"

"We are to spend the night at Znaim."

"And I had everything that I needed packed on two horses," said Nesvitsky, "and they made me some splendid pack-saddles. Even though we should have to worry through the mountains of Bohemia. It's a bad state of things, brother. What's the matter? Aren't you well, you shake so?" asked Nesvitsky, noticing that a sudden tremor ran over Prince Andrei, as though from the discharge of a Leyden jar.

"Nothing is the matter," replied Prince Andrei. He happened at that instant to remember his recent encounter with the doctor's wife and the officer of the baggage train.

"What's the commander-in-chief doing here?" he went on to ask. "I haven't the least idea," replied Nesvitsky.

"All I know is that it is all a nasty, nasty, nasty business," said Prince Andrei, and he started for the house where the commander-in-chief was.

Passing by Kutuzof's carriage, the jaded saddle-horses of his suite, and the vociferating Cossacks, he went into the cottage. Kutuzof himself, as Prince Andrei had been told, was in the cottage with Prince Bagration and Weirother. Weirother was the Austrian general who had succeeded to the place of the Schmidt who had been killed.

In the entry, the little Kozlovsky was squatting on his heels before a clerk. The clerk, with his cuffs rolled up, was hastily writing, with a tub turned over for a desk. Kozlovsky's face looked pinched and wan; he had evidently not slept the night before. He glanced up as Prince Andrei came in, but he did not even nod to him.

"Second line. Have you written it?" said he, proceeding with what he was dictating to the clerk: "The Kief grenadiers, the Podolian"—

"Don't go so fast, your honor,"* said the clerk in a disrespectful and surly manner, looking up at Kozlovsky.

Kutuzof's animated and impatient voice was at this moment heard in the room beyond, answered by another which Prince Andrei did not recognize. By the sound of these two voices, by the preoccupied way in which Kozlovsky glanced up at him, by the surly disrespect shown by the clerk, by the fact that the clerk and Kozlovsky were sitting on the floor by a tub, and so handy to the commander-in-chief, and finally, because the Cossacks holding the saddle-horses were laughing so noisily in front of the windows,—by all of this, Prince Andrei was

* *Vashe vuisokoblagoródie: high-well-born, Hochwohlgeboren.*

impressed with the idea that something grave and disagreeable must have occurred.

Prince Andrei, with urgency, turned to Kozlovsky with questions.

"In a moment, prince," said Kozlovsky, "These are the dispositions for Bagration."

"But the capitulation?"

"There's no such thing. Preparations are making for a battle."

Prince Andrei started for the room where he heard the talking. But just as he was going to open the door, the voices in the room became silent, the door was flung open, and Kutuzof, with his eagle nose and puffy face, appeared on the threshold. Prince Andrei stood directly in front of him; but from the expression of the commander-in-chief's one available eye it could be seen that he was so absolutely absorbed by his work and idea that he did not see anything at all. He looked straight into his aide's face and yet did not recognize him.

"How now! Finished?" he inquired of Kozlovsky.

"In one second, excellency."

Bagration, a short, slender man, still in the prime of life, and with a firm and impassive face of the oriental type, followed the commander-in-chief.

"I have the honor of presenting myself," said Prince Andrei, in a pretty loud tone, and at the same time extending an envelope.

"Ah? From Vienna? Good! Wait a little, wait a little!"

Kutuzof and Bagration went out on the step.

"Well, prince, good-by," said he to Bagration! "Christ be with you! I give you my best wishes for the great emprise."

Kutuzof's face unexpectedly softened, and the tears came into his eyes. With his left hand he drew Bagration to him, and with his right, on which flashed a ring, he made the sign of the cross over him in a manner peculiar to himself, and offered him his puffy cheek to kiss, instead of which Bagration kissed him on the neck.

"Christ be with you," repeated Kutuzof, and got into the calash. "Come with me," said he to Bolkonsky.

"Your high excellency, I should like to be employed in this movement. Let me stay in Prince Bagration's division."

"Come with me," again said Kutuzof, and noticing that Bolkonsky hesitated, he added: "I myself need good officers, I need them myself."

They took their seats in the calash and drove in silence for some minutes.

"There is still much, very much before us," said he, with an old man's keenness of perception, as though he clearly read all that was passing in Bolkonsky's mind. "If a tenth part of his division returns to-morrow, I shall thank God," added Kutuzof, as though talking to himself.

Prince Andrei looked at Kutuzof, and his eyes were involuntarily attracted by the deep scar on Kutuzof's temple, where the Turkish bullet had crashed through his head at Izmailo, and his extravasated eye.

"Yes, he has a right to speak thus calmly of the destruction of these men," thought Prince Bolkonsky. "That was the very reason why I ask you to let me go with that division," said he aloud.

Kutuzof made no reply. It seemed as though he had already forgotten what he had just said, and he sat absorbed in thought. Five minutes later, Kutuzof comfortably rocking on the easy springs of the calash, turned to Prince Andrei. His face showed not a sign of emotion. With gentle irony he began to ask Prince Andrei after the details of his interview with the emperor, the court gossip concerning the Krems engagement, and concerning certain women with whom both of them were acquainted.

CHAPTER XIV.

KUTUZOF had learned on the thirteenth of November, through one of his scouts, that the army under his command was in an almost helpless position. The scout had brought word that the French, in overwhelming numbers, had crossed the bridge at Vienna and were marching to cut off the communication between Kutuzof and the reinforcements coming to him from Russia.

If Kutuzof decided to remain at Krems, then Napoleon's army of one hundred and fifty thousand men would cut him off from all his communications, would outflank his exhausted army of forty thousand, and then he would be in the same position as Mack at Ulm.

If Kutuzof decided to abandon the road leading to his point of communication with his reinforcements, then he would be obliged to penetrate into the unknown and pathless region of the Bohemian mountains, defending his rear from the constant attacks of the enemy on his trail, and giving up all hope of effecting a junction with Buxhövdén.

If Kutuzof determined to take the highway from Krems to Olmütz, so as to meet the reinforcement from Russia, then he ran the risk of being anticipated on this route by the French, who had crossed the Danube at Vienna and would be likely to force him to fight in the middle of the march, burdened with all the luggage and heavy baggage, and to deal with an enemy double his own number, and surrounding him on every side. Kutuzof had decided on this last alternative.

The French, according to the report of the scout, had crossed the bridge at Vienna, and were in full march upon Znaim which lay in the line of Kutuzof's projected retreat, more than a hundred versts — about sixty miles — ahead of him. If they could reach Znaim before the French, they were in a fair hope of saving the army; but if the French were given a chance of getting to Znaim first, it meant the disgrace of a surrender, like that at Ulm, or else the general destruction of the army. It was certainly impossible to anticipate the French with all the troops. The road which the French would traverse from Vienna to Znaim was both shorter and better than the road which the Russians had from Krems to Znaim.

On the night after receiving this information, Kutuzof sent four thousand men of Bagration's vanguard over the mountains to occupy the road from Vienna to Znaim. Bagration was ordered to make this short cut without pausing to rest; he was to face Vienna and turn his back on Znaim, and if he succeeded in anticipating the French he was to do his best to hold them in check. Kutuzof himself, with all the baggage, would hasten on toward Znaim.

Bagration, crossing the mountains marching without a road, forty-five versts on a stormy night, losing a third part of his forces in stragglers, came out with his famished, shoeless men at Hollabrunn, on the road from Vienna to Znaim, a few hours before the French reached it from Vienna. It was necessary for Kutuzof to travel a whole day and night with his baggage wagons before reaching Znaim, and, therefore, in order to save the army, Bagration, with only four thousand soldiers, hungry and tired out, was obliged to engage the entire force of the enemy during the course of the twenty-four hours: this was manifestly impossible.

But a strange chance made the impossible possible.

Having been successful in the piece of finesse which had given the French the bridge at Vienna without a blow, Murat thought that it would be fine to try a similar deception on Kutuzof. Meeting Bagration's feeble contingent on the road

to Znaim, he supposed that it was Kutuzof's whole army. In order that there might be no question of his crushing this army, he determined to wait the arrival of all the forces that had started out from Vienna, and with this end in view, he proposed an armistice for three days, with the condition that both armies should not change their positions, or move from their places.

Murat asserted that negotiations for peace were already in progress, and that, therefore, in order to avoid the useless shedding of blood, he had proposed the armistice. The Austrian general, Count Nostitz, who was posted in the van, credited the words of Murat's emissary, and retired, exposing Bagration. Another emissary came to the Russian line to make the same assurances about negotiations of peace, and to propose three days' armistice. Bagration answered that he was not authorized either to refuse or accept an armistice, and he sent his adjutant back to Kutuzof, to carry the proposition that had been made to him.

The armistice was, for Kutuzof, the only means of gaining time, of giving Bagration's toil-worn division a chance to rest, and of sending the baggage wagons and other things (the movements of which were concealed from the French), by a roundabout way to Znaim. The proposal for an armistice offered the only possibility, and one most unexpected, of saving the army.

On the receipt of this news, Kutuzof promptly sent his adjutant-general, Winzengerode, who happened to be present, over to the hostile camp. Winzengerode was not only to accept the armistice, but also even to propose terms of capitulation, while, in the meantime, Kutuzof sent his aides back to expedite the movements of the baggage train of the whole army along the road from Krems to Znaim. The weary, famished contingent under Bagration was to cover this operation of the baggage train and of the whole army, and to maintain a firm front against an enemy eight times as strong.

Kutuzof saw that by discussing terms of capitulation, which did not bind him to anything, time would be gained for sending around at least a portion of the heavy baggage, but he also saw that Murat's blunder would be quickly detected. Both of these anticipations were realized.

As soon as Bonaparte, who was at Schönbrunn, twenty-five versts from Hollabrunn, read Murat's report and his scheme for an armistice and capitulation, he saw through the hoax, and wrote the following letter to him, —

SCHOENBRUNN, Nov. 16, 1805, 8 o'clock, A. M.

TO PRINCE MURAT: I cannot find words to express my displeasure. You merely command my van, and have no right to conclude an armistice without orders from me. You are making me lose the advantage of a campaign. End the armistice instantly, and march on the enemy. Explain to him that the general who signed this capitulation, had no right to do so, — that only the Emperor of Russia has this right.

However, if the Russian emperor should ratify the proposed agreement, I also would ratify it. But it is only a trick. March! Destroy the Russian army! You are in a position to capture their baggage and artillery.

The Russian emperor's adjutant-general is a —. Officers are of no account when they are not endowed with any powers: this one had none. The Austrians let themselves be duped about the crossing of the Vienna bridge; you have allowed yourself to be duped by the Russians.

NAPOLEON.*

Bonaparte's aid galloped off at headlong speed, to carry this angry letter to Murat. Bonaparte himself, not feeling confidence in his generals, moved toward the field of battle with all his guards, fearing lest he should be cheated of his prey, and the four thousand men under Bagration, gayly building bivouac fires, dried and warmed themselves, and for the first time in three days cooked their kasha-gruel, and not one of the detachment knew or dreamed of what was threatening them.

CHAPTER XV.

IT was four o'clock in the afternoon, when Prince Andrei, having through his urgency been granted his request by Kutuzof, reached Gründ, and reported to Bagration. Bonaparte's aide had not yet reached Murat's division, and the battle had not begun. Nothing was known in Bagration's detachment about the general course of events: they talked about a peace, but did not believe in its possibility. They talked also about

* SCHOENBRÜNN, 25 Brumaire, en 1805, à huit heure du matin.

AU PRINCE MURAT: — *Il m'est impossible de trouver des termes pour vous exprimer mon mécontentement. Vous ne commandez que mon avant-garde, et vous n'avez pas le droit de faire d'armistice sans mon ordre. Vous me faites perdre le fruit d'une campagne. Rompez l'armistice sur le champ, et marchez sur ennemi. Vous lui ferez déclarer que le général qui a signé cette capitulation, n'avait pas le droit de le faire, qu'il n'y a que l'empereur de Russie qui ait ce droit.*

Toutes les fois cependant que l'Empereur de Russie ratefierait la dite convention, je la ratefierai; mais ce n'est qu'une ruse. Marchez, détruisez l'armée russe. Vous êtes en position de prendre son bagage et son artillerie.

L'aide de camp de l'Empereur de Russie est un —: les officiers ne sont rien quand ils n'ont pas de pouvoirs: celui-ci n'en avait point. Les Autrichiens se sont laissé jouer pour le passage du pont de Vienne, vous-vous laissez jouer par un aide-de-camp de l'empereur.

NAPOLEON.

an engagement, but neither did they believe in the imminence of any engagement. Bagration, knowing that Bolkonsky was the commander-in-chief's favorite and trusted adjutant, received him with all the marks of respect and condescension possible to a commander, assured him that either that day or the next an engagement would probably take place, and granted him free choice to be present with him during the battle, or to remain in the rear and superintend the retreat, "which," he said, "would be a very important position."

"However, it is most likely that nothing will be done to-day," said Prince Bagration, as if to relieve Prince Andrei's anxieties.

At the same time, he thought: "If this is only one of the ordinary jack-a-dandies of the staff, sent out to win a cross, he will get it just as well by staying in the rear, but if he desires to be with me, let him; he will be useful if he is a brave officer."

Prince Andrei gave no decided answer, but asked the prince's permission to reconnoitre the position and learn the disposition of the forces, so that in case of necessity he might know where he was. An officer on duty, a handsome man, faultlessly attired and with a diamond ring on his index finger, who spoke French badly but fluently, offered to be Prince Andrei's guide.

On all sides were to be seen wet and melancholy-looking officers, apparently searching for something, and soldiers lugging from the village doors, benches and fences.

"Here, prince, we cannot get rid of such men as these," said the staff officer, pointing to the soldiers. "The officers let them leave their places. And here again!" the officer, pointed to a sutler's tent pitched near them. "they gather around and loaf and loaf. This morning I drove them all out, and look! it's all full again. I must go and disperse them. One minute!"

"Let us go and I will get some cheese and a loaf of bread of him," said Prince Andrei, who had not yet had anything to eat.

"Why didn't you tell me, prince? I should have been delighted to have shared my bread and salt with you."

They dismounted and went into the sutler's tent, where a few men and a number of officers with flushed and weary faces were sitting around a table, eating and drinking.

"Now what does this mean, gentlemen," said the staff officer in a tone of vexation, like a man who has been iterating the

same thing again and again, "You know it is forbidden to absent yourselves from your posts in this way. The prince has forbidden any such thing.—And here you are, Mr. Captain!" said he turning to a little lean, dirty artillery officer, who without boots (he had given them to the sutler to dry) in his stocking feet, stood up as the others entered, and greeted them with a not altogether natural smile. "Well, aren't you ashamed of yourself, Captain Tushin," continued the staff officer, "one would think that as an officer you would set a good example, and here you are with your boots off! If an alarm were sounded you would make a fine show without boots!" The staff officer smiled satirically. "Please go to your places, gentlemen, all, all of you," he added, in a tone of command.

Prince Andrei could not help smiling, as he looked at Captain Tushin who, silent and smiling, stood first on one bare foot and then on the other, and looked inquiringly with his large, intelligent, and good-natured eyes, from Prince Andrei to the officer of the day.

"The soldiers say: 'it's easier to go barefooted,'" said Captain Tushin, timid and still smiling, evidently anxious to escape from his awkward predicament by assuming a jesting tone: but he did not say anything further, as though he felt that his joke was not appreciated and was not a success. He grew confused.

"Please go to your places," repeated the staff officer, trying to preserve his gravity.

Prince Andrei once more glanced at the diminutive form of the artillery officer. There was something about it peculiar, utterly unmilitary and rather comical, but still extraordinarily attractive.

The officer of the day and Prince Andrei remounted their horses and rode on.

Having passed beyond the village, constantly overtaking or meeting soldiers and officers of different divisions, they came in sight of the new entrenchments at their left, made of reddish clay freshly dug up. Several battalions of soldiers in their shirt sleeves, in spite of the cold wind, and looking like white ants, were busy digging at these fortifications. Behind the breastworks, shovelfuls of red clay were constantly tossed up by men hidden from sight. They rode up to the earthworks, examined them, and riding on, mounted the opposite slope. From the top of it, they could see the French. Prince Andrei reined in his horse and began to look around.

"There's where our battery is stationed," said the staff officer, indicating the highest point. — "under command of that droll fellow whom we saw without his boots. From the top there, you can get a bird's-eye view of everything: let us go to it, prince."

"I thank you cordially, but now I can make my way alone," said Prince Andrei, wishing to get rid of the staff officer. "Do not trouble yourself, I beg of you."

The staff officer turned back, and Prince Andrei rode on alone.

The farther toward the front he rode, and the nearer to the enemy he came, the more orderly and admirably disposed seemed to be the army. The greatest disorder and despondency were in that division of the baggage train before Znam which Prince Andrei had overtaken that morning and which was at least ten versts from the French. In Grund also there was a certain atmosphere of apprehension and fear of something.

But the nearer Prince Andrei came to the French outposts, the more satisfactory seemed to be the condition of the Russian forces. The soldiers in their capotes stood drawn up in line and a sergeant and a captain were counting the men, laying a finger on the breast of the last soldier of each division and directing him to lift his hand. Others, scattered over the whole space, were dragging sticks and brushwood and constructing rude huts, while they gayly laughed and chatted; around the bivouac fires some dressed and others stripped, were drying their shirts and leg-wrappers, mending their boots and capotes, crowding around the kettles and kasha boilers. In one company, dinner was ready and the soldiers with eager faces gazed at the steaming kettle and waited while the *Kaptenarmus* or sergeant carried a wooden cupful to be tasted by the officer who was sitting on a log in front of his hut.

In another company, more fortunate, since not all were provided with vodka, the soldiers stood in a throng around a pock-marked broad-shouldered sergeant, who, tilting the keg, filled in turn the covers of the cans which eager hands extended toward him. The soldiers with reverent faces, lifted the can-covers to their lips, drained them and rinsing the vodka in their mouths and wiping them on their coat sleeves, went off with contented faces. All the faces were as free from care as though the enemy were miles away, and there were no probability of a battle in which at least half their division might be left on the field, — as though indeed they were somewhere in their native land anticipating undisturbed repose.

Having ridden past the regiment of jägers, Prince Andrei reached the Kief grenadiers, gallant young fellows, occupied all with the same peaceful pursuits; but not far from the regimental commander's hut, distinguished only by its height from the others, he saw a platoon of the grenadiers, in front of whom lay a man, stripped. Two soldiers held him down, and two, flourishing supple rods, were giving him measured strokes on his naked back.

The man who was undergoing the punishment screamed unnaturally. A stout major walked up and down in front of the line, and without heeding the man's shrieks, kept saying,—

"It's scandalous for a soldier to steal; a soldier ought to be honest, noble, and brave, and if he steals from his comrade, he has no honor in him; he's a mean fellow. More! more!"

And still resounded the swishing of the rods and the despairing but pretendedly piteous cries. "More! more!" repeated the major. A young officer, who was just turning away from the scene of the punishment with a mixed expression of incredulity and compassion, looked up questioningly at the adjutant, as he rode by.

Prince Andrei, penetrating to the extreme front, rode along by the outposts. The Russian pickets and those of the French were separated by a considerable distance at each flank, but at the centre, on that space where the emissaries had crossed in the morning, the lines were so close that they could see each other's faces, and exchange remarks. Besides the soldiers, who were stationed as pickets in this place, there stood on both sides many sightseers, who, laughing and jesting, stared at the hostile troops as though they were strange and foreign curiosities.

Ever since early morning, notwithstanding the orders to stay away, the officers had been unable to rid themselves of these inquisitive individuals. The soldiers, standing in the lines, like men who had come out to see something rare, no longer paid any attention to the French, but made observations on the new-comers, or, bored to death, waited to be relieved. Prince Andrei reined in his horse to reconnoitre the French.

"Look you, look!" said one soldier to his comrade, pointing to a musketeer, who, in company with an officer, had gone up to the line of sentries, and was talking earnestly and hotly with a French grenadier. "See, how glib he jabbers! The Frenchman * can't begin to keep up with him. That beats you, Sidorof!"

* *Khrantsus* instead of *Frantsus*, a Frenchman.

"Wait! listen. He's clever!" replied Sidorof, who considered himself a master in the art of speaking French.

The soldier whom the jesters were remarking was Dolokhof. Prince Andrei recognized him, and listened to what he was saying. Dolokhof, with his captain, had gone up to the sentry on the left flank, where their regiment was stationed.

"There, once more, once more," urged the captain, leaning forward and trying not to miss a word, albeit it was perfectly unintelligible to him! "Please make haste! What does he say?"

Dolokhof did not answer his captain; he had got drawn into a heated discussion with the French grenadier. Naturally, they were talking about the campaign. The Frenchman, confusing the Austrians with the Russians, contended that it was the Russians who had surrendered and run away from Ulm. Dolokhof contended that the Russians had not surrendered but had beaten the French. "And here, if they tell us to clear you out, we will do it," said Dolokhof.

"You look out that we don't take you and all your Cossacks with us," retorted the Frenchman.

The spectators and the Frenchmen, who were listening, laughed.

"We'll teach you to dance Russian fashion, as we did in the time of Suvarof," said Dolokhof.

"What's that tune he's giving us?" asked another Frenchman.

"Ancient history," said another, perceiving that the reference was to some past war. "The emperor will teach your *Souvara*, the same as he has taught others."*

"Bonaparte," began Dolokhof, but the Frenchman interrupted him,—

"We have no Bonaparte. We have the emperor! *Sacré nom!*" cried the other excitedly.

"The devil skin your emperor!"

And Dolokhof began to pour out a string of oaths, in Russian, soldier fashion, and shouldering his musket, walked off.

"Let us be going, Ivan Lukitch," said he to his captain.

"He's stopped talking French," cried the soldiers in the line, "Now it's your turn, Sidorof!"

Sidorof winked, and addressing the Frenchmen, began to jabber a perfect stream of meaningless words:— "*Kari, mala,*

* "*Qu'est-ce qu'il chante?*" "*De l'histoire ancienne. L'empereur va lui faire voir à votre Souvara, comme aux autres.*"

tafa, safi, muter, kaská," he jabbered, trying to give great expression to the inflexions of his voice.

"Ho! ho! ho! ha! ha! ha! ukh! ukh!" rang among the soldiers with such a hearty and jovial laughter, that the Frenchmen across the line were irresistibly infected, and one would have thought, after this, that all that was necessary was for them all to fire off their muskets, explode their cartridges, and scatter to their homes as soon as possible; but the guns remained loaded, the barbicans in the huts and earthworks looked out just as threateningly as ever, and the unlimbered cannon remained as before, pointing at each other.

CHAPTER XVI.

AFTER riding along the entire line, from the right flank to the left, Prince Andrei made his way to the battery, from which, according to the staff officer, the whole field was visible. Here he dismounted and leaned against the last one of four unlimbered field-pieces.

A sentry, who was pacing up and down in front of the guns, started to give Prince Andrei the military salute, but at a sign from the officer, desisted, and once more began his monotonous, tedious march.

Behind the guns were the gun carriages; still farther back, the horses were picketed, and the bivouac fires of the gunners were burning. At the left, at a little distance from the outermost gun, was a new, wattled hut, in which could be heard the lively voices of officers, talking together.

It was true: from the battery a view was disclosed of almost all the disposition of the Russian forces, and of a large part of the enemy's. Directly in front of the battery, on the slope of another hill, lay the village of Schöngraben. Farther, both to the left and to the right, could be distinguished in three places, through the smoke of their bivouac fires, the masses of the French troops, the greater part of which were evidently stationed in the village itself, and behind the hill.

At the left of the village, in the smoke, something that resembled a battery could be made out, but by the naked eye, it was impossible to distinguish it clearly. The Russian right flank was distributed along a rather steep elevation, which commanded the position of the French. Here were stationed the Russian infantry, and at the very end could be seen the dragoons.

In the centre, where Tushin's battery was posted, and where Prince Andrei was studying the lay of the land, there was a very steep and direct descent and approach to a brook separating the Russians from Schöngraben.

At the left of the Russian position, the infantry were engaged in cutting wood in the forest, and there also arose the smoke of their bivouac fires.

The French lines were much more extended than ours, and it was plain that the French could outflank us easily, on both sides. Back of our position was a steep and deep ravine, along which it would be difficult for artillery or cavalry to retreat.

Prince Andrei, leaning on the cannon, took out a notebook and drew a plan of the disposition of the armies. At two places he indicated with a pencil certain observations to which he should draw Bagration's attention. In the first place, it was his idea that the artillery should be concentrated in the centre, and in the second place, to transfer all the cavalry to the other side of the ravine.

Prince Andrei, having been constantly thrown with the commander-in-chief, and occupied with the movements of masses and general arrangements, and having diligently studied descriptions of historical engagements, found himself involuntarily trying to forecast the course of the action, but only in its general features. He imagined that the engagement would probably occur somewhat as follows:—

"If the enemy attack the right flank," said he to himself, "The Kief grenadiers and the Podolian jägers will be obliged to hold their position until the reserves from the centre are sent to their aid. In this case, the dragoons may attack the flank and cut them to pieces. In case the attack is made on the centre, we must place on this elevation our central battery, and under its protection we can draw back the left flank, and let them retreat down the ravine *en echelon*."

Thus he reflected.

All the time that he was in the battery by the cannon, he had constantly heard the voices of the officers, talking in the hut, but, as often happens, he had not noticed a single word that they said. Suddenly he was so struck by the tone of sincerity in the tone of their voices, that he involuntarily began to listen.

"No, my dear,"* said a pleasant voice, that somehow seemed very familiar to Prince Andrei. "I say that if it were possible to know what was to be after death, then none of us would have any fear of death. That's so, my dear."

* Golubchik.

Another voice, evidently that of a younger man, interrupted him,—

“Well, whether we’re afraid of it or not, it’s all the same, there’s no escaping it.”

“But all men are afraid of it.”

“Yes, you know so much,” said a third lusty voice, breaking in upon the others. “You artillery men know so much because you can take with you, everywhere you go, your tipples of vodka and your rations.” And the possessor of the lusty voice, evidently an infantry officer, laughed.

“Yes, all men are afraid of it,” continued the first familiar voice. “We are afraid of the unknown; that’s it. It’s no use saying the soul goes up to heaven; why, we know very well that up yonder there’s no heaven, but only the atmosphere.”

Again, the lusty voice interrupted the artilleryman,—

“Come, now, Tushin, let us have some of your *travnik*.”*

“So that is the very same captain who was at the sutler’s tent, in his stocking feet,” said Prince Andrei to himself, glad to recognize the pleasant voice of the philosopher.

“The *travnik* you can have,” said Tushin, “but still, as to comprehending the life to come” —

He did not finish his sentence.

At that instant a whiz was heard in the air; nearer and nearer; swifter and louder, swifter and louder, and a cannon-ball, as though unable to say all that it wanted to say, plunged into the earth not far from the hut, tearing up the ground with superhuman violence.

The ground seemed to groan with the terrible shock.

In a moment the little Tushin came running out of the hut ahead of the others, with his after-dinner pipe at the side of his mouth; his kind, intelligent face was rather pale. He was followed by the possessor of the lusty voice, a young infantry officer, who hurried off to his company, buttoning his coat as he ran.

CHAPTER XVII.

PRINCE ANDREI mounted his horse, but remained in the battery, trying to distinguish by the smoke, the cannon that had sent the projectile. His eyes wandered over the whole landscape. All that he could make out was, that the till now motionless masses of the French were beginning to stir, and that there really was a battery at the left. The smoke above

* A strong beer made of herbs (*travui*).

it had not yet dispersed. Two French riders, apparently aides, were spurring down the hill. At the foot of the hill, a small, but clearly distinguishable column of the enemy were moving, evidently for the purpose of strengthening the lines. The smoke of the first gun had not blown away when another puff arose, followed by the report.

The action had begun.

Prince Andrei turned his horse and galloped back to Grund, to find Prince Bagration. Behind him he heard the cannonade, growing more frequent and louder. It was plain that our side had begun to reply. Below, in the space where the envoys had met, musket shots were heard.

Lemarrois, with Bonaparte's angry letter, had just dashed up to Murat, and Murat, ashamed of himself, and anxious to retrieve his blunder, had immediately begun to move his army against the centre, and at the same time around both flanks, hoping before night, and the arrival of the emperor, to demolish the insignificant division that opposed him.

"It has begun! Here it is!" said Prince Andrei to himself, feeling his heart beat more violently. "But where — how shall I find my Toulon?"

Riding among the companies which had been eating their kasha gruel and drinking vodka only a quarter of an hour before, he everywhere found the soldiers hastily moving about, getting into line, and examining their guns; on all faces there was the same feeling of expectancy which he had in his heart.

The face of every soldier seemed to say, *It has begun! Here it is! How terrible! How glorious!*

Before he reached the unfinished earthworks, he saw in the twilight of the gloomy autumn day, some horsemen riding toward him. The foremost, in a felt burka and a lamb's-wool cap, rode a white horse. This was Prince Bagration. Prince Andrei stopped and waited for them. Prince Bagration reined in his horse and, recognizing Prince Andrei, nodded to him. He kept his eyes straight ahead all the time, while Prince Andrei was reporting to him what he had seen. The thought, *it has begun; here it is!* could also be read on Bagration's strong, brown face with the half-closed, dull eyes, that seemed to show the lack of sleep. Prince Andrei, with uneasy curiosity looked into his impassive face, and tried to read whether he had any thoughts or feelings, and if so, what the thoughts and feelings of this man were at this moment. "Is there anything remarkable behind that impassive face?"

Prince Bagration nodded his head in approval of what

Prince Andrei reported, and said, "Good!" as though all that had taken place and all that he heard was exactly what he had already anticipated. Prince Andrei, all out of breath from his swift gallop, spoke hurriedly. Prince Bagration pronounced his words with his eastern accent, and with especial deliberation, as though to give the impression that there was no haste. However he put his horse to the trot in the direction of Tushin's battery.

Prince Andrei and his suite followed him. His suite consisted of an attaché, of Zherkof, the prince's personal adjutant, an orderly, the staff officer of the day on a handsome English cob, and a civil chinovnik serving as auditor, who, out of curiosity, had asked permission to come out to the battle. The auditor, a fat man with a fat face, with a naive smile of delight, glanced around, as he jolted on his horse, presenting a strange figure, in his camelot cloak on a pack saddle, among the hussars, Cossacks, and adjutants.

"This man here wanted to see a battle," said Zherkof to Bolkonsky, pointing to the auditor. "Why, he's got a pain in the pit of his stomach already!"

"Come now, that'll do," exclaimed the auditor with a radiant, naive and at the same time shrewd smile, as though he enjoyed being made the butt of Zherkof's jokes, and as though he purposely made himself out to be duller than he really was.

"*Très drôle, mon monsieur prince,*" said the staff officer of the day. He remembered that in French there was some peculiar way of speaking the title of prince, but he could not get it quite right.

By this time they had all reached Tushin's battery; a cannon ball fell a short distance in front of them.

"What was that fell?" asked the auditor, with his naive smile.

"French pancakes," replied Zherkof.

"Such things kill I suppose?" mused the auditor, "How shocking!" And it was evident that he took great delight in witnessing the whole scene.

The words were hardly out of his mouth, when again unexpectedly came the same terrible whistle, interrupted suddenly by striking into something alive, and swish-sh-sh-sh a Cossack, riding only a few steps behind, and at the right, plunged off his horse to the ground. Zherkof and the staff officer of the day crouched down in their saddles, and drew their horses to one side. The auditor reined up near the Cos-

sack, and looked at him with eager curiosity. The Cossack was dead, the horse was still struggling.

Prince Bagration, blinking his eyes, glanced around and seeing the cause of the confusion turned his head again indifferently, as much as to say: "It isn't worth while to bother with trifles." He reined in his horse with the skill of a good rider, bent over a trifle, and adjusted his sword, which had got entangled in his burka. The sword was an old one, unlike those worn at the present time. Prince Andrei remembered having heard it said, that Suvarof had given his sword to Bagration in Italy, and this recollection was peculiarly agreeable to him at this time.

They reached the very same battery where Bolkonsky had been when he made his reconnoissance of the battle-field.

"Whose company?" asked Prince Bagration of the gunner who was standing by the caissons.

He asked "Whose company," but his question seemed really to imply: "Aren't you all frightened, you men here?" And the gunner understood it so.

"Captain Tushin's, your excellency," cried the freckled, red-headed gunner, in a jocund voice and saluting.

"So, so," exclaimed Bagration absent-mindedly, and he passed by the limbers toward the last gun. Just as he reached it, this cannon rang out, with a report that deafened Bagration and his suite, and in the smoke that spread round could be seen the gunners, seizing the cannon and slowly bringing it back to its first place. Gunner number one, a huge soldier with broad shoulders, holding the sponge, leaped back with a long stride to the wheel, and number two, with trembling hand, forced the charge down the muzzle. A little round-shouldered man, the officer Tushin, stumbling over the tail of the carriage, hastened forward, without heeding the general, and gazed into the distance from under his small hand.

"Raise it two lines more, there, there! that'll do," he cried in his little, thin voice, to which he tried to impart a vigor ill-suited his stature. "Number two!" he whined. "Let 'em have it, Medvyedef!"

Bagration beckoned to the officer, and Tushin, with an awkward and timid gesture, absolutely unlike those used by military men, and more like a priest when giving a blessing, raised three fingers to his visor and went to the general. Although it had been intended for Tushin's field-pieces to sweep the valley, he had begun to send red-hot balls at the village of Schöngraben, in front of which heavy masses of the French could be seen concentrating.

No one had directed Tushin where and how to fire, and so, having consulted with his sergeant Zakharchenko, in whom he had great confidence, he decided that it would be a good plan to set the village on fire.

"Good," said Bagration, in reply to the officer's scheme, and then began to scan the field of battle before him, and seemed to be lost in thought.

On the right, in the foreground, the French were advancing. Below the height on which the Kief regiment was stationed, in the ravine through which flowed the brook, could be heard the soul-stirring roll and rattle of musketry, and just at the right, the attaché pointed out to the prince the column of the French trying to outflank our wing. At the left, the horizon ended in dense forest.

Prince Bagration ordered two battalions from the centre to strengthen the right wing. The attaché ventured to remark to the prince that if these battalions were withdrawn, the artillery would be uncovered. Prince Bagration turned to the attaché and without replying looked at him through his lifeless eyes. It seemed to Prince Andrei that the attaché's criticism was correct and that in fact no reply could be made to it. But at this instant an adjutant came galloping up from the regimental commander who was in the valley, with the report that overwhelming masses of the French were marching down upon them, and that his regiment was demoralized, and was falling back upon the Kief grenadiers. Prince Bagration inclined his head in token of assent and approval. He walked slowly toward the right, and then sent the adjutant to order the dragoons to charge the French. But after the adjutant had been gone half an hour with this order, he returned with the report that the commander of the dragoon regiment had retired to the other side of the ravine, so as to escape the destructive fire brought to bear upon him and to avoid useless loss of life, and therefore he had despatched sharpshooters into the woods. "Good," said Bagration.

Just as he was leaving the battery, at the left also, the reports of rifles in the forest began to be heard, and as it was too far for him to reach the left wing in time, Prince Bagration sent Zherkof thither to tell the old general—the very one who had exhibited his regiment before Kutuzof at Braunau—to retreat as soon as possible to the other side of the ravine; since, probably, the right wing would not be strong enough to withstand the enemy any length of time. Tushin and the battalion covering him were quite forgotten.

Prince Andrei listened attentively to Prince Bagration's conversation with his subordinates, and to the orders that he issued, and to his amazement discovered that in reality he did not give any orders at all, but that the prince only tried to give the impression that all that was done by his various officers either through necessity, chance, or volition, was done if not exactly by his orders, at all events in accordance with his design. Prince Andrei noticed that owing to the tact displayed by Prince Bagration, in spite of the fortuitousness of events and their absolute independence of the general's will, his presence was of great importance. The subordinates, with distracted faces, who kept galloping up to the prince, instantly became calm; soldiers and officers received him with enthusiasm, and were animated by his presence and evidently took pride in displaying their courage.

CHAPTER XVIII.

PRINCE BAGRATION, having ridden up to the highest point of our right flank, began to make the descent toward the spot where a continual rattle of musketry was heard and nothing could be seen through the gunpowder smoke. The nearer they approached the valley, the less they could see what was going on, but the more evident it became that they were near an actual battlefield. They began to meet with wounded. One man, with a bleeding head, and without his cap, was being dragged along in the arms of two soldiers. He was gurgling and spitting. The bullet had apparently entered his mouth or throat. Another whom they met was stoutly marching off by himself, without his musket, groaning loudly and shaking his injured hand with the keenness of the smart, while the blood was slowly dripping down on his capote. His face appeared more frightened than hurt. He had only just been wounded. Crossing the road, they rode down a steep incline and on the slope they saw a number of men lying; then they met a crowd of soldiers, none of whom were wounded. These soldiers were hurrying up the slope, breathing heavily and in spite of the general's presence they were talking in loud voices and gesticulating.

Farther forward in the smoke could now be seen the ranks of gray capotes, and an officer recognizing Bagration, dashed after the retreating throng of men, shouting to them to return. Bagration rode up to the lines, along which, here and there

could be heard the swift cracking of musket shots, suppressed remarks, and the shouts of command. The whole atmosphere was dense with gunpowder smoke. The faces of all the soldiers were blackened with powder, and full of animation. Some were ramming the charge home, others putting powder in the pan, or taking wads from their pouches; still others were firing. But it was impossible to make out what they were aiming at through the dense cloud of smoke which hung in the motionless air. Quite often could be heard the pleasant sounds of buzzing and whistling bullets.

"What does this mean," Prince Andrei asked himself, as he rode up to this throng of soldiers. "It cannot be a charge, because they are not moving; it cannot be a square, for that is not the way they form."

The regimental commander, a rather spare, slender, old man, with eyelids that more than half concealed his aged-looking eyes, giving him a benignant aspect, rode up toward Prince Bagration with a pleasant smile, and received him as a host receives a welcome guest. He explained to Prince Bagration that the French had made a cavalry charge against his regiment; but that, though the charge had been repelled, it had cost him half of his men. The regimental commander declared that the charge had been repulsed, meaning to express by this military term, what had happened to his forces; but in reality he himself did not know what had taken place during the preceding half hour, in the army entrusted to his command, and was unable to say with absolute certainty whether the charge had been repulsed or whether his regiment had been worsted in the attack. At the beginning of the engagement he simply knew this: that along his whole line, cannon balls and shells began to fly and to kill his men, that next, some one had cried "the cavalry," and our men had begun to fire. And they had been firing till that time, not at the cavalry, which was out of sight, but at the French infantry showing themselves in the valley and shooting down our men.

Prince Bagration inclined his head, to signify that this was just as he had wished and anticipated. Turning to his adjutant, he ordered him to bring down from the hill the two battalions of the Sixth Jägers, by which they had just been riding. At this moment Prince Andrei was struck by the change which had taken place in Bagration's face. It expressed that concentrated and joyful resolution such as is shown by a man ready on a hot day to leap into the water, and who is taking the final run. That impression of dulness and lethargy covering a pre-

tence of deep thoughts, had vanished quite away. His hawk's eyes, round and determined, looked straight ahead with an enthusiastic and rather contemptuous expression, and wandered restlessly from one object to another, although his motions were as slow and deliberate as before.

The regimental commander turned to Prince Bagration, and begged him to retire to the rear, on the ground that it was very perilous where they were. "Please, your illustriousness, for God's sake," said he, looking for confirmation to the attaché, who was turning away from him. "Be kind enough to notice."

He called his attention to the bullets which were constantly whizzing, singing, and whistling around them. He spoke in a questioning, reproachful tone, such as a joiner might use to a gentleman trying to use an axe: "This is our work and we're used to it, but you will callous your dainty hands." He spoke as though there were no possibility of these bullets killing him, and his half-closed eyes gave his words a still more persuasive effect.

The staff officer joined his entreaties to those of the regimental commander, but Prince Bagration did not deign to answer him, and merely gave his orders to have the men cease firing and to open the ranks so as to give room for the two battalions that were on their way to join them. Just as he issued his command, a breeze springing up lifted the canopy of smoke which covered the valley. It was as though an invisible hand stretched across the sky from right to left, and the opposite height, with the French marching down, was brought into full view. All eyes were involuntarily fixed upon this column of the enemy moving toward us, and winding like a serpent down the escarpment of the hill. Already, the soldiers' bearskin shakos could be seen; already, the officers could be distinguished from the ranks, and their banner, as it clung around the staff.

"They march superbly," said some one in Bagration's suite.

The head of the column was now just entering the valley. The collision would necessarily take place on this side of the ravine.

The remains of the regiment that had been in the action before, hastily reformed and went toward the right; behind them, driving in the stragglers, came the two battalions of the Sixth Jägers, in good order. They had not yet reached the position where Bagration was, but their heavy, measured step could be heard, as the whole body kept perfect time. On the left wing, nearest of all to Bagration, marched the company commander,

a round-faced, stately man, with a stupid, happy expression of face. He was the very man who had been in Tushin's hut. It was evident that his only thought at this moment was that he was marching bravely past his superiors.

With the self-satisfaction of one attracting notice, he marched by lightly on his muscular legs; he almost seemed to fly, without the slightest effort keeping his back straight, and distinguishing himself by his grace from the heavy march of the men who pressed on after him.

He carried down by his side a slender, delicate sword, unsheathed, a sort of curving scimeter, not like a weapon, and looking now at the commander, now back at his men, not once losing step, he gallantly hastened on, with all the energy of his gigantic frame. It seemed as though all the strength of his mind were directed toward going past his commander in the best possible form; being conscious that he was doing this, he was happy. *Left! left! left!* It seemed as if he said this inwardly at every step, and taking this same time, the wall of soldiers marched by with heavy knapsacks and equipment, as though each one of these hundreds of different soldiers, with their grave faces, said to himself in thought, *left! left! left!*

A stout major, puffing, and losing step, as he had to turn out of his way for a bush; a straggler, gasping for breath, his face expressing terror at his neglect, came at the double-quick to overtake his company; a cannon ball, condensing the air before it, flew over the heads of Bagration and his suite, and accenting the beat, *left! left!* plunged through the column.

"Close up the ranks!" rang the intrepid voice of the company commander. The soldiers made a bend around the place where the shot had made the gap; an old cavalryman, a non-commissioned officer, who had remained behind to care for the wounded, regained the ranks, with a hop and skip fell into step, and looked around sternly. *Left! left! left!* seemed to resound from the threatening silence, and from the monotonous trampling of feet beating simultaneously on the ground.

"Brave fellows, boys!" said Prince Bagration.

"Glad-ad-ad,"* ran the reply down the line. A morose-looking soldier, as he passed at the left, shouting at the top of his voice, turned his eyes on Bagration, his expression seeming to say, "You yourself know"; another, not looking up, and evidently afraid of having his attention distracted, with wide open mouth, shouted and went by. The command was given to halt and unstrap knapsacks.

* Glad of the trouble.

Bagration rode up to the ranks that had just marched past him, and got down from his horse. He gave the bridle to a Cossack, took off his burka and handed it to him, stretched his legs, adjusted his leather cap on his head. The head of the French column, with officers at the front, now appeared at the foot of the hill.

"*S Bogom!* — God be with you!" shouted Bagration, in a firm, loud, ringing voice, and instantly taking the lead, and lightly waving his arm, led them himself, with the awkward and apparently laborious gait of a cavalryman, across the first half of the field. Prince Andrei felt as though some irresistible impulse dragged him forward, and he experienced a great sense of happiness.*

Already the French were near at hand, already Prince Andrei, rushing on side by side with Bagration, saw the belts, the red epaulets, even the faces of the French. (He clearly distinguished one elderly French officer, who, with feet turned out and wearing gaiters, was struggling up the hill.)

Prince Bagration gave no new orders, and marched on in silence at the head of his forces. Suddenly, from among the French, rang out one discharge, then a second, a third! and along the whole extent of the enemy's lines spread smoke and the rattle of musketry. A few of our men fell; in the number, that round-faced officer who had marched by so gallantly and in such good form. But at the very instant that the first discharge had taken place, Bagration turned round and shouted "hurrah."

"Hurrah-ah-ah," rang in a protracted yell down our line, and outstripping Bagration and each other, in a broken but joyous and animated line, our men dashed down the slope after the enemy, who had given way.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE charge of the Sixth Jägers secured the retreat of the right wing. In the centre, the action of Tushin's forgotten battery, which had succeeded in setting the village of Schöngraben on fire, retarded the advance of the French. They

* Here followed that charge of which Taine says: "The Russians behaved gallantly, and, a rare thing in war, two masses of infantry were seen marching resolutely against each other, neither giving way before they came within reach of each other. (*Les Russes se conduisèrent vaillamment, et chose rare à la guerre on vit deux masses d'infanterie marcher résolument l'une contre l'autre sans qu'aucune des deux ceda avant d'être abordée.*)" And Napoleon said at Saint Helena: "*Quelques bataillons russes montrèrent de l'intrepidité.*"—AUTHOR'S NOTE.

stopped to put out the conflagration, which the wind was spreading, and thus gave time to retreat. The retirement of the centre through the ravine was accomplished hastily and noisily, but there was no sign of demoralization.

But the left wing, consisting of the infantry of the Azof and Podolian regiments, and the Pavlograd hussars, which was attacked simultaneously, and outflanked by overwhelming numbers of the French, under the command of Lannes, was defeated.

Bagration had sent Zherkof to the general in command of the left wing, with orders to retreat slowly. Zherkof, raising his hand to his cap, struck spurs into his horse and swiftly dashed off. But he had not more than got out of Bagration's sight than his courage began to fail him. Irresistible fear came over him, and he could not make up his mind to go where it seemed to him so perilous.

He rode over to the army of the left wing, but he did not dare press forward to the front, where there was firing, and he began to search for the general and the officers where there was no possibility of finding them, and therefore the order was not delivered.

The command of the left wing fell by order of seniority to the regimental commander of that same brigade which had been reviewed at Braunau by Kutuzof, and in which Dolokhof served as a private. The command of the extreme left wing was entrusted to the colonel of the Pavlograd regiment, in which Rostof served. This led to a serious misunderstanding. The two commanders had become involved in a violent quarrel, and at the very time when the right wing was in the thick of the battle, and the French had already begun to retreat, the two commanders were absorbed in a dispute, each doing his best to affront the other.

The troops, both infantry and cavalry, were very far from being prepared for the work before them. The men, from private to general, were not expecting an engagement, and were calmly occupying themselves with the ordinary pursuits of peace; the cavalrymen engaged in feeding their horses, the infantry in collecting firewood.

"He's my senior, however, in rank," the German colonel of hussars was saying, flushing and addressing the aide who had just ridden up to him, "so let him do as he pleases. I cannot sacrifice my hussars. Bugler, sound the retreat!"

But the battle came upon them in hot haste. Cannonade and musketry, all in confusion, thundered and rattled at their

right and centre, and the capotes of Lannes's sharpshooters were already crossing the milldam and forming on this side, two gunshots away. The infantry general, with his tottering gait, went to his horse, and mounting and drawing himself up very straight and tall, rode off to the Pavlograd commander. The two men met with polite bows, and with concealed hatred in their hearts.

"Once for all, colonel," said the general. "I cannot leave half of my men in the woods. I beg of you, I really beg of you," he repeated the word, "to draw up in position, and meet the charge."

"I beg of you not to meddle with my affairs," replied the colonel, angrily, "If you were a cavalryman" —

"I am not a cavalryman, colonel, but I am a Russian general, and if you don't know this" —

"I know it very well, your excellency," cried the colonel, suddenly starting up his horse and turning purple with rage. "Wouldn't you like to come to the line, and then you can see that this position is as bad as it could be. I do not care to destroy my regiment for your gratification."

"You forget yourself, colonel. I am not seeking my own gratification, and I will not permit this to be said."

The general, accepting the colonel's invitation as a challenge of courage, swelled out his chest and, frowning, rode forward with him in the direction of the outposts, as though all their dispute were to be settled there, at the front, under the fire of the enemy. They reached the outposts; a few bullets flew over them and they paused and were silent. There was no reason for inspecting the outposts, since from the place where they had been before, it was perfectly evident that there was no chance for cavalry to manœuvre among the bushes and gullies, and that the French were outflanking the left wing.

The general and colonel looked at each other with fierce and significant eyes, like two game-cocks all ready for battle, and each waited vainly for the other to show sign of cowardice. Both stood the test. As there was nothing for them to say, and as neither wished to give the other a chance to assert that he had been the first to retire from exposure to the enemy's fire, they would have stood there a long time, each manifesting his bravado, if at this time they had not heard in the forest, almost directly behind them, the crackling of musketry and a dull, confused yell.

The French had fallen on the soldiery scattered through the forest gathering firewood. It was now impossible for the hus-

sars to retreat at the same time with the infantry. They were already cut off by the French line at the left. Now, although the locality was most unpropitious, it was absolutely necessary to fight their way through to reach the road beyond.

The squadron in which Rostof served had barely time to mount their horses, before they found themselves face to face with the enemy. Again, as at the bridge over the Enns, between the squadron and the line of the enemy there was no one, and between them lay that terrible gap of the unknown and the dreadful, like the bourne that divides the living from the dead. All the men felt conscious of that gap, and were occupied by the question whether they should pass beyond it or not, and how they should cross it.

The colonel came galloping along the front; and angrily replied to the questions of his officers, and like a man who in despair insists on his own way, thundered out some command. No one said anything definitely, but something had given the squadron an idea that there was to be a charge. The command to fall in was given, then sabres were drawn with a clash. But as yet no one stirred. The army of the left wing and the infantry and the hussars felt that their leaders did not know what to do, and the indecision of the commanders communicated itself to the soldiers.

"If they would only hurry, hurry," thought Rostof, feeling that at last the time was at hand for participating in the intoxication of a charge of which he had heard so much from his comrades, the hussars.

"*S Bogom!* Fohwahd, childwen," rang out Denisof's voice, "twot!"

In the front rank, the haunches of the horses began to rise and fall. Grachik began to pull on the reins, and dashed ahead. At the right, Rostof could see the forward ranks of his hussars, but farther in front there was a dark streak, which he could not make out distinctly but supposed to be the enemy. Reports were heard, but in the distance.

"Charge!" rang the command, and Rostof felt how his Grachik broke into a gallop and seemed to strain every nerve. He realized that his division was dashing forward and it became more and more exciting to him. He noticed a solitary tree just abreast of him. At first this tree had been in front of him, in the very centre of that line which seemed so terrible. But now he had passed beyond it and there was not only nothing terrible about it, but it seemed ever more and more jolly and lively.

"Okh! how I will slash at them!" thought Rostof, as he grasped the handle of his sabre. "Hurrah-ah-ah!" rang the cheers in the distance. "Now let us be at them if ever," thought Rostof, striking the spurs into Grachik, and overtaking the others. he urged him to the top of his speed. The enemy were already in sight before him. Suddenly, something like an enormous lash cracked all along the squadron. Rostof raised his sabre, in readiness to strike, but just at that instant Nikitenko, a hussar galloping in front of him, swerved aside from him, and Rostof felt, as in a dream, that he was being carried with unnatural swiftness forward, and yet was not moving from the spot. A hussar whom he recognized as Bandarchuk was galloping behind him and looked at him gravely. Bandarchuk's horse shied and he dashed by him.

"What does it mean? Am I not moving? Have I fallen? Am I dead?" these questions Rostof asked and answered in a breath. He was alone in the middle of the field. In place of the galloping horses and backs of the hussars, he saw all around him the solid earth and stubble. Warm blood was under him. "No, I am wounded and my horse is killed."

Grachik raised himself on his fore legs, but fell back, pinning down his rider's foot. From the horse's head a stream of blood was flowing. The horse struggled but could not rise. Rostof tried to get to his feet, but likewise fell back. His sabretache had caught on the saddle. Where our men were, where the French were, he could not tell. There was no one around him.

Freeing his leg, he got up.

"Where, in which direction, is now that line which so clearly separated the two armies?" he asked himself, and could find no answer. "Has something bad happened to me? Is this the way things take place, and what must be done in such circumstances?" he asked himself again, as he got to his feet; and at this time he began to feel as though something extra were hanging to his benumbed left arm. His wrist seemed to belong to another person. He looked at his hand, but could find no trace of blood on it. "There now, here are our fellows," he exclaimed mentally, with joy, perceiving a few running toward him. "They will help me."

In front of these men ran one in a foreign-looking shako and in a blue capote. He was dark and sunburnt, and had a hooked nose. Two or three others were running at his heels.

One of them said something in a language that was strange and un-Russian. Surrounded by a similar set of men, in the

same sort of shakos, stood a Russian hussar. His hands were held; just behind him, they were holding his horse.

"Is our man really taken prisoner? Yes! And will they take me too? Who are these men?" Rostof kept asking himself, not crediting his own eyes. "Can they be the French?"

He gazed at the on-coming strangers, and in spite of the fact that only a second before he had been dashing forward solely for the purpose of overtaking and hacking down these same Frenchmen, their proximity now seemed to him so terrible that he could not trust his own eyes!

"Who are they? Why are they running? Are they running at me? And why? Is it to kill me? *Me*, whom every one loves so?"

He recollected how he was beloved by his mother, his family, his friends, and the purpose of his enemies to kill him seemed incredible.

"But perhaps — they may." For more than ten seconds he stood, not moving from the spot and not realizing his situation.

The foremost Frenchman with the hooked nose, had now come up so close to him, that he could see the expression of his face. And the heated foreign-looking features of this man, who was coming so swiftly down upon him with fixed bayonet and bated breath, filled Rostof with horror. He grasped his pistol, but instead of discharging it, flung it at the Frenchmen, and fled into the thicket with all his might. He ran not with any of that feeling of doubt and struggle which had possessed him on the bridge at Enns, but rather with the impulse of a hare trying to escape from the dogs. One single fear of losing his happy young life took possession of his whole being. Swiftly gliding among the heather, with all the intensity with which he had ever run when playing *gorolki*,* he flew across the field, occasionally turning round his pale, kindly young face, while a chill of horror ran down his back.

"No, I'd better not look round," he said to himself, but as he reached the shelter of the bushes, he glanced round once more. The Frenchmen had slackened their pace, and at the very minute that he glanced round, the foremost runner had just come to a stop and was starting to walk back, shouting something in a loud voice to his comrade behind him. Rostof paused. "It cannot be so," he said to himself. "It cannot be that they wish to kill me." But meantime his left arm became as heavy as though a hundredweight were sus-

* A kind of Russian popular game, something like tag.

pended to it. He could not run another step. The Frenchman also paused, and aimed. Rostof shut his eyes and ducked his head. One bullet, then another, flew humming by him. He collected his last remaining energies, took his left arm in his right hand, and hurried into the thicket. Here in the bushes were the Russian rangers.

CHAPTER XX.

THE infantry regiments, taken unawares in the forest, had rushed out, and the companies, becoming confused with one another, had formed a demoralized mob. One soldier, in his panic, had shouted the senseless words so terrible in war: "Cut off!" and these words, with the accompanying panic, had spread through the whole troop. "Surrounded!" — "cut off!" — "lost!" cried the voices of the fugitives.

The regimental commander, the moment that he heard the musketry and the shouting behind him, comprehended that something awful had happened to his regiment, and the thought that he, who had been during many years of service an exemplary officer, never guilty of any breach, might now be accused of negligence or faulty arrangements, came on him so keenly, that, for the moment entirely forgetting the recalcitrant colonel of cavalry and his own importance as a general, and, above all, forgetting the peril and the impulse of self-preservation, he seized his saddle-bow, and spurring on his horse, dashed back toward the regiment under a shower of bullets falling all around him, but fortunately sparing him. He had only one desire: to find out what had occurred, to bring aid, and to repair the blunder, if it were in any way to be attributed to him, and to escape all censure after his twenty-two years' service, in which his record as an officer had been blameless.

Having fortunately spurred through the line of the French unharmed, he came upon his regiment on the other side of the same forest through which our men had been running and scattering down the ravine, not heeding the word of command.

That moment of moral vacillation had arrived which decides the fate of a battle: would these scattered throngs of soldiers heed their commander's voice, or would they merely look at him and pursue their way?

Notwithstanding the despairing shouts of their general, which had hitherto been so terrible to them, notwithstanding his infuriated, purple face, so unlike its ordinary appearance,

and notwithstanding his brandished sword, the soldiers still persisted in their flight, shouted, fired their guns into the air, and paid no heed to the command. The moral balance, which decides the destiny of battles, had evidently kicked the beam on the side of panic.

The general coughed, choking with the violence of his shouts and the gunpowder smoke, and reined in his horse in despair. All seemed lost.

But at this moment, the French, who had fallen upon our lines, suddenly, without any apparent reason, fell back and vanished behind the edge of the forest, and the Russian sharpshooters made their appearance. This was Timokhin's company, the only one in the woods which had preserved any semblance of order; entrenching themselves in the ditch near the forest, they had unexpectedly attacked the French. Timokhin had thrown himself upon the enemy with such a desperate cry, and flourishing his rapier, had dashed after them with such frantic and rash energy, that the French, before they had time to collect their wits, flung away their muskets and fled.

Dolokhof, dashing on abreast of Timokhin, killed one Frenchman point blank, and was the first to seize the officer by the collar and make his surrender. The fugitives turned back, the battalions formed again, and the French, who had cut the left wing into two, were driven back in a trice. The reserves succeeded in uniting their forces; the fugitives were brought to a halt.

The regimental commander was standing with Major Ekonomof by the bridge, watching the retreating companies file past him, when a soldier approached him, seized his stirrup, and almost leaned against him. This soldier wore a blue cloak of broadcloth, without knapsack or shako; his head was bound up and over his shoulder he carried a French cartridge pouch. In his hand, he held an officer's sword. This soldier was pale; his blue eyes looked boldly into the general's face, and a smile parted his lips. Although the general was engaged in giving directions to Major Ekonomof, he could not help noticing this soldier.

"Your excellency, here are two trophies," said Dolokhof, showing the French cartridge-pouch and sword. "I took an officer prisoner with my own hand. I stopped the company."

Dolokhof was all out of breath with fatigue. He spoke in broken sentences. "The whole company can bear me witness — I beg of you to remember it, your excellency!"

"Very good, very good," said the regimental commander, and

he turned to Major Ekonomof. But Dolokhof did not pass on. He untied his handkerchief, pulled him by the sleeve, and called his attention to the clotted blood on his hair,—

“A bayonet wound; I was in the front. Remember, your excellency!”

Tushin's battery had been entirely forgotten, and only at the very end of the engagement, Prince Bagration, still hearing cannonading at the centre, sent thither the first staff officer of the day, and then Prince Andrei, to order the battery to retire as speedily as possible.

The covering forces, which had been stationed near Tushin's cannon, had been withdrawn during the heat of the engagement by some one's orders; but the battery still continued to blaze away, and had not been taken by the French, simply because the enemy could not comprehend the audacity of four guns continuing to fire, after the supporting columns had been withdrawn. On the contrary, they supposed, from the energetic activity of this battery, that the principal forces of the Russians were here concentrated in the centre, and twice they attempted to storm this point, and both times they were driven back by discharges of grape from these four cannon, standing alone on the hill.

Shortly after Prince Bagration's departure, Tushin had succeeded in setting Schöngraben on fire.

“See, see them scatter!” — “It burns! see the smoke!” — “Cleverly done!” — “Splendid!” — “The smoke! the smoke!” cried the gunners, growing excited.

All the cannon had been directed, without special orders, in the direction of the fire. As though by one impulse the soldiers would cry out after every shot, “Cleverly done!” — “That's the way to do it!” — “See! see there! admirable!”

The fire, fanned by the wind, quickly spread. The French columns, retreating behind the village, fell back, but as though for a punishment for this misfortune, the enemy established a battery of ten guns a little to the right of the village and began to reply to Tushin's fire.

In their childish delight at setting the village on fire, and at their successful onslaught upon the French, our gunners did not notice this battery until two cannon balls, followed by four at once, fell among the guns; one of them knocked over two horses, and the other carried away the leg of the powder-master. The animation of the men, once aroused, was not dampened, however, but only changed in character. The horses

were replaced by two others from the reserve; the wounded were removed, and the four cannon were turned against the ten-gun battery.

An officer, Tushin's comrade, had been killed at the beginning of the action, and during the course of the hour, out of forty men serving the guns, seventeen were disabled, but still the gunners were jolly and full of energy. Twice they noticed that below and not far away from them the French were beginning to appear, and they had loaded with grape.

The little captain, with his weak, awkward gestures, kept calling upon his *denshchik* for "just one more little pipe," which he called *tribotchka*, instead of *trúbotchka*, and then, knocking the ashes out, he would leap forward and look from under his little hand at the enemy.

"Let 'em have it boys!" he would exclaim, and himself seizing the cannon by the wheel, he would bring it back into position, or he would clean out the bore. In the smoke, stunned by the incessant firing, though he jumped every time a gun went off, Tushin, keeping his "nose-warmer" between his teeth, ran from one gun to another, now aiming, now counting the charges left, now making arrangements for the change or removal of the killed or wounded horses, and shouting his orders in his weak, delicate, irresolute voice. His face kept growing more and more animated. Only when his men were killed or wounded did he frown, and, turning away from the unfortunate, shout sternly to the others, who, as usual, pressed forward, ordering them to carry away the wounded or the dead.

The soldiers, for the most part, handsome young heroes, — as always happens in the artillery, a couple of heads taller than their officer, and twice as broadly built, — looked at their commander with the inquiring look of children in trouble, and the expression which happened to be in his face was immediately reflected in theirs.

As a consequence of the terrible din and roar, and the necessity for oversight and activity, Tushin felt not the least unpleasant qualm of fear, nor did the thought that he might be killed or painfully wounded enter his head. On the contrary, he kept growing happier and happier. It seemed to him that it was very long ago, not even that same afternoon, since the moment when he first caught sight of the advancing enemy, and had fired the first gun, and that the little scrap of ground where he stood had been long, long known and familiar to him. Although he remembered everything, took everything into consideration, did everything that the best of officers could have

done in his position, still he was in a state bordering on the delirium of fever, or the condition of a drunken man.

In the midst of the stunning sounds of his own guns roaring on every side of him, in the midst of the enemy's shells, whistling and striking around him, seeing his sweating, flushed men serving the guns, seeing the blood of men and horses, seeing the puffs of smoke in the direction of the enemy, followed always by the swift flight of the cannon ball, striking into the ground, on a human being, on the guns, or among the horses — seeing all these various sights, still his mind was filled with a fantastic world of his own, which at this moment constituted a peculiar delight to him. The enemy's guns were in his imagination, not guns but pipes, from which, from time to time, a viewless smoker puffs out wreaths of smoke.

"See there, he gave another puff!" said Tushin, in a half whisper, to himself, just as a wreath of smoke leaped away from the hill and was borne to the left in a ribbon by the wind.

"Now let us catch the little ball and send it back!"

"What is your order, your honor?" asked a gunner who stood near him, and noticed that he muttered something.

"Nothing, send a shell," he replied.

"Now then, our Matvéyevna!" said he to himself. It was the great, old-fashioned howitzer that Tushin personified under the name of Matvéyevna, *Daughter of Matthew*.

The French around their guns reminded him of ants. Gunner "Number one," of the second field-piece, a handsome fellow, too much given to drink, was *dyadya*, uncle, in his world; Tushin looked at him oftener than at the others, and delighted in all his movements. The sound of the musketry in the valley, now dying away and then increasing in violence, seemed to him like some one drawing long breaths. He listened to the intermittent rising and falling of these sounds.

"Hark! she's breathing again, breathing hard!" he said to himself.

He imagined himself a mighty giant of monstrous size, seizing the cannon balls with both hands and hurling them at the French.

"Well, Matvéyevna, — *Mátushka*! — little mother! don't betray us," he was just saying, and starting away from the cannon, when back of him was heard a voice which he did not know, —

"Captain Tushin! Captain!"

Tushin looked around in alarm. It was the same staff officer

who had sent him out of Grund. In a quavering voice, the officer cried,—

“Are you beside yourself? Twice you have been ordered to retire, and you” —

“Now why do they bother me?” exclaimed Tushin to himself, looking with dread at the officer. “I — I’m all right,” he returned, raising two fingers to his visor. “I” —

But the colonel did not say all that he meant to say. A cannon ball flying close to him cut him short, and made him cower down close to his horse. He paused, and was just going to repeat his order, when still another cannon ball silenced him. He wheeled his horse round and galloped away.

“Retire! all of you, retire!” he cried from the distance.

The soldiers laughed. In a minute an adjutant came with the same order.

This was Prince Andrei. The first thing he saw as he reached the little space occupied by Tushin’s cannon, was an unharnessed horse, with a broken leg, neighing near his mates. From his leg the blood was spurting as from a fountain. Among the limbers lay a number of the killed. One cannon ball after another flew over him as he galloped up, and he was conscious of a nervous tremor running down his back. But the mere thought that he was afraid, again roused his courage. “I cannot be afraid,” he said to himself, and he deliberately dismounted among the field-pieces. He delivered his message and still lingered in the battery. He resolved that the guns should be removed from their position and brought in under his direction. He and Tushin, stepping among the dead bodies, made the arrangements for limbering the cannon, even while the French were pouring a murderous fire upon them.

“An officer just dashed up here, but he made himself scarce in no time,” remarked a gunner to Prince Andrei. “He wasn’t like your honor.”

Prince Andrei exchanged no words with Tushin. They were both so occupied that it seemed as though they did not see each other. When at last they succeeded in getting two of the four field-pieces limbered, they started to descend the hill, leaving one field-piece dismounted, together with the howitzer. Prince Andrei turned to Tushin. “Well, good-by,” said he, offering him his hand.

“Good-by, my dear,” returned Tushin, “dear heart, farewell, my dear fellow!”* exclaimed Tushin, the tears springing to his eyes though he knew not why.

* *Do svidánya, golubchik! prashchäite, golubchik!*

CHAPTER XXI.

THE breeze had died down; dark clouds hung low over the battlefield, mingling on the horizon with the smoke of gunpowder. It had grown dark, and therefore with all the more clearness the blaze of two burning villages stood out against the sky. The cannonade had slackened, but still the rattle of musketry at the rear, and at the right was heard with ever-increasing frequency and distinctness.

As soon as Tushin and his field-pieces, jolting and constantly meeting wounded men, got out of range and descended into the ravine, he was met by the commander and his aides, among whom were both the staff officer and Zherkof, who had been twice sent but had not once succeeded in reaching Tushin's battery. All of them gave him confused orders and counter-orders, as to how and where to go, and overwhelmed him with reproaches and criticisms.

Tushin made no arrangements, but rode toward the rear on his artillery jade, not saying a word for fear he should burst into tears, which without his knowing why, were ready to gush from his eyes. Although the order was to abandon the wounded, many dragged themselves after the troops and begged for a ride on the gun carriages. That very same gallant infantry officer who before the beginning of the engagement, had darted so energetically from Tushin's hut, was stretched out on the carriage of the Matvéyevna, with a bullet in his belly. At the foot of the hill, a pale yunker of bussars, holding one arm in his hand, came to Tushin and asked for a seat!

"Captain, for God's sake, my arm is crushed," said he, timidly. "For God's sake, I can't walk any longer. For God's sake!"

It was evident that this yunker had more than once repeated this request and been everywhere refused. He asked in an irresolute and piteous voice. "Give me a place, for God's sake!"

"Climb on, climb on!" said Tushin. "Spread out a cloak, uncle," he added, turning to his favourite gunner. "But where is the wounded officer?"

"We took him off; he died," replied some one.

"Climb on! Sit there, sit down, my dear fellow, sit there! Spread out the cloak, Antonof!"

The yunker was Rostof. He held his left arm in his right

hand; his face was pale, and his teeth chattered with fever. He was assisted to climb on the Matvéyevna, to the very same spot from which they had removed the dead officer. There was blood on the cloak which Antonof spread out, and it stained Rostof's riding trousers and hands.

"What! are you wounded, my dear?"* asked Tushin, approaching the gun on which Rostof was riding.

"No, only a bruise."

"But where did that blood come from, on the gun cheek?" asked the other.

"That is the officer's, your honor," replied a gunner, wiping away the blood with the sleeve of his capote, as though he were apologizing for the stain on the gun.

By main force and with the help of the infantry, the guns were dragged up the slope, and when they reached the village of Gunthersdorf, they halted. By this time it was quite dark, so that it was impossible at ten paces to distinguish the uniforms of the soldiers; the musketry fire was beginning to slacken.

Suddenly shouts and the rattle of shots were heard again near by at the right. The darkness was lighted up by the flashes of the guns. This was the last attack of the French, and the soldiers replied to it as they entrenched themselves in the houses of the village. Once more all hands rushed out from the village, but Tushin's field-pieces were hopelessly fast, and the gunners and Tushin and the yunker, silently exchanging glances, awaited their fate. Then the firing began to die away once more and out from a side street came a party of soldiers, engaged in lively conversation.

"Safe and sound, Petrof?" asked one.

"We gave it to them hot and heavy, brother. They won't meddle with us again." returned the other.

"Can't see a thing. How was it? Warmed 'em up a little, hey? Can't see a thing, it's so dark, fellows! Anything to drink?"

The French had been driven back for the last time. And once more, through the impenetrable darkness, Tushin's field pieces moved forward, surrounded by the rumbling infantry as by a frame.

Something seemed to be flowing on through the darkness, like an invisible, gloomy river, ever pushing forward in one direction, with a murmur of voices, and the clinking of bayonets, and the rumble of wheels.

* *Golubchik.*

And above the general turmoil, clear and distinguishable above all other sounds arose the groans and cries of the wounded in the blackness of the night. Their groans seemed to coincide with the pitchy blackness which surrounded the army. Their groans and this darkness of the night seemed to be one and the same thing. After a while, a wave of excitement ran through this onward struggling mass. Some one had come from headquarters on a white horse and shouted something as he rode along by.

“What’s that he says?” — “Where now?” — “Is it to halt?” — “Did he express any gratitude?” such were the eager questions heard on all sides and then the whole moving mass as it moved forward, recoiled on itself. Evidently, the van had halted, and the report spread that orders were to bivouac there. All hands settled down where they were in the middle of the muddy road.

Fires were lighted, and voices began to grow animated. Captain Tushin, having made his arrangements for his company, sent one of his men to find the temporary hospital, or at least a surgeon for the yunker, and sat down in front of the fire which his soldiers had built by the roadside.

Rostof also dragged himself up to the fire. The fever, caused by his pain, the cold, and the dampness, shook his whole frame. An irresistible inclination to drowsiness overcame him, but still he could not sleep, owing to the tormenting pain which he felt in his arm; it ached, and he found no position that relieved it. Sometimes he closed his eyes, then, again, he gazed into the fire, which seemed to him angrily red; then again at the round-shouldered, slender figure of Tushin, sitting Turkish fashion near him. Tushin’s large, intelligent, kindly eyes were fastened upon him with sympathy and compassion. He saw that Tushin with all his soul desired, and yet was totally unable, to help him.

On all sides, were heard the steps and voices of the infantry passing by, coming up, and settling down around them. The sounds of voices, of steps, and trampling of horses, stamping their hoofs in the mud, the echo of axes far and near, all mingled in one pulsating uproar.

Now, it was no longer like a viewless river rolling onward through the darkness, but rather like a gloomy sea, roaring and breaking, after a storm. Rostof, half-dazed, looked and listened to what was going on around him, and before him.

A foot soldier came up to the bivouac fire, squatted down on his heels, rubbed his hands over the fire, and turned his face around.

"Any harm, your honor?"* he asked, turning to Tushin with an inquiring expression. "Here, I've lost my company, your honor, I don't know where it is! Hard luck."

At the same time with the soldier, an infantry officer with a bandaged cheek came to the fire, and begged Tushin to order his field-pieces to be moved a trifle, so as to allow the baggage train to pass. The company commander was followed by two soldiers. They were quarrelling desperately, reviling each other, and almost fighting over a boot.

"You lie! You didn't pick it up! Oh! you villain!" one of them was crying, in a hoarse voice.

Then came a lean, pale, soldier, with his neck done up in blood-stained bandages, and, in an irascible voice, asked the artillery men for a drink of water.

"What, must I die like a dog?" he grumbled.

Tushin ordered the men to give him a drink. Then came a jolly soldier, asking for some fire for the infantry.

"A little fire, from a red-hot man, for the infantry! Good luck to you, fellow countrymen! Thank you for the fire; we'll return it with interest," said he, as he disappeared into the darkness, with a flaming brand.

After this soldier came four, carrying something heavy wrapped up in a cloak, and went past the fire. One of them stumbled. "Oh, bah! the devils! they've been spilling fire-wood," cried one of them.

"He's dead! what's the use of lugging him?" exclaimed another.

"Well, I tell you" —

And they vanished in the darkness with their burden.

"Say, does it hurt?" asked Tushin, in a whisper.

"Yes, it hurts."

"Your honor, the general wants you. He's at the cottage, yonder," said one of the gunners, coming up to Tushin.

"In a moment, my boy."†

Tushin got up, and buttoning his cloak, and straightening himself up, he left the fireside.

In a cottage which had been made ready for him, not far from the artillerist's fire, Prince Bagration was still sitting at the dinner table, talking with a number of high officers, who had called in for consultation.

* "*Nítchero, váshe blagoródie?*" *Nítchero*, literally *nothing*, is in every Russian's mouth, and means everything and anything, according to the context.

† *Golubchik*.

There was the little, old man, with half-closed eyes, piteously gnawing a mutton bone; and the general of twenty-two years' blameless service, his face flushed from his vodka and his dinner; and the staff officer with the birthday ring; and Zherkof, uneasily looking at the others; and Prince Andrei, with compressed lips and feverishly shining eyes.

In the corner of the cottage, leaned the standard taken from the French, and the auditor, with his innocent face, was fingering the stuff of which the standard was made, shaking his head doubtfully, perhaps because he was really interested in the standard, and possibly, because being hungry, it was hard to see the dinner table, at which no place had been set for him.

In the next cottage, was a captured colonel of dragoons, with our officers crowding around him, with curiosity in their eyes.

Prince Bagration thanked the officers of the various divisions, and made inquiries about the details of the engagement, and the losses.

The regimental commander, who had commanded the review at Braunau, explained to the prince, that as soon as the action began, he had withdrawn from the woods, collected the men engaged in gathering firewood, and, sending them back, had charged with two battalions, and simply carried the French at the point of the bayonet.

"When I saw that the first battalion was giving way, your illustriousness, I stood on the road and said to myself, 'I will let them get by first, and then order a running fire,' and that was the way I did."

The regimental commander had been so anxious to do this, and so sorry that he had not been successful in doing it, that it now seemed to him that he actually had done so. Indeed, may it not have been so? How was it possible to decide, in the general confusion, what had happened and what had not happened?

"By the way, I ought to observe, your illustriousness," he went on to say, remembering Dolokhof's conversation with Kutuzof, and his last meeting with the young man, "that the cashiered private, Dolokhof, took a French officer prisoner, under my very eyes, and distinguished himself notably."

"It was there I saw the charge of the Pavlograd hussars, your illustriousness," remarked Zherkof, looking around uneasily, for he had not that day seen a single hussar, and had only heard about them from an infantry officer! "They broke two squares, your illustriousness."

A few, hearing Zherkof's words, smiled, because a joke was

always expected from him; but, perceiving that what he said also redounded to the glory of our arms, and of the day's doings, they grew serious again, though they knew very well that what Zherkof said was a lie without even a semblance of foundation. Prince Bagration turned to the elderly colonel.

"I thank you all, gentlemen; all parties have worked like heroes: infantry, cavalry, and artillery. But how was it two field-pieces were abandoned in the centre?" he demanded, looking round for some one. (Prince Bagration made no inquiries for the cannon of the left wing: he knew by this time that all the cannon there had been abandoned at the very beginning of the action.) "I believe I asked you about them?" he said, turning to the staff officer of the day.

"One was dismounted," replied the staff officer; "but the other—as to that I myself cannot understand; I was there all the time and gave orders for it to be retired, and immediately I was called away. It was hot there, to be sure," he added modestly.

Some one remarked that Captain Tushin was right here in the village, and that he had already been sent for.

"Ah, but you were there, were you not?" asked Prince Bagration, of Prince Andrei.

"Certainly, we almost met there," said the staff officer, giving Prince Andrei an affable smile.

"I did not have the pleasure of seeing you," declared Prince Andrei, coolly and curtly. All were silent.

Tushin now appeared on the threshold, modestly making his way behind the backs of the generals. Passing around the generals, in the narrow room, and confused, as always, in the presence of his superiors, Tushin did not see the flagstaff, and stumbled over it. Several laughed.

"How is it the guns were abandoned?" asked Bagration, frowning, but not so much at the captain as at those who were rude enough to laugh, among whom Zherkof's voice was distinguished above the rest. Tushin now for the first time, at the sight of the stern commander, realized with horror his crime and disgrace at having lost two guns, while he himself was left alive.

He had been so agitated, that, till this moment, he had not had time to think of this incident. The laughter of the officers still more threw him off his balance. He stood in front of Bagration with his lower jaw trembling, and could hardly stammer,—

"I—I—don't know—your illustriousness—I had no men, your illustriousness"—

"You might have had them from the forces that covered you."

Tushin did not reply that there were not forces covering him, though this would have been the unvarnished truth. He was afraid he might compromise some of his superior officers, and so in silence, with staring eyes, he gazed into Bagration's face, as a schoolboy looks in confusion into his master's.

A rather long silence ensued. Prince Bagration, evidently not wishing to be too severe, knew not what to say; the others did not venture to interfere in the conversation. Prince Andrei looked askance at Tushin and his fingers twitched nervously.

"Your illustriousness," said Prince Andrei, breaking the silence, in his clear voice: "You were pleased to send me to Captain Tushin's battery. I went there and found two-thirds of his men and horses disabled, two of his guns dismounted, and no forces to cover him!"

Prince Bagration and Tushin kept their eyes fixed on Bolkonsky, who was speaking under the influence of restrained excitement.

"And if your illustriousness will permit me to express my opinion," he went on to say, "we are indebted more than all for the success of this day, to the action of this battery, and the heroic steadfastness of Captain Tushin and his company," said Prince Andrei, and without waiting for any reply, he got up and left the table.

Prince Bagration looked at Tushin, and evidently not wishing to show any disbelief in Prince Bolkonsky's stiff judgment, and at the same time, not feeling himself prepared to acquiesce entirely with it, he inclined his head and told Tushin that he might go. Prince Andrei followed him.

"Thank you, my boy,* you have saved me," said Tushin to him.

Prince Andrei looked at Tushin, and without saying anything, turned away from him. His heart was heavy and full of melancholy. It was all so strange, so unlike what he had anticipated.

"Who are they? Why do they come here? What do they want? and when will all this end?" Rostof asked himself, as he gazed at the shadows which unceasingly passed before him. The pain in his arm grew worse and worse. Unconquerable drowsiness oppressed him. Red circles danced before his eyes, and the impression of these voices and these faces, and the

sense of his loneliness mingled with the sense of his agony. These soldiers, wounded and not wounded, they all did the same thing — they all pressed upon him, crushed him, tore his muscles, and roasted the flesh in his broken arm and shoulder.

To rid himself of them, he closed his eyes.

He lost himself for one moment, but during that brief interval of forgetfulness, he saw in his dream a countless collection of objects. He saw his mother, with her large, white hand; he saw Sonya's thin shoulders, Natasha's eyes and smiling lips, and Denisof, with his queer voice and long mustache, and Telyanin, and his whole encounter with Telyanin and Bogdan-uitch. All this story was one and the same thing with what this soldier with the shrill voice said, and all this story and this soldier so cruelly, so constantly crushed, twitched, and pulled his arm in one direction! He struggled to escape from them, but they would not for a single second let go of his shoulder, or in the least relax their hold. It would not have hurt, it would have been all right, if they would cease pulling him; but it was impossible to get rid of them.

He opened his eyes and looked up. A black strip of the night, an arshin wide, hung over the glowing coals. Across this strip of light flew the powdery snow as it fell. Tushin did not return; the surgeon had not come. He was alone; a little soldier now sat on the other side of the fire, stripped, and warming his thin, sallow body.

"I'm of no use to any one!" thought Rostof. "No one helps me or takes pity on me! But if I were only at home, strong, happy, beloved!"

He sighed, and his sigh involuntarily changed into a groan.

"Ai! does it hurt?" asked the little soldier, shaking his shirt over the fire, and without awaiting his answer, quacking like a duck, he added: "Good many men knocked to pieces this day! terrible!"

Rostof did not heed the soldier. He gazed at the snowflakes fluttering down into the fire, and he recalled what winter would be at home in Russia, his warm, bright home, with his downy furs, swift sledges, his strong, healthy body, and the love and care of his family.

"And why did I come here?" he asked himself.

On the following day the French did not renew their attack, and the remains of Bagration's division effected a conjunction with Kutuzof's army.

PART THIRD.

CHAPTER I.

PRINCE VASILI was not in the habit of forecasting his plans. Still less did he ever think of doing people harm for the sake of his own advantage. He was merely a man of the world, who had been successful in the world, so that success had become a sort of second nature to him. He was always accustomed to allow circumstances and his relations to other men to modify his various plans and projects; but he rarely gave himself a very scrupulous account of them, though they constituted his chief interest in life. He managed to have several such plans and projects on the docket at one and the same time, and thus while a dozen formulated themselves, some came to something, while others fell through.

He never said to himself, for example: "This man is now in power, I ought to gain his confidence and friendship, and thereby secure myself the advantage of his assistance;" or this: "Here, Pierre is rich, I ought to induce him to marry my daughter, and thus get the forty thousand rubles that I need." But, if by chance he met the man in power, instinct immediately whispered to him that this man might be profitable to him, and Prince Vasili struck up a friendship with him, and at the first opportunity, led by instinct, flattered him, treated him with easy familiarity, and finally brought about the crucial conversation.

Pierre was under his tutelage at Moscow, and Prince Vasili procured for him an appointment as gentleman-in-waiting, which at that time conferred the same rank as Councillor of State, and he insisted on the young man accompanying him to Petersburg and taking up his residence in his own mansion.

Without making any exertion, and at the same time taking it absolutely for granted that he was on the right track, Prince Vasili was doing all in his power to marry Pierre to his daughter.

If Prince Vasili had formulated his plans beforehand, he could not have been so natural in his conversation, so simple

and unaffected in his relations with all men, not only those above him, but those who stood below him. There was something that ever attracted him to men richer or more powerful than himself, and he was endowed with the rare art of seizing exactly the right moment for profiting by people.

† Pierre who had unexpectedly succeeded to Count Bezukhoi's wealth and title, found himself, after his late life of loneliness and inaction, surrounded and occupied to such a degree that only when he was in bed could he have a moment entirely to himself. He was obliged to sign letters, to show himself at the court-house in regard to matters of which he had no clear comprehension, to ask questions about this and that, of his chief overseer, to ride out to his estate in the suburbs of Moscow, and to receive many people who hitherto had ignored his very existence, but who would be offended and insulted if he refused to see them. †

All these various individuals — business men, relations, acquaintances — were all with one accord, disposed to treat the young heir in the most friendly and flattering manner; they were all indubitably persuaded of Pierre's distinguished merits. He was constantly hearing such phrases as: "With your extraordinary goodness;" or, "Considering your kind heart;" or, "You are so upright, count;" or, "If he were as clever as you are;" and so on, until he actually began to believe in his extraordinary goodness and his extraordinary intelligence, all the more because always, in the depths of his heart, it had seemed to him that he was really very good and very clever.

Even people who before had been cross to him and showed him undisguised hatred, now became sweet and affectionate toward him.

For example, the sharp-tempered elder sister, the princess with the long waist and the phenomenally smooth hair, like a doll's, came into Pierre's room after the funeral.

Dropping her eyes and flushing deeply, she assured him how sincerely she regretted the misunderstandings that had arisen between them, and asked him as a special favor, though she felt that she had no right to do so, that she might be allowed, after the blow that had befallen her, to remain for a few weeks longer in the house which she had loved so well, and where she had borne so many sacrifices. She could not restrain her tears, and wept freely at these words.

Touched by the change that the statuesque princess had undergone, Pierre took her by the hand and begged her for-

givenness, though he could not have told for what. From that day the princess began to knit Pierre a striped scarf, and became entirely different to him.

"Do this for her, my dear fellow, for she had much to put up with on account of the late count's whims," said Prince Vasili, giving him a paper to sign for the princess's benefit. Prince Vasili had made up his mind that he must cast this die and get this check of thirty thousand rubles for the poor princess, in order that it might not enter her head to talk about the part which he had taken in the matter of the mosaic portfolio.

Pierre signed the check, and from that time forth the princess became still more affectionate to him. The younger sisters also were very flattering in their behavior to him; especially the youngest one—the beauty with the mole—who often embarrassed Pierre with her smiles and her own embarrassment at the sight of him.

It seemed to Pierre so natural that everybody should like him, it seemed to him so unnatural that any one should not like him, that he could not help believing in the sincerity of those who surrounded him. In the first place, he had no time to question the sincerity or lack of sincerity. He had no time for anything, but was constantly in a state of delicious intoxication, as it were. He was conscious that he was the centre of an important social mechanism, felt that something was constantly expected of him, that if he failed to accomplish this he would offend many, and disappoint their expectations. But if he did this thing and that, all would be well, and he did whatever was asked of him, and always imagined that better things lay in store for him.

During this first part of the time, Prince Vasili, more than any one else, undertook the management of Pierre and his affairs. After Count Bezukhoi's death, he scarcely let Pierre out of his sight. Prince Vasili acted like a man, who though overburdened with business, wearied, and careworn, was so filled with sympathy that he found it impossible to leave this hapless young man, the son of an old friend, and the possessor of such an enormous fortune, to the play of fate and the designs of knaves.

During the few days which he spent in Moscow after Count Bezukhoi's death, he kept calling Pierre to him or going himself to Pierre and instructed him on his duties in a tone of such weariness and assurance that he seemed to say each time: 'You know that I am overwhelmed with business; but it

would be heartless in me to leave you now; and you know that what I tell you is the only thing feasible." *

"Well, my dear fellow, to-morrow we will start at last," said he one day, closing his eyes and touching Pierre's elbow with his fingers, while his voice had a tone that seemed to imply that this had long, long ago been decided upon and was now perfectly beyond question.

"To-morrow we start; I will give you a place in my carriage. I am glad. We have done everything necessary here, and I ought to have been at home long ago. Here's what I got from the chancellor. I asked him for it for you: you have a place in the diplomatic corps, and are appointed gentleman-in-waiting. The diplomatic career is now open to you."

Notwithstanding the tone of weariness and assurance in which these words were spoken, Pierre, who for some time had been thinking about his future, began to make an objection. But Prince Vasili interrupted him and spoke on in that low, persuasive tone which effectually prevents any one from breaking into a man's discourse, and which he employed in case it were absolutely necessary to meet a final objection.

"But, my dear fellow, I did this for my own sake, to satisfy my own conscience, and there is nothing to thank me for. No one ever complained of being too well loved; but then you are free; you can leave to-morrow. Then you can see for yourself in Petersburg. It is high time that you left these scenes of painful recollections." Prince Vasili sighed. "Well, well, my dear. And let my valet follow in your carriage. Oh, yes, I had almost forgotten," added Prince Vasili. "You know, my friend, we had some accounts with the late lamented, and so I have collected and kept the money from your Riazan property: you don't need it. We will settle it up afterwards."

What Prince Vasili called "from the Riazan" property was a few thousand rubles of obrok, or peasant's quit-rent, which he had appropriated for his own use.

In Petersburg, just the same as in Moscow, Pierre found himself surrounded by an atmosphere of affection and love. He could not decline the office, or rather sinecure, — for he had nothing to do, — which Prince Vasili had procured for him, but he was so engrossed with acquaintances, invitations,

* *Vous savez que je suis acablé d'affaires, et que ce n'est que pure charité que je m'occupe de vous; et puis vous savez bien que ce je vous propose est la seule chose faisable.*

and social duties, that he felt, even more than in Moscow, the sense of confusion, hurry, and of happiness ever beckoning but never becoming realized.

Many of the set of gay young bachelors with whom he had formerly been intimate were now absent from Petersburg. The guard were away on the campaign; Dolokhof was serving in the ranks; Anatol had joined the army, and had been sent into the province; Prince Andrei was abroad, and therefore Pierre had no chance to spend his nights as he had once liked to do, or in occasionally engaging in confidential talks with some old and treasured friend. All his time was spent in dinners and balls, and pre-eminently in the society of Prince Vasili, the portly princess, his wife, and the beautiful Ellen.

Anna Pavlovna Scherer, like everybody else, made Pierre feel the change which had come over society in regard to him.

Hitherto, Pierre, in Anna Pavlovna's presence, had constantly felt that whatever he said was unbecoming, wanting in tact, unsuitable; that his speeches, however sensible they might seem while he was getting them ready in his mind, were idiotic as soon as he spoke them aloud; while, on the other hand, Ippolit's most stupid utterances were regarded as wise and witty. Now, however, everything that he said was greeted with the epithet 'splendid.' Even if Anna Pavlovna did not say this, still he was made to see that she meant it, and that she refrained from saying it only out of regard for his modesty.

At the beginning of the winter of the years 1805, 1806, Pierre received from Anna Pavlovna the usual pink note of invitation, and with this postscript: "The beautiful Ellen will be with us, whom one is never tired of looking at." *

On reading this sentence, Pierre for the first time realized that a peculiar bond had sprung up between him and Ellen, recognized by other people, and this thought alarmed him because it seemed to place him under some sort of an obligation which he could not fulfil, and at the same time it pleased him as an amusing situation.

Anna Pavlovna's reception was exactly like the former one, except that the dessert with which she regaled her guests was not Montemart as before, but a diplomat who had just arrived from Berlin, bringing the freshest details about the visit of the Emperor Alexander at Potsdam, and how the two most august friends had there sworn an oath of eternal alliance to

* *Vous trouverez chez moi la belle Hélène qu' on ne se lasse jamais de voir.*

protect the cause of right against the enemy of the human race.

Pierre was received by Anna Pavlovna with a shade of melancholy, evidently having reference to the recent loss which the young man had undergone in the death of Count Bezukhoi, — every one constantly felt it their duty to assure Pierre that he was greatly afflicted by his father's taking off, although he could hardly be said to have known him, — and in Anna Pavlovna's case this melancholy was almost equal to that high degree of melancholy which she always manifested at the mention of the most august Empress Maria Feodorovna. Pierre felt himself quite overwhelmed by this.

Anna Pavlovna with her usual art, arranged the circles of her drawing-room. The largest, in which Prince Vasili and the generals were conspicuous, was enjoying the diplomat's conversation. Still another group was gathered about the tea-table. Pierre was anxious to join the former, but Anna Pavlovna, who was in the excitable state of a great captain on the field of battle, when a thousand new and brilliant ideas are struggling almost hopelessly for a successful accomplishment, — Anna Pavlovna, seeing Pierre's motion, laid her finger on his sleeve.

"Wait, I have designs on you for this evening."

She glanced at Ellen, and gave her a smile.

"My dear Ellen, you must be good to my poor aunt, who has conceived a perfect adoration for you. Go and spend ten minutes with her.* And lest it should be very tiresome to you, here is our dear count, who certainly will not fail to follow you."

The beauty went over to *ma tante*, but Anna Pavlovna detained the young man, pretending that she had still some indispensable arrangement to complete.

"Charming! isn't she?" said she to Pierre, referring to the stately beauty who was sailing away. "And so self-possessed, and so much tact for a young girl, such wonderful capability and dignity. It all comes natural to her. Fortune will be the man who secures her! With her a man, even of the humblest position in society, could not fail to attain the most brilliant position. Isn't that so? I only wanted to know your opinion." And Anna Pavlovna released Pierre.

Pierre had honestly replied in the affirmative to her question about Ellen's art of self-reliance. Whenever he thought

* *Ma bonne Hélène, il faut que vous soyez charitable pour ma pauvre tante, qui a une adoration pour vous. Allez lui tenir compagnie pour dix minutes.*

of Ellen, he thought of her beauty, and of her extraordinary ability at appearing grave and dignified in society.

Ma tante received the two young people in her corner, but it seemed as though she were trying to hide her adoration for Ellen, and make rather a show of awe for Anna Pavlovna. She glanced at her niece as though asking how she should behave toward these people. As Anna Pavlovna turned away, she again touched Pierre's sleeve with her finger, and said:—

"I hope that you won't say another time that you are bored at my house,"* and she glanced at Ellen. Ellen smiled back with a look that seemed to say, that she could not admit the possibility of any one seeing her, and not being delighted. The aunt coughed, swallowed down the phlegm, and said in French that she was very glad to see Ellen; then she turned to Pierre with the same compliment and the same look. During their tedious and desultory conversation, Ellen glanced at Pierre, and smiled upon him with the same bright and radiant smile that she bestowed upon all people. Pierre was so accustomed to this smile, that it made little impression upon him, and he gave it no special attention. The aunt happened at that moment to be speaking about a collection of snuff-boxes, which had belonged to Pierre's late father, Count Bezukhoi, and she showed him her own snuff-box. The Princess Ellen asked to see the portrait of her husband painted in miniature on the cover.

"That is apparently the work of Vinnes," remarked Pierre, mentioning the name of a distinguished miniature painter. He leaned over the table to take up the snuff-box, but all the time he was listening to the conversation at the other table. He got up, intending to pass around; but the aunt handed him the snuff-box, passing it directly behind Ellen. Ellen moved aside to give room, and, as she looked up she smiled. In accordance with the custom of the day, she wore a dress cut very low both in front and behind. Her bust, which always reminded Pierre of marble, was so near to him that even with his near-sighted eyes he could not help seeing the exquisite beauty of her neck and shoulders, and if he had stooped but a little, his lips would have touched her neck. He was conscious of the warmth of her body, the faint breath of some perfume, and the rustle of her corset as she moved. He saw not the statuesque beauty which agreed so well with the color of her dress, he saw and felt the whole charm of her form, concealed as it was, only by her drapery. And having

* *J'espère que vous ne direz plus qu' on s'ennuie chez moi.*

once seen this, his eyes refused to see her in any other way, just as it is impossible for us to recall an illusion that has once been explained.

"And so you have not noticed before how charming I am?" Ellen seemed to say, "have you not noticed that I am a woman? Yes, I am a woman, whom any man might win, — even you," her look seemed to say. And at that instant, Pierre was conscious that Ellen not only might be, but that she must be his wife, that it could not be otherwise.

He knew this at this instant just as surely as he would have known it had he been standing with her under the bridal crown.

How would this be? and when would it be?

He could not tell, he was not sure that it would be the best thing for him; he even had a dim consciousness that somehow it would not be for the best, but still he knew that it would be. Pierre dropped his eyes, then raised them and tried once more to see that beauty so far off and foreign to him, as it were, which he had seen every day before; but he found it impossible. He no more could recall his former thought of her than a man, who having seen a blade of steppe grass in the mist and mistaken it for a tree, could ever be deceived into taking the blade of grass for a tree again. She was terribly near to him; already, she had begun to wield her power over him. And between him and her there was no longer any impediment except the impediment of his own will.

"Excellent! I leave you in your quiet corner. I see you are getting along very well there,"* said Anna Pavlovna's voice. And Pierre coming to his senses with a start of terror lest he had been guilty of something reprehensible, reddened and glanced around. It seemed to him that all knew as well as he himself did, what had happened to him.

After a little while, when he had joined the large circle, Anna Pavlovna said to him, "I hear that you are refitting your Petersburg house." This was true; the architect had told him that it was needful to be done, and Pierre, though he did not know why, allowed the huge mansion to be improved. "That's a good plan, but I wouldn't give up your quarters at Prince Vasili's. It is a good thing to have a friend like the prince," said she, smiling at Prince Vasili. "I know something about it, do I not?† And you are still so young. You need

* *Bon, je vous laisse dans votre petit coin. Je vois que vous n'êtes très bien.*

† *On dit que vous embellissez votre maison de Pétersbourg. C'est bien; mais ne demandez pas de chez le Prince Basil. Il est bon d'avoir un ami comme le prince; j'en sais quelque chose. N'est ce pas?*

some one to advise you. You are not angry with me for exercising the prerogative of an old woman, I hope?" She added this in Russian, and paused as women always pause, expecting something complimentary, when they have been mentioning their age. "If you marry, that would be a different thing." And she united them in one significant glance. Pierre did not look at Ellen, but she looked at him. But all the time she was terribly close to him. He stammered something and reddened.

After he returned home, Pierre was long unable to sleep, for thinking of what had happened to him.

What had happened to him?

Nothing!

All he knew was that a woman, whom he had known as a child, of whom he had often heedlessly said, "Yes, she's pretty," when he was told that Ellen was a beauty, might be his.

"But she is stupid; she acknowledges that she is stupid," he said to himself. "There is something revolting in the idea of her exciting my love, — something repulsive. I have been told that her own brother Anatol was in love with her, and that she loved him in return; that there was quite a scandal about it, and that was the reason why Anatol was sent away. Ippolit is her brother. Her father — Prince Vasili — it's all ugly," he went on thinking, and even while he came to this decision, — such considerations are endless, — he found himself to his surprise indulging in a smile, and acknowledged that another series of considerations were arising in his mind; that while he was thinking of her faults he was at the same time dreaming how she would be his wife, how she might be in love with him, how she might be quite different, and how all that he had heard and thought about her might be untrue. And again he saw her, not as Prince Vasili's daughter, but as a woman, her form concealed merely by her grayish garment.

"But no, why has this idea never entered my mind before?" And again he assured himself that it was impossible, that there would be something shameful, contrary to nature, something, as it seemed, dishonorable to him in this marriage. He recalled her words and glances, and the words and glances of those who had seen them together. He remembered Anna Pavlovna's words and looks when she spoke to him about his house; he remembered a thousand similar insinuations on the part of Prince Vasili and others, and a sense of horror came

over him, lest he had bound himself by the very undertaking of such a project, a project which was evidently wrong, and which he ought not to have undertaken. But at the very time that he came to this decision, in the other half of his mind arose her form in all its womanly beauty.

CHAPTER II.

IN November, 1805, Prince Vasili was obliged to go to four governments on a tour of inspection.* He had secured this commission for himself so as to visit one of his ruined estates, and it was his intention, having picked up his son Anatol, who was with his regiment at one of the places on his route, to go with him on a visit to Prince Nikolai Andreyevitch Bolkonsky, so as to marry this same son to the daughter of this wealthy old man.

But before starting on this journey and undertaking these new duties, Prince Vasili felt called upon to bring Pierre's little affair to a crisis. The truth was, Pierre, during these latter days of his visit at Prince Vasili's, had shown himself absurd, agitated, and moping in Ellen's presence, — the proper condition of a man in love, — but still he had not made his declaration. "*Tout ça est bel et bon, mais il faut que ça finisse* — it must be decided," said Prince Vasili one morning, with a melancholy sigh, confessing to himself that Pierre, considering under what obligations he was to him ("though Christ be with him")! was not behaving very nicely in this matter. "Youth — fickleness. Well, God bless him!" said Prince Vasili, with a feeling of satisfaction at his own benevolence; "*mais il faut que ça finisse*. Day after to-morrow is Lyólina's birthday; I will have a little party for her, and if he does not come up to the point in seeing what his duty is, then it will be my affair. Yes, my affair. I am her father."

A fortnight after Anna Pavlovna's reception, and the sleepless, agitated night that followed it, when he had made up his mind that to marry Ellen would lead to unhappiness, and that it was his duty to flee from her, and go away, Pierre, in spite of this decision, was still at Prince Vasili's, and felt with a sort of horror that each day he was becoming, in the eyes of the world, more and more attached to her; that he could not return to his former way of looking upon her; could not tear himself

* Russia is divided into *gubernie* or governments; those again, into districts.

from her; that it was abominable, but still he must link his fate with hers. Perhaps he might have abstained, but scarcely a day passed that Prince Vasili — who formerly had so rarely given receptions — did not have company, and Pierre was obliged to be present, unless he were willing to disturb the general contentment and disappoint the expectation of all.

Prince Vasili, during those rare moments when he was at home, as he passed by Pierre, would draw his head down, carelessly offer him his shaven, wrinkled cheek to kiss, and say: "Till to-morrow," or "We'll meet at dinner, or else I shall not see you," or, "I stay at home for your sake," or the like.

But notwithstanding the fact that Prince Vasili, according to his own account, stayed at home for Pierre's sake, he did not exchange two words with him, and yet, Pierre did not feel himself strong enough to disappoint him. Each day he said to himself ever the same thing: "I must in the end understand her and explain her — what is she? Was I mistaken in her before, or am I mistaken now? No, she is not stupid. No, she is a beautiful girl," he said to himself from time to time. Never did she make a single error; never, by any chance, did she say anything stupid. She spoke little, but what she said was always simple and clear. So she could not be stupid. Never was she agitated or confused. She could not be a vile woman!

Often it chanced that he began to discuss with her, or to utter his thoughts in her hearing, but every time she replied in some brief but appropriately worded remark, showing that she was not interested, or else with a silent smile and look, which more palpably than anything else proved to Pierre her superiority. She was in the right, for she made it evident that all arguments and reasonings were rubbish in comparison with this smile.

She always treated him with a radiant, confiding, and confidential smile, which was meant for himself alone, as though there were in it something more significant than there was in that smile which she wore for the world in general. Pierre knew that all were waiting for him to at last speak the one word needful, to step over the certain line, and he knew that sooner or later, he should cross it; a strange and invincible horror seized him at the mere thought of this momentous step. A thousand times in the course of this fortnight, during which he felt himself all the time drawn deeper and deeper into the terrible gulf, he said to himself: "What does it mean? What I need is decision! Why do I lack it?"

He was anxious to come to a decision, but felt with horror that, in this matter, he was not displaying the strength of will which he knew he had, and which he really had.

Pierre belonged to the number of those who are strong only when they have the consciousness of being perfectly pure. But ever since he had begun to be overmastered by the feeling of sensual desire that came upon him at Anna Pavlovna's, during the scene with the snuff-box, an undefined sense of guilt had paralyzed his will-power.

On the evening of Ellen's name-day, a small party of friends and relatives, — "Our nearest and dearest," as the princess expressed it, — took supper at Prince Vasili's. All these friends and relatives were given to understand, that, on this day, the young lady's fate was to be decided. The guests were seated in the dining-room. The Princess Kuragina, a portly, imposing woman, who had once been famous for her beauty, sat at the head of the table. On each side of her were placed the more important guests, — an old general, his wife, and Anna Pavlovna Scherer; at the other end of the table were the younger and less honored guests; and there, also, sat the various members of the household — Pierre and Ellen side by side.

Prince Vasili did not sit down with the rest; he walked around the table, in a jocund mood, stopping to chat now with one, now with another of his guests, speaking some light and pleasant word to all, except Pierre and Ellen, whose presence he seemed entirely to ignore.

Prince Vasili was the very life of the company.

The wax candles burned brightly, the silver and cut glass gleamed, the jewels of the ladies, and the gold and silver epaulets of the officers glistened. The clatter of knives and plates and glasses, and the hum of lively conversation was heard around the table. An aged chamberlain, at one end, was heard assuring an aged baroness of his passionate love for her, while her laugh in reply rang out. At the other end, some one was telling of the misfortune that had befallen a certain Marya Viktorovna. Near the centre of the table, Prince Vasili was standing, with a little circle of auditors, while he told the ladies, with a facetious smile on his face, of the last meeting, on Wednesday, of the Imperial Council, at which Sergyei Kuzmitch Vyazmitinof, the new military governor-general of Petersburg, received and read the then famous rescript addressed to him from the army headquarters, by the Emperor Alexander Pavlovitch.

The emperor declared that he was receiving from all sides proofs of the devotion of the people, and that the demonstration of Petersburg was particularly delightful to him, that he was proud of being the head of such a nation, and would do all in his power to prove himself worthy of the honor. This rescript began with these words: "*Sergyei Kuzmitch: From all sides, reports reach me,*" —

"And so he could not get further than '*Sergyei Kuzmitch*'?" asked a lady.

"No, not a hair's breadth," replied Prince Vasili, laughing. "*Sergyei Kuzmitch: from all sides — Sergyei Kuzmitch! from all sides.*" Poor Vyazmitinof could not get any further. Several times he began the letter over again, but could only say, '*Sergyei,*' — then sobs, — '*Ku — zmi — tch.*' — tears, and then the words, — '*from all sides*' were drowned in sobs, and he could not get any further. And again his handkerchief, and again, '*Sergyei Kuzmitch, from all sides*' and more tears, until at last he had to get some one else to read it for him."

"'*Kuzmitch — from all sides*' — and tears," repeated some one with a laugh.

"Don't be naughty," exclaimed Anna Pavlovna, from the other end of the table, and raising her finger threateningly, "Our good Viazmitinof is such a dear, excellent man."*

This greatly amused the company. At the upper end of the table where sat the honorary guests, all were apparently in jovial spirits, and under the influence of the most varied and lively emotions; but Pierre and Ellen sat silent, side by side, at the lower end of the table; on the faces of each hovered a radiant smile, not evoked by the story about Sergyei Kuzmitch, but rather a smile of bashfulness at their own thoughts. The others might chatter and laugh and jest, they might with good appetite enjoy the Rhine wine and the *sauté* and the ice creams, they might let their eyes avoid resting on that couple, they might seem to be quite indifferent and even to ignore their existence; nevertheless, there was something in the very atmosphere that made it evident by the furtive glances bent upon them, that the anecdote about Sergyei Kuzmitch and the laugh that it evoked, and the dinner and everything were but merely pretence; and that the energies of the whole company were, in reality, devoted to this young couple, Pierre and Ellen, even while Prince Vasili was imitating the lacrymose Sergyei Kuzmitch. All the time his glance sought his daughter, and even when he was laughing his heartiest, the expression of his face

* *C'est un si brave et excellent homme, notre bon Viasmitinoff.*

seemed to say: "Yes, yes; it is going all right; it will be decided this evening."

Anna Pavlovna when she threatened him with *notre bon Viasmitinoff*, let Prince Vasili read in her eyes as they flashed for a moment in Pierre's direction, a congratulation for his daughter's coming marriage and good fortune.

The old princess, as she offered a glass of wine to her neighbor with a melancholy sigh, and glanced gravely toward her daughter, seemed to say by this sigh: "Yes, my dear, now there is nothing left for us but to sip sweet wine; now it is the young people's turn to be so insolently, defiantly happy.

"And what melancholy rubbish, all that I have to say is! As though it meant anything!" thought the old diplomat, as he gazed at the happy faces of the lovers: "yonder is true happiness!"

Amid these mean, petty and artificial interests uniting this company, there arose the natural feeling of attraction felt for each other by a handsome and healthful young man and woman. And this human feeling put to naught and soared above all their artificial bubble. The jests were not amusing, the news was not interesting, the liveliness was only counterfeited. Not only they, but also the servants, waiting on the table, seemed to feel the same thing, and forget the proprieties of the service, as they gazed on beautiful Ellen, with her radiant face, and on Pierre's comely, stout face, so happy and so uneasy. It even seemed as if the light from the candles were all concentrated on these two happy faces. Pierre was conscious that he was the centre of everything, and this position both pleased him and made him uncomfortable. He found himself in the position of a man plunged in some sort of absorbing occupation. He saw nothing, heard nothing, understood nothing clearly. Only occasionally, through his consciousness flashed fragmentary thoughts and expressions of the reality.

"And so it is all over," he said to himself. "How in the world did it ever happen? It was so sudden! Now I know that not for her sake alone, nor for my own sake alone, but for the sake of all, *this* must be accomplished without fail. They all expect *this* so confidently; they are so certain that it will take place, that I cannot, I cannot disappoint them. But how will it take place? I know not; but it will be, it infallibly must be!" thought Pierre, as he glanced at those shoulders gleaming so near him.

Then suddenly a feeling of humiliation mingled in his

thoughts. He felt embarrassed to be the object of general attention, to be "a lucky man" in the eyes of all others, to be another, though homely Paris, possessing his Helen of Troy.

"But, to be sure this has always been, and therefore it must be so," he said, trying to comfort himself. "And, besides, what have I done to bring it about? When did it begin? I came from Moscow with Prince Vasili. There was certainly nothing in that. Then what harm was there in my staying at his house? And so I played cards with her, and picked up her reticule, and went to drive with her. When did it begin, when did it all begin?"

And now here he is sitting by her in the quality of accepted suitor, hearing, seeing, feeling her presence, her breathing, her every motion, her beauty. Then suddenly it seemed to him that it was not she who was the beauty, but he himself, and to such an extraordinary degree that all had to look at him, and that he, delighting in this universal admiration, swelled out his chest, raised his head high, and rejoiced in his own happiness. Suddenly he heard a voice, a well-known voice, speaking and saying something for the second time. But Pierre was so absorbed, that he did not comprehend what was said to him.

"I asked you when you heard last from Bolkonsky," said Prince Vasili for the third time. "How absent-minded you are, my dear fellow!"

Prince Vasili smiled. And Pierre saw that all, all were smiling at him and at Ellen. "Well, suppose you all do know!" said Pierre to himself. "What then? It is true," and he himself smiled his sweet, childlike smile, and Ellen also smiled.

"When did you get the letter? Was it from Olmütz?" repeated Prince Vasili, who pretended that he wished to know in order to decide a dispute.

"How can one talk and think about such trifles?" was Pierre's mental exclamation. "Yes, from Olmütz," he replied, with a sigh.

After supper Pierre gave his arm to Ellen, and led her to the drawing-room in the wake of the others. The guests began to disperse, and some went away without bidding Ellen farewell. Others, as though unwilling to tear her away from serious concerns, went up to her for a minute and then hurried away, without allowing her to accompany them to the door. The diplomat preserved a mournful silence as he left the drawing-room. The utter futility of his diplomatic career presented itself in comparison with Pierre's good fortune.

The old general growled out a surly reply to his wife when she asked him about the gout in his foot. "Eka! the old fool!" he said to himself, "Here's Elena Vasilyevna; and she'll be just as much of a beauty at fifty!"

"It seems as though I might congratulate you," said Anna Pavlovna in a whisper to the old princess, and gave her a resounding kiss. "If I hadn't a sick headache, I would stay a little longer."

The princess made no answer; she was tormented by jealousy at her daughter's good fortune.

While the guests were taking their departure, Pierre was left for some time alone with Ellen in the little sitting-room where they often sat. During the past fortnight, he had been often alone with Ellen, but he had never said a word to her about love. Now he felt that this was indispensable, but still he found it impossible to make up his mind to undertake this last step. He felt abashed; it seemed that here in Ellen's presence he occupied a place that belonged to some one else. "Not for thee is this good fortune," some internal voice seemed to whisper, "This happiness is for those who have not what thou hast."

But it was essential to say something, and he tried to talk. He asked her if she had enjoyed the evening. She replied with her usual simplicity, that this name-day had been one of the pleasant events of her life.

One or two of the nearest relatives still remained. They were gathered in the great drawing-room. Prince Vasili with leisurely steps came to Pierre. Pierre got up and remarked that it was already late. Prince Vasili looked at him with a gravely questioning face, as much as to imply that what he said was too strange to be heard. But instantly this expression of sternness vanished, and Prince Vasili laid his hand on Pierre's sleeve, made him sit down again, and gave him a flattering smile. "Well, Lyolya," he asked, turning instantly to his daughter, in that easy-going tone of habitual affection peculiar to parents who have lived on terms of especial affection with their children ever since their childhood, but which in Prince Vasili's case had been acquired only through having observed other parents. And then he turned again to Pierre: "*Sergyei Kuzmitch, from all sides*," he repeated, nervously unbuttoning the upper button of his waistcoat.

Pierre smiled, but his smile made it evident how well he understood that Prince Vasili was not interested now in this anecdote about Sergyei Kuzmitch, and Prince Vasili under-

stood that Pierre understood this. Prince Vasili suddenly muttered some excuse and left the room. It seemed to Pierre that even Prince Vasili was embarrassed. The appearance of embarrassment in this old society man deeply affected Pierre. He glanced at Ellen, and she, it seemed, was also embarrassed, and her glance said: "Well, it is all your fault!"

"It is absolutely indispensable for me to take this step, but I cannot, I cannot!" said Pierre to himself, and once more he began to talk about irrelevant things, about "Sergyei Kuzmitch," asking what was the point of this anecdote, as he had not caught it. Ellen with a smile confessed that she also knew nothing about it.

When Prince Vasili returned to the drawing-room, the princess was engaged in talking in low tones with an elderly lady about Pierre. "Of course it is a very brilliant match, but happiness, my dear,"* said she, in the usual mixture of French and Russian.

"Marriages are made in heaven — *les mariages se font dans les cieux*," returned the old lady. Prince Vasili, pretending not to hear what she said, went to the farthest table and sat down on the sofa. He closed his eyes and appeared to be dozing. His head sank forward and then he woke with a start. "Alina," said he to his wife, "go and see what they are doing."

The princess went to the door, passed by it with a significant but indifferent look, and glanced in. Pierre and Ellen were still sitting and talking.

"Just the same," she said, in reply to her husband. Prince Vasili scowled, and screwed his mouth to one side, and his cheeks began to twitch with that unpleasant coarse expression so characteristic of him; then with a sudden impulse he sprang to his feet, threw his head back, and with decided steps, strode past the ladies into the little sitting-room. Swiftly, and with a great assumption of delight he went straight up to Pierre. His face was so unusually triumphant that Pierre, in seeing him, rose to his feet in dismay.

"Slava Bohu! glory to God!" he cried, "my wife has told me all." He threw one arm round Pierre, the other round his daughter. "My dear boy! Lyolya! I am very, very glad," his voice trembled. "I loved your father — and she will make you a good wife — God bless you." He embraced his daughter, then Pierre again, and kissed him with his malodorous mouth. Tears actually moistened his cheeks. "Princess, come here!" he cried.

* *C'est un parti très brillant, mais le bonheur, ma chère.*

The princess came and wept. The elderly lady also wiped her eyes with her handkerchief. They kissed Pierre, and he kissed the lovely Ellen's hand several times. After a little they were left alone again.

"All this had to be so, and could not be otherwise," thought Pierre, "and there is no need to ask if it be good or evil. Good at least in that it is decided, and I am no longer tortured by suspense." Pierre silently held the hand of his betrothed, and looked at her fair bosom as it rose and fell.

"Ellen!" said he aloud, and then paused. He was aware that something of this sort must be said under such circumstances, but he could not for the life of him remember what was the proper thing to say. He looked into her face, she came nearer to him. Her face grew a deep crimson.

"Akh! take them off. How they" — she pointed to his glasses.

Pierre took them off, and his eyes had a scared and entreating look in addition to that strange expression which people's eyes assume when they remove their glasses suddenly. He was about to bend over her hand, and kiss it, but she with a quick and abrupt motion of her head intercepted the motion, and pressed her lips to his. Her face disturbed Pierre by its changed and unpleasantly passionate expression.

"Now it is too late, it is all decided; yes, and I love her," thought Pierre.

"*Je vous aime*," he said, at last remembering what was necessary in these circumstances; but these words sounded so meagre that he was ashamed of himself.

At the end of a fortnight he was married, the fortunate possessor, as they say, of a beautiful wife and of millions, and settled in the enormous Petersburg mansion of the Counts Bezukhoi, newly refitted for them.

CHAPTER III.

THE old Prince Nikolai Andreitch Bolkonsky in December, 1805, received a letter from Prince Vasili, announcing his coming with his son on a visit. "I am making a tour of inspection, and of course the hundred versts distance across the country shall not keep me from coming to see you, venerated benefactor," he wrote, "and my Anatol accompanies me; he is on his way to the army, and I hope you will permit

him to show you the deep respect which he, in emulation of his father, has conceived for you."

"Well, there's no need of bringing Marie out, if suitors come to us of their own accord," said the little princess indiscreetly, when this was mentioned to her. Prince Nikolai Andreitch frowned, and made no reply. Two weeks after the receipt of the letter, Prince Vasili's servants made their appearance in advance of him, and on the next day, he and his son arrived.

The old Prince Bolkonsky had a low opinion of Prince Vasili's character, and this had been intensified of late by the great advances which he had made in rank and honors under the Emperors Paul and Alexander. Now (especially, from the letter, and the insinuations made by the little princess, he saw what was in the wind, and his low opinion of Prince Vasili was transmuted in his heart into a feeling of really malevolent contempt. He snorted whenever he mentioned his name. On the day that Prince Vasili was expected, Prince Nikolai Andreitch was especially surly, and out of sorts. Whether he were out of sorts because Prince Vasili was coming, or whether he was dissatisfied with Prince Vasili's visit because he was out of sorts, it did not alter the fact that he was out of sorts, and Tikhon early in the morning advised the architect not to come near the prince unless he was summoned.

"Listen! Hear him walking up and down," remarked Tikhon, calling the architect's attention to the sounds of the prince's tramp. "He stamps his heels, and we all know what that means." However, at the usual hour of nine o'clock, the prince came out for his morning walk, dressed in his velvet shubka with its sable collar, and in a cap of the same fur. The night before there had been a snowstorm. The path along which the prince walked to the orangery had been swept; traces of the broom were still to be seen on the snow, and the shovel was driven into a light embankment of snow, heaped high on both sides of the path. The prince went the round of the greenhouses, the yard, and the various buildings, frowning and silent.

"Can sleighs come up," he asked of his overseer, a man who was his image in face and actions, and was accompanying him with great deference back to the house.

"The snow is deep, your illustriousness, I have already given orders to have the snow shovelled away from the *preshpekt*." The prince bent his head, and started to go up the steps.

"Glory to thee, oh Lord," was the overseer's mental exclamation, "the cloud has past."

"It was hard to approach, your illustriousness," added the superintendent. "when I heard, your illustriousness, that your illustriousness was expecting a minister"—The prince turned round toward his overseer, and fastened his gloomy eyes upon him.

"What? A minister. What minister? Who commanded you?" he exclaimed, in his shrill, harsh voice. "The road is cleared, not for the princess, my daughter, but for a minister! We have no ministers at my house"

"Your illustriousness, I supposed"—

"You supposed," screamed the prince, uttering the words more and more hastily and incoherently. "You supposed—cut-throats, blackguards!—I will teach ye to suppose," and raising his cane, flourished it over Alpatuitch, and would have struck him had not the overseer instinctively dodged the blow. "You supposed—blackguard!" screamed the prince, but notwithstanding the fact that Alpatuitch, alarmed at his audacity in avoiding the blow, hastened up to the prince, and humbly bent before him his bald pate, or possibly for this very reason, the prince continued to scream "Blackguards! have the road shovelled back again," but did not raise the cane a second time, and hastened into his room.

The Princess Marie and Mlle. Bourienne, knowing that he was in a bad humor, stood waiting for him to come to dinner. Mlle. Bourienne with a beaming face, which said, "Oh! I know nothing about it; as for me, I am always the same." And the princess pale and scared with downcast eyes. Hardest of all was it for the Princess Marie to know that in these circumstances she ought to imitate Mlle. Bourienne, but she could not do so. It seemed to her, "If I should pretend not to pay any attention, he would think that I had no sympathy for him; and if I show him that I am melancholy and out of sorts myself, he will say (as he always does), that I'm in the blues."

The prince looked at his daughter's scared face and snorted.

"Goo—or fool!" he muttered. "And the other one not here? Can they have been tattling to her?" he wondered, when he saw that the little princess was not in the dining-room.

"Where is the princess?" he asked. "Is she hiding herself?"

"She is not feeling very well," said Mlle. Bourienne, with a

radiant smile, "she won't come down. That is natural in her condition."

"Hm! Hm! kh! kh!" grumbled the prince, and took his seat at the table. His plate seemed to him not quite clean; he pointed to a spot, and flung it away. Tikhon caught it and handed it to the butler.

The little princess was not ill, but she was so invincibly afraid of the old prince that when she learned that he was in a bad humor she resolved not to leave her room. "I am afraid for my baby," said she to Mlle. Bourienne; "God knows what might happen if I were frightened."

The little princess lived at Luisiya Gorui, the most of the time, with a sense of fear and antipathy for her father-in-law, whom she did not understand because her terror so overmastered her that she could not. The prince reciprocated this antipathy for his daughter-in-law, but it was not so strong as his contempt for her. The princess, since her residence at Luisiya Gorui, had taken a special fancy to Mlle. Bourienne, spent whole days with her, often begged her to sleep with her, and talked about the old prince with her and criticised him.

"So some visitors are coming to see us, prince," said Mlle. Bourienne, as she unfolded her white napkin with her rosy fingers. "His excellency, Prince Kuragin, I understand?"* she said, with a questioning inflexion.

"Hm — this 'excellency,' as you call him, is a puppy. I got him appointed to the college," said the prince disdainfully, "but why his son is coming is more than I know. The Princess Lizavieta Karlovna and the Princess Mariya, possibly, they know, but I don't know what he's bringing his son here for; I don't want him." And he looked at his blushing daughter. "So she isn't very well to-day? From fear of the 'minister,' I suppose, as that blockhead of an Alpatuitch called him to-day."

"No, *mon père!*"

Though Mlle. Bourienne had been particularly unfortunate in her choice of a subject of conversation, she was not at all put out of countenance, but rattled on about the greenhouses, and about the beauty of some new flower that had just blossomed, and the prince, after his soup, melted and became more genial.

After dinner he went to see his daughter-in-law. The little

* *Il nous arrive du monde; son excellence le Prince Kouraguine, à ce de j'ai entendu dire.*

princess was sitting by a stand and chatting with Masha, her maid. She turned pale at the sight of her father-in-law. The little princess had very much altered. One would now much sooner call her ugly than pretty. Her cheeks were sunken, her lip was raised, her eyes had a drawn look.

"Yes, a little headache," she replied to the prince's question how she felt.

"Do you need anything?"

"*Non, merci, mon père.*"

"Well, then, very good, very good."

He left the room and went to the office. Alpatuitch, with drooping head, was waiting for him there.

"Is the snow shovelled back?"

"It is, your illustriousness; forgive me, for God's sake, this one piece of stupidity.

The prince interrupted him and smiled his unnatural smile. "Well, then, very good, very good." He stretched out his hand for Alpatuitch to kiss, and then he went to his cabinet.

Prince Vasili arrived in the evening. He was met on the *preshpekt* (as they called the *prospect* or high road) by the coachmen and stable hands, who with loud shouts dragged his covered *vozòk* and sledge up to the entrance, over snow which had been purposely heaped upon the driveway. Separate chambers had been prepared for Prince Vasili and Anatol.

Anatol, in his shirt-sleeves, and with his arms akimbo, was sitting before a table on one corner of which he stared absent-mindedly with his large handsome eyes, while a smile played over his lips. He looked upon his life as one unbroken round of gayety which it was fated should be prepared for his amusement. And even now he looked in the same way on this visit to a churlish old man and a rich and monstrously ugly heiress. According to his theory, all this might lead to something very good and amusing. And why should he not marry her, if she were so very rich? "That never comes amiss," thought Anatol.

✂ He shaved, perfumed himself carefully and coquettishly, and with an expression of indifference that was innate in him, and holding his head high, like a young conqueror, he went to his father's chamber. Two valets were engaged in getting Prince Vasili dressed; he himself looked around him with much animation, and gave a nod to his son as he came in, as much as to say, "Good, that's the way I want you to look!"

"No, but tell me, batyushka, without joking, is she monstrously ugly? — say," he asked, as though continuing a conversation that had been more than once broached during the course of their journey.

"Oh, that'll do! It's all nonsense. The main thing is to try to be respectful and prudent towards the old prince."

"If he's going to say unpleasant things to me, I shall go right away," said Anatol. "I can't abide these old men. Hey?"

"Remember, your whole future depends upon this."

Meantime, in the maidservant's room, not only was it known that the minister and his son had arrived, but every detail of their personal appearance had been circumstantially discussed. But the princess Mariya sat alone in her room, and vainly struggled to conquer her inward agitation.

"Why did they write me? Why has Liza spoken to me about this? Why, of course it cannot take place!" she said to herself, looking into her mirror. "How can I go down to the drawing-room? Even if he pleased me, I could not now be sure of myself in his presence."

The mere thought of her father's eyes renewed her dismay. The little princess and Mlle. Bourienne had, by this time, received all necessary information from the maid, Masha, who told them what a handsome young man, with rosy cheeks and dark eyebrows, the minister's son was; and how, when his *papenka* had been scarcely able to drag his feet up the stairs, he had flown up like an eagle, three steps at a time. After hearing this news, the little princess and Mlle. Bourienne hastened to the Princess Mariya's room, filling the corridor with the lively sound of their voices as they went.

"*Ils sont arrivés*, Marie; did you know it?" said the little princess, waddling along, and dropping heavily into an arm-chair. She was no longer in the dressing sack, which she had worn in the morning, but had put on one of her best gowns. Her hair was carefully brushed, and her face was full of animation, which, however, did not atone for her sunken and livid features. In the finery in which she was accustomed to appear in Petersburg society, it was still more noticeable that her beauty had sadly faded. Mlle. Bourienne had also taken pains to make some improvement in her dress, and this made her pretty, fresh face still more attractive.

"What? and you intend to appear as you are, dear princess?" she exclaimed. "They will be here in a moment to bring word that the gentlemen are in the drawing-room; we

must go down; so won't you make just a little change in your toilette?" *

The little princess got up out of the arm-chair, rang for the maid, and hastily and merrily began to devise some adornment for her sister-in-law, and get it materialized. The Princess Mariya felt humiliated, in her own sense of dignity, by the excitement which the coming of her suitor stirred in her, and still more humiliated because both of her friends did not seem to imagine that it was possible to be otherwise. To tell them how ashamed she was for herself, and for them would have been to betray her agitation; moreover, to have refused to put on the adornment which they were getting ready for her, would have entailed endless jests and reproaches. She grew red, her lovely eyes lost their brilliancy, her face became covered with patches, and with the unlovely expression, as of a victim, coming more and more frequently in her face, she surrendered herself into the power of Mlle. Bourienne and Liza. Both the ladies labored in perfectly good faith to render her handsome. She was so homely, that neither of them could ever dream of entering into rivalry with her; therefore, being perfectly sincere in that naive and firm conviction peculiar to women, that ornaments can make a face beautiful, they busied themselves with her adornment.

"No, it's a fact, *ma bonne amie*, that dress isn't becoming," said Liza, looking critically at her sister-in-law from some little distance. "Try that dark-red *musaká* that you have. Truly! you know your whole fate, perhaps, depends upon this matter. This one is too light; it won't do! no, oh, no! it won't do!"

It was not that the dress was not becoming, but the princess's face and whole figure were at fault; but neither Mlle. Bourienne or the little princess realized this. It seemed to them that if they put a blue ribbon in her hair, and combed it up properly, and then added a blue scarf to her cinnamon-colored dress, and made some other such additions, all would be well. They forgot that her scared face and her figure could not be altered, and, therefore, no matter how much they might vary the frame and adornment, the face itself would remain pitiful and unattractive. At last, after two or three experiments, to which the Princess Mariya patiently submitted, when her hair had been combed up high from her forehead (a mode

* "*Eh, bien, et vous restez comme vous êtes, chère princesse? On va venir annoncer que ces messieurs sont au salon: il faudra descendre et vous ne faites un petit brin de toilette?*"

of dressing the hair that absolutely changed her face, and that for the worse), and she was dressed in the *masaká* dress with the blue scarf, the little princess walked around her twice in succession, adjusted with her dainty fingers some of the folds in the skirt, pulled out the scarf, looked at her with her head bent now on this side, now on that,—

“No, that is impossible,” said she, decidedly, clasping her hands. “No, Marie, decidedly, this does not do at all. I like you better in your little, everyday, gray dress. Now, please do this for me.* Katya,” she said to the maid, “bring the princess her grayish dress, and—see, Mlle. Bourienne, how I am going to fix it,” she added, with a thrill of anticipation in her artistic pleasure. But when Katya brought the desired garment, the Princess Mariya sat motionless before the mirror, looking at her face, and the mirror gave back the reflection of eyes full of tears, and a mouth trembling with the premonition of a storm of sobbing.

“*Voyons, chère princess,*” said Mlle. Bourienne, “*encore un petit effort!*”

The little princess, taking the dress from the maid, went to the Princess Marie.

“Well, now we will try something that is simple and becoming,” said she. The three voices, her’s, Mlle. Bourienne’s, and Katya’s, who was laughing, mingled into one merry chatter, like the chirping of birds.

“*Non, laissez moi!*—let me be,” said the princess, and her voice sounded so serious and sorrowful that the chirping of the birds ceased instantly. They looked at her large, beautiful eyes, full of tears, and of melancholy, and they knew from their wide and beseeching expression, that it was useless, and even cruel, to insist.

“*Au moins changez de coiffure,*” said the little princess. “I told you so!” said she reproachfully, to Mlle. Bourienne. “Marie has one of those faces which can’t stand this way of dressing the hair. Not at all, not at all. Change it, please do.”†

“*Laissez moi, laissez moi:* it’s all absolutely the same to me,” replied the young princess in a weary voice, and scarcely refraining from tears.

Mlle. Bourienne and the little princess were obliged to

* “*Non, Marie, décidément, ça ne vous va pas. Je vous aime mieux dans votre petite robe grise de tous les jours. Non, de grâce faites cela pour moi.*”

† “*Marie a une de ces figures auxquelles ce genre de coiffure ne va pas du tout. Mais du tout, du tout. Changez de grâce.*”

acknowledge to themselves that the Princess Mariya, as they had dressed her, was very homely, more so than usual; but now it was too late. She looked at them with that expression which they had learned to know so well,—an expression of deep thought and melancholy. It did not inspire them with any sense of awe of her (for that feeling she never could inspire), but they knew that when her face had this expression, she was silent and immovable in her resolutions.

“Vous changerez, n'est-ce pas?” asked Liza, but when the Princess Mariya made no reply, Liza left the room.

The Princess Mariya was left alone. She would not grant Liza's request, and not only she did not change the style of her hair, but did not even look at herself in the glass. Dropping her eyes, and letting her hands fall nervelessly, she sat and pondered. She saw in her imagination her husband: a man, a strong, commanding, and strangely attractive being, who should suddenly carry her off into his own world, so different from hers, so full of happiness. She imagined herself pressing to her bosom her own child, just such a baby as she had seen the evening before at her old nurse's daughter's. Her husband stands looking affectionately at her and at their baby; “But no, this is impossible, I am too homely,” she said to herself.

“Please come to tea. The prince will be down in a moment,” said the voice of the chambermaid outside the door. She started up from her day-dream, and was horror-struck at her own thoughts. And before she went downstairs she got up, went into the oratory, and pausing before the blackened face of the great “image” of the Saviour, lighted by the beams of the tapers, she stood there for several moments with folded hands. Her heart was filled with painful forebodings. Could it be that for her there was the possibility of the joy of love, of earthly love for a husband? In her imaginings concerning marriage, the Princess Mariya dreamed of family happiness and children, but her principal dream, predominating over all others, though unknown to herself, was that of earthly love. The feeling was all the stronger, the more she tried to hide it from others, and even from herself.

“My God,” she cried, “how can I crush out in my heart these thoughts of the evil one? How can I escape once and for all from evil imaginings, and calmly fulfil thy will?”

And she had hardly offered this prayer ere God gave an answer in her own heart.

“Desire nothing for thyself, seek not, disturb not thyself,

be not envious. The future and thy fate must needs be hidden from thee; but live so as to be ready for anything. If it please God to try thee in the responsibilities of marriage, be ready to fulfil his will."

With this consoling thought — but still with a secret hope that her forbidden, earthly dream might be realized — the Princess Mariya with a sigh, crossed herself, and went down stairs, thinking not of her dress, or of her hair, or of how she should make entrance, or of what she should say. What did all that signify in comparison with the preordination of God, without whose will not a hair can fall from a man's head.

CHAPTER IV.

WHEN the Princess Mariya came down, Prince Vasili and his son were already in the drawing-room, talking with the little princess and Mlle. Bourienne. When she came in with her heavy gait, treading on her heels, the gentlemen and Mlle. Bourienne stood up, and the little princess exclaimed, "*Voilà Marie!*" The Princess Mariya saw them all, and saw them distinctly. She saw Prince Vasili's face becoming for an instant serious at the sight of her, instantly resume its smiling expression, and the little princess watching curiously the impression which her entrance would produce upon their guests. She saw also Mlle. Bourienne, with her ribbon and her pretty face, and her eyes more sparkling than usual, fixed on *him*; but she could not bring herself to see *him*: all she could see was something tall, brilliant, and magnificent coming toward her as she entered the room.

Prince Vasili was the first to greet her, and she kissed the bald forehead, bending over her hand, and answered his question by assuring him "That, on the contrary, she remembered him very well." Then Anatol came to her. She could not see him as yet at all. She was only conscious of a soft hand holding hers, while she lightly touched with her lips a white brow adorned with handsome brown hair. When she looked at him his beauty dazzled her.

Anatol, hooking his right thumb behind one button of his uniform, stood with his chest thrust out, and his back bent in, resting his weight on one leg, and slightly inclining his head, and looked at the princess cheerily, but without speaking. He was evidently not thinking of her at all. Anatol was not quick witted or a ready talker, but on the other hand, he had

that gift of composure which is so invaluable in society, and a self-confidence that nothing could disturb. If a man lacking self-confidence is silent at a first introduction, and betrays a consciousness of the impropriety of such a silence, and attempts to escape from it, it makes a bad matter worse; but Anatol, swaying a little on one leg, had nothing to say, and gazed with an amused look at the princess's hair. It was evident that such ease of manner would enable him to preserve silence any length of time. His look seemed to say: "If this silence is awkward for any one, then speak; but as for me, I have no desire to say anything."

Moreover, Anatol had in his behavior toward women that manner which strongly piques curiosity, and excites fear, and even love in them,—a sort of scornful consciousness of his own superiority. His look seemed to say to them: I know you, I know what is disturbing you. Ah how happy you would be if"—possibly he did not think any such thing when he met women (and there is considerable ground for such a supposition, because he thought very little), but this was what was expressed by his look and manner. The princess felt it, and apparently wishing to show him that she did not venture to do such a thing as engage his attention, she turned to his father.

The conversation became general, and rather lively, thanks to the merry voice of the little princess, whose downy lip was constantly showing her white teeth.

She met Prince Vasili with that peculiarly vivacious manner which is often employed by people of merrily loquacious mood, and consists in the interchange between you and your acquaintance of the regular stock witticisms of the day, and of pleasant and amusing reminiscences which it is taken for granted are not understood by all people, but which really do not exist at all, any more than they did in the case of the little Princess and Prince Vasili.

Prince Vasili willingly adapted himself to this spirit; the little princess managed to include Anatol as well, though she scarcely knew him, and soon found herself sharing with him in recollections of events that in some cases had never happened at all. Mlle. Bourienne also took part in these general recollections, and even the Princess Mariya had a sort of satisfaction in feeling herself drawn into this light gossip.

"Here at least we shall have the benefit of your company all to ourselves, dear prince," said the little princess—in French of course—to Prince Vasili. "It won't be as it used

to be at our receptions at Annette's, where you always made your escape, you know — *cette chère Annette!*”

“Ah, but of course you won't oblige me to talk about politics as Annette does!”

“But our tea table?”

“Oh, yes!”

“Why were you never at Annette's?” asked the little princess, of Anatol. “Oh! but I know, I know,” said she, with a sly expression. “Your brother Ippolit told me all about your doings — oh!” she exclaimed, threatening him with her finger. “And then again in Paris, I know about your pranks!”

“And hasn't Ippolit told you?” asked Prince Vasili, addressing his son and seizing Princess Liza by the arm, as though there were danger of her running away, and he wished to prevent it while yet there was time. “hasn't he ever told you how he himself was dead in love with our dear princess here, and how she wouldn't have anything to say to him?”*

“Oh, she is a pearl among women, princess!” † said he, addressing the Princess Mariya.

Mlle. Bourienne on her part, when she heard the word “Paris,” did not lose the opportunity of also adding her recollections to the general conversation. She allowed herself to inquire of Anatol if he had been long in Paris, and how that city pleased him.

Anatol took evident pleasure in answering the French-woman's questions, and with a smile talked with her about her native land. Seeing how pretty la Bourienne was, Anatol decided that, after all, it would not be so very stupid here at Luisiya Gorui. “Not at all bad looking,” he said to himself, as he looked at her; “very far from it. I hope that when she marries me she will take this *demoiselle de compagnie* with her, *la petite est gentille!*”

The old prince took his own time about dressing, and as he thought what course was best for him to take, he frowned. The coming of these guests annoyed him.

“What are Prince Vasili and his son to me? Prince Vasili is an empty swaggerer, and his son must be a fine specimen,” he grumbled to himself. He was annoyed because the coming of these guests aroused in the depths of his soul an unsettled and constantly avoided question, a question in regard to which the old prince was always deceiving himself. The question

* *Le mettait à la porte.*

† *Oh, c'est la perle des femmes, princesse.*

was this: whether he could make up his mind to part with his daughter and let her marry. The old prince could never bring himself to ask the question directly, knowing beforehand that if he should answer it honestly, his honesty would come into open antagonism, not merely with his feelings, but with the whole order and system of his life. For Prince Nikolai Andreyitch, life without his daughter, little as he outwardly seemed to appreciate her, was out of the question.

"And why should she get married?" he asked himself. "Probably to be unhappy. Here is Liza — certainly it would be hard to find a better husband than Andrei — and yet is she contented with her lot? And who would take her from mere love? She is homely, awkward! They would marry her for her connections, for her wealth! And can't girls live unmarried? They'd be much happier."

Thus thought Prince Nikolai Andreyevitch, as he performed his toilet in his cabinet, and still at the same time the ever-procrastinated question now demanded an immediate solution. Prince Vasili had brought his son, evidently with the intention of making a proposal, and therefore this very day or the next he should have to give a direct answer. His name, his position in the world was excellent.

"Well, I've no objection," said the prince to himself. "But let him prove himself worthy of her. Well, we shall see. Yes, we shall see!" he exclaimed aloud, "yes, we shall see how it is," and with his usual firm tread he went into the drawing-room, took in all present with a sweeping glance, noticed even the change that the little princess had made in her dress, and la Bourienne's ribbon, and the Princess Mariya's monstrous headdress, and her isolation in the general conversation, and not least, Bourienne and Anatol's exchange of smiles.

"She is dressed up like a fool," he thought, giving his daughter a wrathful glance. "She has no sense of shame, and he — he does not care anything about making her acquaintance." He went straight to Prince Vasili: "Well, how are you, how are you? Glad to see you!"

"Friendship laughs at distance,"* exclaimed Prince Vasili, quoting the familiar proverb with ready wit, and with his usual self-confident familiarity. "Here is my second son; grant him your friendship, I beg of you."

Prince Nikolai Andreyevitch surveyed Anatol.

"Fine young fellow! Fine young fellow," said he. "Now

* Literally: For a dear old friend even seven versts is not a roundabout.

come, give me a kiss," and he offered him his cheek. Anatol kissed the old man and looked at him curiously, but with perfect composure, expecting soon to hear one of those droll remarks of which his father had told him. Prince Nikolai Andreyevitch sat down in his usual place at one end of the sofa, drew up an arm-chair for Prince Vasili, pointed him to it, and began to ask him about the news in the political world. He listened with apparent attention to what Prince Vasili had to say, but he kept glancing at the Princess Mariya.

"So that's what they write from Potsdam, is it?" said he, repeating Prince Vasili's last words, and then suddenly getting up, he went over to his daughter. "So this is how you dress before company, hey?" exclaimed he. "Excellent, admirable! You appear before folks with your hair done up in this new-fangled way, and I tell you, in the presence of these same folks, never again, without my leave, to rig yourself up in such a fashion!"

"It was my fault, *mon père*," said the little princess, blushing, and coming to her sister-in-law's rescue.

"You can do as you please," said Prince Nikolai Andreyevitch, making a low bow before his son's wife. "But she has no right to disfigure herself: she's ugly enough without that." And he once more resumed his place, paying no further heed to his daughter, who was ready to weep.

"On the contrary, that way of dressing her hair is very becoming to the princess," said Prince Vasili.

"Well, *batyushka* — my young prince — what is his name?" said Prince Nikolai Andreyevitch, turning to Anatol, "come here. Let us have a little talk, and get acquainted."

"Now the sport begins," thought Anatol, and with a smile he took a seat by the old prince.

"Well now, my dear, you have been educated abroad, somewhat different from your father and me, who had the parish *dyachók* teach us our abe's. Tell me, my dear, you serve in the Horse Guards, don't you?" asked the old prince, scrutinizing Anatol closely and keenly.

"No, I have been transferred to the line," replied Anatol, scarcely able to keep from laughing.

"Ah, excellent thing! So that you can serve the tsar and your country. It's war time. Such fine young men as you ought to be in the service. At the front, I suppose?"

"No, prince; our regiment has gone, but I was detached. What was I detached for, papa?" asked Anatol, turning to his father with a laugh.

"Famous way of serving, I must confess. 'What am I detached for?' ha! ha! ha!" roared Prince Nikolai Andreyevitch, and Anatol joined in still more vociferously. Suddenly Prince Nikolai Andreyevitch began to scowl. "Well, get you gone," said he to Anatol. Anatol with a smile went and rejoined the ladies.

"And so you have had him educated abroad, hey, Prince Vasili?" asked the old prince, of Kuragin.

"I did the best I could for him, and I must say that the schools there are far better than ours."

"Well, everything is changed, all new-fangled notions. He's a fine young man, a fine lad. Now let's go into my room." He took Prince Vasili by the arm, and carried him off to his cabinet.

Prince Vasili finding himself alone with the old prince, immediately began to unfold to him his wishes and hopes.

"What kind of an idea have you?" exclaimed the old prince, savagely, "that I keep her tied, and cannot part with her? What notions they have!" he exclaimed angrily. "To-morrow, as far as I'm concerned, — I merely tell you that I want to know my daughter's husband better. You know my principles: *all above board*. To-morrow I will ask her in your presence if she will have him; if she will, then let him stay. Let him stay, I will study him." The prince snorted, "Or let him go, it's all the same to me," he cried, in the same piercing tone in which he had uttered his farewell when his son took his departure.

"I will tell you frankly," said Prince Vasili, in the tone of a cunning man who is convinced of the uselessness of trying to be shrewd toward such a sharp-eyed opponent. "You see, your eyes read through men. Anatol is no genius, but he is an honorable, kind-hearted boy, and an excellent son."

"Very good, we shall see."

As usually happens in the case of women, who have been longed deprived of the society of men, all three of the women at Prince Andreyevitch's, now that they had Anatol in their midst, felt that hitherto life had not been life for them. The powers of thinking, feeling, loving, were instantly multiplied tenfold in each one of them, so that their existence, which had been till now as it were, spent in darkness, was suddenly filled by a new light, full of rich significance.

The Princess Mariya no longer gave a thought to her looks, or the dressing of her hair. Her whole attention was ab-

sorbed by the handsome open face of the man who perhaps would be her husband. He seemed to her good, brave, resolute, manly, and noble. She was quite convinced of this. A thousand dreams of the family life which she should enjoy in the future persisted in rising in her mind. She tried to banish them, and keep them out of her imagination.

"But was I too cool toward him?" queried the Princess Mariya. "I try to be reserved, because I feel in the depths of my soul that he is already too near to me; but of course, he cannot know all that I think about him, and he may imagine that I do not like him."

And the young princess strove, and yet was unable to be amiable to her new guest.

"*La pauvre fille! Elle est diablement laide!*" — Devilishly ugly! Such was Anatol's uncomplimentary thought of her.

Mlle. Bourienne, whom Anatol's arrival had brought into a high state of excitement, allowed herself to have quite different thoughts. Of course, being a pretty young girl, without any stated position in society, without relatives, and friends, and far from her native land, she had no intention of devoting her whole life to the service of Prince Nikolai Andreyevitch, reading books to him, and playing the part of companion to the Princess Mariya. Mlle. Bourienne had been long waiting for the Russian prince, who should immediately have wit enough to appreciate her superiority to these homely, unbecomingly dressed, and awkward Russian princesses, should fall in love with her, and elope with her; now at last the Russian prince had come.

Mlle. Bourienne knew a story which her aunt had once told her, and which in imagination she liked to repeat to the end, with herself in the heroine's place. The story was about a young girl who had been seduced, and whose poor mother — *sa pauvre mère* — finding where she was, came and covered her with reproaches because she had gone to live with a man to whom she was not married. Mlle. Bourienne was often melted to tears by imagining herself telling *him*, her seducer, this story. And now this *he*, this genuine Russian prince, had made his appearance. He would elope with her, then *sa pauvre mère* would appear, and he would marry her.

Thus in Mlle. Bourienne's fertile brain the whole romance evolved itself, from the moment that she began to talk with him about Paris. Not that Mlle. Bourienne conceived of all the details — what she was going to do, did not once occur to her — but still all the materials were long ago ready in her, and now

they merely grouped themselves around Anatol, whom she was anxious and determined to please as much as possible.

The little princess (forgetting her situation instinctively), and like an old war-horse at the sound of the trumpet, made ready to flirt at headlong speed, without meaning anything by it, but with her usual naive and light-hearted spirit of fun.

In spite of the fact that Anatol in the society of women generally affected the position of a man who considers it a bore to have them running after him, still he felt a consciousness of gratified vanity to see his power over these three women. Moreover, he began to feel for the pretty and enticing Bourienne a real animal passion, such as sometimes overcame him with extraordinary rapidity, and impelled him to commit the coarsest and most audacious actions.

After tea, they all went into the divan-room, and the Princess Mariya was invited to play on the harpischord. Anatol leaned on his elbows, in front of her, near Mlle. Bourienne, and, with eyes full of mirth and gayety, looked at the young princess, who with a painful, and at the same time joyous emotion, felt his gaze resting on her. Her favorite sonata bore her away into a most genuinely poetic world, and the consciousness of that glance endowed this world with even more poetry. In reality, however, Anatol, though he looked in her direction, was not thinking of her, but was occupied with the motion of Mlle. Bourienne's foot, which he was at this moment pressing with his under the piano. Mlle. Bourienne was also looking at the princess, but her beautiful eyes had an expression of frightened happiness and hope.

"How fond she is of me," thought the Princess Mariya. "How happy I am now, and how happy I might be with such a friend and such a husband! Husband! Can it be possible?" she asked herself, not daring to look at him, but, nevertheless, feeling his gaze fixed on her face.

In the evening, when after supper they were about to separate for the night, Anatol kissed the young princess's hand, she herself knew not how she dared to do such a thing, but she looked straight into his handsome face as it approached her shortsighted eyes.

Turning from the princess, he went and kissed Mlle. Bourienne's hand. This was contrary to etiquette, but he did everything with such confidence and simplicity! Mlle. Bourienne flushed, and glanced in dismay at the princess.

"*Quelle délicatesse!* how considerate of him," thought the princess. "Can it be that Amélie (so she called Mlle. Bouri-

enne) thinks that I should be jealous of her, and do not appreciate her affection and devotion to me?"

She went straight over to Mlle. Bourienne, and gave her an affectionate kiss. Anatol was about to kiss the little princess's hand also.

"*Non ! non ! non !* when your father writes me that you are behaving beautifully, then I will let you kiss my hand. Not before." *

And, shaking her finger at him, she left the room, with a smile.

CHAPTER V.

ALL had gone to their rooms, but, with the exception of Anatol, who went to sleep as soon as he got into bed, it was long before any one could close an eye that night.

"Is he really to be my husband, this handsome stranger, who seems so good; ah, yes, above all, so good!" thought the Princess Mariya, and a feeling of fear, such as she had scarcely ever experienced before, came upon her. She was afraid to look round; it seemed to her as though some one were standing there behind the screen in the dark corner. And this some one was *he* — the devil — and *he* was this man with the white forehead, the black eyebrows, and the rosy lips. She called her maid, and begged her to sleep in her room.

Mlle. Bourienne, that same evening, walked for a long time up and down the winter garden, vainly expecting some one, now smiling at her own thought, now stirred to tears by imagining the words which *sa pauvre mère* would say in reproaching her after her fall.

The little princess scolded her maid because her bed was not comfortable. It was impossible for her to lie on her side, or on her face. Any position was awkward and uncomfortable. She felt more than ever tried to-day, especially because Anatol's presence brought back so vividly the days before she was married, when she was light-hearted and merry. She reclined in her easy-chair, in her dressing jacket and night-cap. Katya, half asleep, and with her hair hanging down in a braid, was turning for the third time and shaking up the heavy mattress, muttering to herself.

"I told you that it was all humps and hollows," insisted the little princess, "I should like to go to sleep myself; I'm sure

* "*Quand votre père m'écrira que vous vous conduisez bien, je vous donnerai ma main à baiser ! Pas avant !*"

it isn't my fault." and her voice trembled as though she were a child, getting ready to cry.

The old prince, also, could not sleep. Tikhon, as he napped, heard him stamping wrathfully up and down, and snorting. It seemed to the old prince that he had been insulted through his daughter. The insult was painful, because it was directed not to himself but to another, to his daughter, whom he loved better than himself. He kept telling himself that he would calmly think the whole matter over, and decide how in justice to himself he must act; but instead of so doing, he grew more and more vexed with himself.

"Let the first young man come along, and she forgets father and all! and she runs upstairs, combs up her hair and prinks, and is no longer like herself. Glad to throw her father over. And she knew that I—that I noticed it. Fr!—fr!—fr! and then, haven't I eyes to see that that simpleton has no eyes for any one except *Burienka* (must get rid of her!). And how is it she hasn't enough pride to see it herself? If not for her own sake, she might at least show some for mine. I must show her that this booby doesn't think of her at all, but only stares at Bourienne. She has no pride, but I'll prove this for her."

The old prince knew that if he told his daughter that she was laboring under a delusion, that Anatol was bent on flirting with Bourienne, he would in this way touch his daughter's pride, and his game would be played; for he was anxious not to part with his daughter. This consideration served to quiet him. He summoned Tikhon, and began to undress.

"The devil take 'em!" he said to himself, as Tikhon slipped the night-shirt over his master's thin, old body, the chest overgrown with gray hairs.

"I did not invite 'em. They have come to upset my whole life. And my life will soon be come to an end. To the devil with 'em!" he muttered, while his head was still hidden by the shirt. Tikhon knew the prince's habit of sometimes thinking aloud, and therefore he met with unflinching eyes the prince's wrathfully scrutinizing gaze, as his head came out from the night-shirt.

"Have they gone to bed?" asked the prince.

Tikhon, after the manner of all well-trained valets, knew by intuition what his barin was thinking about. He judged that the question referred to Prince Vasili and his son.

"They have deigned to go to bed, and their lights are out, your illustriousness."

"No reason why they shouldn't," briskly exclaimed the

prince, and thrusting his feet into his slippers, and his arms into his dressing-gown, he went to the sofa where he usually slept.

Although but few words had been exchanged by Anatol and Mlle. Bourienne, they thoroughly understood one another as to the first chapters of the romance, up to the appearance of *pauvre mère*: they understood that they had much to say to each other in secret, and therefore early in the morning they both sought an opportunity for a private interview. While the young princess was going at the usual hour to meet her father, Mlle. Bourienne and Anatol met in the winter garden.

The Princess Mariya on this particular day, went with more than her usual trepidation to the door of her father's cabinet. It seemed to her that every one knew that this day her fate was to be decided, but also knew what she herself felt about it. She read this expression on Tikhon's face, and on the face of Prince Vasili's valet, as he met her in the corridor on his way with hot water for the prince, and made her a low bow. The old prince this morning was thoroughly affectionate and kind in his behavior to his daughter. The Princess Mariya well knew this expression of kindness. It was the expression which his face generally wore when his nervous hands doubled up with vexation because she did not understand her arithmetical examples, and he would spring to his feet, walk away from her and then repeat the same words in a low gentle voice.

He immediately addressed himself to the business in hand, and began to explain it to her, all the time using the formal *vui, you*.

"I have received an offer for your hand in marriage," said he, with an unnatural smile. "I suppose you did not imagine," he went on to say, "that he came here and brought his pupil" — for some inexplicable reason, Prince Nikolai Andreyevitch called Anatol *vospítannik*, pupil — "for the sake of 'my handsome eyes.' Last evening he proposed for your hand. And, as you know my principles, I refer it to you."

"How am I to understand you, *mon père*?" she exclaimed, turning pale and then blushing.

"How understand me!" cried her father, wrathfully, "Prince Vasili is satisfied with you for a daughter-in-law, and has proposed for your hand in behalf of his pupil. That's what it means. 'How understand it?' That I ask you."

"I do not know so well as you, *mon père*," whispered the princess.

"I? I? what have I to do with it? Consider me out of the question. *I'm* not the one who is going to be married. What's *your* opinion? That is what must be known."

The princess saw that her father did not regard the matter very favorably, but at the same time the thought occurred to her that now or never the whole destiny of her life hung in the balance. She dropped her eyes, so as not to see his face, because she knew that she could not think if she were under its dominion, but even then she could only be subject to him, and she said, —

"I desire only one thing, to fulfil your will; but if it be necessary for me to express my desire" —

She had no time to finish her sentence. The prince interrupted her.

"That's admirable," he cried. "He will take you for your fortune, and by the way, hook on Mlle. Bourienne! She will be his wife, and you" — the prince paused. He noticed the effect produced on his daughter by his words. She hung her head and was ready to burst into tears.

"Well, well, I was only jesting," said he. "Remember this one thing, princess; I stick to my principles that a girl has a perfect right to choose for herself. I give you your freedom. Remember this, though, the happiness of your whole life depends upon your decision. Leave me out of the consideration."

"But I do not know, *mon père*."

"There's nothing to be said. He will marry as he is bid, whether it be you or somebody else, but *you* are free to choose. Go to your room; think it over, and at the end of an hour come to me and tell me in his presence what your decision is, yea, or no. I know that you'll have to pray over it. Well, pray, if you please. Only you'd better use your reason. Get you gone. Yea or no, yea or no, yea or no!" cried he, as the princess, still in a mist, left the room with tottering step.

Her fate was already decided, and happily decided. But what her father said about Mlle. Bourienne, — that insinuation was horrible. False, let us hope, but still it was horrible, and she could not keep it out of her thoughts. She started directly to her room through the winter garden, seeing nothing and hearing nothing, when suddenly Mlle. Bourienne's well-known chatter struck her ear and woke her from her dreaming. She raised her eyes and, two paces away, saw Anatol with the Frenchwoman in his arms, and whispering something in her ear. With a terrible expression on his handsome face, he

looked at the Princess Mariya, and at first did not release Mlle. Bourienne, who had not seen the princess at all.

"Who is here? what is the trouble? Just wait a little," Anatol's face seemed to say. The Princess Mariya silently gazed at them. She could not comprehend it. Then Mlle. Bourienne uttered a cry and fled. Anatol with an amused smile gave the princess a bow, as though asking her to look on the ridiculous side of this strange behavior, and shrugging his shoulders, disappeared through the door that led to his own quarters.

At the end of an hour, Tikhon came to summon the Princess Mariya. He conducted her to her father's room and told her that Prince Vasili was also there. When Tikhon came for her the princess was sitting on a sofa in her room, with her arm around Mlle. Bourienne. The latter was weeping, and the princess softly stroked her hair. The princess's beautiful eyes, with all their usual calmness and brilliancy, gazed with affectionate love and sympathy into Mlle. Bourienne's pretty face.

"No, princess, my place is forever gone from your heart,"* said Mlle. Bourienne.

"Why I love you more than ever," replied the Princess Mariya, "and I will try to do all that is in my power for your happiness."

"But you despise me! You, who are so pure, will never understand this frenzy of passion. Ah! my poor mother!"†

"I understand it all," replied the princess, with a melancholy smile. "Compose yourself, my friend. I am going to see my father," said she, and left the room.

Prince Vasili—with one leg thrown across his knee, and holding his snuff-box in his hand—was greatly excited, and evidently realized that he was in a precarious condition, and yet he tried to conquer his own nervousness. He was sitting with an imploring smile on his face as the Princess Mariya entered the room. He hastily applied a pinch of snuff to his nose.

"*Ah! ma bonne, ma bonne!*" he exclaimed, rising and seizing her by both hands. He sighed, and added, "my son's fate is in your hands. *Décidez, ma bonne, ma chère, ma douce Marie!* I have always loved you as though you were my own daughter." He turned away. Genuine tears stood in his eyes.

* *Non, princesse, je suis perdue pour toujours dans votre cœur.*

† *Mais vous me méprisez, vous si pure, vous ne comprendrez jamais cet égarément de la passion! Ah! ce n'est que ma pauvre mère.*

"Fr! — fr!" — snorted Prince Nikolai Andreyitch. "The prince in the name of his pupil — I mean his son — makes you an offer. Will you or will you not be the wife of Prince Anatol Kuragin? Speak: yea or no," cried he. "And then I reserve to myself the right of giving my opinion also. Yes, my opinion, and only my opinion," added Prince Nikolai Andreyitch, in reply to Prince Vasili's beseeching expression — "Yea or no?"

"My desire, *mon père*, is never to leave you, never to part from you as long as we live. I do not wish to marry," said she with firm deliberation, fixing her beautiful eyes on Prince Vasili and on her father.

"Folly! nonsense! nonsense! nonsense! nonsense!" cried Prince Nikolai Andreyitch, frowning; he drew his daughter to him, yet he did not kiss her, but merely brought his forehead close to hers, and squeezed her hand which he held in his so that she screamed out with pain. Prince Vasili arose, —

"My dear, I will tell you that this is a moment that I shall never forget, never! but, my dear, can't you give us a little hope of ever touching your kind and generous heart? Say that perhaps — the future is so long. Only say 'perhaps.'"*

"Prince, what I have told you is all that my heart can say. I thank you for the honor, but I can never be your son's wife."

"Well, that ends it, my dear fellow. Very glad to have seen you. Very glad to have seen you. Go to your room, princess, go to your room," said the old prince. "Very, very glad to have seen you," he reiterated, embracing Prince Vasili.

"My vocation is different," said the Princess Mariya to herself, "my vocation is to be happy in the happiness of others; a different sort of happiness, the happiness of love and self-sacrifice. And so far as within me lies, I will bring about the happiness of poor Amélie. She loves him so passionately. She repents her conduct so bitterly. I will do everything to bring about a marriage between them. If he is not rich, I will give her the means, I will petition my father, I will ask Andrei. And I shall be so happy when she becomes his wife. She is so unfortunate, lonely, and helpless in a strange land. And *Bózhe moi!* how passionately she must love him, if she can so far forget herself. Maybe, I myself should have done the same thing!" thought the Princess Mariya.

* *Ma chère, je vous dirai que c'est un moment que je n'oublierai jamais. jamais; mais ma bonne, est-ce que vous ne nous donnerez pas un peu d'espérance de toucher ce cœur si bon, si généreux. Dites que peut-être. . . L'avenir est si grand. Dites: peut-être.*

CHAPTER VI.

THE Rostofs had not heard for a long time from their Nikolushka, and it was near the middle of winter when a letter was handed to the count, on the envelope of which he recognized his son's handwriting. On receipt of the letter, the count hastily and anxiously stole off to his own cabinet, walking on his tiptoes, so as to escape observation, and shut himself in, and began to read it. Anna Mikhailovna learning about the arrival of the letter — for she knew everything that took place in the house — quietly followed the count, and found him with the letter in his hands, sobbing and laughing at the same time.

Anna Mikhailovna, notwithstanding the improvement in her affairs, still continued to live at the Rostofs.

"*Mon bon ami*," exclaimed Anna Mikhailovna, with a tone of pathetic inquiry in her voice, and prepared to give him sympathy to any extent.

The count sobbed still more violently: "Nikolushka — a letter — wounded — he wa-wa-was w-wounded — *ma chère* — wounded, my darling boy* — the little countess — been — made an officer — glory to God, *sláva Bóhu!* How can I tell the little — countess?"

Anna Mikhailovna sat down by him, wiped the tears from his eyes with her handkerchief, and from the letter, for they were dropping on it, and then from her own eyes, read the letter herself, soothed the count, and decided that she would use the time till dinner, and even tea, for preparing the countess, and then after tea, she would break the news to her, if God would only aid her.

During dinner time, Anna Mikhailovna talked about the events of the war and about Nikolushka, and asked twice when they had received the last letter from him (though she herself knew perfectly well), and remarked that very likely they might have a letter from him, perhaps that day. Every time when, at such insinuations, the countess began to grow uneasy, and glance anxiously first at the count and then at Anna Mikhailovna, Anna Mikhailovna most adroitly led the conversation to insignificant topics.

Natasha more than the rest of the family was endowed with peculiar sensitiveness to shades of intonation, to the

* *Golubchik*.

looks and expressions of faces, and as soon as dinner began, she pricked up her ears, and came to the conclusion that there was some secret between her father and Anna Mikhailovna, and that it was something referring to her brother, and that Anna Mikhailovna was trying to "prepare" some one. Notwithstanding all her audacity, she dared not ask any questions during dinner time, for she knew too well how sensitive her mother was in regard to all that related to her son; but her curiosity was so great that she ate nothing, and kept turning and twisting in her chair, in spite of the reproaches of her governess. After dinner, she rushed precipitately after Anna Mikhailovna, and threw herself into her arms. "Aunt darling,* tell what it is?"

"Nothing, my dear."

"Yes, there is, dearest, sweet one, you old pet,† and I shan't let you go till you tell me, for I know that you know."

Anna Mikhailovna shook her head: "You're a little witch — *une fine mouche, mon enfant!*" said she.

"A letter from Nikolenka? Truly, isn't that it?" cried Natasha, reading an affirmative answer in Anna Mikhailovna's face.

"Yes, but for heaven's sake be more cautious; you know how this might trouble your *maman*."

"I will, I will, but tell me all about it! — You won't tell me? Well then, I'm going right to tell her!"

Anna Mikhailovna in few words told Natasha the contents of the letter, under the conditions of secrecy.

"My true, true word of honor," said Natasha crossing herself, "I won't tell any one," and she immediately went to Sonya.

"Nikolenka — wounded — a letter," she exclaimed, triumphantly and joyously.

"Nicolas!" cried Sonya, turning pale.

Natasha, seeing the impression produced on Sonya by the news that her brother was wounded, realized for the first time all the sorrowful side of this news.

She ran to Sonya, threw her arms around her neck, and burst into tears.

"He is not badly wounded, and has been promoted to be an officer; he's all well again, for he wrote the letter himself," cried she, through her tears.

"That's the way! All you women are milksops!" exclaimed Petya, marching with long, gallant strides up and down the

* *Tyótenka*, *golúbushka*.

† *Dúshenka* (little soul) *golúbchik*, *mílaya* (dear); *pórsik* (peach).

room. "I am very glad, more glad than I can tell, that my brother has distinguished himself so! You are all cry-babies. You haven't any sense at all."

Natasha smiled through her tears,—

"You haven't read the letter, have you?"

"No, I haven't read it, but she said the worst was over, and that he was already an officer."

"Glory to God!" cried Sonya, crossing herself. "But maybe she was deceiving you. Let us go to *maman*!"

Petya walked silently up and down the room.

"If I had been in Nikolushka's place, I should have killed still more of those Frenchmen," said he, after a little; "what nasty brutes they are! I would have killed such a lot of them that it would have made a pile so high," continued Petya.

"Hush, Petya! what a goose you are!"

"I am not a goose, but you are geese to cry over mere trifles!" said he.

"Do you remember him?" suddenly asked Natasha, after a moment's silence.

Sonya smiled: "Do I remember Nicolas?"

"No, Sonya. Do you remember him perfectly, so that you can recall everything about him?" asked Natasha, with an emphatic gesture, evidently wishing to give her words the most serious meaning.

"Well, now, I remember Nikolenka, I remember him well; but I don't remember Boris. I don't remember him at all."

"What? You don't remember Boris!" exclaimed Sonya, in amazement.

"No, I don't really remember him. I have a general idea how he looked, but I can't bring him up before me, as I can Nikolenka. If I shut my eyes I can see, but it is not so with Boris." She shut her eyes. "That way, no, not at all."

"Oh, Natasha," said Sonya, looking at her friend, with enraptured earnestness, as though she considered her unworthy to hear what she had in mind to say, and as though she were saying it to some one else, with whom it was impossible to jest. "I love your brother, and whatever might happen to him or to me, I should never cease to love him as long as I live!"

Natasha looked at Sonya with wondering inquisitive eyes, and made no answer. She felt convinced that what Sonya had said was true: that what Sonya talked about was real love; but Natasha had never experienced anything like it. She believed that it was in the realm of the possible, but she could not understand it.

"Shall you write him?" she asked.

Sonya deliberated.

The question how to write to Nicolas, and whether it were her duty to write to him, and what she should write to him, tormented her. Now that he were already an officer, and a wounded hero, it was a question of doubt in her mind, whether it would be right for her to remind him of herself, and of the promise which he had made her.

"I do not know. I think if he writes to me, then I will answer it," she replied, blushing.

"And sha'n't you feel ashamed to write him?"

Sonya smiled,—

"No."

"Well, I should feel ashamed to write to Boris, and I am not going to."

"Why should one feel ashamed?"

"There now, I'm sure I don't know. It's awkward, anyway. I should be"—

"Well, I know why she would be ashamed," said Petya, affronted at Natasha's first remark: "Because she fell in love with that fat fellow with the glasses (he meant by this his namesake, Pierre, the new Count Bezukhoi), and now she's in love with that singer (Petya now referred to an Italian, who was giving Natasha singing lessons), and that's why she would be ashamed!"

"Petya, you're too silly."

"I'm no sillier than you are, *mátushka!*" said the ten-year old lad, exactly as though he were an elderly brigadier.

The countess had been "prepared" during dinner time by means of Anna Mikhailovna's hints. Going to her own room, she sat down on her sofa, not taking her eyes from a miniature picture of her son, painted on her snuff-box, and her eyes quickly filled with tears. Anna Mikhailovna, with the letter, came into the countess's room on her tiptoes and remained standing. "Don't you come in," said she to the old count, who was following her. She closed the door behind her. The count applied his ear to the keyhole and tried to listen.

At first all that he heard was a monotonous sound of voices; then Anna Mikhailovna, making a long speech without interruption; then a shriek; then silence; then, again, both voices speaking together with joyful inflections, and then steps, and Anna Mikhailovna opened the door. Anna Mikhailovna's face wore the proud expression of a surgical operator, who has just

accomplished a difficult amputation and allows the public to enter and appreciate his skill.

"*C'est fait* — it's all right," said she to the count, pointing with an enthusiastic gesture to the countess, who held in one hand the snuff-box with the portrait, in the other the letter, and was pressing her lips first to the one and then to the other. Seeing the count, she stretched out her hand toward him, embraced his bald head, and over his bald head looked at the letter and the portrait, and then, in order to press them to her lips again, gently pushed the bald head away.

Viera, Natasha, Sonya, and Petya came into the room, and the reading of the letter began. It contained a brief description of the campaign, and the two engagements in which Nikolushka had taken part; he announced his promotion, and said that he kissed *maman* and papa's hands, asking for their blessing, and kissed Viera, Natasha, and Petya. Moreover, he made his respects to Mr. Schelling and Madame Chausse, and his old nurse, and then he begged them to kiss his dear Sonya, whom he had always loved so, and whom he had remembered so affectionately.

When Sonya heard this, she blushed so that the tears came into her eyes. And, not able to endure the glances fastened on her, she ran into the drawing parlor, whirled around it at full speed, her dress flying out like a balloon, and then plumped down on the floor, all flushed and smiling. The countess melted into tears. "What makes you cry, *maman*?" asked Viera. "Everything that he writes seems to me a cause for rejoicing, and not for weeping!"

This was perfectly true, but, nevertheless, the count and the countess, and Natasha, all looked at her reproachfully.

"Whom is she like, I wonder!" said the countess, to herself.

Nikolushka's letter was re-read a hundred times, and those who felt themselves entitled to hear it had to go to the countess, who would not let it out of her hands. The tutors came, and the nurses, and Mitenka, and ever so many acquaintances, and the countess read the letter to them each time with new delight, each time discovering new virtues in her Nikolushka. How strange, marvellous, and beautiful it was to her that her son — that son, the almost imperceptible motions of whose tiny limbs she had felt twenty years before, that son over whom she had quarrelled with the count for spoiling him, that son who had learned to say *grusha* first and then *baba* — that this same son was now far away in a foreign land, in for-

eign surroundings, a heroic soldier, alone without help or guidance, performing there his part in the deeds of heroes. The universal experience of the world in all ages, going to show that children by imperceptible steps march from the cradle into manhood, was not realized by the countess. The attainment of manhood by her son was at every step as extraordinary as though there had not been millions upon millions of men who had gone through exactly the same process. Just as twenty years before it had been almost impossible for her to believe that the mysterious little being that was living and moving somewhere under her heart would ever wail and nurse and learn to talk, so now, it was incredible that this same being had become a strong, gallant man, the paragon of sons and of men, such as he was now, judging by his letter.

"What a style he has! How elegantly he expresses himself," said she, as she read over the descriptive portions of the letter. "And how much soul! Nothing about himself, nothing at all! Something about that Denisof, but he himself must have been braver than all the rest! He writes nothing at all about his sufferings! How much heart he has! How well I know him! And how kindly he remembers all the household! He did not forget a single one! But I always said it of him, even when he was ever so little—I always said it."

For more than a week rough drafts of letters to Nikolushka were prepared and written and copied out on white paper by the whole family under the superintendence of the countess and the zealous care of the count, all sorts of necessary articles were made into a parcel, together with money for the new uniform, and the installation of the newly-appointed officer.

Anna Mikhailovna, a practical woman, had been shrewd enough to secure for her son a protector in the army, even for the better forwarding of correspondence. She had managed to find the opportunity of sending her letters in care of the Grand Duke Konstantine Pavlovitch, who commanded the guards. The Rostofs had supposed that *Russkaya Gardiya za Granitsej*—the Russian guard on service abroad—was a sufficiently definite address, and that if a letter reached the grand duke commanding the guards, then there was no reason why it should not reach the Pavlograd regiment, which must be somewhere near, and therefore it was decided to be best to send the packet and the money by the grand duke's courier to Boris, and Boris would see to it that it was put in Niko-

lushka's hands. There were letters from the old count, from the countess, from Petya, from Viera, from Natasha, from Sonya, and finally six thousand rubles for his outfit, and various things which the count wished to send him.

CHAPTER VII.

ON the twenty-fourth of November, Kutuzof's fighting army, bivouacked near Olmütz, made ready to be reviewed on the following day by the Emperor of Russia and the Emperor of Austria. The Imperial Guards which had just arrived from Russia encamped about fifteen versts from Olmütz, and on the next day were to proceed directly to the review, which would take place about ten o'clock in the morning, on the parade ground at Olmütz. Nikolai Rostof on that day had received a note from Boris informing him that the Izmailovsky regiment was going to encamp about fifteen versts away, and that he wanted to see him to give him some letters and some money. The money came particularly handy to Rostof just now, when, after the toils of the campaign, the army had settled down at Olmütz, and well-provided sutlers and Austrian Jews, offering all sorts of enticements, infested the camp. The Pavlograd warriors enjoyed banquet after banquet, celebrated in honor of promotions won during the campaign, as well as excursions into town where Karolina, called *Tengerka*, or the Hungarian, had recently opened a tavern, at which all the waiters were girls.

Rostof had just celebrated his promotion from yunker to cornet, had bought Denisof's horse Beduin, and was in debt to his comrades and the sutlers on every side. On receipt of the note from Boris, Rostof rode into Olmütz with some comrades, dined there, drank a bottle of wine, and rode off alone to the Guards' camp to find the friend and companion of his youth.

Rostof had not as yet had a chance to procure his new uniform. He wore a soiled yunker's jacket, with a private's cross, his ordinary well-worn leather-seated riding trousers, and an officer's sabre with the sword knot; the horse which he rode, was a Don pony which he had bought during the campaign, of a Cossack; his crumpled cap was rakishly set sidewise on the back of his head.

When he reached the camp of the Izmailovsky regiment, he thought how much he should surprise Boris and all his

comrades of the Guard by appearing before them like a veteran who had been under fire.

The Guard had made the whole campaign, as though it were a picnic, making a great display of their neatness and discipline. Their marches had been short, their knapsacks had been transported on the baggage wagons, and the officers had been given splendid entertainments at every halting-place by the Austrian authorities. The regiments entered and left the cities with music playing, and during the whole campaign, much to the pride of the Guard, the men had marched in serried ranks, keeping step, while the officers, mounted, rode in their places of assignment.

Boris during the whole campaign had marched and halted with Berg who had now risen to be *rótnui komandír* or captain. Berg having been given a company, had succeeded by his promptness and punctuality in winning the good will of his superiors, and his financial affairs were now in very good shape. Boris had made many acquaintances with men who might be of service to him, and by means of a letter of introduction given him by Pierre, had become acquainted with Prince Andrei Bolkonsky, through whom he hoped to obtain a place on the staff of the commander-in-chief.

Berg and Boris, neatly and elegantly dressed, were resting after their day's journey, and seated in a neat room that had been made ready for them, were playing checkers at a small round table. Berg held between his knees the pipe, which he was smoking. Boris with the carefulness characteristic of him, had piled up the checkers in pyramidal form with his delicate white fingers, and was waiting for Berg's move, and looking at his opponent's face, evidently thinking only of the game, just as he always thought only of what occupied him at the moment.

"There now, how will you get out of that?" he asked.

"We'll do our best," replied Berg, touching a king, and then dropping his hand again.

At this moment the door opened.

"Ah, there he is at last," cried Rostof. "And Berg here, too! Ah you *petizanfán ale kushe dormir!*" he cried, quoting the words of their old nurse, in which he and Boris always found great amusement.

"Batyushki! How you have changed!"

Boris arose to meet Rostof, but as he did so he took pains to pick up and replace the checkers that had fallen, and he was about to embrace his friend, but Nikolai slipped out of

his grasp. With that feeling peculiar to youth, which suggests the avoidance of beaten paths, and the expression of feelings like every one else, and especially that often hypocritical fashion which obtains with our elders, Nikolai wanted to do something unusual and original, on the occasion of meeting his friends; he wanted to give Boris a pinch or a push, anything except kiss him, as was universally done.

Boris, on the contrary, threw his arms around Rostof in a composed and friendly fashion, and kissed him three times. They had not met for almost six months, and in such an interval when young men have been taking their first steps on the pathway of life, each finds in the other tremendous changes, due to surroundings so entirely different from those in which they had taken the first steps of life. Both had changed greatly since they had last met, and each was equally anxious to show the other the changes that they had undergone.

"Oh! you cursed dandies! Spruce and shiny, just in from a promenade! Not much like us poor sinners of the Line!" exclaimed Rostof, with baritone notes in his voice, and with brusque army manners, quite new to Boris, and he exhibited his own dirty and bespattered trousers. On hearing Rostof's loud voice, the German mistress of the house put her head in through the door.

"Rather pretty, hey?" cried Nikolai, with a wink.

"What makes you shout so? You will scare them!" said Boris. "I wasn't expecting you to-day," he added. "It was only this afternoon that I sent my note to you through an acquaintance of mine, Kutuzof's adjutant, Bolkonsky. I didn't think of its reaching you so soon. Well, how are you? Been under fire already, have you?" asked Boris.

Rostof said nothing in reply, but shook the Georgievsky cross on the lace of his coat, and pointing to his arm which he carried in a sling, looked at Berg with a smile.

"As you see," said he.

"Well, well, so you have!" returned Boris with a smile, "and we also have had a glorious campaign. You know his imperial highness was most of the time near our regiment, so that we had all sorts of privileges and advantages. What receptions we had in Poland, what dinners and balls! I can't begin to tell you! And the Tsesarevitch* was very courteous to all of us officers."

Then the two friends related their experiences; the one telling of the jolly good times with the hussars, and his campaign

* The crown prince.

life; the other of the pleasures and advantages of serving under the direct command of men high in authority and so on.

"Oh, you guardsmen!" cried Rostof. "But come now, send out for some wine."

Boris scowled; "Certainly, if you really wish it," and going to his couch he took out from under the clean pillow a purse, and ordered his man to bring wine. "Oh, yes, and I will deliver over to you some letters and your money," he added.

Rostof took his packet and flinging the money on the sofa, leaned both elbows on the table and began to read. He read a few lines and then gave Berg a wrathful glance. Berg's eyes fastened upon him annoyed him, and he shielded his face with the letter.

"Well, they've sent you a good lot of money," exclaimed Berg, glancing at the heavy purse, half buried in the sofa. "And here we have to live on our salaries, count! now I will tell you about myself."

"Look here, Berg, my dear fellow," said Rostof, "When I find you with a letter just received from home, and with a man with whom you want to talk about all sorts of things, I will instantly leave you, so as not to disturb you. Hear what I say, get you gone anywhere, anywhere; to the devil," he cried, and then seizing him by the shoulder and giving him an affectionate look full in the face, evidently for the purpose of modifying the rudeness of his words, he added, "Now see here, don't be angry with me, my dear heart,* I speak frankly because you are an old acquaintance."

"Akh! for heaven's sake, count! I understand perfectly," said Berg, getting up and swallowing down his throaty voice.

"Go and see our hosts; they have invited you," suggested Boris.

Berg put on his immaculate, neat, and dustless coat, went to the mirror, brushed the hair up from his temples, after the style of the emperor, Alexander Pavlovitch, and, being persuaded by Rostof's looks that his coat was noticeable, left the room with a smile of satisfaction.

"Akh! what a brute I am, though!" exclaimed Rostof, reading the letter.

"What now?"

"Akh! what a pig I am, that I did not write them sooner, and frightened them so! Akh! what a pig I am!" he repeated, suddenly reddening. "Well, you've sent Gavril for wine, have you? Very good, we'll have a drink!" said he.

* *Golubchik.*

Among the home letters, there was inclosed a note of recommendation to Prince Bagration, which the old countess at Anna Mikhailovna's suggestion obtained from some acquaintance, and sent to her son, urging him to present it and get all the advantage that he could from it.

"What nonsense! Much I need this!" said Rostof, flinging the letter on the table.

"Why did you throw it down?" asked Boris.

"Oh! it was a letter of suggestion; what the deuce do I want of such a letter!"

"Why do you say that?" asked Boris, picking up the letter and reading the inscription; "this letter might be very useful to you."

"I don't need anything, and I don't care to become any one's adjutant!"

"Why not, pray?" asked Boris.

"It's a lackey's place!"

"You still have the same queer notions, I see," rejoined Boris, shaking his head.

"And you're the same old diplomat. However, that's not to the point. How are you?" asked Rostof.

"Just exactly as you see! So far, all has gone well with me. But I confess I should very much like to be made an adjutant, and not stick to the line."

"Why?"

"Because, having once entered upon the profession of arms, it is best to make one's career as brilliant as possible."

"Yes, that's true," said Rostof, evidently thinking of something else. He gave his friend a steady, inquiring look, evidently trying in vain to find in his eyes the answer to some puzzling question.

Old Gavril brought the wine.

"Hadn't we better send now for Alphonse Karluitch?" asked Boris. "He will drink with you, for I can't."

"Yes, do send for him! But who is this Dutchman?" asked Rostof, with a scornful smile.

"He's a very, very nice, honorable and pleasant man," explained Boris.

Rostof once more looked steadily into Boris's eyes and sighed. Berg came back, and over the bottle of wine, the conversation between the three officers grew more lively. The two guardsmen told Rostof of their march, and how they had been honored in Russia, Poland, and abroad. They told about the sayings and doings of their commander, the grand duke, together with anecdotes about his goodness and irascibility.

Berg, as usual, kept silent when there was nothing that specially concerned himself, but when they began to speak about the goodness and irascibility of the grand duke, he told with great gusto, how in Galicia, he happened to have a talk with the grand duke. The grand duke was making the tour of the regiment, and became very angry at the disorderly state of the division. With a smile of complacency on his face, Berg told how the grand duke, in a great state of vexation, came up to it and shouted: "*Arnautai*, * villains," being a favorite term of abuse when he was vexed, and called the company commander.

"Would you believe it, count, I was not in the least scared, because I knew that I was all right. And, count, I may say without boasting, that I knew all the regulations by heart, and the standing orders as well; knew them just as well as 'Our Father in Heaven.' And so, count, in my company, there was no complaint to be made of negligence. And that was the reason of my being so composed and having such an untroubled conscience. I stepped forward," here Berg stood up and represented in pantomime how he had raised his hand to his visor as he stepped forward. Really, it would have been hard to imagine a face more expressive of deference and self-sufficiency. "Oh how he scolded me, rated me, you might say, rated and rated and rated mortally—'not for life, but for death,' as the Russians say, and called me an *Arnaut* and a devil, and threatened me with Siberia," proceeded Berg, with a shrewd smile. "But I knew that I was in the right, and so I made no reply; wasn't that best, count? 'What! are you dumb?' he cried. Still I hold my tongue. What do you think of that, count? On the next day, there was nothing at all about it in the general orders: that's what comes of not losing one's wits. Isn't that so, count?" demanded Berg, lighting his pipe, and sending out rings of smoke.

"Yes, that's splendid," said Rostof, with a smile; but Boris, perceiving that Rostof was all ready to poke fun at Berg, adroitly changed the conversation. He asked Rostof to tell them how and where he had been wounded.

This quite suited the young man, and he began to give a circumstantial account of it, growing more and more animated all the time.

He described his action at Schöngraben exactly in the way

* *Arnautka* is the South Russian name for a kind of hard wheat, probably derived from an Albanian tribe, *Arnaut*, which is also the name of a portion of the army in Turkey, composed of Christians; hence a term of reproach; "abortion," "a savage," "a bursurman (mussalman, unbeliever)."

that those who take part in battles always describe them; that is, in the way that they would be glad to have had them happen, so that his story agreed with all the other accounts of the participants, but was very far from being the exact truth.

Rostof was a truthful young man; not for anything in the world would he have deliberately told a falsehood. He began with the intention of telling it exactly as it happened, but imperceptibly, involuntarily, and unavoidably, as far as he was concerned, he fell into falsehood. If he had told the truth to these listeners of his, who had already heard from others, just as he himself had many times, the story of the charge, and had formed a definite idea of how the charge was made, and expected a substantially similar account of it from him, either they would not have believed him, or, what would have been worse, they would have come to the conclusion that Rostof was himself to blame for it, and that he had not undergone what he claimed to have undergone, since it did not agree with what is usually related of cavalry charges.

He could not tell them in so many words, that they had all started on the trot, that he had fallen from his horse, sprained his arm, and run away from the Frenchmen with all his might and main, into the forest. Moreover, in order to tell the story in its grim reality, he would have been obliged to exercise much self-control to tell only what had occurred. To tell the truth is very hard, and young men are rarely capable of it. It was expected of him to tell how he grew excited under the fire, and, forgetting everything, had dashed like a whirlwind against the square, how he had cut and slashed with his sabre right and left, as a knife cuts cheese, and how at length he had fallen from exhaustion, and the like. And that was what he told them.

In the midst of his tale, just as he was saying the words, "You can't imagine what a strange sensation of frenzy you experience during a charge," Prince Andrei Bolkonsky, whom Boris had been expecting, came into the room.

Prince Andrei, who liked to bear a patronizing relationship toward young men, was flattered by having Boris consigned to his protection, and was very well disposed toward him. Boris had succeeded in making a pleasant impression upon him, and he had made up his mind to have the young man's desire gratified. Being sent with despatches from Kutuzof to the Tsesarevitch, he had looked up his young *protégé*, expecting to find him alone. When he came in and found there a hussar of the Line, relating his military experiences, a sort of individual whom

the prince could not endure, he gave Boris an affectionate smile, scowled at Rostof, half closing his eyes, and with a stiff little bow, took his seat wearily and indifferently, on the sofa.

He was disgusted at finding himself in uncongenial society.

Rostof, feeling this instinctively, instantly took fire. But it was all the same to the prince: this was a stranger.

He looked at Boris, and saw that he seemed to be ashamed of being in company with a hussar of the Line. Notwithstanding Prince Andrei's disagreeable, mocking tone, notwithstanding the general scorn, which, from his point of view, as a hussar of the Line, Rostof shared for staff adjutants, to which number evidently belonged the gentleman who had just entered, Rostof felt overwhelmed with confusion, reddened, and grew silent. Boris asked what was the news at headquarters, and whether it were indiscretion for him to inquire about our future movements.

"Probably shall advance," replied Bolkonsky, evidently not wishing to commit himself further in the presence of strangers. Berg took advantage of his opportunity to ask with his usual politeness, whether it were true, as he had heard, that double rations of forage were to be supplied to captains of the line.

At this Prince Andrei smiled, and replied that he could not give an opinion in regard to such important questions of state, and Berg laughed heartily with delight.

"In regard to that matter of yours," said Prince Andrei, turning to Boris, again, "we will talk about it by and by," and he glanced at Rostof. "You come to me after the review; we will do all that is in our power." And glancing around the room, he addressed himself to Rostof, pretending not to notice his state of childish confusion, which was rapidly assuming the form of ill-temper. Said he,—

"I suppose you were telling about the affair at Schönggraben? Were you there?"

"Certainly, I was there," spitefully replied Rostof, as though desiring by his tone to insult the adjutant. Bolkonsky noticed the hussar's state of mind, and it seemed to him amusing. A scornful smile played lightly over his lips.

"Yes, there are many stories afloat now about that affair!"

"Stories, indeed!" exclaimed Rostof, in a loud voice, turning his angry eyes on Boris and Bolkonsky. "Yes, many stories; but the stories we tell are the accounts of those who were under the hottest fire of the enemy. Our accounts have some weight, and are very different from the stories of those

staff officers, milk suckers, who win rewards by doing nothing."

"By which you mean to insinuate that I am one of them?" demanded Prince Andrei, with a calm and very pleasant smile.

A strange feeling of anger and at the same time of respect for the dignity of this stranger were at this moment united in Rostof's mind.

"I was not speaking of you," said he. "I do not know you, and I confess I have no desire to know you. I merely made a general remark concerning staff officers."

"And I will say this much to you," said Prince Andrei, interrupting him, a tone of calm superiority ringing in his voice. "You wish to insult me, and I am ready to have a settlement with you, it being very easy to bring about, if you have not sufficient self-respect; but you must agree with me that the time and place are exceedingly unpropitious for any such settlement. We are all soon to take part in a great and far more serious duel, and moreover, Drubetskoi here, who says that he is an old friend of yours, cannot be held accountable for the fact that my face was unfortunate enough to displease you. However," he went on to say, as he got up, "You know my name, and you know where to find me; but don't forget," he added, "that I consider that neither I nor you have any ground for feeling insulted, and my advice, as a man older than you, is not to let this matter go any further. Well, Drubetskoi, on Friday, after the review, I shall expect you; *au revoir!*" cried Prince Andrei, and he went out with a bow to both of them.

It was only after Prince Andrei had left the room, that Rostof remembered what reply he should have made. And he was still more out of temper because he had not had the wit to say it. He immediately ordered his horse brought round, and bidding Boris farewell rather dryly, rode off to his own camp. "Should he go next day to headquarters and challenge this captious adjutant, or should he follow his advice and leave things as they were?" That was the question that tormented him all the way. At one moment, he angrily imagined how frightened this little, feeble, bumptious man would look when covered by his pistol; the next, he confessed with amazement, that of all the men whom he knew, there was none whom he should be more glad to have as his friend, than this same detestable adjutant.

CHAPTER VIII.

ON the day following the meeting of Boris and Rostof, occurred the review of the Austrian and Russian troops, including those who had just arrived from Russia, as well as those who had made the campaign with Kutuzof. Both the Emperor of Russia, with the tsesarevitch, and the Emperor of Austria, with the archduke, reviewed this army, aggregating eighty thousand men.

Early in the morning, the soldiers, elegantly spruced and attired, began to move, falling into line in front of the fortress. Here thousands of legs and bayonets moved along with streaming banners, and at the command of their officers, halted or wheeled, or formed into detachments, passing by other similar bodies of infantry, in other uniforms.

There, with measured hoof beats and jingling of trappings came the cavalry gayly dressed in blue, red, and green embroidered uniforms with gayly-dressed musicians ahead, riding coal-black, chestnut, and gray horses.

Yonder, stretching out in a long line, with their polished shining cannon, jolting with a brazen din on their carriages, and with the smell of linstocks, came the artillery between the infantry and cavalry, and drew up in the places assigned them. Not only the generals in full dress uniform, with slender waists or stout waists, tightened in to the last degree, and with red necks tightly clasped by their collars, and wearing their scarfs and all their orders; not only the officers, pomaded and decked with all their glories, but all the soldiers, with shining, clear-washed and freshly shaven faces, and with all their appurtenances polished up to the highest lustre, and all the horses gayly caparisoned and groomed so that their coats were as glossy as satin, and every individual hair in their manes in exactly its proper place, had the consciousness that something grave, significant, and solemn was taking place. Every general and every soldier felt his own insignificance, counting himself as merely a grain of sand in this sea of humanity, and at the same time felt his power, when regarded as a part of this mighty whole.

By means of strenuous efforts and devoted energy, the preparations which had begun early in the morning were completed by ten o'clock, and everything was in proper order. The ranks were drawn up across the broad parade ground.

The whole army was arranged in three columns; in front the cavalry, then the artillery, and, in the rear the infantry.

Between each division of the army was a space like a street. The three divisions of this army were sharply contrasted with each other; Kutuzof's war-worn veterans — among whom on the right flank in the front row stood the Pavlogradsky hussars — the troops of the Line that had just arrived from Russia, and the regiments of the Guard and the Austrian army. But all stood in one line under one commander, and in identical order.

Like the wind rustling the leaves, a murmur agitated the lines: "They are coming! They are coming!" Vivacious shouts of command were heard, and throughout the whole army, like a wave, ran the bustle of the final preparations.

Far away in front of them, near Olmütz, appeared a group coming toward them. And at this moment, though the day was calm, a gentle breeze, as it were, stirred the army, and seemed to shake the pennoned pikes, and the loosened standards clinging to their staffs. It seemed as though the army itself by this slight tremor expressed its gladness at the approach of the emperors. The word of command was heard uttered by one voice, — *smirno*, eyes front! Then like the answering of cocks at daybreak, many voices repeated this command from point to point, and all grew still.

In the death-like silence, the only sound heard was the trampling of horses' feet. This was the suite of the emperors. The two monarchs rode along the left wing, and the bugles of the First Cavalry Regiment burst forth with the *general-marsch*. It seemed as if it were not the bugles that played this march, but as if the army itself, in its delight at the approach of the emperors, emitted these sounds. Their echoes had not died away, when the Emperor Alexander's affable young voice was distinctly heard addressing the men. He uttered the usual welcome, and the First Regiment gave forth one huzza so deafening, so long drawn out and expressive of joy, that the men themselves were amazed and awestruck at the magnitude and strength of the mass which they constituted: "Hurrah!"

Rostof standing in the front rank of Kutuzof's army, which the emperor first approached, shared the feeling experienced by every man in that army, a feeling of self-forgetfulness, a proud consciousness of invincibility and of passionate attachment to him on whose account all this solemn parade was prepared. He felt that the mere word of this man was only

needed for this mighty mass, including himself as an insignificant grain of sand, to dash through fire and water, to commit crime, to face death or perform the mightiest deeds of heroism, and therefore he could not help trembling, could not help his heart melting within him at the sight of this approaching Word. †

“Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!” was roared on all sides, and one regiment after another welcomed the sovereigns with the music of the *general-marsch*, then renewed huzzas, the *general-marsch* and huzzas on huzzas, which growing louder and louder, mingled in one overpowering deafening tumult.

Until the sovereign came quite close, every regiment in its silence and rigidity seemed like a lifeless body, but as soon as the sovereign came abreast of it, the regiment woke to life and broke out into acclamations which mingled with the roar extending down the whole line past which the sovereign rode. Amid the tremendous deafening tumult of these thousands of voices, through the midst of the armies, standing in their squares as motionless as though they had been carved out of granite, moved easily, carelessly, but symmetrically, and above all with freedom and grace, the hundreds of riders constituting the suites, and in front of all — two men, the emperors! Upon them, and upon them alone, were concentrated the suppressed but eager attention of all that mass of warriors.

The handsome young Emperor Alexander in his Horse-guards' uniform and three-cornered hat worn point forward, with his pleasant face and clear but not loud voice, was the cynosure of all eyes.

Rostof stood not far from the buglers, and his keen glance recognized the emperor while he was still far off, and followed him as he drew near. When the Sovereign had approached to a distance of twenty paces, and Nikolai could clearly distinguish every feature of his handsome and radiant young face, he experienced a sense of affection and enthusiasm such as he had never before felt. Everything, every feature, every motion seemed to him bewitching in his sovereign.

Pausing in front of the Pavlograd regiment, the monarch said something in French to the Emperor of Austria and smiled.

Seeing this smile, Rostof himself involuntarily smiled also, and felt a still more powerful impulse of love toward his sovereign. He felt a burning desire to display this love in some way. He knew that this was impossible, and he felt like weeping.

The sovereign summoned the regimental commander and said a few words to him.

"*Bózhe moi!* what would happen to me, if the sovereign were to address me!" thought Rostof. "I should die of happiness!"

The emperor also addressed the officers.—

"Gentlemen," said he, and Rostof listened as to a voice from heaven. How happy would he have been now could he only die for his Tsar! "I thank you all from my heart! You have won the standards of the George, prove yourselves worthy of them!"

"Only to die, to die for him!" thought Rostof.

The sovereign said a few words more, which Rostof did not catch, and the soldiers, straining their throats, cried "Hurrah! hurrah!"

Rostof also joined with them, leaning forward in his saddle and shouting with all his might, willing to burst his lungs in his efforts to express the full extent of his enthusiasm for his sovereign.

The emperor stood a few seconds in front of the hussars as though he were undecided.

"How can the sovereign be undecided?" mused Rostof; but immediately even this indecision seemed to him a new proof of majesty and charm, like everything else that the sovereign did.

The emperor's indecision lasted only a moment. His foot, shod in a narrow, sharp-pointed boot, such as were worn at that time, pressed against the flank of the English-groomed bay mare on which he sat. The sovereign's hand, in a white glove, gathered up the reins, and he rode off, accompanied by a disorderly, tossing sea of adjutants.

As he kept riding farther and farther down the line, he kept halting in front of the different regiments, and at last only his white plume could be seen by Rostof, distinguishing him from the suite that accompanied the emperors.

In the number of those who accompanied the emperor, he noticed Bolkonsky, lazily and indifferently bestriding his steed. The yesterday evening's quarrel with him came into his mind, and the question arose whether or no he ought to challenge him. "Of course it is out of the question now," thought Rostof. "Is it worth while to think or to talk about such a thing at such a moment as this? At a time when one feels such impulses of love, enthusiasm, and self-renunciation, what consequence are our petty quarrels and prov-

ocations ? I love the whole world, I forgive every one now !” said Rostof to himself.

After the sovereign had ridden past almost all the regiments, the troops began to move in front of him in the “ceremonial march,” and Rostof, on his Bedouin, which he had recently bought of Denisof, rode at the end of his squadron, that is, alone, and in a most conspicuous position before his sovereign.

Just before he came up to where the emperor was, Rostof, who was an admirable horseman, plunged the spurs in Bedouin’s flanks, and urged him into that mad, frenzied gallop which Bedouin always took when he was excited. Pressing his foaming mouth back to his breast, arching his tail, and seeming to fly through the air, and spurning the earth, gracefully tossing and interweaving his legs, Bedouin, also conscious that the emperor’s eyes were fastened on him, dashed gallantly by.

Rostof himself, keeping his feet back, and sitting straight in his saddle, feeling himself one with his horse, rode by his sovereign with disturbed but beatific face ; “a very devil,” as Denisof expressed it.

“Bravo ! Pavlogradsui !” exclaimed the emperor.

“*Bózhe moi !* how happy I should be if he would only bid me to dash instantly into the fire !” thought Rostof.

When the review was ended, the officers who had just come from Russia and those of Kutuzof’s division, began to gather in groups and talk about the rewards of the campaign, about the Austrians and their uniforms, about their line of battle, about Bonaparte, and what a desperate position he had got himself into now, especially if Essen’s corps should join them, and Prussia should take their side.

But more than all else in each of these circles, the conversation ran on the Sovereign Alexander, and every word that he had spoken was repeated, and everything that he had done was praised, and all were enthusiastic over him.

All had but one single expectation : under the personal direction of the sovereign, to go with all speed against the enemy. Under the command of the emperor himself, it would be an impossibility not to win the victory over any one in the world : so thought Rostof and the majority of the officers.

After this review, all were more assured of victory than they could have been after the gaining of two battles.

CHAPTER IX.

ON the day following the review, Boris, dressed in his best uniform, and accompanied by the wishes of his comrade, Berg, for his success, rode off to Olmütz to find Bolkonsky, anxious to take advantage of his good will and secure a most brilliant position, especially the position of adjutant to some important personage, as this seemed to him the most attractive branch of the service.

"It's fine for Rostof, whose father sends him ten thousand at a time, to argue that he would not accept favors of any one, or be any one's lackey; but I, who have nothing except my brains, must pursue my career and not miss opportunities, but take advantage of them."

He did not find Prince Andrei in Olmütz that day. But the sight of the town where the imperial headquarters were situated, where the diplomatic corps were established, and both emperors were quartered with their suites, and courtiers, and intimates, only inspired the more desire in the young man's heart to belong to this exalted world.

He had no acquaintaintees, and, notwithstanding his elegant uniform of the Guards, all these superior people crowding the streets in handsome equipages, plumes, ribbons, and orders, these courtiers and warriors seemed to stand so immeasurably above him that not only they would not but they could not recognize the existence of such an insignificant officer of the Guards as he was. At the establishment of the commander-in-chief, Kutuzof, where he inquired for Bolkonsky, all the adjutants, and even the servants, looked at him as though it were their wish to inspire him with the idea that there was a great abundance of officers like him there and that all were very much annoyed by their presence.

In spite of this, or rather in direct consequence of this, on the very next day, the twenty-seventh, immediately after dinner, he went to Olmütz again, and going to the house occupied by Kutuzof, inquired for Bolkonsky.

Prince Andrei was at home, and Boris was ushered into a great drawing-room where probably in times gone by balls had been given, but which was now occupied by five beds, and a heterogenous medley of furniture: tables, chairs, and a harpsichord. One adjutant, in a Persian smoking jacket, was sitting at a table near the door and writing. Another, the stout

handsome Nesvitsky, lay on his bed with his hands supporting his head, and laughing and talking with an officer who was sitting near him. A third was at the harpsichord playing a Viennese waltz; a fourth leaned on the harpsichord and was humming the air.

Bolkonsky was not in the room. Not one of these gentlemen, though they glanced at Boris, paid him the slightest attention. The one who was writing and whom Boris ventured to address, turned round with an air of annoyance and told him that Bolkonsky was on duty, and that he would find him by passing through the door on the left, and going to the reception-room if he wanted to see him. Boris thanked him and went to the reception-room. He found there ten or a dozen generals and other officers.

At the moment that Boris came in, Prince Andrei, with a contemptuous frown on his face and that peculiar look of well-bred weariness which says louder than words that "if it were not my duty, I should not think of wasting any more time talking with you," was listening to an old Russian general with orders on his breast, who was standing upright, almost on his tiptoes, and, with the servile expression characteristic of the military on his purple face, was laying his case before Prince Andrei.

"Very good, be kind enough to have patience," he was saying to the general in Russian, but with that French accent which he affected when he wished to speak rather scornfully; then, catching sight of Boris, and making no further reply to the general, who hastened after him with his petition, begging him to let him say just one thing more, Prince Andrei with a radiant smile and waving his hand to him, went to meet Boris.

Boris at this instant clearly understood what he had suspected before, that in the army there was, above and beyond the fact of subordination and discipline as laid down in the code, and which they in the regiments knew by heart, and which he knew as well as any one else, — there was another still more essential form of subordination, one which compelled this anxious general with the purple face to bide his time respectfully, while Captain Prince Andrei, for his own satisfaction, found it more interesting to talk with Ensign Drubetskoi. More than ever Boris decided henceforth not to act in accordance with the written law, but with this unwritten code. He now felt that merely through the fact of having been sent to Prince Andrei with a letter of recommendation he was allowed

to take precedence of this old general, who in other circumstances, at the front, for instance, might utterly humiliate him—a mere ensign of the Guards.

Prince Andrei came to meet him and gave him his hand.

“Very sorry that you missed me yesterday. I spent the whole day with the Germans. Went with Weirother to inspect the disposition of the troops. What fellows these Germans are for accuracy; there’s no end to it!”

Boris smiled exactly as though he understood to what Prince Andrei referred. He affected to see in it a piece of generally known information, but really this was the first time that he had heard Weirother’s name, and even the word *dispozitsiya*.

“Well, now, my dear, so you would still like to become an adjutant, would you? I was just thinking about you.”

“Yes,” replied Boris, in spite of himself, reddening at the very thought. “I was thinking of calling upon the commander-in-chief; he has had a letter in regard to me from Prince Kuragin; I wanted to ask it,” he added, as though by way of apology, “because I was afraid the Guards would not take part in any action.”

“Very good, very good! We will talk it all over,” said Prince Andrei. “Only let me finish up this gentleman’s business and I will be at your service.”

While Prince Andrei went to report on the business of the purple-faced general, this general, evidently not sharing Boris’s comprehension in regard to the advantages of the unwritten code, glared so fiercely at the audacious young ensign who had interrupted his conversation with the adjutant, that Boris grew uncomfortable. He turned away and waited impatiently for Prince Andrei’s return from the commander-in-chief’s private room.

“Well, my dear fellow, as I said, I was just thinking of you,” said Prince Andrei, as they went into the big room where the harpsichord was. “There is no use in your going to call on the commander-in-chief,” he went on to say; “he will make you pleasant enough speeches, he will have you invited to dinner.” (“That would not be so bad according to this other code,” thought Boris, in his own mind), “but nothing more would come of it; if it did, there would soon be a whole battalion of us adjutants and orderlies. But I tell you what we’ll do; I have a good friend who is general adjutant, and a splendid man, Prince Dolgorukof,—and perhaps you may not know this, but it is a fact, that just now Kutuzof and his

staff and all of us, are of mighty little consequence; everything at the present time is centred on the emperor, — so let us go to Dolgorukof; I have an errand to him anyway, and I have already spoken to him of you, so we will see whether he can't find the means of giving you a place on his own staff, or somewhere even nearer to the sun."

Prince Andrei always showed great energy when he had the chance to lend a young man a hand and help him to worldly success. Under cover of the assistance granted another, and which he would have been too proud to accept for himself, he came within the charmed circle which was the source of success, and in reality a powerful attraction for him. He very readily took Boris under his wing and went with him to Prince Dolgorukof.

It was already quite late in the afternoon when they reached the palace of Olmütz, occupied by the emperors and their immediate followers.

On this very day there had been a council of war in which all the members of the Hofkriegsrath and the two emperors had taken part. In the council it had been decided, contrary to the advice of the old generals, Kutuzof and Schwartzenberg, to act immediately on the offensive and offer Bonaparte general battle.

The council had only just adjourned when Prince Andrei, accompanied by Boris, entered the palace in search of Prince Dolgorukof. Already the magic impression of this war council, which had resulted in victory for the younger party, could be seen in the faces of all whom they met at headquarters. The voices of the temporizers who advised further postponement of the attack had been so unanimously drowned out and their arguments confuted by such indubitable proofs of the advantage of immediate attack, that the subject of their deliberations — that is, the impending engagement and the victory which would doubtless result from it, — seemed to be a thing of the past rather than of the future.

All the advantages were on our side. The enormous forces, of the allies, doubtless far outnumbering Napoleon's forces, were concentrated at one point; the armies were inspired by the presence of the emperors, and eager for action; the "strategical point" where the battle was to be fought, was known in its minutest details, to the Austrian General Weirother who would take the direction of the army; it happened also, by a fortunate coincidence, that the Austrian army had manœuvred the previous year on these very plans where now it

was proposed that they should meet the French in battle; all the features of the ground were well known, and accurately delineated on the maps, and Bonaparte, evidently weakened, was making no preparations to meet them.

Dolgorukof, one of the most fiery partisans in favor of immediate attack, had only just returned from the council, weary and jaded, but full of excitement and proud of the victory won. Prince Andrei introduced the young officer, whom he had taken under his protection, but Prince Dolgorukof, though he politely and even warmly pressed his hand, said nothing to him, and being evidently unable to refrain from expressing the thoughts that occupied him at this time to the exclusion of everything else, turned to Prince Andrei and said in French, "Well, my dear fellow, what a struggle we've been having! May God only grant that the one which will result from it will be no less victorious! One thing, my dear fellow," said he, speaking eagerly and brusquely, "I must confess my injustice to these Austrians, and especially to Weirother! What exactness and care for details! what accurate knowledge of the localities! what foresight for contingencies! what thoughts for all the minutest details! No, my friend, nothing more advantageous than the condition in which we find ourselves could possibly be imagined. Austrian accuracy and Russian valor combined! what more could you desire?"

"So an engagement has been actually determined upon?" asked Bolkonsky.

"And do you know, my dear, it seems to me that really Bonaparte 'has lost his Latin.' Did you know a letter was received from him to-day addressed to the emperor?"

Dolgorukof smiled significantly.

"What's that? What did he write?" asked Bolkonsky.

"What could he write? Tradiridira and so forth, merely for the sake of gaining time; that's all. I tell you, he's right in our hands; that's certain! But the most amusing thing of all," said he, with a good-natured smile, "was this, that no one could think how it was best to address the reply to him! Not as 'consul,' and still less as emperor of course; I supposed it would be to General Bonaparte."

"But there is considerable difference between not recognizing him as emperor and addressing him as General Bonaparte," said Bolkonsky.

"That's the very point," said Dolgorukof, interrupting him with a laugh, and speaking rapidly. "You know Bilibin — he's

a very clever man — he proposed to address him as ‘Usurper and Enemy of the Human Race.’” Dolgorukof broke into a hearty peal of laughter.

“Was that all?” remarked Bolkonsky.

“But in the end it was Bilibin who invented a serious title for the address. He’s a shrewd and clever man!”

“What was it?”

“‘Head of the French Government,’ — *au chef du gouvernement français*,” replied Prince Dolgorukof gravely, and with satisfaction. “Say, now, wasn’t that good?”

“Very good, but it won’t please him much,” replied Bolkonsky.

“Oh not at all! My brother knows him; he’s dined with him more than once, — with the present emperor at Paris, and told me that he never saw a more refined and cunning diplomat! French *finesse* combined with Italian astuteness, you know! You’ve heard the anecdotes about him and Count Markof, haven’t you? Count Markof was the only man who could meet him on his own ground. You know the story of the handkerchief? It’s charming!” And the loquacious Dolgorukof, turning now to Boris, now to Prince Andrei, told how Bonaparte, wishing to test Markof, our ambassador, purposely dropped his handkerchief in front of him and stood looking at him apparently expecting Markof to hand it to him, and how Markof instantly dropped his handkerchief beside Bonaparte’s, and stooping down picked it up, leaving Bonaparte’s where it lay.

“*Charmant!*” exclaimed Bolkonsky. “But prince, I have come as a petitioner in behalf of this young man here. Do you know whether” — but before Prince Andrei had time to finish, an adjutant came into the room with a summons for Prince Dolgorukof to go to the emperor.

“Ah! what a nuisance!” exclaimed Dolgorukof, hurriedly rising and pressing Prince Andrei and Boris’s hands, “You know I should be very glad to do all in my power either for you or for this charming young man.” Once more he pressed Boris’s hand with an expression of good-natured frankness and mercurial heedlessness. “But we’ll see about it. See you another time!”

Boris was greatly excited by the thought of being so near to such exalted powers. He felt that here he was almost in contact with the springs which set in motion all these enormous masses of which he and his regiment appeared to be a small, humble, and insignificant part.

They followed Prince Dolgorukof into the corridor. Just then, from out the door leading into the sovereign's apartments, through which Dolgorukof was going, came a short individual in civil attire, with an intellectual face and a strongly pronounced and prominent lower jaw, which without disfiguring him lent especial energy and mobility to his expression. This short man nodded to Dolgorukof as to a friend, and came along straight toward Prince Andrei with a fixed cold stare, evidently expecting him to make a bow, or to stand out of the way for him. Prince Andrei did neither; a wrathful expression came into his face, and the young man, turning about went down the corridor in the other direction.

"Who was that?" asked Boris.

"That is one of the most remarkable, and to me, most detestable of men, — the minister of foreign affairs, Prince Adam Czartorisky. Those are the men," said Bolkonsky, with a sigh which he could not stifle, as they left the palace, "those are the men who decide the fate of nations."

On the next day the armies were set in motion, and Boris had no opportunities, until the battle of Austerlitz itself, to meet either Prince Bolkonsky or Dolgorukof, and remained for the time being in his regiment.

CHAPTER X.

AT dawn, on the twenty-eighth, Denisof's squadron, in which Nikolai Rostof served, and which belonged to Prince Bagration's division, marched out from its bivouac to battle, as it was said, and after proceeding about a verst, behind the other columns, was halted on the highway.

Rostof saw the Cossacks riding forward past them, then the first and second squadron of hussars, and battalions of infantry and artillery; and then the generals, Bagration and Dolgorukof, and their adjutants also rode by.

All the fear which, just as at the previous battles, he had experienced before the action, all the internal conflict, by means of which he had overcome this fear, all his dreams of how he would distinguish himself, hussar fashion, in this action were wasted. Their squadron were stationed in the reserve, and Nikolai Rostof spent that day bored and anxious.

About nine o'clock in the morning, he heard at the front the sounds of musketry firing, huzzas, and shouting; he saw some wounded men carried to the rear (there were not many

of them), and at last he beheld a whole division of French cavalrymen conducted by in charge of a *sotnya* of Cossacks. Evidently, the action was at an end, and though it appeared to be of small magnitude, it was attended with success. The soldiers and the officers, as they returned, narrated the story of their brilliant victory, resulting in the occupation of the city of Wischau, and the capture of a whole squadron of the French.

The day was clear and sunny, after the nipping frost of the night before, and the joyful brilliancy of an autumn day seemed to harmonize with the news of the victory, which was confirmed not only by the narratives of those who had taken part in it, but still more by the enthusiastic faces of the soldiers, officers, generals, and adjutants, passing this way and that before Rostof. Nikolai's heart was the heavier for having suffered to no purpose all the pangs of fear anticipatory of the battle, and then being obliged to spend this glorious day in inaction.

"Wostof, come here! Let us d'own our sow'ow in dwink!" cried Denisof, seated on the edge of the road, with a flask and lunch spread before him. The officers gathered in a circle around Denisof's bottle-case, eating their lunch and chatting.

"Here they come, bringing another!" exclaimed one of the officers, pointing to a French dragoon who had been made prisoner, and was walking along under guard of two Cossacks. One of them was leading by the bridle a large, handsome French horse that had been taken from the prisoner.

"Sell us the horse?" cried Denisof to the Cossack.

"Certainly, your nobility."

The officers sprang up and crowded around the Cossacks and the prisoner. The French dragoon was a young Alsatian, speaking French with a German accent. He was quite out of breath with emotion; his face was crimson. Hearing the officers talking French, he began to speak with them eagerly, turning to one and another of them. He told them that he ought not to have been taken, and that it was not his fault he was taken, but the fault of *le caporal*, who had sent him to get some caparisons, and that he told him the Russians were already there. And at the end of every sentence, he added: "*Mais qu'on ne fasse pas de mal à mon petit cheval!*" — don't let them harm my little horse!" at the same time patting his coat.

It was evident that he didn't understand very well what had happened to him. Now he apologized for having been

captured, then, as though he imagined himself in the presence of his own superiors, he vaunted his strict attention to the duties of a soldier and his zeal in the service. He brought with him to our rearguard in all its freshness the very atmosphere of the French army, which was so foreign to our men.

The Cossacks sold the horse for two ducats, and Rostof, who was just now possessed of money in plenty, and was the richest of the officers, bought it.

"*Mais qu'on ne fasse pas de mal à mon petit cheval!*" said the Alsatian good naturedly to Rostof, when the horse was handed over to the hussar.

Rostof, with a smile, reassured the dragoon, and gave him some money.

"*Alyo! Alyo!*" said the Cossack, attempting to speak in French, and touching the prisoner's arm to make him move on.

"*Gosudár! gosudár!* — the emperor! the emperor!" was suddenly heard among the hussars. All was hurry and confusion as the officers scattered, and Rostof distinguished down the road a number of horsemen with white plumes in their hats riding toward them. In a moment's time, all were in their places and waiting.

Rostof did not remember and had no consciousness of how he got to his place and mounted his horse. Instantly his disappointment at not being present at the skirmish, the mutinous frame of mind that he had felt during the hours of inaction, passed away; every thought about himself instantly vanished; he was perfectly absorbed in the sense of happiness arising from the proximity of his sovereign! He felt himself compensated by the mere fact of his presence for all the loss of the day. He was as happy as a lover, in expectation of the wished-for meeting! Not daring to look down the line, and not glancing around, he felt his approach by his enthusiastic sense. And he felt this not alone by the mere trampling of the horse's hoofs as the cavalcade rode along, but he felt it because in proportion as they drew near, all around him grew brighter, more radiant with joy, more impressive and festive. Nearer and nearer came what was the sun for Rostof, scattering around him rays of blissful and majestic light, and now at last he realized that he was enveloped by these rays; he heard his voice, that affable, serene, majestic, and at the same time utterly unaffected voice. A dead silence ensued, just as Rostof felt ought to be the case, and this silence was broken by the sound of his sovereign's voice, —

"*Les huzards de Pavlograd*?" he asked.

"*La réserve, sire*," replied some other voice, a merely human voice, after the superhuman voice which had asked if they were the Pavlograd hussars.

The emperor came up near where Rostof was and reined in his horse. Alexander's face was still more beautiful than it had been three days before at the time of the parade. It fairly beamed with delight and youthful spirits, — such innocently youthful spirits that it reminded one of the sportiveness of a fourteen year old lad; and yet, nevertheless, it was the face of a majestic emperor! Chancing to glance down the squadron, the sovereign's eyes met Rostof's, and for upwards of two seconds gazed into them. May be the sovereign read what was passing in Rostof's soul; it certainly seemed to Rostof that he must know it; at all events, he fixed his blue eyes for the space of two seconds on Rostof's face. (A sweet and gentle light seemed to emanate from them.) Then suddenly his eyebrows contracted, and with a brusque movement of his left foot he spurred his horse and galloped forward.

The young emperor could not restrain his desire to be present at the battle, and in spite of all the objections of his courtiers, he managed about twelve o'clock to leave the third column, under whose escort he had been moving, and spurred off to the front. But before he reached the hussars he was met by adjutants with the report of the happy issue of the skirmish.

The engagement, which was merely the capture of a squadron of the French, was represented as a brilliant victory, and consequently the sovereign, and the whole army, after this, and especially before the smoke had cleared away from the field of battle, were firmly convinced that the French were conquered and were in full retreat.

A few minutes after the passing of the sovereign, the division of the Pavlograd hussars were ordered to advance. In the little German town of Wischau, Rostof saw the emperor yet a second time. In the town square, where, just before the sovereign's arrival, there had been a pretty lively interchange of shots, still lay a number of men, killed and wounded, whom it had not been possible as yet to remove.

X The sovereign, surrounded by his suite of military and civil attendants, and riding a chestnut mare, groomed in English style, though not the same one which he had ridden at the parade, leaning over and gracefully holding a gold *lorgnette* to his eye, was looking at a soldier stretched out on the ground, without his shako, and with his head all covered with blood.

The soldier was so filthy, rough, and disgusting, that Rostof was quite affronted that he should be so near his majesty. Rostof saw how the sovereign's stooping shoulders contracted, as though a chill ran down his back, and how his left heel convulsively pressed the spur into the horse's side, and how the admirably trained animal looked around good-naturedly and did not stir from his place.

An adjutant dismounted, and taking the soldier under the arm, assisted to lift him to a stretcher which had just been brought.

The soldier groaned.

"Gently, gently! can't you lift him more gently!" exclaimed the sovereign, apparently suffering more keenly than the dying soldier, and he rode away.

Rostof saw the tears that filled his monarch's eyes, and heard him say in French to Czartorisky as he rode away,—

"What a terrible thing war is, what a terrible thing! — *Quelle terrible chose que la guerre!*"

The vanguard had been stationed in front of Wischau, in sight of the enemy's pickets, who had left us the place after desultory firing that had lasted all day. The vanguard had been personally congratulated and thanked by the emperor, rewards had been promised, and a double portion of vodka had been dealt out to the men. The bivouac fires crackled even more merrily than the night before, and the soldiers' songs rang out with still greater gusto.

Denisof that night, gave a supper in honor of his promotion as major, and Rostof, who had already taken his share of wine, at the end of the merrymaking proposed a toast to the sovereign's health: "Not the sovereign emperor, the *gosudár-imperátor*, as he is called in official circles," said he, "but the health of the sovereign, as a kind-hearted, lovable, and great man,—let us drink to his health, and to our probable victory over the French. If we fought well before," he went on to say, "and gave no quarter to the French at Schöngraben, will not this be the case now when he himself leads us? We will all die, gladly die for him! Isn't that so, gentlemen? Perhaps I do not express myself very well, for I have been drinking a good deal, but that's what I feel, and so do you all! To the health of Alexander the First! Hurrah!"

"Hurrah! hurrah!" rang the hearty voices of the officers. And the old Captain Kirsten shouted just as heartily and no less sincerely than the twenty-year-old Rostof.

When the officers had drunken the toast and broken their

glasses, Kirsten got a fresh one and filled it, and in his shirt-sleeves and riding-trousers, with the glass in his hand, went to the camp-fire of some of the soldiers, and assuming a majestic pose, waving his hand over his head, stood with his long, grey mustache and white chest visible under his unbuttoned shirt, in the firelight,—

“Children! to the health of the sovereign emperor, to victory over our enemies! Hurrah!” he cried in his youthful-old hussar’s baritone.

The hussars crowded around, and answered in friendly wise with a tremendous shout.

Late that night, when all had separated, Denisof laid his stubby hand on his favorite Rostof’s shoulder,—

“In the field, no woom for love affairs, when one’s so much in love with the tsar!” said he.

“Denisof! Don’t jest on this subject!” cried Rostof. “This is such an exalted, such a noble feeling, that”—

“I agwee with you, I agwee with you, my fwiend, I understand, I appwove”—

“No, you can’t understand it!” and Rostof got up and began to wander among the watch-fires, and dreamed of what bliss it would be to die—as to losing his life, he did not dare to think of that!—but simply to die in the presence of his sovereign. He was really in love, not only with the tsar, but also with the glory of the Russian arms, and the hope of impending victory. And he was not the only one who experienced this feeling on the memorable days that preceded the battle of Austerlitz: nine-tenths of the men composing the Russian army were at that time in love, though perhaps less ecstasically, with their tsar and the glory of the Russian arms.

CHAPTER XI.

ON the following day, the sovereign remained in Wischau. His body physician Villiers was several times called to see him, and not only at headquarters, but in the various corps, the report was spread abroad that the emperor was ill. He had eaten nothing that day, and had slept badly the night before, so those who were in his counsels reported. This indisposition proceeded from the powerful impression produced upon his sensitive soul by the sight of the wounded and the killed.

At daybreak, on the twenty-ninth, a French officer with a

flag of truce passed the sentinels, and was brought into Wischau, demanding a personal interview with the Russian Emperor.

This officer was Savary.

The sovereign had just fallen asleep, and therefore Savary was obliged to wait. At noon he was admitted into the emperor's presence, and at the end of an hour came out and rode, accompanied by Prince Dolgorukof, back to the pickets of the French army.

It was soon reported that the purpose of Savary's mission was a proposal for a meeting of the emperor with Napoleon. This personal meeting was refused, much to the gratification and delight of the whole army, and in the sovereign's place Prince Dolgorukof, the conqueror of Wischau was delegated to confer with Napoleon, if contrary to anticipation he should express a genuine desire for peace.

In the evening Dolgorukof returned, went directly to the sovereign and was closeted a long time with him alone.

On the thirtieth of November and the first of December, the armies moved forward two more stages, and the advanced pickets of the enemy, after slight skirmishes, retired. Before noon of December first, there began in the upper circles of the army a vigorous stirring, and exciting movement, which continued until the morning of the second of December, when was fought the world-renowned battle of Austerlitz.

Up till the afternoon of the first, the movement, the excited conversations, the galloping about and carrying of messages was confined to the headquarters of the two emperors; in the afternoon of the same day, the excitement was communicated to Kutuzof's headquarters, and to the staffs of the division commanders. By evening this movement had spread by means of the adjutants to all the remotest portions of the army, and during the night that followed the first of December, the enormous mass of eighty thousand men comprising the allied armies, arose from their bivouacs with a hum of voices, and stirred and wavered like a mighty fabric ten versts in length.

The concentrated movement, beginning in the morning at the headquarters of the emperors and finally giving its impulse to the whole, even to the remotest parts, was analogous to the first movement of the central wheel of a great tower clock. The one wheel moves slowly, it starts another, — a third; and ever more and more swiftly the wheels, pulleys, pinions, begin to revolve, the chimes of bells to play, the figures to go

through their evolutions, the hands to move in measured time, showing the results of the motions.

As in the mechanism of the clock, so in the mechanism of this military movement; no less irresistibly they move even to the last resultant, when once the impulse is given and just as impassively immovable, up to the moment when the movement is started, are the parts of the mechanisms as yet unstirred by their work. The wheels whizz on their axles, the cogs catch, the revolving sheaves hiss in their rapid motion, but the next wheel is as yet as calm and immovable as though it had before it a century to remain in immobility; and then its moment comes, the cog has caught, and becoming subject to the motion the wheel begins to whirr as it revolves and takes part in an activity, the results and aim of which are incomprehensible to it.

Just as in the clock the result of the complicated motions of numberless and different wheels and pullies is merely to move the hands slowly and in measured rhythm so as to tell the time, so the result of all the complicated human motions of these one hundred and sixty thousand Russians and French — all the passions, desires, regrets, humiliations, sufferings, transports of pride, panic, enthusiasm of all these men was merely the loss of the battle of Austerlitz, called the Battle of the Three Emperors; in other words, the measured forward motion of the hand of universal history on the dial of humanity.

Prince Andrei was on duty this day, and constantly by the side of the commander-in-chief.

About six o'clock in the evening, Kutuzof came to the headquarters of the emperors, and after a short audience with his sovereign, went to see Count Tolstoi, the Ober-hofmarshal, master of supplies.

Bolkonsky took advantage of this time to run into Dolgorukof's to find out about the impending engagement. Prince Andrei felt that Kutuzof was dissatisfied and out of sorts for some reason or other, and that he was out of favor at headquarters, and that all whom he met at the emperor's headquarters behaved toward him like men who know more than others know, and it was for this reason that he was anxious for a talk with Dolgorukof.

"Well, how you, *mon cher*?" exclaimed Dolgorukof, who was drinking tea with Bilibin. "The celebration comes tomorrow! — What's the matter with your old man? He seems out of sorts?"

"I should not say that he was out of sorts, but I think that he would like to have been listened to."

"Well, he was listened to at the council of war, and he will be when he is willing to talk business, but to be temporizing and waiting for something now that Bonaparte fears a general engagement more than anything else, is impossible."

"And so you've seen him, have you?" asked Prince Andrei. "Well, what sort of a man is this Bonaparte? What impression did he produce upon you?"

"Yes, I have seen him, and I am convinced that he is more afraid of a general engagement than of anything else in the world," replied Dolgorukof, evidently laying great store by this general conclusion drawn from his interview with Napoleon. "If he were not afraid of a general battle, why should he have demanded this interview, and entered into negotiations, and above all retreated, when retreating is contrary to his entire method of carrying on war? Believe me, he is afraid — afraid of a general engagement; his hour is at hand! Mark my words!"

"But tell me, about him, what kind of a man is he?" asked Prince Andrei.

"He is a man in a gray overcoat, very anxious for me to address him as 'your majesty,' and very much affronted because I gave him no title at all. That's the kind of a man he is, and that's all I can say!" replied Dolgorukof, looking at Bilibin with a smile. "In spite of my perfect confidence in old Kutuzof," he went on to say, "we should all be in a fine state if we kept on waiting for something to happen, and thereby giving him the chance to outflank us or play some trick upon us, now when he's right in our hands evidently. No, it's not a good thing to forget Suvarof and his rule: 'it's a better policy to attack than to be attacked.' I assure you, in war the energy of young men often points out the way more wisely than all the experience of old tacticians."

"But in what position are we going to attack him? I was at the advanced posts to-day, and it is impossible to make out where his main force is stationed," said Prince Andrei. He was anxious to explain to Dolgorukof a plan of attack of his own that he had devised.

"Oh, it is of absolutely no consequence," replied Dolgorukof, hastily getting up and spreading a map on the table. "All contingencies are foreseen. If he is posted at Brünn." —

And Prince Dolgorukof rapidly and not very clearly unfolded Weirother's plan for a flank movement.

Prince Andrei hastened to raise objections and to expound his own plan. Perhaps it was fully as good as Weirother's, but it had one serious fault — that Weirother's had been approved instead. As soon as Prince Andrei began to point out the disadvantages of Weirother's, and the excellencies of his own plan, Prince Dolgorukof ceased listening to him and looked absently not at the map, but at Prince Andrei's face.

"Well, there is to be a council of war this evening at Kutuzof's; there you will have a chance to deliver your views," said Dolgorukof.

"I certainly shall," said Prince Andrei, pushing the map aside.

"And what are you struggling over, gentlemen?" asked Bilibin, who until now had been listening to their discussion with a gay smile, and had at last made up his mind to get some sport out of it. "Whether we have a victory or a defeat to-morrow, the glory of the Russian arms is assured. Except our Kutuzof, there isn't a single Russian division commander. The heads are Herr Général Wimpfen, le Comte de Langeron, le Prince de Lichtenstein, le Prince de Hohenlohe et enfin Prscz — Prscz — and all the rest of the alphabet, like all Polish names."

"Hush, *mauraise langue!*" said Dolgorukof, — "It isn't so, for here are two others, Russians, Miloradovitch and Dokhturof, and we might count Count Arakcheyef as a third, but he has weak nerves."

"Well, I think Mikhail Iliaronovitch must have come out," said Prince Andrei, "I wish you all happiness and success, gentlemen," he added, and after shaking hands with Dolgorukof and Bilibin, went in search of Kutuzof.

On the way back to their quarters, Prince Andrei could not refrain from asking Kutuzof who sat in moody silence beside him, what he thought of the approaching engagement.

Kutuzof looked sternly at his adjutant, and after a moment of silence replied, "I think that the battle will be lost, and so I told Count Tolstoi, and begged him to repeat it to the sovereign, and what do you think was the answer he gave me? 'Ah, my dear general, rice and cutlets occupy me; you attend to the affairs of war!'"* Yes, that's the way they answer me!"

* *Eh, mon cher général, je me mêle de riz et des cotelettes, mêlez vous des affaires de la guerre.*

CHAPTER XII.

AT ten o'clock that evening Weirotter came with his plans to Kutuzof's headquarters, where the council of war was to be convened. All the division commanders had been summoned to meet at the commander-in-chief's, and with the exception of Prince Bagration, who excused himself, all appeared at the appointed hour.

Weirotter, who was the chief promoter of the proposed engagement, presented by his eagerness and vehemence a sharp contrast to the dissatisfied and sleepy-looking Kutuzof, who in spite of himself was obliged to preside as chairman over the council of war.

Weirotter evidently felt that he was the head centre of the movement which had already become irresistible. He was like a horse harnessed into a loaded team and going down hill. He knows not whether he is pulling it or whether it is forcing him onward; but he is borne down with all possible rapidity, and has no time to deliberate on the outcome of this downward motion.

Weirotter twice that afternoon had been out personally to inspect the enemy's pickets, and had twice called on the Russian and Austrian Emperors with his reports and explanations, and had been to his own chancery where he had dictated his dispositions in German. And now, all worn out, he came to Kutuzof's.

He was evidently so full of his own ideas that he forgot to be civil to the commander-in-chief; he interrupted him, spoke rapidly and incoherently, not looking into the face of his colleague, not replying to the questions asked him, and he was spattered with mud and had a woebegone haggard, distracted, but at the same time self-conceited and haughty appearance.

Kutuzof occupied a small manor house near Austerlitz. In the large drawing-room, which had been converted into a cabinet for the commander-in-chief, were gathered all the members of the council of war, including Kutuzof himself and Weirotter. They were drinking tea. They were only waiting for Bagration in order to open the council session. Shortly after ten o'clock, Bagration's orderly rode over with the message that the prince was unable to be present. Prince Andrei came in to report this to the commander-in-chief, and

improving the permission previously granted by Kutuzof to be present at the council, remained in the room.

"Well, then, as Prince Bagration is not to be here, we may as well begin," exclaimed Weirotter, hastily jumping up from his seat and going over to the table whereon was spread a large map of the environs of Brünn.

Kutuzof with his uniform unbuttoned, apparently to give greater freedom to his stout neck clasped by his collar, was sitting in a Voltaire chair, with his plump, aged-looking hands symmetrically placed on the arms, and was almost asleep. At the sound of Weirotter's voice he with difficulty opened his one eye.

"Yes, yes, please, else it will be late," said he, nodding his head, he let it sink, and again closed his eye.

If, at first, the members of the council supposed that Kutuzof was only pretending to sleep, this time the sounds that proceeded from his nose during the course of the subsequent reading were sufficient proof that what occupied the commander-in-chief was vastly more serious to him than his desire to express scorn for the plan of battle, or anything else: what concerned him at that moment was the invincible requirement of human nature, sleep. He was actually napping!

Weirotter, with the action of a minute too much occupied to waste a moment of time, glanced at Kutuzof, and though he perceived that he was asleep, took his paper, and in a loud, monotonous tone began to read his plan for the disposition of forces for the impending engagement, under the heading, which he also read: "Distribution of the forces for the attack on the enemy's position behind Kobelnitz and Sokolnitz, November 30, 1805."

The "disposition" was very complicated and difficult to comprehend in the original German, it was to the following effect,*—

"Since the enemy rests his left wing on the wooded mountains, and his right wing stretches along by Kobelnitz and Sokolnitz, behind the ponds that are there, while we, on the other hand, far outnumber his right wing with our left—it is, therefore, for our advantage to attack the

* *Da der Feind seinen linken Flügel an die mit Wald bedeckten Berge lehnt, und sich mit seinem rechten Flügel längs Kobelnitz und Sokolnitz hinter die dort befindlichen Teiche zieht, wir im Gegentheil mit unserem linken Flügel seinen rechten sehr bedrücken, so ist es vortheilhaft letzteren Flügel des Feindes zu attackiren, besonders wenn wir die Dörfer Sokolnitz und Kobelnitz im Besitze haben wodurch wir dem Feind zugleich in die Flanke fallen und ihn auf der Fläche zwischen Schlapanitz und dem Thürassa Walde verfolgen können indem wir die Inseln von Schlapanitz und Bellowitz ausweichen, welche die feindliche Front decken. Zu diesem Endzwecke ist es nöthig:— Die erste Kolonne marschirt—die zweite Kolonne marschirt—die dritte Kolonne marschirt.*

enemy's right wing especially if we are in possession of the villages of Sokolnitz and Kobelnitz, because we should immediately fall upon the enemy's flanks, and be able to drive him across the plain between Schlapanitz and the Thuerass forest, and avoid the defiles of Schlapanitz and Bellowitz, which protect the enemy's front. To this end it is necessary: the first column must march — the second column must march — the third column must march" — and so on.

Thus read Weirother. The generals found it hard to listen to the tedious details of the scheme. The tall, fair-haired, General Buxhövdén stood leaning against the wall, and, resting his eyes on one of the lighted candles, seemed neither to listen nor wish it to be supposed that he was listening. Directly opposite Weirother sat Miloradovitch, with his brilliant, wide-open eyes, ruddy face, and elevated mustache and shoulders. In soldierly attitude, resting his hands on his knees, with the elbows turned out, he preserved a stubborn silence, gazing directly into Weirother's face, and taking his eyes from him only when the Austrian commander paused. Then, Miloradovitch looked significantly at the other generals. But it was utterly impossible to tell by this significant look whether he agreed or disagreed, whether he were satisfied or dissatisfied with the proposed plan.

Nearest of all to Weirother sat the Count de Langeron, and with a shrewd smile, which did not once during the reading vanish from his Southern French countenance, he gazed at his slender fingers, rapidly twirling by the corners his gold snuff-box adorned with a miniature portrait. In the midst of one of the longest sentences, he stopped twirling of his snuff-box, raised his head, and, with a disagreeable show of politeness, carried to extremes, he interrupted him, and started to make some remark; but the Austrian, without pausing in his task, frowned angrily, and made a gesture with his elbows, as much as to say: "Wait, wait, you shall tell me your ideas by and by; now be good enough to look at the map and follow me!"

Langeron threw up his eyes with an expression of perplexity, glanced at Miloradovitch, as though seeking for an explanation; but meeting Miloradovitch's significant but enigmatical glance, he looked away gloomily, and began once more to twirl his snuff-box.

"*Une leçon de géographie!*" he exclaimed, as if to himself, but loud enough to be heard by the others.

Prszebiszewsky, with respectful but dignified politeness, held one hand to the ear nearest Weirother, and had the appearance of a man whose attention is perfectly absorbed.

Dokhturof, small in stature, sat opposite Weirother with attentive and modest mien, and leaned over the map unrolled before him, and conscientiously followed the scheme as it was evolved, studying the places which he did not know. Several times he begged Weirother to repeat some word that he had failed to understand, or the names of villages that were hard for him to catch. Weirother complied with his request, and Dokhturof wrote them down in his notebook.

When the reading, which had lasted upwards of an hour, was completed, Langeron, again laying down his snuff-box, and without looking at Weirother, or any one in particular, began to discourse on the difficulties in the way of carrying out such a plan of battle, even where the position of the enemy was known, and particularly when the position of the enemy could not be known, owing to their constant changing from one place to another.

Langeron's objections were well taken, but it was evident that their *animus* came from a desire to show General Weirother, who had been reading his plan of attack in the most conceited manner, as though to a pack of schoolboys, that he was dealing not with dunces but with men who were able to give even him lessons in the art of waging war.

When Weirother's monotonous voice ceased, Kutuzof opened his eyes, like a miller who wakes the moment the soporific sounds of his mill wheels are interrupted; he listened to what Langeron said, and then, as much as to say, "Well, what nonsense you all are capable of uttering," hurriedly closed his eyes again, and let his head sink even lower on his breast.

Langeron, endeavoring to wound Weirother as cruelly as possible in his self-love as an author and soldier, went on to show that Bonaparte might easily attack instead of waiting to be attacked, and, consequently, make all this elaborate plan of battle perfectly nugatory. Weirother replied to all these objections with a steady, scornful smile, that was evidently prepared beforehand against everything that might be said to him,—

"If he had been able to attack us, he would have done so to-day," said he.

"You think that he is weak, do you?" asked Langeron.

"He is well off if he has forty thousand men," replied Weirother, with the smile of a regular practitioner to whom a woman doctor wishes to suggest some remedy.

"In that case, he is rushing on his own ruin by waiting for us to attack him," said Langeron, with a slight, ironical

smile, looking to Miloradovitch again for confirmation. But Miloradovitch was apparently thinking least of all of what the generals were contending about,—

“*Ma foi!*” said he, “to-morrow we shall find out all about it on the battle-field!”

Weirother again indulged in that smile which said that to *him* it was absurd and strange to meet the objections of the Russian generals toward what not only he himself, but the sovereign emperors had had faith in.

“The enemy have quenched their fires, and a constant rumble has been heard in his camp,” said he. “What does that signify? Either he is retreating, which is the only thing that we have to fear, or he is changing his position.” He smiled. But even if he should take up his position in Thürassa he is merely saving us great trouble, and all our arrangements, even to the minutest details, would remain the same.”

“How so?” asked Prince Andrei who had been watching for some time for an opportunity to express his doubts. Kutuzof here woke up, coughed severely and looked around on the generals.

“Gentlemen, the arrangements for to-morrow — or rather for to-day — for it’s already one o’clock — cannot be changed,” said he. “You have heard them, and we will all perform our duty. But before a battle there is nothing more important” — he paused a moment — “than to have a good night’s rest.”

He made a motion to arise. The generals bowed and separated. It was already after midnight. Prince Andrei went to his quarters.

The council of war at which Prince Andrei was not given a chance to express his opinion as he had hoped, left a dubious and disturbing impression on his mind. He did not know who was right, Dolgorukof and Weirother, or Kutuzof and Langeron, and the others who did not approve of the plan of attack. “But is it possible that Kutuzof cannot communicate his ideas directly with the emperor? Can’t this be done even now? Can it be that for mere court or private considerations thousands of lives must be imperilled — and mine, *mine?*” he asked himself.

“Yes, it is very possible,” he thought, “that I may be killed to-morrow.” And suddenly at this thought of death, a whole series of most remote and most sincere recollections began to arise in his mind; he recalled his last parting with his father and his wife; he remembered the early days of his love

toward her! He remembered the baby that she was to bear him, and he began to feel sorry for her and for himself, and so in a nervously tender and agitated frame of mind he left the cottage where he lodged with Nesvitsky, and began to walk up and down in front of the house.

The night was cloudy, but the moonbeams mysteriously gleamed through the clouds. "Yes, to-morrow, to-morrow!" he thought. "To-morrow, perhaps all will be ended as far as I am concerned, all these recollections will have vanished, all these recollections will be for me as a mere nothing. To-morrow perhaps, indeed most probably, — to-morrow — I am convinced of it I shall have an opportunity for the first time at last of showing all that I can do."

And he began to picture to himself the battle, the loss of it, the concentration of the fighting at one single point, and the confusion and bewilderment of all the leaders. And now comes the blessed moment, that Toulon, for which he had been waiting so long, offering itself to him! He resolutely and clearly tells his opinion to Kutuzof and Weirother, and the emperors. All his plans are honored with their approval, but no one offers to carry them out, and so he selects a regiment, a division, imposes the condition that no one shall interfere in his arrangements, and he leads his division to the decisive point, and alone wins the victory!

"But death and suffering?" says another voice.

Prince Andrei, however, paid no heed to this voice, and continued to dream of his triumphs. The arrangements of the next battle are entrusted to him alone. He is still nothing but an officer of the day in Kutuzof's army, but still he does everything by his own unaided efforts. The next battle is gained by him alone. Kutuzof is removed, he is called to fill his place.

"Well, but what then," whispered the other voices; "what then? supposing you are not wounded ten times, killed, or overreached, well, then, and what next?"

"I am sure I know not," replied Prince Andrei to himself, "I know not what will come next, I cannot know and I have no wish to know. But if I wish this, if I wish to win glory, if I wish to be a famous man, if I wish to be loved by men, then I am not to blame because I desire it, because this is the only thing that I desire, the only thing for which I live. Yes the only thing. I never will confess this to any one! But my God! what can I do, if I love nothing except glory only, and devotion to humanity. Death, wounds, loss of family,

nothing is terrible to me. And yet dear to me, precious to me as many people are. — father, sister, wife, the dearest of all, — yet strange and unnatural as it may seem, I would instantly sacrifice them all for one minute of glory, of triumph, for the affection of men whom I do not know and never shall know, even for the love of those men there," said he to himself, as he listened to the sounds of voices talking in Kutuzof's courtyard.

In Kutuzof's courtyard the *denshchiks* were busy packing up and talking; one voice, apparently that of the coachman, who was teasing Kutuzof's old cook, whom Prince Andrei knew, and whom they called Tit, kept saying, "Tit, I say, Tit!"

"There, now," replied the old man.

"Tit, Tit, grind the wheat."*

"Tfu! go to the devil," rang the voice, which was drowned by the shouts of laughter of the *denshchiks* and servants.

"And yet I love and prize the victory over them all. I prize this mysterious strength and glory which seems here to hover above my head in yonder clouds."

CHAPTER XIII.

Rostor went that same night with his platoon to serve as outposts stationed in front of Bagration's division. His hussars were posted two and two along the line; he himself kept riding his horse the whole length of the line, struggling to overcome his irresistible inclination to drowsiness.

Behind him he could see the enormous extent of space filled with the watch-fires of our army dimly gleaming through the fog; in front of him was the misty darkness. Though he strained his eyes to penetrate this misty distance, he could see nothing; now it seemed to brighten up a little, then there seemed to be some black object; then he imagined that he saw a light which he thought must be the watch-fires where the enemy were, and then again he told himself that his eyes had deceived him.

He closed his eyes and his imagination presented now his sovereign, now Denisof, now his recollections of Moscow, and again he would open his eyes and see right before his face the head and ears of his horse, and here and there the dark forms of hussars as he came within six paces of them, while everywhere there was the same misty darkness veiling the distance.

* "Tit, stupai molotit!"

"Why not? It might very possibly come to pass," thought Rostof, "the emperor might meet me and give me an order, just as to any other officer; might say: 'Ride off yonder and find out what is there.' I have heard many stories about his finding just merely by chance an officer like me, and taking him into his personal service. What if he should take me into his personal service! oh! how I should watch over him, how I should tell him the whole truth, how I should unmask his deceivers!" and Rostof, in order to give greater color to the love and devotion which he felt for his sovereign, imagined that he had before him an enemy whom he was killing, or a German traitor, whose ears he was roundly boxing, in presence of his sovereign.

Suddenly, a distant shout startled him. He awoke and opened his eyes.

"Where am I? Oh, yes, at the outposts. Countersign and pass word are 'cart-pole' and 'Olmütz.' What a shame that our squadron is going to be held in reserve to-morrow," he said to himself. "I will beg to take part. That is probably the only chance I shall have of seeing the emperor. It won't be long before I am relieved. I will ride up and down once more, and then I will go and ask the general."

He straightened himself up in the saddle, and turned his horse, once more to inspect his hussars. It seemed to him that it had grown lighter. Toward his left, he could see a slope, the gleam of a declivity, and, lying opposite to him, a dark knoll which seemed as steep as a wall. On the top of this knoll was a white spot. Rostof could not clearly make out whether it was a clearing in the woods, lighted by the moon, or a patch of snow, or white houses. It even seemed to him that there was something moving on that white spot.

"It must be snow, that spot; spot — *une tache*," said Rostof, first in Russian, then in French. "How absurd; it's no *tache* — Natasha, my sister, has black eyes. Na — tashka (how amazed she will be when I tell her I have seen the emperor!). Na — tasha. My sabre-*tasche* — take it."

"Farther to the right, your nobility, there are bushes there!" said the voice of the hussar, by whom Rostof was passing, half asleep. Rostof raised his head, which had fallen over almost down to the horse's mane; he drew up near the hussar. The sleep of youth, of childhood, irresistibly overcame him.

"Oh, dear me, what was I thinking of? I must not forget. How shall I speak to the emperor? No, that's not it; that's for to-morrow. Oh, yes, yes! that spot — *cette tache*! they'll

be attacking us! Us? who? The hussars! But the hussars and — and a pair of mustaches. — Along the Tverskaya, this hussar was riding, and I was thinking about him. — right opposite Hurief's house — the old man Hurief — Ekh! splendid little Denisof! Ah! this is all nonsense. The main thing: the emperor is here now! How he looked at me and wanted to say something to me, but he did not venture. No, it was I who did not venture! This is all mixed up! but the main thing is that I must not forget that I had something important on my mind; so I had! Natashka — Na — tasha — *la tache* — yes, that's a good joke!" and again his head sank forward on the horse's mane.

Suddenly, it seemed to him that the enemy were firing at him.

"What? What, what's that; speak! what is it?" cried Rostof, waking.

At the instant Rostof opened his eyes, he heard in front of him, in the direction of the enemy, the prolonged shouts of thousands of voices. His horse, and the Hussars' stationed near him, pricked up their ears at these sounds. On the spot from which the cries proceeded, one point of fire after another flashed and died, and along the whole line of the French army, stretching up the hills, gleamed those fires, while the shouts grew louder and louder. Rostof made out that it was French, but could not distinguish the words. There was too great a roar of voices. All that it sounded like was a confused a-a-a! and rrrrrrr!

"What's that? What do you think it is?" asked Rostof, turning to his neighbor, the hussar. "It's from the enemy, isn't it?"

The hussar made no reply.

"What! didn't you hear anything?" asked Rostof, after waiting for some time for the hussar to speak.

"How can anybody tell, your nobility," replied the hussar, in a non-committal way.

"Judging from the direction, it must be the enemy, mustn't it?" inquired Rostof.

"Maybe 'tis, and maybe t'isn't," exclaimed the hussar. "You see it's night. There now, steady," he cried to his horse, who was growing restive. Rostof's horse also became excited, and pawed the frozen ground, as he listened to the shouting, and glanced at the flashing fires.

The shouts of the voices constantly increased in volume, and mingled in a general roar, such as could have been pro-

duced only by an army of many thousand men. The fires stretched out more and more, until at last they seemed to extend throughout the French camp. Rostof had now lost all inclination to sleep. The joyful, enthusiastic huzzas in the enemy's army had a most stimulating effect upon him. *Vive l'empereur! l'empereur!* were the words that Rostof could now clearly distinguish.

"Well, they can't be far away; must be just beyond the brook," said he to the hussar by his side.

The hussar only sighed, without vouchsafing any answer, and coughed sullenly.

Along the line of the hussars was heard the sound of a horseman, coming at full gallop, and out of the darkness of the night suddenly loomed up a shape apparently larger than a colossal elephant: it was a non-commissioned officer of hussars.

"The generals, your nobility!" cried the subaltern, riding up to Rostof. Rostof, still looking in the direction of the shouting and the light, joined the subaltern and rode back to meet several horsemen, who were riding along the line. One was on a white horse. It was Bagration, who, together with Prince Dolgorukof and several aides, came down to see what they could make out of the strange phenomenon of the fires and shouting in the enemy's army. Rostof rode up to Bagration, reported, and took his place among the adjutants, who were listening to what the generals might say.

"Believe me," said Prince Dolgorukof, addressing Bagration, "This is nothing but a ruse; he is retreating, and has ordered the rearguard to light fires and make a noise, so as to deceive us."

"It is not likely," said Bagration. "Last evening I saw them on that knoll; if they were retreating they would have abandoned it. Mr. Officer," turning to Rostof, "are his scouts still there?"

"They were there last evening, but I can't tell now, your illustriousness. If you would like, I will take some of the hussars and find out," replied Rostof.

Bagration hesitated, and making no answer, tried to peer into Rostof's face. "Well, all right, go and reconnoitre," said he, after a short pause.

"I will do so."

Rostof applied spurs to his horse, called subaltern Fadchenko and two other hussars, ordered them to follow him and galloped off down the slope in the direction of the prolonged shouts. Rostof felt both sad and glad to be riding

thus alone with three hussars yonder into that mysterious and terrible misty distance where no one had preceded him. Bagration called to him from the crest not to go farther than the brook, but Rostof pretended not to hear what he said, and without pausing they rode farther and farther, constantly finding himself subject to illusions, mistaking bushes for trees, gulleys for men, and constantly rectifying his impressions.

After they had reached the bottom at a rapid trot, they no longer saw any fires either on our side or on the enemy's, but the shouts of the French began to sound louder and clearer. In the ravine he saw before him what he took to be a river, but when he approached it, he recognized that it was a highway over which he had once ridden. When he reached the highway, he reined in his horse in some uncertainty: should he ride along the road, or cross it, or strike into the dark field on the other side? To ride along the road which shone through the fog was less perilous, because he could distinguish men at a greater distance.

"Follow me," he cried, crossing the road, and he began to gallop up the hill toward that place where a French picket had been standing the afternoon before.

"Your nobility, there he is!" exclaimed one of the hussars, and before Rostof had a chance to look at what was beginning to loom up black in the fog, there came a flash of fire, the report rang out, and the bullet, as though regretting something, buzzed* high over their heads through the fog, and sped out of hearing. There was no second report, the powder merely flashed in the priming pan. Rostof turned his horse about and rode back at a gallop. Again from different points four musket shots rang out, and the bullets with various tones whistled by and buried themselves in the darkness. Rostof reined in his horse, which like himself, felt a thrill of joy at the firing, and proceeded at a walk. "Well, there it is again, there it is again," whispered some inspiring voice in his heart. But there were no more shots.

As soon as he neared Bagration, Rostof again urged his horse to a gallop, and held his hand to his visor as he approached.

Dolgorukof still clung to his opinion that the French were retreating, and had kindled the fires merely for the sake of deceiving us. "What does this signify?" he asked, as Rostof rode up to them. "They might retreat and still leave pickets."

"It is evident they have not all gone, prince," said Bagra-

* *Zazhuzhala*,

tion. "To-morrow morning, to-morrow, we shall know for a certainty."

"There is a picket, your illustriousness, in just the same place as yesterday," reported Rostof, bending forward, still holding his hand at his visor, and unable to refrain from a smile of delight at his ride, and especially at the sound of the bullets.

"Very good, very good," replied Bagration. "Thank you, Mr. Officer."

"Your illustriousness," said Rostof, "allow me to ask a favor."

"What is it?"

"To-morrow our squadron is to be left in reserve; allow me to be transferred to the first squadron."

"What's your name?"

"Count Rostof."

"Ah, good. Stay with me as orderly."

"Son of Ilya Andreyitch?" asked Dolgorukof. But Rostof made him no answer.

"So I may expect it, your illustriousness?"

"I will see to it."

"To-morrow, very likely, I may be sent with some message to the sovereign," said Rostof to himself. "Glory to God!"

The shouts and cries in the enemy's army arose from the circumstance that at the time Napoleon's general order was being read throughout the army, the emperor himself came on horseback to inspect the bivouacs. The soldiers seeing the emperor, lighted trusses of straw and followed him with cries of *vive l'empereur!*

Napoleon's order was as follows, —

"Soldiers! The Russian army has come against us in order to avenge the Austrian army of Ulm. These are the same battalions which we defeated at Hollabrunn, and which, since that time, we have been constantly following up.

The position which we occupy is paramount, and as soon as they attempt to outflank my right they will expose their own flank.

Soldiers! I myself will direct your battalions. I will keep out of range of the firing if you, with your usual gallantry, carry confusion and consternation into the ranks of the enemy; but if the combat becomes for one instant doubtful, you will see your emperor exposing himself at the front to the blows of the enemy, since there can be no hesitation in the victory, especially to-day when the honor of the French infantry, in whose hands lies the honor of the nation, is at stake. Do not break the ranks under pretext of carrying away the wounded. Let each man be animated by the thought that we must conquer these mercenaries of England, filled

with such hatred against our nation. This victory will bring the campaign to an end, and we can retire to winter quarters where we shall be joined by the fresh troops which are mobilizing in France. And then the peace which I shall conclude will be memorable for my people, for you and for me.

NAPOLEON.

CHAPTER XIV.

AT five o'clock in the morning it was still perfectly dark. The troops of the centre, of the reserves, and the right wing, under Bagration, were as yet motionless; but on the left wing, the columns of infantry, cavalry, and artillery, ordered to be the first to descend from the heights and attack the enemy's right flank, and drive him back into the mountains of Bohemia, according to the "disposition," were already stirring and beginning to rise from their couches. The smoke from the fires, into which they were throwing everything superfluous, made their eyes smart. It was cold and dark. The officers were hastily drinking their tea and breakfasting; the soldiers were munching their biscuits, kicking the round shot to warm their feet, and crowding about in front of the fires, throwing in the remains of their huts, chairs, tables, wheels, buckets, and everything that could not be taken with them.

The Austrian guides came between the Russian lines, and gave the signal for the start. As soon as the Austrian officer made his appearance near the quarters of a regimental commander, the regiment began to stir: the soldiers hastened from the fires, thrust their pipes into their boot legs, their bags into the baggage wagons, put their guns in order, and fell into line.

The officers buttoned themselves up, put on their swords and pouches, and inspected the lines, now and then venting their displeasure.

The adjutants, battalion commanders, and colonels mounted their horses, crossed themselves, and issued their last instructions, orders, and commissions to the train hands left in charge of the baggage; then was heard the monotonous trampling of thousands of feet.

The columns were set in motion, but they knew not whither they were going, and owing to the throngs that surrounded them, and the smoke, and the thickening fog, they could not see either the place that they were leaving, or that to which they were sent.

The soldier in a military movement is as much surrounded,

limited, and fettered by his regiment, as a sailor is by the ship on which he sails. However far he goes, into whatever strange, unknown, and terrible distances he is sent, around him are always and everywhere the same comrades, the same ranks, the same sergeant, Ivan Mitrich, the same company dog, Zhutchka, the same officers; just as for the sailor, there are the same decks, the same masts, the same cables.

The sailor rarely cares to know what distances over which his ship has sailed; but on the day of a military movement, God knows how, or whence, or in what world of mystery, the soldiers hear a stern note, which is the same for all, and which signifies the nearness of something decisive and solemn, and invites them to dream of what they are not usually wont to think about. The soldiers on the day of a military movement are excited, and strive to get beyond the petty interests of their own regiment; they are all ears and eyes, and greedily ask questions about what is going to take place before them.

The fog was so dense that, though it had grown lighter, it was impossible to see ten paces ahead. Bushes seemed like huge trees, level places gave the impression of being precipices and slopes. Anywhere, at any moment, they might fall upon the enemy, who would be utterly invisible within ten paces. But the columns marched for a long time in the same fog, up hill and down dale, skirting gardens and orchards, along by places where none of them had ever been before, and still they found no enemy. On the other hand, in front of them, behind them, on all sides of them, the soldiers were made conscious that our Russian columns were all marching in the same direction. Each soldier felt a thrill at the heart at the knowledge that many, many others of our men were going where he was going: that is, he knew not whither.

"See there! The Kursk men have started," said various voices in the ranks.

"Terrible lot of our troops collected here, messmates! Last evenin' I looked around when the fires were lit; couldn't see the end of 'em! Like Moscow, in one word!"

Although not one of the division nachalniks came near the ranks or had anything to say to the soldiers—the division nachalniks, as we saw in the council of war, were out of sorts and dissatisfied with the work in hand, and, consequently, merely carried out the general orders and did nothing to inspirit the men—still the soldiers marched on cheerfully, as is usually the case when they are going into action, and particularly into offensive action.

But after they had been marching for about an hour, all the time in thick fog, they were ordered to halt, and an unpleasant consciousness of disorder and confusion in the operations spread through the ranks. It would be very difficult to explain how such a consciousness got abroad; but there was no doubt that it was transmitted and spread with extraordinary rapidity: the uncertainty became certainty; gaining with irresistible force, as water rushes down a ravine. If the Russian army had been alone by itself, without allies, then possibly it would have taken much longer time for this consciousness of confusion to grow into a general certainty; but, as it was, all took a natural satisfaction in attributing the cause of the disorder to the stupid Germans, and were convinced that the pernicious snarl was due to the sausage-makers!

"Why are we halting? What? Have we got blocked? We can't have come afoul of the French, can we?"

"No! We should have heard from them. They'd have begun to fire at us."

"They hurried us off so, and now here we are, all in muddle in the middle of the field: that's the way with those cursed German's; they muddle everything all up!"

"What stupid devils! If I'd had anything to do with them, I'd have put 'em to the front. But instead, you may be sure of that, they press us from behind. And here we are without having anything to eat!"

"Well, I wonder if we shall be planted here all day? The cavalry, they say, is what is blocking the road," exclaimed an officer.

"Ekh! these damned Germans don't know their own country," said another.

"What division are you?" cried an adjutant, riding up to them.

"The Eighteenth."

"Then why are you here? You should have been at the front long since; you won't get there now before afternoon."

"Here's a stupid piece of confusion; they themselves don't know what they're up to," said the officer, and he rode off.

Then a general passed and angrily shouted some order in a language that wasn't Russian.

"Tafa-lafa! what sort of stuff is he jabbering! can't make out a thing he says," remarked a soldier mimicking the general as he rode off. "I'd have had them all shot down, the scoundrels!"

"We were ordered to be in position by nine o'clock, and now

we have not got half way there ! What stupid arrangements !” And this was heard on all sides, and the feeling of energetic ardor with which the army had started out, began to be wasted in vexation and anger against the arrangements and the Germans.

The cause of the confusion was this :—after the Austrian cavalry on the left wing had set forward, those who had charge of it came to the conclusion that the Russian centre was too widely separated from the right, and all the cavalry was commanded to cross over to the right side. Several thousands of cavalymen rode across in front of the columns of infantry, and the infantry had to wait till they passed.

At the front a dispute had risen between the Austrian guide and a Russian general. The Russian general shouted angrily, demanding that the cavalry should stop. The Austrian insisted that he was not to blame, but his superior officers. Meantime the army was obliged to halt, and was growing impatient and losing spirit. After an hour's delay, the troops at last began to move forward once more, and found themselves descending into the valley. The fog which had been scattering on the heights, was as thick as ever on the lower lands where they were now marching. In front of them in the fog one shot, then a second was fired, incoherently and at different points, *tratta tat* ; and then the firing became more regular and rapid, and the engagement fairly began over the brook called Holdbach.

As the troops had no expectation of falling in with the enemy so far down in the valley as the brook, and then met them unexpectedly in the fog ; as they had no words of encouragement from their commanding officers, and the idea was widespread among them that it was too late, and moreover as they could not see any one either in front of them or anywhere near them, owing to the density of the fog, they apathetically and lazily exchanged shots with the enemy, slowly moved forward, and then came to a halt again, failing to receive in time the word of command from their officers or the adjutants who wandered at haphazard through the fog in places with which they were unacquainted, and in search of their own divisions.

That was the way that affairs occurred to the first, second, and third columns which had been ordered to march down into the valley. The fourth column which Kutuzof himself had under his own command, was stationed on the heights of the Pratzer.

In the lowlands, where the battle had already begun, the fog seemed thicker than ever, but on the heights it was clear; still nothing could be seen of what was going on at the front. Until nine o'clock no one could tell whether the enemy was in his full strength, as we supposed, ten versts in advance, or was down there in that impenetrable fog.

It was now nine o'clock. The fog like a fathomless sea spread over the valley, but on the height in front of the village of Schlapanitz on the height, where Napoleon stood surrounded by his marshals, it was perfectly bright. Over them was the blue bright heaven and the mighty sun, like a gigantic, hollow ball of fire just rose above the milk-white sea of fog. The French troops and Napoleon himself with his staff were not on the farther side of the brooks, and the hollows of Sokolnitz and Schlapanitz behind which we had expected to take up our position and begin the engagement, but they had all come over to the hither side and were so near our troops that Napoleon with his naked eye could distinguish in our army a horseman from an infantry soldier.

Napoleon mounted on his little gray Arab, and wearing the same blue cloak in which he had made the whole Italian campaign, stood a little in advance of his marshals. He silently gazed at the summits of the hills seeming to emerge from the fog and watched the Russian troops moving along in the distance, and listened to the sounds of firing in the valley. Not a muscle of his face — it was still thin — moved, his glittering eyes were steadfastly fixed on one spot. His anticipations seemed to be justified.

The Russian troops had already in part defiled down into the ravine toward the ponds and lakes, and part of them were evacuating the heights of the Pratzer which he considered the key of the situation and intended to attack. He could see amid the fog how down into the hollow formed by the two high hills near the village of Pratzen, the Russian columns with glittering bayonets were steadily moving in one direction toward the valley, and disappearing one after another into the sea of fog. By the reports which had been brought him the evening before, by the sounds of wheels and footsteps that had been heard during the night along the vanguard, by the disorderly movements of the Russian columns, by all the indications, he clearly saw in fact that the allied armies supposed him to be posted a long distance from them, that the columns moving near in the vicinity of Pratzen constituted the centre of the Russian army, and that this centre was weak enough to justify him in giving it attack.

But still he did not begin the battle.

That was a solemn day for him, the anniversary of his coronation. Just before morning he had taken a nap for a few hours, and then waking, healthy, jovial, fresh, and in that happy frame of mind in which everything seems possible, success certain, he mounted his horse and rode out into the field. He stood motionless, gazing at the hills becoming visible through the fog, and into his cold face there came that peculiar shade of self-confident, well-deserved happiness, such as is sometimes seen on the face of a young lad who is happy and in love.

His marshals were grouped behind him and did not venture to distract his attention. He gazed now at the heights of the Pratzer, now at the sun swimming out from the fog.

When the sun had risen clear above the fog, and his dazzling radiance gushed over the fields and the fog, as though this were the signal for which he was waiting to begin the affair, he drew off his glove from his handsome white hand, beckoned his marshals, and gave the order for beginning the battle. The marshals, accompanied by their aides, galloped off in different directions, and within a few minutes the chief forces of the French army were in rapid motion toward those same heights of the Pratzer which the Russian troops were abandoning more and more as they filed to the left and into the vale.

CHAPTER XV.

AT eight o'clock that morning, Kutuzof had ridden up toward the Pratzer, at the head of the fourth division — Miloradovitch's — which was to take the place of the columns of Prsczebiszhewsky and de Langeron, which were now on their way down into the valley. He greeted the men of the foremost regiment, and gave the word of command, thereby signifying that he intended to lead that column in person. When he reached the village of Pratzen, he halted. Prince Andrei, forming one of his large staff, stood just behind him. Prince Andrei felt stirred and excited, and at the same time self-confident and calm, as is apt to be the case with a man at the arrival of the moment which he has been anxiously awaiting. He was firmly convinced that this day was to be his Toulon, or his bridge of Arcola.*

* The desperate battle by which Napoleon became master of Italy, Nov 14-17, 1796.

How it would come about he had not the faintest idea, but he was firmly convinced that it would be. The lay of the land, and the position of our forces were well known to him, so far as they could be known to any one in our army. His own strategical plan, which now seemed to be doomed never to be carried into effect, had been forgotten. Having made himself master of Weirother's scheme, Prince Andrei wondered what possibilities might rise before him, and began to make new combinations according to which his presence of mind and firmness might be called into request.

Toward the left, in the valley below, where the fog lay, could be heard the musket fires of the unseen opponents. There, so it seemed to Prince Andrei, the fighting would be hottest, there the obstacles would be met with; "and there I shall be sent," he said to himself, "with a brigade or division, and with the standard in my hand, I shall rush on and conquer everything before me."

Prince Andrei could not look at the standards of the battalions passing before him without a thrill. As he looked at one he kept saying to himself: "Maybe that is the very standard that I shall seize when I lead the army to the front!"

The nocturnal fog now remained on the heights only in the form of hoar frost, which was rapidly changing into dew; in the hollows, however, it still spread out like a milk-white sea. Nothing could be discerned in that fog toward the left, where our troops were descending, and where the musketry firing was heard. Over the heights stretched the clear, bright sky, and at the right hung the monstrous ball of the sun. Far away, toward the front, on the other shore of the sea of fog, the wooded hills could be seen rising. There the enemy must be stationed, and there some object could be distinguished.

At the right, the Guards, with echoing tramp, and rattling wheels, and occasionally the glint of bayonets, were passing down into the dominion of the fog. At the left, beyond the village, similar masses of cavalry were filing down and disappearing from view in the sea of fog.

In front, and behind, the infantry were debouching.

The commander-in-chief stationed himself at the entrance of the village, and allowed the troops to file past him. Kutuzof that morning appeared fatigued and irritated. The infantry, filing by him, came to a halt without any orders, apparently because they had come in contact with some obstacle ahead of them.

"Go and tell them to form into battalions and get outside

the village," said Kutuzof to a general who came riding along. "How is it, you do not understand, your excellency, my dear sir,* that it's impossible to open ranks so, along a village street, when we are moving against the enemy."

"I proposed to form behind the village, your eminence," replied the general.

Kutuzof gave him a saturnine smile. "You'd be in a fine condition, deploying your front in presence of the enemy; very fine idea!"

"The enemy are still a long way off, your eminence. According to the plan" —

"The plan!" cried Kutuzof, bitterly, "And who told you that? Be good enough to do as I bid you."

"I obey."

"*Mon cher,*" whispered Nesvitsky to Prince Andrei, "the old man is as surly as a dog." †

An Austrian officer, in a white uniform, with a green plume in his hat, galloped up to Kutuzof, and asked him in the name of the emperor, whether the fourth column were taking part in the action.

Kutuzof, without answering him, turned around, and his glance fell accidentally on Prince Andrei who was stationed near him. When he noticed Bolkonsky, the vicious and acrimonious expression of his face softened, as though to acknowledge that he was not to blame for what was taking place. And still without answering the Austrian adjutant, he turned to Bolkonsky, and said in French: "Go and see, my dear, if the third division has passed the village yet: command them to halt and await my orders."

As soon as Prince Andrei started, he called him back,—

"And ask if the skirmishers are posted, and what they are doing. What they are doing," ‡ he repeated to himself, still paying no attention to the Austrian.

Prince Andrei galloped off to execute this order.

Outstripping the battalions, which were all the time pressing forward, he halted the third division, and convinced himself that no skirmishers had been thrown out in front of our columns. The general in command of the foremost regiment was greatly amazed at the order from the commander-in-chief to throw out sharpshooters. The regimental commander was

* "*Váshe privoskhoditelstvo milostívu gosudár.*"

† "*Le vieux est d'une humeur de chien.*"

‡ "*Allez voir, mon cher, si la troisième division a dépassé le village. Dites lui de s'arrêter et d'attendre mes ordres. Et demandez lui si les tirailleurs sont postés; ce qu'il font, ce qu'il font.*"

firmly assured in his own mind that other troops were in front of him and that the enemy could not be less than ten versts distant. In reality, nothing could be discerned in front of them except waste ground which sloped down, and was shrouded in fog. After giving him the commander-in-chief's orders to repair his negligence, Prince Andrei galloped back. Kutuzof was still in the same place, and with his fat body sitting in a dumpy position in his saddle, was yawning heavily, with his eyes closed. The troops had not yet moved, but stood with grounded arms.

"Good, very good," said he to Prince Andrei, and turned to the general, who, holding his watch in his hand, said that it must be time to move, since all the columns had already gone down from the left wing.

"Time enough, your excellency," said Kutuzof.

"We shall have time enough," he repeated.

At this time, behind Kutuzof, were heard the sounds of the regiments in the distance, cheering, and these voices quickly ran along the whole extent of the line of the Russian columns under march.

It was evident that the one whom they were greeting, was approaching rapidly. When the soldiers of the regiment at whose head Kutuzof was stationed, began to cheer, he rode a little to one side and glanced around with a frown. Along the road from Pratzen came what appeared to be a squadron of gay-colored horsemen. Two of them at a round gallop rode side by side ahead of the others. One was in a black uniform with a white plume, on a chestnut horse groomed in the English style; the other in a white uniform on a coal black steed. These were the two emperors with their suite.

Kutuzof, with an affectation of "the thorough soldier" found at his post, shouted "*smirno*," "eyes front," to the soldiers halting near him, and saluting rode toward the emperor. His whole figure and manner had suddenly undergone a change. He had assumed the mien of a subordinate, of a man ready to surrender his own will. With an affectation of deference, which evidently was not pleasing to the Emperor Alexander, he came to meet him and saluted him.

This impression crossed the young and happy face of the emperor, and disappeared like the mist wreaths in the clear sky. After his indisposition he was a trifle thinner that day than he had been on the field of Olmütz where Bolkonsky had for the first time seen him abroad. There was the same enchanting union of majesty and sweetness in his beautiful gray

eyes, and on his thin lips the same possibility of varied feelings, and the same predominating expression of beneficent, innocent youth.

At the review at Olmütz he had been more majestic; here he was happier and more full of energy. His face was a trifle flushed after his gallop of three versts, and as he reined in his horse he drew a long breath and glanced around into the faces of his suite, all young men like himself, and like himself all full of life. Czartorisky and Novosiltsof and Prince Volkonsky and Stroganof and many others, all richly dressed, jovial young men on handsome, well-groomed, fresh-looking and slightly sweating horses, chatting and laughing together, formed a group behind the sovereign.

The Emperor Franz, a florid young man, with a long face, sat bolt upright in his saddle on his handsome black stallion, and slowly glanced around him with an anxious expression. He beckoned to one of his white-uniformed aides and asked him some question. "Probably he asked at what hour they had come," thought Prince Andrei, gazing at his old acquaintance with a smile which he could not repress at the thought of his audience. The emperors' suite was composed of young orderlies, Austrian and Russian, selected from the regiments of the Guards and of the Line. Grooms had brought with them handsome reserve horses in embroidered caparisons for the emperors.

Just as when a fresh breeze from the fields breathes through an open window into a stuffy chamber, so these brilliant young men brought with them to Kutuzof's dispirited staff the sense of youth and energy and confidence in victory.

"Why don't you begin, Mikhail Larionovitch?" impatiently demanded the Emperor Alexander, turning to Kutuzof, at the same time looking courteously toward the Emperor Franz.

"I was waiting, your majesty," replied Kutuzof, deferentially bowing low. The emperor leaned toward him, frowning slightly, and giving him to understand that he did not hear.

"I was waiting, your majesty," repeated Kutuzof, and Prince Andrei noticed that Kutuzof's upper lip curled unnaturally when he repeated the words, "I was waiting." "The columns have not all assembled, your majesty."

The sovereign heard, but the answer evidently displeased him; he shrugged his drooping shoulders, glanced at Novosiltsof who was standing near him, and his glance seemed to imply a certain compassion for Kutuzof.

"We are not on the Empress's Field, Mikhail Larionovitch.

where the review is not begun until all the regiments are present," said the emperor, again glancing into the Emperor Franz's eyes, as if to ask him if he would not take part so that he might listen to what he might say; but the Emperor Franz who was still gazing about did not heed him.

"That's the very reason I do not begin, sire," said Kutuzof, in a ringing voice, seeming to anticipate the possibility that the emperor might not see fit to hear him, and again a peculiar look passed over his face. "That's the very reason that I do not begin, sire, because we are not on parade and not on the Empress's Field," he repeated, clearly and distinctly.

The faces of all those composing the emperor's suite expressed annoyance and reproach, as they hastily exchanged glances on hearing these words. "No matter if he is old, he ought not, he never ought to speak in that way," the faces seemed to say.

"However, if you give the order, your majesty," said Kutuzof, raising his head and again assuming that former tone of a general ready to listen to orders and to obey. He turned his horse, beckoning to Division-Commander Miloradovitch, he gave him the order to attack.

The troops were again set in motion, and two battalions of the Novgorodsky regiment and one battalion of the Apsheron regiment filed forward past the emperor. While this Apsheron battalion was passing, the florid Miloradovitch, without his cloak and with his uniform covered with orders, and his hat decorated with an immense plume and set on one side with the point forward, galloped forward and gallantly saluting, reined in his horse in front of the sovereign.

"S Bogom, God be with you general," exclaimed the emperor.

"We will do our best, sire," replied the other cheerily; * nevertheless the gentlemen of the suite could not refrain from smiling contemptuously at the execrable way in which he pronounced his French.

Miloradovitch turned his horse sharply round and remained a short distance behind the emperor. The Apsheron boys, inspired by the presence of their sovereign, marched by the emperors and their suite with lively, gallant strides, keeping perfect time.

"Children!" cried Miloradovitch in a loud, self-confident, and cheering voice, evidently roused by the sounds of the firing, the expectation of the battle, and the sight of the Ap-

* *Ma foi sire ! nous ferons ce que qui sera dans notre possibilité.*

sheron boys, who had been his comrades in the campaigns with Suvarof, and were now briskly marching past the emperors, and roused to such a pitch that he forgot that the sovereign was present: "Children! this is not the first village that you have had to take," he cried.

"Do our best," cried the soldiers. The emperor's mare started at the unexpected shout. This mare which the emperor had ridden before during other reviews in Russia, here on the battle-field of Austerlitz carried her rider, not noticing the captious thrusts of his left heel, pricking up her ears at the sounds of the musketry firing, just as she did on the Field of Mars,* not realizing the significance of those re-echoing volleys, nor of the neighborhood of the Emperor Franz's black stallion, nor of what the man who on that day sat upon her back said, thought, felt.

The sovereign with a smile turned to one of his immediate suite and pointing to the Apsheron lads made some remark.

CHAPTER XVI.

KUTUZOF, accompanied by his aids, rode slowly after the carabiniers. After riding half a verst, he caught up with the rear end of the column, and halted at a single deserted house — it had apparently been a drinking house — near the junction of two roads. Both roads led down into the valley, and both were crowded with troops.

The fog began to disperse and already, two versts away, could be seen, though as yet indistinctly, the ranks of the enemy on the heights opposite. Down in the valley at the left, the firing was growing more violent. Kutuzof halted, discussing some point with the Austrian general. Prince Andrei, sitting on his horse a little distance behind, gazed at them, and then, wishing to obtain the use of a field-glass, turned to one of the aids who had one.

"Look! look!" exclaimed this adjutant, turning his glass not at the distant host, but to the hill nearly in front of them, "Look, there are the French!"

The two generals and the adjutants reached after the glass, one taking it from the other. All the faces suddenly changed, and an expression of dismay came into them.

* *The Tsaritsuin Lug*, Tsaritsa or Empress's Field is also called *Marsovoye pole*.

They expected to find the French two versts away, and there they were unexpectedly appearing right at hand.

"Is that the enemy?" — "It can't be!" — "Yes, look, they" — "Certainly it is." — "What does it mean?" exclaimed various voices.

Prince Andrei with his naked eye could see a dense mass of the French moving up at the right to meet the Apsheron boys, not more than five hundred paces from the very spot where Kutuzof was standing.

"Here it is! the decisive moment is at hand! my chance has come!" said Prince Andrei, and starting up his horse he approached Kutuzof. "The Apsheron men ought to be halted, your eminence," he cried.

But at that very instant all became veiled in smoke; the rattle of musketry sounded near them, and a naively terrified voice only two steps from Prince Andrei cried, "Well brothers, it's all up with us!" and this voice seemed to be a command. At this voice all started to run.

Confused but still constantly increasing throngs ran back by the very same place where five minutes before, the troops had filed so proudly past the emperors. Not only was it hard to arrest these fugitives, but it was even impossible not to be borne back by the mob. Bolkonsky could only struggle not to let them pass him, and he gazed around finding it quite out of the question to understand what was taking place at the front. Nesvitsky with angry face, flushed and quite unlike himself, cried to Kutuzof that if he did not instantly come away, he would be probably taken prisoner. Kutuzof still stayed in the same place and without answering, took out his handkerchief. A stream of blood was trickling from his face. Prince Andrei forced his way through to where he was.

"You are wounded?" he asked, scarcely controlling the trembling of his lower jaw.

"The wound is not here but yonder," said Kutuzof, pressing his handkerchief to his wounded cheek, and pointing to the fugitives. "Halt them!" he cried, and at the same time, evidently convinced that it was an impossibility to bring them to a halt, he gave spurs to his horse and rode off to the right. New masses of fugitives came pouring along like a torrent, engulfed him, and bore him along with them.

The troops were pouring back in such a dense throng, that when one was once entangled in the midst of it, there was great difficulty in extricating one's self. Some shouted: "He's coming, why don't you let him pass?" Others turned

around and fired their muskets into the air; others struck the horse on which Kutuzof rode, but by the exercise of supreme force, Kutuzof — accompanied by his staff, diminished by more than half — struggled through to the left and rode off in the direction of cannonading heard not far away.

Prince Andrei, also forcing his way through the throng of fugitives and endeavoring not to become separated from Kutuzof, could make out through the reek of gunpowder smoke, a Russian battery on the side of the hill, still blazing away vigorously, while the French were just marching against it. A little higher up stood the Russian infantry, neither moving forward to the aid of the battery, nor back in the same direction with the fugitives. A general spurred down from this brigade of infantry, and approached Kutuzof. Out of Kutuzof's staff only four men were left, and all were pale and silently exchanged glances.

"Stop those poltroons!" cried Kutuzof, all out of breath, as the regimental commander came up to him, and pointing to the fugitives; but at that very second, as though for a punishment for those words, like a bevy of birds a number of bullets flew buzzing over the heads of the regiment and of Kutuzof's staff. The French were charging the battery, and when they caught sight of Kutuzof they aimed at him.

At this volley, the regimental commander suddenly clapped his hand to his leg; a few soldiers fell and an ensign standing with the flag dropped it from his hand; the flag reeled and fell, catching on the bayonets of the soldiers near him. The men began to load and fire without orders.

"O-o-o-oh!" groaned Kutuzof, with an expression of despair, and glanced around. "Bolkonsky," he whispered, his weak old man's voice trembling with emotion, "Bolkonsky!" he whispered, pointing to the demoralized battalion and at the enemy, "What does this mean?"

But before he had uttered these words, Prince Andrei, conscious of the tears of shame and anger choking him, had already leaped from his horse and rushed toward the standard.

"Children, follow me!" he cried in his youthfully penetrating voice. "Here it is," thought Prince Andrei as he seized the flagstaff; and he listened with rapture to the whizz of the bullets, that were evidently directed straight at him. A number of the soldiers fell.

"Hurrah!" cried Prince Andrei, instantly seizing the flag and rushing forward with unfailing confidence that the whole battalion would follow him.

In fact he ran on only a few steps alone. Then one soldier was stirred, and then another, and the whole battalion with huzzas dashed forward and overtook him. A non-commissioned officer of the battalion grasped the standard, which from its weight shook in Prince Andrei's hand, but he was instantly shot down. Prince Andrei again grasped the flag and, dragging it along by the staff, followed after the battalion.

In front of him, he saw our artillerymen, some fighting, others abandoning the guns and running toward him; he also saw the French infantry, who had seized the artillery horses and were reversing the field-pieces.

Prince Andrei and the battalion were now only twenty paces distant from the battery. He heard the incessant whizzing of the bullets over his head, and the soldiers constantly groaning and falling at his left hand and at his right. But he did not look at them; his eyes were fastened only on what was going on in front of him, where the battery was. He now saw distinctly a red-headed artilleryman, with his shako knocked in and on one side, struggling with a French soldier for the possession of a ramrod. Prince Andrei distinguished clearly the distorted and angry faces of these two men, who evidently were not aware of what they were doing.

"What are they up to?" queried Prince Andrei, as he looked at them. "Why doesn't the sandy artillerist run, if he has no weapons, and why doesn't the Frenchman finish him? He wouldn't have time to get any distance though, before the Frenchman would recollect his musket and put an end to him."

In point of fact, another Frenchman, with pointed bayonet, ran up to the combatants, and the fate of the red-headed artillerist, who had no idea of what was coming upon him, and had just triumphantly made himself master of the ramrod, must have been sealed. But Prince Andrei did not witness the end of the struggle. It seemed to him as though one of the approaching soldiers struck him in the head with the full weight of a cudgel. It was rather painful, but his chief sensation was that of displeasure because it distracted his attention, and prevented him from seeing what he had been looking at.

"What does this mean? Am I falling? Surely my legs are giving way," he said to himself, and he fell on his back. He opened his eyes, hoping to see how the struggle between the artilleryman and the Frenchman ended, and anxious to know whether or not the red-headed artillerist was killed or not, and

the cannon saved or captured. But he could see nothing of it. Over him, he could see nothing except the sky, the lofty sky; no longer clear, but still immeasurably lofty, and with light gray clouds slowly wandering over it.

"How still, calm, and solemn! How entirely different from when I was running," said Prince Andrei to himself. "It was not so when we were all running, and shouting, and fighting; how entirely different it is from when the Frenchman and the artilleryman, with vindictive and frightened faces, were struggling for possession of the ramrod; it wasn't so that the clouds then floated over those infinite depths of sky. How is it that I never before saw this lofty sky? and how glad I am that I have learned to know it at last! Yes! all is empty, all is deception, except these infinite heavens. Nothing, nothing at all, beside! And even that is nothing but silence and peace! And thank God!"—

CHAPTER XVII.

AT nine o'clock, the right wing, under Bagration, had not as yet begun to fight. Unwilling to acquiesce in Dolgorukhof's urgency to begin the battle, and anxious to escape the responsibility, Prince Bagration proposed to the latter to send and make inquiries of the commander-in-chief. Bagration knew that as the distance separating the two wings was almost ten versts, the messenger, if he were not killed, which was very probable, and even if he found the commander-in-chief, which would be extremely difficult, would not have time to return till late in the afternoon.

Bagration glanced over his staff, with his great, expressionless, sleepy eyes, and was involuntarily attracted by Rostof's boyish face, full of excitement and hope. He chose him for the messenger.

"And if I should meet his majesty first, before I found the commander-in-chief, your illustriousness?" asked Rostof, touching his cap visor.

"You can give the message to his majesty," said Dolgorukhof, taking the words out of Bagration's mouth.

After he was relieved at the outposts, Rostof had been able to catch a few hours' sleep before morning, and felt happy, full of daring and resolution, and brimming over with elasticity of motion and confidence in his own good fortune. In such a state of mind, everything seems easy, bright, and possible.

All his desires had been fulfilled that morning: a general engagement was to be fought; he was to take part in it; moreover, he had been made orderly on the staff of one of the bravest generals; nay, more, he was intrusted with a message to Kutuzof, and might have to deliver it to the sovereign himself!

The morning was clear and bright; the horse that he rode was excellent. His heart was full of joy and courage. Having received his instructions, he struck in the spurs and galloped off along the line. At first, he passed in front of Bagration's forces, which had not as yet engaged, and were ranged in motionless ranks. Then he rode into the space occupied by Uvarof's cavalry, and here he began to remark some excitement and indications of readiness for battle; after passing Uvarof's cavalry, he began to distinguish clearly the sounds of cannonading and musketry in front of him. The firing kept growing more violent.

The morning air was fresh and clear, and it was no longer firing at irregular intervals, two or three shots at a time, and then one or two cannon shots; but along the declivities of the hills in front of Pratzen was heard the thunder of musketry, dominated by such frequent reports from the heavy guns, that often a number of them could not be distinguished apart, but mingled in one general rumble.

It could be seen how over the mountain side, the puffs of smoke from the muskets seemed to run along, chasing each other, and how the great clouds of smoke from the cannon rolled whirling up, spread and mingled in the air. By the glint of bayonets through the smoke, the masses of infantry could be seen moving along, and the narrow ribbons of artillery, with their green caissons.

Rostof reined in his horse on a hilltop for a moment, in order to watch what was going on; but in spite of the closeness of his scrutiny, he could not make out or decide for himself from what he saw: what men were moving in the smoke, or what bodies of the troops were hurrying this way and that, back and forth.

"But why? Who are they? Where are they going?" It was impossible to tell.

This spectacle did not arouse in him any melancholy or timid feelings; on the contrary they filled him with new energy and zeal.

"Well, then, give it to them again!" said he, mentally replying to these sounds, and again he started on a gallop along

the lines, making his way farther and farther within the domain of the troops already now entering into the action.

"How this is going to turn out yonder I do not know, but it will be all right!" thought Rostof.

Having passed by some of the troops of the Austrian army, Rostof noticed that the portion of the Line next — they were the Guards — were already moving to the attack.

"So much the better, I can see it close at hand!" he said to himself.

He was now riding along almost at the very front. A number of horsemen were galloping in his direction. These were our Leib-Uhlans who, with broken and disorderly ranks were returning from the charge. Rostof passed them and could not help noticing that one of them was covered with blood, but he galloped on.

"That's of no consequence to me," he said to himself. He had ridden only a few hundred paces farther, when he perceived at his left, coming down upon him, an immense body of cavalry extending the whole length of the field and likely to cross his path. They were on coal-black horses, and dressed in brilliant white uniforms.

Rostof spurred his horse at full speed, so as to get out of the way of these cavalry men, and he would easily have done so had they kept on at the same pace all the time, but they rode faster and faster, and some of the horses were almost upon him. Rostof distinguished more and more clearly the trampling of their feet and the jingling of their arms, and could see more and more distinctly their horses, their figures, and their faces. These were our "Cavalier-guards" on their way to charge the French cavalry who were deploying to meet them.

The Cavalier-guards came galloping along, still keeping their horses under restraint. Rostof could already see their faces, and hear the word of command spoken by the officer — *Marsch! marsch!* — who was urging on his blooded charger.

Rostof, afraid of being crushed or carried away into the charge against the French, spurred along the front with all the speed that he could get out of his horse, and still it seemed as though he were going to fail of it. The last rider in the Line, a pock-marked man of giant frame, frowned angrily when he saw Rostof in front of him, knowing that they must infallibly come into collision. This Guardsman would surely have overthrown Rostof, — for Rostof himself could not help seeing how small and slight he and Bedouin

were in comparison with these tremendous men and horses, — if he had not had the presence of mind to shake his riding whip in the eyes of the Guardsman's horse.

The charger, black as a coal, heavy and high, shied, cropping back his ears, but the pock-marked rider plunged his huge spurs into his side with all his might, and the charger, arching his tail and stretching out his neck, rushed onward faster than ever. Rostof was hardly out of the way of the Guardsmen, when he heard their huzzahs, and glancing around saw that their front ranks were already mingling with strange horsemen with red epaulets, apparently the French. Farther away it was impossible to see anything, because immediately after this on the other side, the cannon began to belch forth smoke, and everything was shrouded.

At the moment that the Guardsmen dashed past him and were lost to view in the smoke, Rostof was undecided in his own mind, whether he should gallop after them or go where his duty called him.

This was that brilliant charge of the "Cavalier-guards," which the French themselves so much admired. It was terrible for Rostof when he heard afterward, that out of all that throng of handsome young giants, out of all those brilliant, rich young men, officers and yunkers mounted on splendid chargers who galloped past him, only eighteen were left alive after the charge.

"Why should I envy them? My turn will come, and perhaps I shall see the sovereign very soon now," thought Rostof, and he galloped on.

When he came up to the infantry of the Guards, his attention was called to the fact that shot and shell were flying over them and around them, not so much because he heard the sounds of the missiles, as because he saw dismay on the faces of the soldiers and an unnatural martial solemnity on the faces of the officers.

As he was riding behind one of the infantry regiments of the Guard, he heard a voice calling him by name.

"Rostof!"

"What is it?" he replied, not seeing that it was Boris.

"What do you think of this? We were put in the front line. Our regiment has been in a charge," said Boris, smiling with the happy smile such as young men wear when they have been for the first time under fire. Rostof drew up.

"Have you indeed!" said he, "and how was it?"

"Repulsed," said Boris eagerly, and becoming talkative.

"You can imagine." And Boris began to relate how the Guards as they stood in their places and seeing troops in front of them, mistook them for Austrians, and then suddenly by the shots that came flying over from these same troops, recognized that they were in the front line, and unexpectedly engaged in the conflict. Rostof, not stopping to hear Boris to the end of his story, started his horse.

"Where are you bound?"

"To his majesty, with a message."

"There he is," said Boris, who supposed that Rostof wanted his highness instead of his majesty, and therefore pointed him to the grand duke, who was standing not a hundred paces away. Dressed in a helmet and a Cavalier-guard *kolet* or jacket, with elevated shoulders and frowning face, he was shouting something to a pale Austrian officer in a white uniform.

"No! that's the grand duke, but my errand is to the commander-in-chief or to the emperor," said Rostof, and was just getting his horse under way.

"Count! Count!" cried Berg, who, no less excited than Boris had been, came running out from the other side, "Count, I have been wounded in my right arm" said he, pointing to his wrist, which was bloody and wrapped up in a handkerchief, "and I stayed at the front. Count, I had to hold my sword in my left hand. In our family all the von Bergs have been knighted."

Berg went on to say something more, but Rostof, not stopping to listen to him, was already far away.

Passing by the Guards and across a vacant space, Rostof in order not to get into the front again, as he had been, when he was caught by the charge of the Cavalier-guards, rode along the line of the reserves, making a considerable detour of the place where the most violent cannonade and musketry firing was heard. Suddenly he heard loud volleys of musketry before him and behind our troops, in a place where he would never have suspected the presence of the enemy.

"What can that mean," wondered Rostof. "Can the enemy have outflanked us? It cannot be," said he to himself, and a horror of fear for himself and for the success of the battle suddenly came over him. "Whatever it is, however," he thought, "now there's no avoiding it. I must find the commander-in-chief here, and if all is lost, then it is my place to perish with the rest."

The gloomy presentiment which had suddenly come over

him was more and more made certain the farther he rode into the fields behind the village of Pratzen, which were occupied by throngs of demoralized troops.

"What does this mean? What can this mean? At whom are they firing? Who is firing?" he inquired, as he overtook Russian and Austrian soldiers running in confused throngs across his path.

"The devil only knows! He has beaten us all. All is lost," answered the throngs of the fugitives in Russian, in German, and in Bohemian, and they could tell no better than he himself could what was going on there.

"Hang the Germans!" cried one.

"The devil take 'em, the traitors!"

"*Zum Henker diese Russen* — to the devil with these Russians," stammered some German.

A number of wounded were wandering down the road. Curses, cries, groans, mingled in one general uproar. The firing ceased; as Rostof afterwards heard, Russian and Austrian soldiers had fired at each other.

"*Bozhe moi!* — My God what does this mean?" thought Rostof. "And here where any minute the emperor might see them. But no! these were apparently only a few cowards. This is only transient, this is nothing! it cannot be," he said to himself, "I must get by them as soon as possible."

The idea of a defeat and of a total defeat could not enter Rostof's head. Although he could see the French cannon and troops on the Pratzen, on the very place where he had been commanded to find the commander-in-chief, he could not and would not believe this.

CHAPTER XVIII.

ROSTOF had been told that he should find Kutuzof and the emperor somewhere in the vicinity of the village of Pratzen. But they were not to be found there, nor was a single *nachalnik* in sight, but everywhere throngs of fleeing troops of all nationalities.

He spurred on his horse, which was already growing fagged, so as to pass by these fugitives as quickly as possible, but the farther he went, the more demoralized he found the forces. Along the high road where he was riding, carriages and equipages of all sorts were crowded together, Russian and Austrian soldiers of all the different branches of the service,

wounded and not wounded. All this mass hummed and confusedly swarmed under the dispiriting sounds of the shells fired from French batteries posted on the heights overlooking Pratzen.

"Where is the emperor? Where is Kutuzof?" asked Rostof of all whom he could bring to a stop, but not one could vouchsafe him any answer.

At last seizing a soldier by the collar, he obliged him to reply.

"Eh! brother! They've all been yonder this long time — all cut sticks!" said the soldier laughing for some reason, and breaking away. Releasing this soldier, who was evidently drunk, Rostof managed to stop the denshchik or the groom of some person of consequence, and began to ply him with questions. The denshchik told Rostof that the emperor had been driven by an hour before at full speed in a carriage along this same road, and that the emperor had been wounded.

"It cannot be," said Rostof, "It must have been some one else."

"I myself saw him," said the denshchik, with a self-satisfied laugh, "I ought to know the sovereign by sight; I should like to know how many times I have seen him in Petersburg! He leaned back in the carriage and was pale, very pale. Heavens! what a rate those four black horses thundered by us here; I should think I might know the Tsar's horses, and Ilya Ivanitch! I guess Ilya, the coachman, wouldn't be very likely to drive by with any one less than the Tsar!"

Rostof gave his horse the spur and started to ride farther. A wounded officer passing by, turned to him.

"Who was it you wanted," asked the officer; "the commander-in-chief? He was killed by a cannon ball; hit him in the chest, right at the head of our regiment."

"Not killed! only wounded," said another officer.

"Who? Kutuzof?" asked Rostof.

"No, not Kutuzof, but what do you call him — ah well, it's all the same. Not many are left alive. If you go down yonder, yonder to that village, you'll find all the commanders gathered," said this officer, pointing to the village of Gostieradeck, and he passed on.

Rostof walked his horse, not knowing now where to go or whom to seek. The sovereign wounded! the battle lost! It was impossible to believe that, even now. Rostof rode away in the direction indicated by the officer; in the distance could be seen towers and a church. What was the need of

him to hurry. What had he now to say to the sovereign or to Kutuzof? even if they were alive and not wounded.

"That road; take that road, your nobility, else they'll shoot you down, yonder!" cried a soldier to him. "They'll shoot you!"

"O what are you talking about?" cried another. "That's the nearest way to where he is going."

Rostof considered a moment and then rode in exactly the direction where they said that he would be killed.

"Now it's all the same to me: if the sovereign is wounded, why should I try to save my life?" he asked himself. He rode out on the open space where there had been the heaviest slaughter of the men escaping from Pratzen. The French had not yet occupied this place, and the Russians—that is those who were alive or only slightly wounded had long before abandoned it. On the ground, like shocks of corn on a fertile field, lay ten men, fifteen men, killed or wounded, on every rood of the place.

The wounded had crawled together, two or three at a time, and their cries and groans could be heard most gruesomely though it seemed to Rostof that they were often simulated. He put his horse at a trot, so as not to see all these suffering men and a great horror came over him. He was not afraid for his own life, but lest he should lose the manliness which he felt was essential to him; he knew that he could not endure the spectacle of those unfortunate wretches.

The French had ceased to fire on this field strewn with dead and wounded, because there was no longer any sign of life on it; but when they caught sight of the adjutant riding across, they turned one of their cannon on it, and sent a few balls after him. The sensation caused by these terrific whistling sounds, and the spectacle of the dead around him, aroused in Rostof's mind, an impression of horror and self-commiseration. He recalled his mother's last letter. "How would she feel" he asked himself, "if she should see me now, here in this field, with those cannon pointed at me?"

At the village of Gostieradeck the Russian troops were retiring from the field of battle in good order, though the regiments were mixed together. This was out of range of the French cannon-balls, and the sounds of the firing seemed more distant. Here all clearly saw and openly confessed that the battle was lost. No one to whom Rostof applied for information could tell him where the emperor was, or where Kutuzof was. Some declared that the report about the sover-

eign being wounded was correct, others denied it and explained this false though widespread rumor by the fact that the Ober-hofmarschal, Count Tolstoi, who had gone out in company of others of the suite to see the battle, had dashed away pale and frightened, from the field of battle in the emperor's carriage.

One officer told Rostof that in the rear of a village over toward the left, he had seen some officials of high rank, and Rostof started in that direction, not indeed with the expectation of finding any one, but merely for the sake of clearing his conscience.

After riding three versts and passing beyond the last of the Russian troops, Rostof reached an orchard protected by a ditch, and saw two riders standing near the ditch. One with a white plume in his hat, had a familiar look; the other rider, he whom he did not know, was mounted on a handsome chestnut charger — this charger somehow seemed familiar to Rostof, — and rode up to the ditch, put spurs to his horse, and giving him his head, easily leaped the ditch into the orchard. The earth merely crumbled away a little from the embankment under the horse's hind hoofs. Turning his horse short, he leaped back over the ditch again, and addressed himself respectfully to the rider with the white plume, apparently urging him to do the same thing. The rider whose figure Rostof seemed to recognize, and had therefore involuntarily attracted his attention, shook his head and made a gesture of refusal with his hand, and Rostof immediately by this gesture, knew that it was his idolized, lamented sovereign.

"But it cannot be that he is left alone in this bare field!" thought Rostof. Just then Alexander turned his head, so that he had a good view of those beloved features so sharply graven on his memory. The sovereign was pale, his cheeks sunken, and his eyes cavernous, but there was all the more charm, all the more sweetness in his features. Rostof was delighted to be convinced that the rumor of the sovereign's wound was false. He was happy to have seen him. He knew that he might, nay that he ought to, go straight up to him and deliver the message that had been entrusted to him by Dolgorukof.

But just as a young man in love trembles and loses his presence of mind, not daring to say what he has been dreaming about night after night, and timidly looks around, in search of help or the possibility of postponing it, when the wished-for moment has at last arrived and he stands alone

with her; so also with Rostof, now that he had attained what he had yearned for more than all else in the world; he did not know how to approach his sovereign, and devised a thousand excuses for finding it untimely, improper, and impossible.

"What! I might seem to be taking advantage of his being alone and dejected. An unknown face at this moment of sorrow, might seem unpleasant and troublesome; besides what could I say to him now, when one glance from him makes my heart swell within me and seem to leap into my mouth."

Not one of those innumerable speeches which he had so carefully prepared in case he should meet the emperor, now recurred to his mind. Those speeches were for the most part indicted under different conditions; they were to be spoken at the moment of victory and triumph; above all on his death-bed, when as he sank under the wounds that he had received, his sovereign would come to see him, and thank him for his heroic conduct; thus he would show him his love sealed by his death.

"Besides what now could I ask the emperor in regard to his commands to the left wing when now already it is four o'clock in the afternoon, and the battle is lost. No, really I ought not to trouble him. I ought not to break in upon his reflections. It would be better to die a thousand times, than to receive an angry look or an angry word from him."

Such was Rostof's decision, and melancholy, and with despair in his heart, he rode away, constantly glancing back at the emperor, still remaining in the same undecided attitude. While Rostof was making these reflections and sadly rode away from his sovereign, Captain von Toll galloped up to the same place, and seeing the emperor, went straight up to him, offered him his services and helped him to cross the ditch on foot. The emperor, wishing to rest, and feeling ill, sat down under an apple tree, and Toll stood near him. Rostof looked from afar, and saw with jealousy and regret how von Toll talked long and eagerly to the sovereign, and how the sovereign, apparently weeping, covered his eyes with one hand, and with the other pressed von Toll's.

"And I might have done that in his place," thought Rostof, and with difficulty restraining the tears of sympathy for his sovereign, he rode away in utter despair, not knowing now where he should go or for what reason.

His despair was all the more bitter, because he felt that his own weakness was the cause of his misfortune.

He might — not only might, but he ought to have ridden

up to the emperor. And this was his only chance of exhibiting to the sovereign his devotion. And he did not take advantage of it. "Why did I do so?" he asked himself, and he turned his horse about, and galloped back to the same place where the emperor had been sitting, but there was no one any longer on the other side of the ditch. A train of baggage wagons and carriages was winding along.

From one of the wagoners, Rostof learned that Kutuzof's staff were not very far away, at the village where the wagons were bound. Rostof followed them.

The foremost in the train, Kutuzof's groom, leading a horse with his trappings. The wagons followed behind the groom, and behind the wagon walked an old man, a household serf with bandy legs, wearing a cap and a half shuba.

"Tit! ah! Tit!" cried the groom.

"What is it," asked the old man heedlessly.

"Tit! Tit! grind the wheat!"

"E! durak! tfu!" said the old man, angrily spitting. Some time passed in silence, as they moved onward, and then the same joking rhyme was repeated.

By five o'clock in the evening, the battle was lost at every point. More than a hundred cannon had already fallen into the hands of the French. Prszebiszewsky and his battalion had laid down their arms. The other columns, having lost more than half their efficient, were retreating in disorderly demoralized throngs.

The relics of Langeron and Dokhturof's forces, all in confusion, were crowded together around the ponds, on the dykes and banks of the village of August

By six o'clock the only cannonading that was any longer heard, was directed at the dyke of August by some of the French, who had established a large battery on the slopes of the Pratzer, and were trying to cut down our men as they retreated. At the rear, Dokhturof and some others, having collected their battalions, made a stand against the French, who were pursuing our troops.

It had begun to be entirely dark. On the narrow dyke of August, where so many years the little old miller had peacefully sat with his hook and line, while his grandson with shirt-sleeves rolled up, played in the water-can with the palpitating silver fish; on that dyke, over which the Moravians, in shaggy caps and blue blouses, had driven their two-horse teams loaded down with spring wheat, and returned dusted with flour and

with whitened teams ; along this same dyke, this narrow dyke, among vans and field-pieces, under the feet of horses, and between the wheels, crowded a throng of men, their faces distorted with fear of death, pushing each other, expiring, trampling on the dying and dead, and crushing each other, only to be themselves killed a few steps farther on.

Every ten seconds a cannon ball, compressing the air, flew by, or a shell came bursting amid this dense throng, dealing death, and spattering with blood those who stood near by. Dolokhof, wounded, in the arm, on foot, with ten men of his company — he was now an officer again — and his regimental commander, on horseback, constituted the sole survivors of the whole regiment. Carried along in the throng, they were crowded together at the very entrance of the dyke, and, pressed on all sides, were obliged to halt, because a horse attached to a field-piece had fallen, and the throng were trying to drag it along.

One cannon ball struck some one behind them, another struck just in front, and spattered Dolokhof with blood. The crowd moved on in desperation, squeezing together, and then halted again.

“If we could only make those hundred paces, and safety is sure ; if we stay here two minutes longer our destruction is certain !” said each one to himself.

Dolokhof, standing in the midst of the throng, forced his way through to the edge of the dyke, knocking down two soldiers, and sprang out on the glare ice that covered the pond.

“Turn out this way !” he cried, sliding along on the ice, which bent under his weight. “Turn out,” he cried to the gunner, “it will hold ! it will hold !”

The ice held him, but it yielded and cracked, and it was evident that it would immediately give way, if not under his weight alone, certainly under that of the field-piece, or the throng of men. They looked at him, and crowded along the shore, not venturing to step upon the ice. The commander of the regiment, sitting on horseback at the entrance, was just raising his hand and opening his mouth to speak to Dolokhof, when suddenly a cannon ball flew so close over the men that they all ducked their heads. There was a dull thud as though something soft were struck, and the general fell in a pool of blood. No one looked at the general or thought of picking him up.

“Come on the ice !” — “Cross the ice !” — “Come on !” — “Move on ! Don’t you hear ? Come !” was heard suddenly

from innumerable voices, after the cannon ball had struck the general; though the men knew not what or why they were crying.

One of the last field-pieces, that was just entering on the dyke, ventured on the ice. A throng of soldiers hastened down from the ground upon the frozen pond. One of the rearmost soldiers broke through, one leg slumping down into the water. He tried to save himself and sank up to his belt. The men who stood nearest, held back; the driver of the field-piece drew in his horses, but still behind them were heard the shouts, —

“Take to the ice!” — “What are you stopping for?” — “Take to the ice!” — “Take to the ice!” and cries of horror were heard among the throng. The soldiers surrounding the gun gesticulated over their horses, and beat them to make them turn and go on. The horses struck out from the shore. The ice, which might have held the foot-soldiers, gave way in one immense sheet, and forty men who were on it threw themselves some forward and some back, trampling on each other.

All the time the cannon balls kept regularly whistling by and falling on the ice, into the water, and, more frequently than all, into the mass of men that covered the dyke, the ponds, and the banks.

CHAPTER XIX.

ON the Pratzer hill, in the same spot where he had fallen with the flagstaff in his hand, lay Prince Andrei Bolkonsky, his life-blood oozing away, and unconsciously groaning, with light, pitiful groans, like an ailing child.

By evening, he ceased to groan, and lay absolutely still. He did not know how long his unconsciousness continued. Suddenly, he felt that he was alive and suffering from a burning and tormenting pain in his head.

“Where is that lofty heaven which I had never seen before, and which I saw to-day?” That was his first thought. “And I never knew such pain as this, either,” he said to himself. “Yes, I have never known anything, anything at all, till now. But where am I?”

He tried to listen, and heard the trampling hoofs of several horses approaching, and the sounds of voices, talking French. He opened his eyes. Over him still stretched the same lofty heavens, with clouds sailing over it in still loftier heights, and

beyond them he could see the depths of endless blue. He did not turn his head or look at those who, to judge from the hoof beats of the horses and the sounds of the voices, rode up to him and paused.

These horsemen were Napoleon, accompanied by two aides. Bonaparte, who had been riding over the field of battle, had given orders to strengthen the battery that was cannonading the dyke of August, and was now looking after the killed and wounded left on the battlefield.

"*De beaux hommes!* — handsome men!" said Napoleon, gazing at a Russian grenadier, who lay on his belly with his face half buried in the soil, and his neck turning black, and one arm flung out and stiffened in death.

"The ammunition for the field-guns is exhausted, sire!"

"Have that of the reserves brought." * said Napoleon, and then a step or two nearer, he paused over Prince Andrei, who lay on his back with the flagstaff clutched in his hands (the flag had been carried off by the French as a trophy).

"*Voilà, une belle mort,*" said Napoleon, gazing at Bolkonsky. Prince Andrei realized that this was said of him, and that it was spoken by Napoleon. He heard them address the speaker as "sire." But he heard these words as though they had been the buzzing of a fly. He was not only not interested in them but they made no impression upon him, and he immediately forgot them. His head throbbed as with fire: he felt that his life-blood was ebbing, and he still saw far above him the distant, eternal heavens. He knew that this was Napoleon, his hero; but at this moment, Napoleon seemed to him merely a small, insignificant man in comparison with that lofty, infinite heaven, with the clouds flying over it. It was a matter of utter indifference to him who stood looking down upon him, or what was said about him at that moment. He was merely conscious of a feeling of joy that people had come to him, and of a desire for these people to give him assistance and bring him back to life which seemed to him so beautiful: because he understood it so differently now. He collected all his strength to move and make some sound. He managed to move his leg slightly and uttered a weak, feeble, sickly moan that stirred pity even in himself.

"Ah! he is alive!" said Napoleon. "Take up this young man — *ce jeune homme* — and take him to the temporary hospital." Having given this order, Napoleon rode on to meet

* "*Les munitions des pièces de position sont épuisées, sire!*" "*Faites avancer celles de la réserves.*"

Marshal Lannes, who, removing his hat and smiling, rode up and congratulated him on the victory.

Prince Andrei recollected nothing further; he lost consciousness of the terrible pain caused by those who placed him on the stretcher, and by the jolting as he was carried along, and the probing of the wound. He recovered it again only at the very end of the day, as he was carried to the hospital together with other Russians wounded, and taken prisoner. At this time, he felt a little fresher and was able to glance around and even to speak.

The first words which he heard after he came to were spoken by a French officer in charge of the convoy, who said, —

“We must stop here; the emperor is coming by immediately; it will give him pleasure to see these prisoners.”

“There are so many prisoners to-day; almost the whole Russian army, I should think it would have become an old story,” said another officer.

“Well, at all events, this man here, they say, was the commander of all the Emperor Alexander’s Guards,” said the first speaker, indicating a wounded Russian officer in a white Cavalier-Guards uniform. Bolkonsky recognized Prince Repnin whom he had met in Petersburg society. Next him was a youth of nineteen, an officer of the cavalier guard also wounded.

Bonaparte coming up at a gallop reined in his horse.

“Who is the chief officer here?” he asked, looking at the wounded.

They pointed to Colonel Prince Repnin.

“Were you the commander of the Emperor Alexander’s Horse-guard regiment?” asked Napoleon.

“I commanded a squadron,” replied Repnin.

“Your regiment did its duty with honor,” remarked Napoleon.

“Praise from a great commander is the highest reward that a soldier can have,” said Repnin.

“It is with pleasure that I give it to you,” replied Napoleon. “Who is this young man next you?”

Prince Repnin named Lieutenant Sukhtelen.

Napoleon glanced at him and said with a smile: “*Il est venu bien jeune se froter à nous* — very young to oppose us.”

“Youth does not prevent one from being brave,” replied Sukhtelen in a broken voice.

“A beautiful answer,” said Napoleon. “Young man, you will get on in the world.”

Prince Andrei who had been placed also in the front rank, under the eyes of the emperor, so as to swell the number of those who had been taken prisoner, naturally attracted his attention. Napoleon evidently remembered having seen him on the field, and turning to him he used exactly the same expression, "young man," as when Bolkonsky had the first time come under his notice.

"*Et vous, jeune homme.* — Well, and you, young man?" said he addressing him. "How do you feel, *mon brave*?"

Although five minutes before this, Prince Andrei had been able to say a few words to the soldiers who were bearing him, now he fixed his eyes directly on Napoleon, but had nothing to say. To him at this moment all the interests occupying Napoleon seemed so petty, his former hero himself, with his small vanity and delight in the victory, seemed so sordid in comparison with that high, true, and just heaven which he had seen and learned to understand; and that was why he could not answer him.

Yes, and everything seemed to him so profitless and insignificant in comparison with that stern and majestic train of thought induced in his mind by his lapsing strength, as his life-blood ebbed away, by his suffering and the near expectation of death. As Prince Andrei looked into Napoleon's eyes, he thought of the insignificance of majesty, of the insignificance of life, the meaning of which no one could understand, and of the still greater insignificance of death, the thought of which no one could among men understand or explain.

The emperor, without waiting for any answer, turned away, and as he started to ride on, said to one of the officers, —

"Have these gentlemen looked after and conveyed to my bivouac; have Doctor Larrey himself look after their wounds. *Au revoir*, Prince Repnin," and he touched the spurs to his horse and galloped away.

His face was bright with self-satisfaction and happiness.

The soldiers carrying Prince Andrei had taken from him the golden medallion which the Princess Mariya had hung around her brother's neck, but when they saw the flattering way in which the emperor treated the prisoners, they hastened to return the medallion.

Prince Andrei did not see how or by whom the medallion was replaced, but he suddenly discovered on his chest, outside of his uniform, the little image attached to its slender golden chain.

"It would be good," thought Prince Andrei, letting his eyes

rest on the medallion which his sister had hung around his neck with so much feeling and reverence, "it would be good if everything were as clear and simple as it seems to the Princess Mariya. How good it would be to know where to find help in this life, and what to expect after it, — beyond the grave! How happy and composed I should be, if I could say now, 'Lord have mercy on me!' But to whom can I say that! Is it force — impalpable, incomprehensible, which I cannot turn to, or even express in words, is it the great All or nothingness," said he to himself, "or is it God which is sewed in this amulet which my sister gave me? Nothing, nothing is certain, except the insignificance of all within my comprehension and the majesty of that which is incomprehensible but all-important."

The stretcher started off. At every jolt he again felt the insufferable pain, his fever grew more violent, and he began to be delirious. The dreams about his father, his wife, his sister, and his unborn son, and the feeling of tenderness which he had experienced on the night before the battle, the figure of the little insignificant Napoleon, and above all the lofty sky, formed the principal content of his feverish imaginations.

He seemed to be living a quiet life amid calm, domestic happiness at Luisiya Gorui. He was beginning to take delight in this blissful existence, when suddenly the little Napoleon appeared with his unsympathetic, shallow-minded face, expressing happiness at the unhappiness of others, and once more doubts began to arise and torment him, and only the skies seemed to promise healing balm.

Toward morning all his imaginations were utterly confused and blurred in the chaos and fogs of unconsciousness and forgetfulness which much more likely, according to the opinion of Doctor Larrey, Napoleon's physician, would end with death than recovery:

"*C'est un sujet nerveux et bileux, il n'en rechappera pas* — he won't recover."

Prince Andrei, together with other prisoners hopelessly wounded, was turned over to the care of the natives of the region.

WAR AND PEACE.

VOL. II. — PART FIRST.

CHAPTER I.

AT the beginning of the year 1806, Nikolai Rostof went home on furlough. Denisof was also going to his home in Voronezh, and Rostof persuaded him to accompany him to Moscow and make him a visit. At the next to the last post station, Denisof fell in with a comrade, and drank three bottles of wine with him; and on the way to Moscow, in spite of the cradle-holes on the road, did not once wake up, but lay stretched out in the bottom of the post-sledge, next Rostof, who, in proportion as they approached the city, grew more and more impatient.

“Faster! Faster! oh, these intolerable streets, shops, *kalatchi*,* lanterns, cab-drivers!” thought Rostof, when, having left their names at the city gates, as visitors on furlough, they had fairly entered the city.

“Denisof! We are here! — Asleep!” he exclaimed, leaning forward with his whole body, as though by this motion he could hope to increase the speed of the sledge. Denisof made no answer.

“There is the cross street, where Zakhar, the *izvoshchik*, used to stand; and there is Zakhar himself, and the same horse! And here’s the shop where we used to buy gingerbread! Hurry, there!”

“Which house?” asked the driver.

“That one yonder, on the corner, that big one, can’t you see? That’s our house!” said Rostof. “There, that’s our house! — Denisof! Denisof! We shall be there in a moment!”

Denisof lifted his head, coughed, and made no answer.

“Dmitri,” said Rostof, calling to his valet on the coachmen’s seat, “There’s a light in our house, isn’t there?”

* *Kalatch*: a sort of wheaten bread, made of thin dough, peculiar to Russia.

"Certainly there is; there's a light in your papenka's room."

"They can't have gone to bed yet? Hey? What do you think? See here! Don't you forget it. I want my new Hungarian coat taken out," he added, stroking his young mustache. "Now then, a little farther," he cried to the postillion. "Here, wake up, Vasha," turning to Denisof, who had again let his head fall back. "Come now, get along, three silver rubles for vodka, get on!" shouted Rostof, when the sledge was within three doors of his own entrance. It seemed to him that the horses did not move. At last the sledge drew up at the entrance at the right. Over his head, Rostof saw the well-known cornice, with the peeling stucco, the front door steps, the curbstone. He leaped out before the sledge had stopped, and rushed into the entry. The house also stood as cold and motionless as though it had no concern with the one who was entering its portals. There was no one in the entry.

"My God! has anything happened?" thought Rostof, with a sinking at the heart, standing still for a minute, and then starting to run along the entry and up the well-known crooked stairs. There was still the same old door handle, the untidiness of which always annoyed the countess, as loose and as much askew as ever. In the anteroom burned a single tallow candle.

The old Mikhaïla was asleep on the chest. Prokofi, the hall boy, who was so strong that he could lift a coach by the back, was sitting making shoes out of selvage. As the door opened he looked up, and his sleepy, indifferent expression of countenance suddenly changed to one of awe and even fright.

"Heavens and earth! The young count!" he cried, as soon as he recognized his young master. "How does it happen, my dear boy?"* And Prokofi, trembling with emotion, rushed through the door into the drawing-room, evidently with the intention of announcing the good news; but then, on second thought, he came back and fell on his young barin's neck.

"All well?" asked Rostof, drawing away his arm.

"Yes! glory to God, glory to God! Only just done dinner! Let us have a look at you, your illustriousness!"

"Are they all perfectly happy?"

"Yes, *slava Bohu! slava Bohu!*"

Rostof had entirely forgotten about Denisof; not wishing any one to announce his arrival, he pulled off his fur shuba,

and ran on his tiptoes into the great, dark, drawing-room. Everything was the same; the same card-tables, the chandelier still in its covering. But some of the family must have seen the young barin, and hardly had he entered the drawing-room, before there came with a rush like a tornado, a small person who threw a pair of arms around his neck and overwhelmed him with kisses. Then a second, and still a third came leaping out of a second and third side door; more embraces, more kisses, more shouts, tears of joy! He could not tell which was papa, or which was Natasha, or which was Petya! All were shouting, talking, and kissing him at one and the same time. Suddenly, he discovered that his mother was not among them.

"And here I knew nothing about it, Nikolushka, my darling!"

"Here he is — ours again — my darling, Kolya. How you have changed! There are no lights! Bring tea!"

"Now kiss me!"

"*Dúshenka*, dear heart, and me too!"

Sonya, Natasha, Petya, Anna Mikhailovna, Viera, the old count, were all embracing him: and the servants and the maids, crowding into the room, were exclaiming and ohing and ahing.

Petya, clinging to his legs, kept crying, "me too!"

Natasha, after having thrown her arms around him and kissed him repeatedly all over his face, ran behind him, and seizing him by the tail of his coat, was jumping up and down like a goat, in the same spot, and giving utterance to sharp little squeals.

On all sides of him were eyes gleaming with tears of joy and love; on all sides were lips ready to be kissed. Sonya, red as *kumatch*,* also held him by the hand, and all radiant with affection, gazed into his eyes which she had been so long-ing to see. Sonya was now just past sixteen, and was very pretty, especially at this moment of joyous, triumphant excitement. She looked at him, without dropping her eyes, smiling, and almost holding her breath. He looked at her gratefully, but still he was all the time waiting and looking for some one else. The old countess had not yet made her appearance.

And now steps were heard in the entry — steps so quick that they could be no one else but his mother's.

But it was his mother in a dress which he had never seen

* A kind of fustian

before, one that had been finished since he was gone. All made way for him, and he ran to her. When they met, she fell on his heart, sobbing. She could not lift her face, and only pressed it against the cold silver braid of his Hungarian coat. Denisof, coming into the room unobserved by any one, stood there also, and as he looked at them, he wiped his eyes. "Vasili Denisof, the friend of your son," said he introducing himself to the count, who looked at him with a questioning expression.

"I know, I know," said the count, embracing Denisof and kissing him. "Nikolushka wrote. Natasha, Viera, here is Denisof."

The same happy, enthusiastic faces were turned upon Denisof's hirsute figure, and crowded around him.

"My dear * Denisof," screamed Natasha; and forgetting herself in her excitement and running to him, she threw her arms around him and kissed him. All were abashed at Natasha's action. Denisof also reddened, but smiled, and taking Natasha's hand, kissed it.

Denisof was conducted to the room that had been prepared for him, but the Rostofs all collected in the divan-room around Nikolushka.

The old countess not letting go his hand, which she kept kissing every minute, sat next him. The others standing around them watched his every motion, word, glance, and could not take from him their enthusiastically loving eyes.

The brother and sisters quarrelled and disputed with each other for places next him, and vied with each other in bringing him his tea, his handkerchief, his pipe.

Rostof was very happy in the love which they showed him, but the first moment of the meeting had been so beatific that his present happiness seemed a little tame, and he kept desiring and expecting something more and more, and yet more.

The next morning the travellers slept straight on till ten o'clock.

In the adjoining room there was a confusion of sabres, valises, sabretaches, opened trunks, muddy boots. Two pairs of boots cleaned and with brightened spurs had just been brought up and set along the wall. Servants were carrying wash-hand basins, hot water for shaving, and well-brushed clothes.

There was an odor of tobacco and of *men*.

* Golubchik.

"Hey! Gwishka! bwing my pipe!" cried Vaska Denisof, in his hoarse voice. "Wostof, wouse yourself!"

Rostof rubbing his sleepy eyes, lifted his dishevelled head from his warm pillow.

"What is it? late?"

"Late! It's after ten o'clock," cried Natasha's voice, and in the next room was heard the rustling of starched dresses, the whispering and giggling of the girls, and through the crack of the door could be seen a flash of something blue — ribbons, dark locks, and bright faces. This was Natasha with Sonya and Petya, who came to find out whether their friends were up.

"Nikolenka! Get up!" again was heard in Natasha's voice at the door.

"Directly!"

But at this instant Petya in the first room, having spied and appropriated a sabre, and experiencing that enthusiasm which little lads usually feel at the sight of their elder brothers of the army, and forgetting that it was unbecoming for the girls to see men undressed, pushed open the door.

"Is this your sabre?" he cried. The maidens sprang away. Denisof, with startled eyes, hid his hairy legs under the counterpane, looking at his comrade for help.

The door let Petya through, and then closed on him. A sound of giggling was heard behind it.

"Nikolenka, come out in your dressing-gown!" said Natasha's voice.

"Is this your sabre," demanded Petya, "or is it his?" addressing with deepest respect the dark-moustachioed Denisof.

Rostof hastily put on his shoes and stockings, threw his dressing-gown over his shoulders and went out. Natasha had put on one of his spurred boots and was just slipping her foot into the other. Sonya, as he came in, was whirling round and trying to make a balloon of her skirts and then squat down. Both were dressed alike in new blue dresses, and were fresh, rosy, full of spirits. Sonya ran away, but Natasha, putting her arm in her brother's, drew him into the divan-room and the two began to talk. They immediately began an endless series of questions and answers in regard to a thousand trifles that would interest no one else but themselves. Natasha laughed at every word that he said and that she said, not because there was anything to laugh at, but because she was happy, and because she had not the ability to restrain the joy that expressed itself in laughter.

"Akh! how nice! how delightful!" she kept exclaiming. Rostof was conscious that under the influence of these warm rays of love, for the first time in a year and a half his heart and his face were lighted up by the childlike smile which he had not smiled since he had left his home.

"No, listen, you are now a grown-up man, aren't you? I am *awfully* glad that you are my brother!" She touched his moustache. "I should like to know what you men are like! Are you like us? No!"

"What made Sonya run away?" asked Rostof.

"Yes, that is a whole long story! How are you going to speak to her,—*thou* or *you*?"

"Just as it happens," said Rostof.

"Call her *you*, please! I will tell you why some other time. Well, then, I will tell you now. You know that Sonya is my dearest friend, such a friend that I have burnt my arm for her sake. Just look here!" She turned up her muslin sleeve and showed him a red spot on her long, thin, delicate arm below the shoulder and considerably above the elbow, in a place where it would be hidden even by a ball dress.

"I burnt that spot so as to prove how much I loved her! I simply heated a ruler in the fire and applied it there!"

As he sat in what had formerly been his classroom, on the sofa with the cushion on the arms, and gazing into Natasha's desperately lively eyes, Rostof again fell back into that old world of his childhood, of his home, which no one beside himself could understand, but which appeared to him replete with some of the sweetest joys of life. And the burning of the arm with the ruler, for the sake of exhibiting love, seemed to him not so senseless; he understood it, and was not surprised.

"So that was the way you did? was that all?" he asked.

"We are such friends, such friends! All that matter of the ruler was a mere trifle; but we are to be friends forever. When she loves any one it is for ever; but I can't understand that; I forget right away."

"Well, what then?"

"Well, she loves you just as she does me." Natasha suddenly blushed. "Well, you remember what happened just before you went away. And so she says that you have forgotten all about it—she says: 'I shall love him always, but he must be left to his own free choice.' That is a fact, and isn't it splendid and noble of her? Yes, yes! very noble! Isn't it?" asked Natasha, so seriously and full of emo-

tion that it could be seen that what she said now she had spoken before with tears.

Rostof was lost in thought.

"I will not retract the words that I have given," said he. "And besides, Sonya is so charming that any one would be a fool, a *durak*, to refuse such happiness.

"No, no!" cried Natasha, "she and I have already discussed that. We knew that you would say so. But it is impossible, because, you understand, if you say so, you will consider yourself bound by your word;—it would seem as if she had said this on purpose. It would seem as if you had married her under compulsion, and that wouldn't do at all."

Rostof saw that all this had been well decided by them. Sonya had struck him the evening before by her beauty. To-day, just catching a glimpse of her, she seemed to him still prettier. She was a charming girl, of "sweet sixteen," evidently tremendously in love with him; of that he did not doubt for a single instant. "Why shouldn't he love her, and even marry her?" thought Rostof. "But just now there are so many pleasures and occupations still before me!—yes, they have made a wise decision," said he to himself, "I must remain free.

"Well, all right," said he, after their talk. "Akh! But how glad I am to see you!" he added. "Well, and tell me, have you changed toward Boris?" asked he.

"Oh, that's all nonsense," cried Natasha, laughing. "I don't trouble myself about him, or any one else, and I don't want to hear about it."

"Hear the girl! Then who is that you?"—

"I?" asked Natasha in her turn, and a smile of happiness spread over her face, "Have you ever seen Duport?"

"No."

"Never saw Duport, the famous dancer! Then you can't understand. Well, that's what I am going to be!" Natasha picked up her skirt, as dancers do, and curving her arms, ran off a few steps, turned around, cut a caper, whirled one leg around the other, and standing on the very tips of her toes, glided forward several feet. "See how I can pose! That's the way," said she. But she did not, could not, keep herself on her tiptoes. "That's what I'm going to be. I am never going to marry any one, but I am going to be a ballet-dancer! but don't you tell any one!"

Rostof laughed so loud and merrily, that Denisof in his room really envied him, and Natasha could not help joining in with him.

"What, isn't that a good idea?" she asked.

"Excellent, and so you don't want to marry Boris?"

Natasha grew red in the face.

"I don't want to marry any one! And I will tell him the same thing when I see him."

"That's capital!" said Rostof.

"Ah, well, but this is all nonsense," said Natasha, continuing to chatter. "But tell me: is Denisof nice?" she asked.

"Yes, indeed, he is."

"Good-by, now; go and finish dressing. And isn't he, isn't Denisof, terrible?"

"Why should he be terrible?" inquired Nicolas. "No! Vaska is a splendid fellow."

"Do you call him Vaska? how funny! And so he's very nice, is he?"

"Yes, very nice."

"Well, then, come down to tea as quick as you can. We shall all be together."

And Natasha stood on her tiptoes and glided from the room after the manner of a ballet-dancer, but smiling all the time, just as happy young girls of fifteen are wont to smile.

When Rostof met Sonya in the drawing-room, he reddened. He did not know how to behave toward her. The evening before, they had kissed each other, in the first joyful moment of meeting again; but to-day they both felt that it was impossible to do so; he imagined that every one, his mother and his sisters, were looking inquisitively at him, and wondering how he would behave in her company. He kissed her hand, and called her by the formal *rui*, you—Sonya. But their eyes met, and said to each other the tender, *tui*, thou, and expressed the kisses that were not exchanged. Her glance seemed to ask forgiveness for having, through the mediation of Natasha, dared to remind him of his promise, and thanked him for his love. He, with his glance, in turn, thanked her for offering him his freedom, and assured her that he should never cease to love her, since it was impossible not to love her.

"But how funny it is," said Viera, breaking the general silence. "Sonya and Nikolenka meet as though they were strangers, and call each other, 'you.'"

Viera's remark was true enough, like all her remarks, but, like all of them, it was awkward for all concerned, and Sonya, Nikolai, and Natasha, as well as the old countess, who dreaded lest her son should fall in love with Sonya and thus fail to make a brilliant marriage, also blushed like a girl.

Denisof, to Rostof's amazement, made his appearance in the drawing-room in a new uniform, pomaded and scented, with as much ceremony as though he were going out to battle, and showed himself so polite to the ladies and gentlemen present, that Rostof could hardly believe his eyes.

CHAPTER II.

NIKOLAI ROSTOF, on his return to Moscow from the army, was welcomed by the home circle as the best of sons, as a hero, and their darling Nikolushka; by his relatives, as a fine, attractive, and distinguished young man; by his acquaintances, as a handsome lieutenant of hussars, a graceful dancer, and one of the best matches in town.

The Rostofs were acquainted with all Moscow. This year the old count had plenty of money, having mortgaged all his possessions, and consequently Nikolushka, who kept his own fast trotter, and wore the most stylish riding trousers, of the latest cut, such as had never before been seen in Moscow; and likewise the most fashionable boots, with very pointed toes and little silver spurs, was enabled to spend his time very agreeably.

Now that he was at home again, he experienced the pleasant sensation of accommodating himself to the old conditions of life after an interregnum of considerable time. It seemed to him that he had grown to be very much of a man. His despair at not having been able to pass his examination in the catechism, his borrowing of money from Gavriilo for an *izroshchik*, his clandestine kisses with Sonya, all came back to him as remembrances of a childhood from which he was now immeasurably separated. Now he was a lieutenant of hussars, in a silver-laced pelisse, with the cross of Saint George, and he could enter his own racer, together with well-known, experienced, and respected amateurs. There was a lady of his acquaintance on the boulevard, with whom he used to spend his evenings. He took the lead of the *mazurka* at the Arkharofs', discussed war with Field-Marshal Kamiensky, was an habitué of the English club, and was on "thou" terms with a colonel of forty years, to whom Denisof had introduced him.

His passion for his sovereign had somewhat cooled since his return to Moscow, since he did not see him and had no opportunity of seeing him, but he often talked about him, and of his love for him, giving people to understand that he did not

tell all, that there was something in his feeling toward the emperor that was not comprehensible to all men, and with his whole soul he entered into the sentiment, general at that period in Moscow, of devotion to the Emperor Alexander Pavlovitch, who was called then *angel vo ploti*, an angel in the flesh, or an angel on earth.

During Rostof's short stay in Moscow, before he returned to the army, instead of growing nearer to Sonya he rather drifted away from her. She was very pretty and sweet, and was evidently deeply in love with him, but he had reached that period of young manhood when there seem to be so many things to do that no time is left for this, and the young man is afraid of binding himself irrevocably, and learns to prize his freedom, since it is necessary to him for other things. When he thought of Sonya during these days of his visit at home, he would say to himself, —

“Eh! there are many, many more as good as she is, whom I have not had a chance to see as yet. I shall have time enough whenever I want to engage myself and fall in love, but now I will have none of it.”

Moreover, it seemed to him that there was something rather derogatory to his manhood to spend his time in the society of the ladies. If he went to balls and into the society of women, he pretended that he did so against his will. Races, the English club, junketing with Denisof, and visits *there* were quite a different affair; such things were becoming to a gay young hussar!

About the beginning of March, the old Count Ilya Andreyevitch Rostof was occupied with the preparations for a dinner to be given at the English Club in honor of Prince Bagration.

The count in his dressing-gown was walking up and down his drawing-room, giving orders to the club steward and the famous Feoktist, the old cook of the English Club, in regard to asparagus, fresh cucumbers, strawberries, veal, and fish for the dinner to the prince.

The count, ever since the founding of the club, had been a committee man, and the leading spirit. He had been appointed by the club to oversee the entertainment for Prince Bagration, because no one knew so well as he did how to organize a banquet on a broad and hospitable scale, and especially because no one else could or would spend his own money if it were necessary to make it a success. The cook and steward of the club listened to the count's orders with happy faces, because they knew that for their advantage there was no bet-

ter person for them to have to manage a dinner costing several thousand rubles.

"Now see here, put *esparcet* in the turtle soup, *esparcet*, you know."

"Must there be three kinds of cold dishes?" asked the cook.

The count pondered: "Certainly not less than three — mayonnaise, one" — said he, beginning to count them on his fingers.

"Do you wish me to order some large *sterlet*," interrupted the steward.

"What shall we do if there are no good ones? Yes, *bat-yushka*, certainly — I came near forgetting. See here, we must have another *entrée* on the table. Oh dear me!" he put his hands to his head. "Now who is going to get me flowers — Mitenka! ah! Mitenka! — hurry off, Mitenka!" he cried to his overseer, who came in at his call, "Hurry off to my estate *pod-Moskovnaya*,* and tell Maksimka, the gardener, to get up the decorations. Tell him to have all the greenhouses stripped, and the flowers sent up, well wrapped in felt. Let him have two hundred flower-pots here by Friday.

Having given a profusion of various other orders, he was just going to the "little countess's" room to rest, but remembering some important item he turned round, called back the steward and cook and began to give still further orders. Just then in the doorway were heard the light steps of a man, the jingling of spurs and the young count, handsome, ruddy-faced, with dark moustache, came into the room; it was evident that the restful, easy-going life in Moscow agreed with him. "Akh! my dear boy,† how my head whirls!" said the old man, smiling at his son with a sort of humiliated expression. "Come now, if you'd only help me! We really must have some more singers. I shall have my own orchestra, but what should you think of getting the gypsies. Your brotherhood of military men like them."

"It's a fact, *papenka*! I think that Prince Bagration when he was getting ready for the battle of *Schöngraben* did not make such hard work of it as you are doing now," said the young man with a smile.

The old count pretended to be angry; "Yes, you talk, just try it yourself!"

And the count turned to the cook, who with an intelligent and respectful face was looking on, with friendly and flattering eyes, at the father and son.

* Any estate in the suburbs of Moscow.

† *Bràtets moi*.

"That's the way with the young men, hey, Feoktist?" said he. "Always making sport of us old fellows!"

"That's so, your illustriousness, all they want is to have good things to eat and drink, but how it's got and served is no concern of theirs."

"That's it, that's it," cried the count, and gayly seizing his son's two hands cried: "Now this is what I want, since I have you. Take the sledge and pair and hurry off to Bezukhoi's and tell him that the count, that is Ilya Andreyitch, sent to ask for some fresh strawberries and pineapples. No one else has any at all. If he himself is not there, then find the princesses and ask them, and from there, mind you, drive to the Razgulyai — Ipatka, the coachman will know the way — and there find Ilyushka the Tsigan, the one who danced and sang in a white kazakin at Count Orlof's, you remember, and bring him with you to me here."

"Shall I bring some of the Tsigan girls with him too," asked Nikolai, laughing."

"There! there!"

At this moment, with noiseless steps, and with her indefatigable and anxious, and at the same time, sweet and Christian expression, which never deserted her, Anna Mikhailovna came into the room. In spite of the fact that Anna Mikhailovna every day discovered the count in his dressing-gown, each time he was abashed, and offered her apologies for his costume.

"No matter, count, my dear," said she, blandly closing her eyes. "I myself am going to the Bezukhoi's. Pierre has come, and now we can get anything from his greenhouses. I have been wanting to see him. He sent me a letter from Boris. *Slava Bohu!* — Glory to God! — he is now on the staff."

The count was delighted to have one part of his commission undertaken by Anna Mikhailovna, and bade her make use of the coupé.

"You tell Bezukhoi to come. I will write him a note. How are he and his wife getting along?" asked the count.

Anna Mikhailovna rolled up her eyes, and her face expressed deep affliction.

"Akh, my dear! he's very unhappy," said she; "if it is true, what we have heard, it is terrible! And could we have dreamed of such a thing, when we rejoiced so in his happiness! And such a lofty, heavenly soul this young Bezukhoi is! Yes, I pity him from the bottom of my heart! and I mean to do all that within me lies, to give him consolation."

"Tell us what is it?" asked both the Rostofs, elder and younger.

Anna Mikhailovna drew a deep sigh. "Dolokhof, Marya Ivanovna's son" said she, in a mysterious whisper, "has, so they say, absolutely compromised her. Pierre introduced him to her, took him to his own house in Petersburg, and now — she came here and that madcap fellow followed her," said Anna Mikhailovna, trying to express her sympathy for Pierre, but involuntarily by the inflections of her voice and by the half smile on her face, showing more sympathy for the "madcap fellow," as she called Dolokhof. "They say Pierre is perfectly broken by his trial."

"Well then, be sure to tell him to come to the club. It will help to distract him. It will be a stunning banquet!"

On the next day the fifteenth of March, at two o'clock in the afternoon, two hundred and fifty members of the English Club and fifty guests were waiting for their distinguished guest, Prince Bagration, the hero of the Austrian campaign.

At first the news of the battle of Austerlitz had been received at Moscow with incredulity. The Russians had been so accustomed to victory, that when they heard of the defeat, some simply refused to believe it, others sought explanations for such a strange circumstance in extraordinary causes. In the month of December when the news was fully confirmed, at the English Club, which was a rendezvous for all men of note, or who had trustworthy sources of information, and everywhere else, nothing was said about the war and the recent defeat, just as though there had been common consent to hush the matter up. Men who were apt to give the cue to conversation, — for instance Count Rostopchin, Prince Yuri Vladimirovitch Dolgoruky, Valuyef, Count Markof, Prince Vyazemsky, — did not show themselves at the club at all, but met at their own houses in their own intimate circles, and the rest of the Moscovites, who never had any opinions of their own — and in this number we must reckon also Ilya Andreyitch Rostof — remained for a short time without any definite opinion in regard to the war, and without their natural leaders.

These Moscovites had a dim idea that something was wrong and that it was hard to arrive at a proper judgment in regard to this bad news, and therefore they preferred to keep silent.

But after some time, when the big wigs who directed opinion at the club came back like jurors after a consultation in the jury room, then all was made clear and definite. Reasons

were found for this incredible, unheard-of, and impossible circumstance, that the Russians were beaten. It now became perfectly clear, and one and the same thing was said in all the corners of Moscow. These were the reasons: The treachery of Austria, the wretched victualling of the troops, the treason of the Pole Praszewsky and the Frenchman Langeron, the incapacity of Kutuzof and — spoken with bated breath — the youth and inexperience of the sovereign, who had placed his confidence in inefficient and insignificant men.

But the army, the Russian army, — and all agreed in regard to this — was extraordinary, and had accomplished prodigies of valor. Soldiers, officers, generals, all were heroes. But the hero of heroes was Prince Bagration, who had won imperishable glory by his victory of Schöngraben and his retreat at Austerlitz, where he alone had led off his division unbroken, and had fought the livelong day against an enemy double his numbers. What added still more *éclat* to his repute as a hero, was the fact that he had no kin in Moscow, and was a foreigner. He was considered as the representative of the simple heroic Russian soldier, who had won his way without connections and intrigues, and was moreover associated with recollections of the Italian campaign, and the name of Suvarof. And then again by showing him such distinguished honors, it was felt that there could be no better way of showing Kutuzof ill will and disapprobation. “If there were no Bagration, we should have to manufacture one — *il faudrait l’inventer*” said the jester Shinshin, with a parody on Voltaire’s witticism. Scarcely any one spoke of Kutuzof, and those who did abused him under their breath, calling him the court weathercock, and an old satyr.

Prince Dolgorukof’s witticism was repeated all over Moscow: “Stick to the plaster, and you’ll become a master;” thus he consoled himself for our defeat by the remembrance of former victories. Men likewise, freely quoted Rostopchin’s clever saying, that “you have to spur the French soldier to battle with high-sounding phrases; the Germans must have it logically proved to them that it is more dangerous to run away than it is to advance; while the Russian soldier, on the contrary, must be held back and urged to go gently.”

On all sides were heard new and ever new tales of individual examples of heroism, shown by our officers and soldiers at Austerlitz. This man saved a standard, that one killed five Frenchmen, the other alone loaded five cannons. They spoke of Berg, even those who did not know him, and told how,

when he was wounded in his right arm, he took his sword in his left hand and dashed forward. Nothing was heard of Bolkonsky, and only those who knew him intimately, lamented his premature death, and pitied his wife, with her unborn child, and his droll old father.

CHAPTER III.

ON the fifteenth of March, in all the various rooms of the English Club was heard the hum of busy voices, and like bees at the spring swarming time, the members and guests of the club, dressed in uniforms, dress coats, and some even in powder and kaftans, roamed back and forth, sat down, stood up, met and parted. Powdered and liveried footmen in small-clothes and slippers stood at each door, and strove eagerly to anticipate each motion of the guests and members, so as to offer their services. The majority of those present were well on in years, men of distinction with broad self-satisfied faces, plump fingers, resolute gestures and voices. The guests and members of this class occupied the well-known places of honor, and were surrounded by little circles of well-known and distinguished men.

Those that formed the minority were chance guests, pre-eminent young men, among whom were Denisof, Rostof, and Dolokhof, the last being now an officer of the Semyonovsky regiment once more. The faces of these young men, especially those who belonged to the army, wore that expression of contemptuous deference toward their elders, which seemed to say to the older generation: "We are ready to respect and honor you, but remember that nevertheless the future is ours."

Nesvitsky was there, also, in the capacity of a former member of the club.

Pierre, who, by his wife's advice, had let his hair grow, renounced his spectacles, and dressed in the height of style, wandered through the rooms with a melancholy and dismal mien. As usual, he was surrounded by that atmosphere of worship offered by those who bow before riches, and he, having now become accustomed to this dominion, treated such sycophants with careless scorn.

In years, he should have associated with the young men, but by his wealth and importance, he gravitated toward the circles of the older and more influential guests, and consequently he drifted from one group to another. Central circles

were formed by some of the most distinguished old men, around whom respectfully gathered many of the less conspicuous, for the purpose of listening to the great ones. Such groups were formed around Count Rostopchin, Valuyef, and Naruishkin. Rostopchin was telling how the Russians were caught by the fugitive Austrians, and obliged to force their way through at the point of the bayonet.

Valuyef confidentially announced that Uvarof had been sent from Petersburg to learn the opinion of the Moscovites in regard to Austerlitz.

In the third great circle, Naruishkin was telling about a session of an Austrian council of war at which Suvarof crowed like a cock in answer to the absurdities spoken by the Austrian generals. Shinshin, who formed one of the group, tried to raise a laugh by saying that evidently Kutuzof had not been able to learn of Suvarof even such a simple thing as to crow like a cock; but the elderly men looked sternly at the jester, giving him thereby to feel that on such a day, and in such a place, it was unseemly so to speak of Kutuzof.

Count Ilya Andreyitch Rostof, in his soft boots, hovered, full of anxiety and solicitude, between the dining-room and the parlors, giving always the same hasty greeting to every one he met, whether men of mark or not men of mark, his acquaintance including everybody, without exception, occasionally looking around for his handsome young son, at whom he would look with delight and a nod of satisfaction. Young Rostof stood in the embrasure of a window, with Dolokhof, whose acquaintance he had recently made and felt to be congenial.

The old count came up to them and shook hands with Dolokhof,—

"I beg of you to come and see us; since you and my young man here are friends; you and he played the heroes together, yonder. Ah! Vasili Ignatyitch! Good afternoon, old friend," cried he, turning to welcome a little old man, just entering.

But he did not have time to add the usual greeting: there was a stir, and a footman with awestruck face announced,—

"He has come."

The bell rang; the elders hastened forward; the guests scattered in the different rooms, like rye gathered up by the shovel, congregated in a throng, and stood in the great drawing-room at the door of the hall.

At the entrance appeared Bagration, without his hat and sword, which, according to the club custom, he had left in care of the Swiss. He was dressed not in his lamb-skin cap

with his whip over his shoulder, as Rostof had seen him the night before the battle of Austerlitz, but in a new and tight-fitting uniform, with Russian and foreign orders, and with the star of the George on his left breast. He had evidently just had his hair and whiskers trimmed, and this did not change his appearance for the better.

His face had a naively festive look, which, being inappropriate to his firm, manly features, gave him a rather comical expression.

Bekleshof and Feodor Petrovitch Uvarof, who came together with him, paused at the doorway, waiting for him as the guest of honor, to precede them. Bagration was confused, not wishing to take advantage of their politeness; there was a little pause at the entrance, and finally Bagration, after all, came forward. He walked across the inlaid floor of the reception-room awkwardly and bashfully, not knowing what to do with his hands: it would have been much more to his mind, and much easier for him, to cross a ploughed field under a rain of bullets, as, for instance, he had done when leading the Kursk regiment at the battle of Schöngraben.

The older gentlemen met him at the door, said a few words expressive of their delight at seeing such an illustrious guest, and without waiting for his reply, seized him, as it were, and dragged him off into the drawing-room. Around the doors of the drawing-room there was such a crowd that it was impossible to pass. Members and guests crushed each other, and tried to look over each others' shoulders for a glance at Bagration, as though he were some wild beast.

Count Ilya Andreyitch, laughing and talking more energetically than all the rest, pushed through the throng, crying "Make way, *mon cher*, make way, please, make way," and led the guests into the drawing-room, and placed them on the central divan, where now all the bigwigs and the most distinguished members of the club gathered in an eager throng.

Count Ilya Andreyevitch, again pushing his way through the crowd, left the room, but quickly reappeared with another of the directors, bearing a huge silver salver which he presented to Prince Bagration. On the salver lay some verses composed and printed in the hero's honor.

Bagration, seeing the salver, looked around in alarm, as though seeking for refuge. But all eyes demanded his submission, and Bagration, feeling that he was in their power, seized the salver resolutely with both hands, and looked gravely and reproachfully at the count who brought it to him. Some

one gallantly relieved the prince of the salver — for otherwise, he would have evidently felt it incumbent upon him to hold it in his hands till evening, and even gone out to dinner with it — and directed his attention to the ode. “Well, I will read it,” Prince Bagration seemed to say, and fastening his weary eyes on the parchment, tried to read it with serious and concentrated attention. But the composer of the ode took it and began to read it aloud. Prince Bagration bent his head and listened,—

“Pride of Alexander’s age!
 Be of our Titus’ throne the stern defender!
 At once the mighty chief and humble sage:
 At home, a Ripheus, Cæsar, ’mid the battle’s splendor!
 Yes! e’en victorious Napoleon
 By sad experience has learned Bagration!
 Now justice to the Aleide Russians he must rende.
 And fear” —

But even while he was in the midst of his ode, the stentorian major-domo proclaimed “Dinner is ready!” The door was flung open, and from the dining-room were heard the resounding notes of the polonaise: “Roll, ye thunder tones of victory, gallant Russian hearts rejoice,” and Count Ilya Andreyitch, giving the author a severe look for still continuing to read his verses, came and made a low bow before Bagration.

All rose to their feet, feeling that the dinner was of more consequence than poetry, and Bagration was obliged to lead the way to the dining-room. He was assigned to the seat of honor between the two Alexanders, Bekleshof and Naruishkin, which was meant as a delicate allusion to the name of the sovereign. Three hundred men took their places at the table, according to their ranks and stations; those most distinguished being nearest to the guest of honor, just as naturally as water flows deepest where there is the greatest descent.

Just before the dinner began, Count Ilya Andreyitch presented his son to the prince. Bagration, recognizing him, mumbled a few words, awkward and incoherent, like everything else that he said that day. Count Ilya Andreyitch looked around gleefully and proudly on all, while Bagration was talking to his son.

Nikolai Rostof, with Denisof and his new acquaintance, Dolokhof, sat together almost at the centre of the table. Opposite to them sat Pierre, next to Prince Nesvitsky. Count Ilya Andreyitch’s seat was opposite Bagration, with the other directors, and he did the honors to the prince, personifying in himself the hospitality of Moscow.

His labors were not spent in vain. The dinner, which was served both for those who were keeping Lent and for those who were not, was magnificent, but still, he could not feel perfectly at ease until the very end. He kept beckoning to the butler, whispering directions to the waiters, and not without agitation, looked for the arrival of each course which he knew so well. All passed off admirably.

At the second course, when they brought on the gigantic sterlet, at the sight of which Ilya Andreyevitch flushed with joy and modesty, the waiters began to uncork the bottles and pour out the champagne.

After the fish, which produced a great impression, Count Ilya Andreyitch glanced at the other directors. "There are so many toasts, it is time to begin," he said, in a whisper, and taking his wine cup in his hand, he got up. All grew still and waited what he should have to say.

"To the health of our sovereign, the emperor," he cried, and at the same time his kindly eyes were dimmed with tears of pleasure and enthusiasm. At the same time, the band broke out with the polonaise again: "Roll, ye thunder tones." All arose in their places and cried, "hurrah," and Bagration also joined in shouting with the same voice which had cried "hurrah" on the field of Schöngraben..

Young Rostof's enthusiastic voice was heard above all the other three hundred. He could hardly refrain from tears.

"Hurrah for the emperor!" he cried, "hurrah." Draining his glass at one draught, he smashed it on the floor. Many followed his example. And the deafening shouts continued for a long time. When silence was restored, the servants swept up the broken glass, and all, having resumed their seats, began to converse and laugh again.

Then Count Ilya Andreyitch arose once more, and proposed the health of the hero of our last campaign, Prince Piotr Ivanovitch Bagration, and again the count's blue eyes grew tender with tears. "Hurrah!" again rang out the three hundred voices; but this time, instead of the band, the choir of singers struck up a cantata composed by Pavel Ivanovitch Kutuzof,—

"Obstacles are naught to Russians;
 Courage wins the victor's crown!
 If Bagration lead our columns,
 We shall hew the foeman down."

As soon as the singers had finished, fresh toasts kept following, at which Count Ilya Andreyitch grew more and more

sentimental, and more and more glasses were smashed, and the shouts grew ever more boisterous. They drank to the health of Bekleshof, Naruishkin, Uvarof, Dolgorukof, Apraksin, Valuyef, to the health of the directors, to the health of the committee-men, to the health of all the members of the club, to the health of all the guests of the club, and, finally, as a special honor, to the health of the master of ceremonies, Count Ilya Adreyitch. At this toast, the count took out his handkerchief and hiding his face, actually wept.

CHAPTER IV.

PIERRE sat opposite Dolokhof and Nikolai Rostof. He ate much and greedily, and, as usual, drank much. But those who knew him intimately, observed that a great change had come over him that day. He said nothing all the time of the dinner; scowling and frowning, he looked about him; or with downcast eyes and a look of absolute abstraction, picked his nose with his finger. His face was gloomy and dismal. Apparently he did not see or hear anything that was going on around him, and was absorbed in some disagreeable and unsolvable problem.

This unsolvable problem which tormented him was caused by the hints of the princess in Moscow in regard to Dolokhof's intimacy with his wife, and by an anonymous letter received that very morning, wherein it was said in that dastardly mocking tone characteristic of anonymous letters, that his spectacles did him very little good, and that his wife's criminal intimacy with Dolokhof was a secret for him alone.

Pierre resolutely refused to heed the princess's insinuations or the letter, but it was terrible for him to look now at Dolokhof, sitting opposite him. Every time that his glance fell accidentally upon Dolokhof's handsome, insolent eyes, he was conscious of something awful and ugly arising in his soul, and he would quickly turn away. Involuntarily remembering all his wife's past, and her behavior toward Dolokhof, Pierre saw clearly that what was expressed so brutally in the letter might very well be true, might, at least, seem true, did it not concern *his wife!*

Pierre could not help recalling how Dolokhof, on being restored to his rank after the campaign, had returned to Petersburg and come to him. Taking advantage of the friendship arising from their former sprees together, Dolokhof had come

straight to his house, and Pierre had taken him in and loaned him money. Pierre remembered how Ellen, with her set smile, expressed her discontent at having Dolokhof living under their roof; and how Dolokhof had cynically praised before him his wife's beauty, and how, from that time forth until his coming to Moscow, he had not budged from their house.

"Yes, he is very handsome," thought Pierre. "I know him. In his estimation it would be admirable sport to besmirch my name and turn me into ridicule, just for the very reason that I was doing so much for him, and taking care of him and helping him. I know, I understand, what spice it would add in his estimation to his villany, if this were true! Yes, if it were true; but I don't believe it! I have no right to believe it, and I cannot!"

He remembered the expression which Dolokhof's face had borne at times when he was engaged in his acts of devilry, as for instance when they had tied the policeman to the bear and flung them into the river, or when without any provocation, he had challenged men to fight duels, or shot the post driver's * horse dead with his pistol. This expression he had often noticed lately on Dolokhof's face."

"Yes, he's a bully," said Pierre to himself, "he would think nothing of killing a man; it is essential for him to think that every one is afraid of him; this must be pleasant to him. He must think that I am afraid of him. And in fact I am afraid of him," thought Pierre, and again at these suggestions the awful and ugly *something* arose in his mind.

Dolokhof, Denisof, and Rostof were still sitting opposite to Pierre, and seemed to be very lively. Rostof was gayly chatting with his two friends, one of whom was a clever hussar, the other a well-known bully and madcap, and occasionally he glanced rather mockingly at Pierre, who had impressed him by the concentrated, abstracted, and stolid expression of his countenance. Rostof looked at Pierre with a malevolent expression, in the first place because Pierre, in the eyes of a hussar like him, was merely a millionaire civilian, the husband of a pretty woman, and moreover was a *baba* — an old woman! in the second place, because Pierre, in his abstracted state of mind, did not recognize Rostof, or return his bow. When they stood up to drink the toast to the emperor, Pierre was so lost in his thoughts, that he forgot to get up with the others, and did not lift his wineglass.

"What's the matter with you?" shouted Rostof, his eyes

* *Yamshchik*, driver or postilion.

flashing with righteous indignation, as he looked at him, "Why don't you pay attention: the health of our sovereign, the emperor!"

Pierre with a sigh humbly got to his feet, drained his glass, and then after they had all sat down, he turned to Rostof with his good-natured smile: "Ah! I did not recognize you," said he.

But Rostof was engaged in shouting 'hurrah' so that this was lost on him. "Aren't you going to renew the acquaintance?" asked Dolokhof of Rostof.

"Curse the fool!"*

"One must cawess a pwetty woman's husband," said Denisof. Pierre did not catch what they said, but he knew that they were talking about him. He reddened, and turned away.

"Well, now to the health of the pretty women!" said Dolokhof, and with a serious expression, though a smile lurked in the corners of his mouth, he lifted his glass to Pierre. "To the health of the pretty women, Petrusha, and — their lovers!" he added.

Pierre dropping his eyes, sipped his glass, not looking at Dolokhof or making him any reply.

A lackey, who was distributing copies of Kutuzof's cantata, handed one of the sheets to Pierre as being among the more distinguished guests. Pierre was going to take it, but Dolokhof leaned over, snatched the sheet from his hand and began to read it. Pierre stared at Dolokhof; his pupils contracted; that awful and ugly something that had been tormenting him all the dinner time, now arose in him and overmastered him. He leaned his heavy frame across the table.

"Don't you dare to take it!" he cried.

Nesvitsky and his right-hand neighbor, hearing him speak in such a tone of voice, and seeing whom he was dealing with, were filled with alarm and hastily tried to calm him.

"That's enough!" — "Be careful! Think what you're doing!" whispered anxious voices.

Dolokhof stared at Pierre with his bright, merry, insolent eyes, and with that smile of his that seemed to say, "This is what I like."

"I will not give it back" he said, measuring his words.

Pale, with twitching lips, Pierre snatched back the sheet of paper. "You — you — blackguard! — I shall call you to account for this!" he cried, and pushing away his chair rose from the table.

* *Bog s nim, durak*: literally, "God be with him, fool or idiot."

At the very instant that Pierre did this, and pronounced these words, he felt that the problem of his wife's guilt, which had been torturing him for the past twenty-four hours, was finally and definitely settled beyond peradventure. He hated her, and the breach between them was widened irrevocably.

In spite of Denisof's urgency that Rostof should not get mixed up in this affair, Rostof consented to act as Dolokhof's second, and after dinner he arranged with Nesvitsky, Bezukhoi's second, in regard to the conditions of the duel. Pierre went home, and Rostof, together with Denisof and Dolokhof, stayed at the club till late, listening to the gypsies and the singers.

"Well, then, till to-morrow, at Sokolniki," said Dolokhof, taking his leave of Rostof on the club steps.

"And you are confident?" asked Rostof.

Dolokhof paused — "Now see here, I will give you in two words the whole secret of duelling. If you are going to fight a duel and write your will and affectionate letters to your father and mother, if you get it into your head that you are going to be killed, then you are an idiot — a *durak* — and deserve to fall, but if you go with firm intention to kill him as quickly and certainly as you can, then you are all right, as our Kostroma bear-driver told me. 'How can you help being afraid of the bear?' says he, 'yes, but when you once see him, your only fear is that he will get away.' Well that's the way it is with me! *A demain, mon cher!*"

On the next morning at eight o'clock, Pierre and Nesvitsky drove to the woods of Sokolniki, and found there Dolokhof, Denisof, and Rostof waiting for them. Pierre had the aspect of a man entirely absorbed in his reflections, and absolutely incognizant of the affair before him. His countenance was haggard and yellow. He had evidently not slept the night before. He glanced around him vaguely, and frowned as though blinded by the bright sun. Two considerations exclusively occupied him: his wife's guilt of which, after his sleepless night, he had no longer the slightest doubt, and Dolokhof's innocence, granting that he had no reason to guard the honor of a stranger.

"Maybe, I should have done the same thing, if I had been in his place," said Pierre to himself, "I am perfectly certain that I should; why then this duel, this homicide? Either I shall kill him, or he will put a bullet through my head, in my elbow or my knee. Can't I get out of it somehow, run away,

hide myself somewhere?" This thought came into his mind. But at the very instant that these suggestions were offering themselves to him, he with his usual calm, and absent-minded expression — which aroused the respect of those who saw him — was asking if all were ready, and they should begin soon?

When all had been arranged, and the swords stuck upright in the snow, to mark the limits for them to advance, and the pistols had been loaded, Nesvitsky went up to Pierre.

"I should not be doing my duty, count," said he, in a faltering voice, "or be worthy of the confidence and honor which you confide in my hands, at this moment, this most serious moment, if I did not tell you the whole truth. I consider that this affair has not sufficient reason, and does not warrant the shedding of blood. — You were in the wrong, absolutely, you were in a passion.

"Oh yes, it was horribly foolish," said Pierre.

"Then allow me to offer your regrets, and I am sure that your opponent will be satisfied to accept your apologies," said Nesvitsky, who like the other participants, and like all men in similar affairs, did not believe even now that it would actually come to a duel. — "You know count, that it is far more noble to acknowledge one's fault, than to carry an affair to its irrevocable consequences. The insult was not wholly on one side. Let me confer."

"No! there's nothing to be said about it," said Pierre. "It's all the same to me. — Is everything ready?" he asked. "Do you only tell me where I am to stand, and where to fire," he added, with an unnaturally sweet smile. He took the pistol, began to ask about the working of the trigger, for he had never before held a pistol in his hands, though he was unwilling to confess it. "Oh yes, that's the way — I know — I had forgotten," said he.

"No apologies, decidedly not," said Dolokhof to Denisof, who also on the other side proposed to effect a reconciliation, and he also went to the designated place.

The place selected for the duel was a small clearing in the fir woods, covered with what remained of the snow after the recent thaw, and about eighty paces from the road where the sledges were left. The opponents stood about forty paces apart on the border of the clearing. The seconds, while measuring off the distance, had trampled down the deep, wet snow between the place where they stood and Nesvitsky's and Denisof's sabres, stuck upright ten paces apart, to mark the

bounds. It was thawing, and the mist spread around; nothing could be seen forty paces away. For three minutes, all had been ready, and still they hesitated about beginning; no one spoke.

CHAPTER V.

"WELL, begin," said Dolokhof.

"All right," said Pierre, still smiling as before.

It was a solemn moment. It was evident that the affair, which at first had been so trivial, could no longer be averted, but was now bound to take its course to the very end, irrespective of the will of the men. Denisof first went forward to the barrier, and announced:—

"As the adve'sa'wies have wefused to agwee, we may pwoceed. Take your pistols, and at the word thwee, advance and fire."

"U—one!—two!—thwee!" cried Denisof sternly, and stepped to one side. The two men advanced along the trodden path, coming closer and closer, their faces growing more and more distinct to each other in the fog. The antagonists had the right to fire at any moment before reaching the barrier. Dolokhof advanced slowly, not raising his pistol, but fastening his bright, glittering blue eyes on his opponent's face. His lips as usual wore what seemed like a smile.

"So it seems I can fire when I please," said Pierre to himself, and at the word "three," he advanced with quick strides, leaving the beaten path, and pushing through the untrodden snow. He held the pistol in his right hand out at arms length, apparently afraid of killing himself with it. His left hand he strenuously kept behind his back, because he felt such a strong desire to support his right arm with it, which he knew was out of the question.

It was after he had gone six steps, that he left the trodden path: he looked down at his feet, then gave a quick glance at Dolokhof, and pulling the trigger, as he had been told to do, he fired. Not anticipating such a loud report, Pierre jumped and then smiling at his own sensations, stood stock still. The smoke, made heavier by the misty atmosphere, prevented him from seeing anything at first; but there was no second report as he had expected. All he could hear was Dolokhof's hasty steps, and then his form loomed up through the smoke. He was holding one hand to his left side; with the other he clutched the pistol, which he did not raise. His face was

pale. Rostof had rushed up to him, and was saying something.

"N — no," hissed Dolokhof through his teeth, "No, I'm not done yet," and making a few tottering, staggering steps toward the sabre, he fell on the snow, near it. His left arm was covered with blood. He wiped it on his coat and supported himself with it. His face was pale and contracted, and a spasm passed over it.

"I beg of you" — began Dolokhof, but he could not speak coherently. "Please" — said he with difficulty.

Pierre, hardly restraining his sobs, started to run to Dolokhof and was just crossing the line, when Dolokhof cried, "Stop at the barrier"; and Pierre, realizing what he meant, paused near the sabre. They were only ten paces apart. Dolokhof bent his head over to the snow, greedily ate a mouthful, lifted his head again, straightened himself up, tried to get to his feet, and sat down, in his effort to recover his equilibrium. He swallowed the icy snow and sucked it; his lips twitched; but he still smiled, and his eyes gleamed with concentrated hatred, as he tried to collect his failing strength. He raised the pistol and tried to aim.

"Stand sidewise; protect yourself from the pistol," cried Nesvitsky.

"Protect yourself," instinctively cried Denisof, though he was the other's second.

Pierre, with his sweet smile of compassion and regret, helplessly dropping his arms and spreading his legs, stood with his broad chest exposed directly to Dolokhof, and looking at him mournfully. Denisof, Rostof, and Nesvitsky shut their eyes.

They heard the report, and simultaneously Dolokhof's wrathful cry, —

"Missed!" cried Dolokhof, and lay back feebly on the snow, face down. Pierre clutched his temples, and turning back, went into the woods, trampling down the virgin snow and muttering incoherent words, —

"Folly! Folly! Death! Lies!" — he kept repeating, with scowling brows. Nesvitsky called him back and took him home.

Rostof and Denisof lifted the wounded Dolokhof. They put him in the sledge, where he lay with closed eyes and without speaking, or making any reply to their questions; but when they reached Moscow, he suddenly roused himself, and with difficulty raising his head, seized Rostof's hand, who was

sitting next him. Rostof was struck by the absolutely changed and unexpectedly softened expression of Dolokhof's face.

"Well? How do you feel now?" asked Rostof.

"Wretchedly; but that is no matter. My dear," said Dolokhof in a broken voice, "where are we? We are in Moscow, I know it. It's no matter about me, but I have killed her, killed her; she won't get over this. She won't survive."

"Who?" asked Rostof.

"My mother. My mother, my good angel, my adored angel, my mother," and Dolokhof burst into tears, pressing Rostof's hand. When he had grown a little calmer, he explained to Rostof that he lived with his mother, that if his mother should see him dying she would not survive it. He begged Rostof to go and break the news to her.

Rostof rode on ahead to attend to this, and to his great surprise discovered that Dolokhof, this insolent fellow, this bully, Dolokhof, lived with his old mother and a hunchbacked sister, and was a most affectionate son and brother.

CHAPTER VI.

PIERRE had rarely of late seen his wife alone by themselves. Both in Petersburg and Moscow, their house was constantly full of company.

On the night that followed the duel, he did not go to his sleeping-room, but, as was often the case, stayed in the vast cabinet where his father, the Count Bezhukhov, had died.

He stretched himself out on the sofa, with the idea of forgetting all that had taken place; but this he couldn't do. Such a tornado of thoughts, feelings, recollections, suddenly arose in his mind, that not only he could not sleep, but could not keep still, and he was compelled to spring up from the sofa and walk the room with rapid strides.

Now she seemed to come up before him as she was during the first weeks after their marriage, with her bare shoulders, and her languid, passionate eyes; and then immediately he would see Dolokhof by her side — Dolokhof, with his handsome, impudent, mocking face, as he had seen it at the banquet, and then the same face, pale, convulsed, and agonized, as it had been when he reeled and fell on the snow.

"What was it?" he asked himself. "I have killed her *paramour*! yes, I have killed my wife's *paramour*. Yes, that was it. Why? How did it come to this?"

"Because you married her," replied an inward voice.

"But wherein was I to blame?" he asked again.

"Because you married her without loving her; because you deceived yourself and her."

And then he vividly recalled the moment after the dinner at Prince Vasili's, when he had murmured those words. "*Je vous aime* — I love you," that had come with so much difficulty.

"It was all from that. Even then I felt," said he to himself, "even then I felt that this was wrong, that I had no right to do it, and so it has proved."

He recalled their honeymoon, and reddened at the recollection. Extraordinary vivid, humiliating, and shameful was the recollection of how one time, shortly after their marriage, he had gone in his silk dressing gown, at twelve o'clock in the daytime, from his sleeping-room to his library, and found there his head overseer, who, with an obsequious bow, glanced at Pierre's face and at his dressing gown, while a shadow of a smile passed over his face, as though he thereby expressed his humble sympathy in the happiness of his master.

"And yet how many times I have been proud of her,—proud of her majestic beauty, of her social tact," he went on thinking, — "proud of my house, where she received all Petersburg — proud of her inaccessibility and radiance. Yes, how proud I was of it all! then I thought that I did not understand her. How often, when pondering over her character, I said to myself that I was to blame, that I did not understand her, did not understand her habitual repose, self-satisfaction, and lack of all interests and ambition, and now I have found the answer in that terrible expression: she is a lewd woman. Now I have said to myself that terrible word, all has become clear!"

"Anatol came to her to borrow some money, and kissed her on her naked shoulder. She did not let him have the money, but she was willing for him to kiss her. Her father, in joke, tried to make her jealous, and she, with her calm smile replied that she was not so stupid as to be jealous: "Let him do as he pleases," said she about me. I asked her once if she saw no signs of approaching maternity. She laughed scornfully, and replied that she was not such a fool as to wish to have any children, and that I should never get any children by her."

Then, he recalled the coarseness and frankness of her thoughts, the vulgarity of the expressions that came natural to her, in spite of her education in the highest aristocratic circles. "I am no such fool," "Go and try it on yourself," "*Allez vous promener*," and such like slang she was fond of using.

Pierre, witnessing her success in the eyes of old and young, men and women, had often found it hard to understand why he did not love her. "Yes, and I have never really loved her," said Pierre to himself. "I knew that she was a lewd woman," he kept repeating to himself, "but I did not dare to acknowledge it to myself. And now there is Dolokhof sitting on the snow, and trying to smile, and dying maybe, and answering my repentance with pretended bravado!"

Pierre was one of those men, who, notwithstanding his affectionate nature, which some would call weakness of character, would never seek a confidant for his troubles. He worked out his sufferings alone by himself.

"She is to blame, the only one to blame for all," said he to himself. "But what was back of that? That I married her, that I said to her, '*Je vous aime*,' which was a lie, and even worse than a lie," said he to himself. "I am to blame and must suffer. What? The besmirching of my name? the unhappiness of my life? eh! that's all nonsense," he continued, "the disgrace to my name and honor, all that is conditional, absolutely independent of me.

"Louis XVI. was executed because *they* said that he was a guilty offender," thus Pierre reasoned, "and they were right from their point of view, just as they also were right from theirs who died a violent death after him, and who reckoned him among the saints. Then Robespierre was beheaded because he was a tyrant. Who was right? who was to blame? No one! But live while we live: to-morrow we die, just as I might easily have died an hour ago. And is it worth tormenting one's self about, when life counts only as a moment in comparison with eternity?"

But even while he was trying to reason himself into calmness by such a train of thought, suddenly *she* again rose before his imagination, and at one of those moments when he had expressed to her more violently than ever his insincere love and he felt how the blood poured back to his heart, and he was obliged again to get up, move about, and break and smash whatever things came within reach of his hands.

"Why did I tell her that I loved her? why did I say '*je vous aime*?' " he kept asking himself. And after he had asked himself this question a dozen times, the phrase of Molière came into his head, "*Mais que diable allait il faire dans cette galère*,"* and he had to laugh at himself.

It was night, but he summoned his valet and ordered him

* "What business had he there."

to pack up in readiness to go to Petersburg. He could not imagine himself having anything more to say to her. He had decided to take an early departure the next day, leaving her a letter in which he should explain his intention of living apart from her for evermore.

The next morning, when the valet, bringing him his coffee, came into the cabinet, Pierre was lying on an ottoman asleep, with an open book in his hand.

He aroused himself, and looked around for some time with a startled expression, wholly unable to understand where he was.

"The countess commanded to ask if your illustriousness were at home?" said the valet.

But before Pierre had time to decide what answer to give, the countess herself, in a morning gown of white satin embroidered in silver, and with her hair dressed in the simplest style — two enormously long braids wound twice, *en diadème*, around her graceful head — came into the room calmly and majestically; only on her marble forehead, which was a little too prominent, there was a deep frown of fury. With thoroughly masterful self-restraint, she did not say a word in the valet's presence. She had heard of the duel, and had come to speak about it. She waited until the valet had set down the coffee and left the room. Pierre looked at her timidly over his spectacles, and like a hare surrounded by dogs, which lays back its ears and crouches motionless before its enemies, so he also pretended to take up his reading again; but he was conscious that this was a senseless and impossible thing to do, and again he looked at her. She did not sit down, but with a scornful smile stared at him, waiting until the valet should be out of the room.

"Well, now what's this latest? What have you been doing? I demand an answer!" said she, sternly.

"I — what have I —?" stammered Pierre.

"Playing the bravado, hey? Come now, answer me; what about this duel? What did you mean to imply by it? What? I demand an answer!"

Pierre turned heavily on the sofa, opened his mouth, but could not make a sound.

"If you won't answer, then I will tell you," continued Ellen. "You believe everything that is told you: you were told," Ellen laughed, "that Dolokhof was my paramour," said she in French, with her uncompromising explicit manner of speech, pronouncing the word *amant*, like any other word. "And you

believed it! And what have you proved by it? What have you proved by this duel? That you are a fool, a *durak*, that you are *un sot*! And that's what every one calls you! What will be the result of it? This! — that you have made me the laughing stock of all Moscow; this! that every one will say that you, while in a drunken fit, and not knowing what you were about, challenged a man of whom you were jealous without any reason" — Ellen kept raising her voice and growing more and more excited. — "a man superior to you in every sense of the word" —

"Hm — hm," bellowed Pierre, scowling, but not looking at her or stirring.

"And why did you believe that he was my paramour? Why was it? Because I liked his society! If you had been brighter and more agreeable, I should have preferred yours."

"Do not speak to me, I beg of you," whispered Pierre, hoarsely.

"Why shouldn't I speak to you. I have a right to speak, and I tell you up and down that it's rare to find a woman with a husband like you, who doesn't console herself with lovers,* and that is a thing that I haven't done," said she.

Pierre started to say something, looked at her with strange eyes, the expression of which she could not understand, and again threw himself back. At that moment, he was suffering physical pain: his chest was oppressed, and he could not breathe. He knew that it behooved him to do something to put an end to his torment, but what he wanted to do was too horrible.

"We had better part," he exclaimed in a broken voice.

"By all means, part, provided only you give me enough," said Ellen. "Part! That's nothing to scare one!"

Pierre sprang from the sofa, and staggered toward her.

"I will kill you!" he cried, and seizing from the table a marble slab, with a force such as he had never before possessed, rushed toward her brandishing it in the air.

Ellen's face was filled with horror: she screamed and sprang away from him. His father's nature suddenly became manifest in him. Pierre experienced the rapture and fascination of frenzy. He flung down the marble, breaking it in fragments, and with raised arms flew at her, crying: "Away!" with such a terrible voice that it rang through the whole house and filled every one with horror. God knows what

* "*Des amants.*"

Pierre would have done at that moment if Ellen had not escaped from the room.

At the end of a week, Pierre had given to his wife a power of attorney for the control of all his Great Russian possessions, which amounted to the larger half of his property, and returned alone to Petersburg.

CHAPTER VII.

Two months had elapsed since news of the battle of Austerlitz and the death of Prince Andrei had been received at Luisiya Gorui, and in spite of all the letters sent through the diplomatic service, and all inquiries, his body had not been recovered, and his name was not on the lists of prisoners. Worse than all for his relatives was the very hope that still remained that he had been picked up on the battle-field by some of the natives, and might be even now convalescing or dying somewhere alone, among strangers, and unable to send them any word.

In the newspapers from which the old prince had first learned of the battle of Austerlitz, it was stated, as usual, in the briefest and vaguest terms, that the Russians, after brilliant deeds of arms, had been compelled to retreat, and had accomplished this with the greatest order possible.

The old prince understood from this official bulletin, that our troops had been defeated. A week after the receipt of the newspapers which informed him of the battle of Austerlitz, a letter came from Kutuzof, who announced the fate that had befallen his son.

"Your son," wrote Kutuzof, "before my eyes, fell at the head of his regiment, with the standard in his hands, like a hero worthy of his father and his fatherland. To the universal regret of all the army, including myself, it is as yet uncertain whether he is alive or dead. I flatter myself with the hope that your son is still alive, for, in the contrary case, he would certainly have been mentioned among the officers found on the field of battle, the list of which was brought me under flag of truce."

Receiving this news late in the afternoon when he was alone in his cabinet, the old prince as usual went the next day to take his morning promenade, but he had nothing to say to the

overseer, the gardener, or the architect, and though his countenance was lowering, there was no outbreak of wrath.

When, at the accustomed time, the Princess Mariya went to him, he was standing at his bench and driving his lathe, but he did not glance up at her as usual when she entered the room.

"Ah! Princess Mariya," suddenly said he in an unnatural tone and threw down his chisel. The wheel continued to revolve from the impetus. The Princess Mariya long remembered this dying whirl of the wheel, which was associated for her with what followed. The Princess Mariya approached him, looked into his face, and suddenly something seemed to pull at her heartstrings. Her eyes ceased to see clearly. By her father's face, which was not melancholy or downcast, but wrathful and working unnaturally, she saw that now, now some terrible misfortune was threatening to overwhelm her, a misfortune than which none is worse in life, none more irreparable and incomprehensible, a misfortune such as she had never yet experienced,—the death of one she loved.

"*Mon père! Andre!*" said the princess, and she who was ordinarily so clumsy and awkward became endowed with such inexpressible charm of grief and self-forgetfulness that her father could not endure her glance, and, with a sob, turned away.

"I have had news. He's not among the prisoners, he's not on the list of the dead. Kutuzof has written me," he cried in a shrill voice, as though wishing by this cry to drive the princess away. "He is killed!"

The princess did not fall; she did not even feel faint. She was pale to begin with, but when she heard these words her face altered and a light seemed to gleam in her beautiful, lustrous eyes. Something like joy, a supernatural joy, independent of the sorrows and joys of this world, was breathed above this violent grief that filled her heart. She forgot all her fear of her father, and went up to him, took him by the hand, and drew him to her, and threw her arm around his thin, sinewy neck.

"*Mon père!*" said she, "do not turn away from me; let us weep together!"

"Villains! scoundrels!" cried the old man, averting his face from her. "To destroy the army, to waste men's lives in that way! What for? Go, go and tell Liza."

The princess fell back feebly in the arm-chair near her father, and burst into tears. She could now see her brother as he looked

at the moment when he bade her and Liza farewell, with his affectionate and at the same time rather haughty face. She could see him as he tenderly and yet scornfully hung the medallion round his neck. Did he come to believe? Had he repented of his unbelief? Was he yonder now, yonder in the mansions of eternal calm and bliss? These were the questions that filled her thoughts.

"*Mon père*, tell me how it happened?" said she, through her tears.

"Go, go; he was killed in that defeat where the best men of Russia and Russian glory were led out to sacrifice. Go, Princess Mariya. Go and tell Liza. I will follow."

When the Princess Mariya left her father, she found the little princess sitting at her work, with that expression of inward calm and happiness peculiar to women in her condition. She looked up as her sister-in-law came in. It was evident that her eyes did not see the Princess Mariya, but were rather profoundly searching into the tremendous and blessed mystery that was taking place within her.

"Marie," said she, turning from her embroidery frame, and leaning back, "let me have your hand."

She took the princess's hand and laid it just below her heart. Her eyes smiled with anticipation, the little, downy lip was raised in a happy, childlike smile.

The Princess Mariya knelt down before her, and buried her face in the folds of her sister-in-law's dress.

"There! there, do you perceive it? It is so strange. And do you know, Marie, I am going to love him very dearly," said Liza, looking with shining happy eyes at her husband's sister.

The Princess Mariya could not raise her head: she was weeping.

"What is the matter, Masha?"

"Nothing; only I felt sad; sad about Andrei," she replied, wiping away her tears on her sister-in-law's knee.

Several times in the course of the morning, the Princess Mariya attempted to break the news to her sister-in-law, and each time she had to weep. These tears, the cause for which the little princess could not understand, alarmed her, unobtrusive as her nature was. She made no remark, but she looked around in some alarm, as if searching for some one. Before dinner the old prince came into her room and went right out again without saying a word; she was always afraid of him, but now his face was so disturbed and stern that she gazed at

the Princess Mariya, then fell into a brown study, with her eyes as it were, turned inward with that expression so characteristic of women in her condition, and suddenly burst into tears.

"Have you heard anything from Andrei?" she asked.

"No, you know that it isn't time yet to get news, but *mon père* is anxious, and it frightens me."

"Then there's nothing?"

"Nothing," replied the Princess Mariya, letting her lustrous eyes rest unflinchingly on her sister-in-law.

She had made up her mind not to tell her, and had persuaded her father to conceal the terrible tidings from her until her confinement, which would be now before many days. The Princess Mariya and the old prince, each according to their own nature, bore and hid their grief. The old prince was not willing to indulge in hopes: he had made up his mind that Prince Andrei was killed, and although he sent a *chinornik* to Austria to make diligent search for traces of his son, he commanded him to order in Moscow a gravestone to be erected in his garden, and he told every one that his son was dead. He himself aged rapidly; he unchangeably carried out the rigorous routine of his life, but his strength failed him: he took shorter walks, ate less, slept less, and each day grew weaker.

The Princess Mariya still hoped. She prayed for her brother, as though he were alive, and all the time was on the lookout for news of his return.

CHAPTER VIII.

"*Ma bonne amie*," said the little princess, after breakfast on the morning of the thirty-first of March, and her downy upper lip was lifted out of mere habit, for a certain sense of melancholy had affected not only the talk, but the footsteps of all in this house ever since the receipt of the terrible news, so that even the little princess had come under the influence of it, and she smiled in such a way that it reminded one even more of the general depression.

"*Ma bonne amie*, I am afraid my *frühstück* this morning, as Foka, the cook, calls it, didn't agree with me." *

"What's the matter, sweetheart? You are pale? Akh! you are very, very pale," said the Princess Mariya alarmed, and

* *Je crains que le fruschtique de ce matin ne m'aie pas fait du mal.*

going toward her sister-in-law with her heavy but gentle steps.

"Your illustriousness, shan't we call Marya Bogdanovna?" inquired one of the maids, who happened to be present. (Marya Bogdanovna was the midwife from the shire town, who had now been living at Luisiya Gorui for a fortnight.)

"It certainly may be necessary," replied the Princess Mariya. "I will go. Courage, *mon ange!*" she kissed Liza and started to leave the room.

"Ah, no, no!"

And over and above the pallor arising from physical suffering, the little princess's face showed a childish fear of unendurable agony.

"*Non, c'est l'estomac — dites que c'est l'estomac, dites, Marie, dites,*" and the princess wept, childishly, capriciously, and perhaps rather hypocritically, wringing her hands. The young princess went from the room in search of Marya Bogdanovna.

"*Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu! Oh!*" was heard behind her.

Rubbing her plump, small, white hands, the midwife came to meet her, with a significant but perfectly composed expression of countenance.

"Marya Bogdanovna! I think it is beginning," said the Princess Mariya, looking at the midwife, with terrified, wide-open eyes.

"Well, then, glory to God for that, princess," said Marya Bogdanovna, not quickening her steps. "You young ladies have no need to know anything about it."

"But what shall we do if the doctor from Moscow has not come yet?" asked the princess. By Liza and Prince Andrei's desire they had sent to Moscow for an *accoucheur*, and he was expected at any moment.

"No matter, princess, don't be alarmed," said Marya Bogdanovna, "it will come out all right even without a doctor."

In the course of five minutes the young princess heard as she sat in her room, the sound of men carrying something heavy. She looked out and saw the servants for some reason or other, carrying into the sleeping room, the leather divan which had always stood in Prince Andrei's study. There was an expression of gentleness and solemnity on the faces of the men who were lugging this.

The Princess Marya sat alone in her room listening to the various sounds in the house, and occasionally opening the door when any one passed, and trying to make out what was going on in the corridor. A number of women with light steps were

moving hither and thither, and they gave a glance at the young princess and turned away. She did not venture to ask any questions, but shut her door, went back to her own bedroom, sat down for a little in her arm-chair, then hastened to her oratory, and bent on her knees before the *kiot* or shrine of images. To her dismay and surprise, she found that prayer did not aid her in calming her agitation.

Suddenly the door of her room was softly opened, and on the threshold appeared her old nurse Praskovya Savishna, with a kerchief tied over her head; it was almost never that she came to the princess's room, as her father had expressly forbidden it.

"God be with you, Mashenka, I have come to sit a little while," said the nurse; "and here are the prince's wedding tapers I've brought to light before the saint, my angel," she added, with a sigh.

"Akh! how glad I am, nurse."

"God is merciful, my dove." *

The old nurse lit the tapers in the golden candlesticks before the shrine, and then sat down by the door with her knitting. The Princess Mariya took a book and began to read. Only when they heard steps or voices the princess would glance up with frightened anxious face, and the nurse would look at her with a soothing expression.

In all parts of the house every one was dominated by the same feelings which the Princess Mariya experienced as she sat in her room. In accordance with the old superstition that the fewer people know of the sufferings of a woman in labor, the less she suffers, all pretended to be ignorant of what was going on; no one spoke about it, but everybody, over and above the habitual gravity and respectful propriety that obtained in the prince's household, evidently shared the general anxiety, tender-heartedness and consciousness that something great, incomprehensible and solemn was taking place at that hour.

There was no sound of laughing heard in the great room devoted to the maidservants. In the *officialnaya* all the men sat silent, as if awaiting something. The servants kept pine knots and candles burning, and did not think of going to sleep. The old prince, walking on his heels, strode up and down his cabinet, and at last ordered Tikhon to go to Marya Bogdanovna — "Merely say, 'the prince has sent to ask,' and come and tell me what she says."

"Inform the prince that labor has begun," said Marya Bog-

danovna, giving the messenger a significant look. Tikhon went and reported to the prince.

"Very good," exclaimed the prince, closing the door behind him, and Tikhon heard not the slightest sound in the cabinet. After waiting some time Tikhon went into the cabinet, pretending that it was to snuff the candles, and seeing the prince lying on the sofa, he looked at his agitated face, shook his head, then silently stepping up to him and kissing him on the shoulder, he left the room forgetting to snuff the candles and not saying why he had gone in.

The most solemn mystery in the world was in process of consummation. The evening passed; the night wore away, and the sense of expectancy and solemnified thought at the presence of the ineffable grew intenser rather than grew weaker. No one slept.

It was one of those nights in March when winter seems determined to resume his sway, and scatters with rage and despair his last snows and gusts of wind. A relay of horses had been sent along the highway to meet the German doctor from Moscow, who was every moment expected, and horsemen with lanterns were sent out to the junction of the cross road, to guide him safely by the pitfalls and watery hollows.

The Princess Maryia had long since laid down her book; she was sitting in perfect silence, with her lustrous eyes fastened on her old nurse's wrinkled face, every line of which she knew so well; on the little tuft of gray hair that had escaped from under her kerchief, and on the loose flesh hanging under her chin.

Nyanya Savishna, with her unfinished stocking in her hand, was telling in a low voice, without heeding her own words, the story that she had told a hundred times about the late princess, and how she had been delivered of the Princess Mariya in Kishenef, with an old Moldavian peasant woman for a midwife.

"God is merciful; *dokhtors* are never needed," she was saying. Suddenly a gust of wind beat violently against the window frame (it was always a whim of the princess to have the double windows taken off from at least one of the windows in each room, as soon as the larks made their appearance) and burst the carelessly pushed bolt, while a draught of cold air laden with snow shook the silken curtains and puffed out the light. The princess shuddered. The old nyanya, laying down her stocking, went to the window, and leaning

out, tried to shut it to again. The cold wind fluttered the ends of her kerchief and the gray locks of her dishevelled hair.

"Princess! matushka! some one's coming up the *preshpekt*," cried she, getting hold of the window, but not closing it, "With lanterns! It must be the *dokhtor*!"

"Akh! Glory to God, *Slava Bohu*," exclaimed the Princess Mariya. "I must go and meet him; he won't be able to speak Russian."

The Princess Mariya wrapped her shawl around her and hastened down to meet the visitors. When she reached the anteroom she looked through the window and saw a team and lanterns standing at the front doorsteps. She went out on the landing. On the foot of the balustrade flamed a tallow candle, guttering in the wind. The groom Filipp, with terrified face, and with another candle in his hand, stood lower down on the first landing of the staircase. Still lower down at the turning of the staircase were heard advancing footsteps in thick boots. And a voice which struck the Princess Mariya as strangely familiar, was saying something.

"Thank God, — *Slava Bohu*!" said the voice, "and my father?"

"He has gone to bed," replied the voice of Demyan, the major domo, who had by this time come down.

Then the well-known voice asked something, and Demyan answered, and the steps in the thick boots came swifter up the stairs and nearer to the princess, out of sight around the turn.

"It is Andrei!" said the princess to herself. "No, it cannot be! It would be too extraordinary," she thought, and at the very moment that this thought occurred to her, on the landing where stood the servant with the candle, appeared Prince Andrei's form, enveloped in a fur shuba, the collar all powdered with snow.

Yes, it was he; but pale and thin, and with an altered and strangely gentle but anxious expression. He ran up the stairs and clasped his sister in his arms.

"You didn't receive my letter?" he asked, and not waiting for her reply, which, indeed, he would not have received, for the princess was too much moved to speak, he turned back, and joined by the *accoucheur*, who had come with him (he had overtaken him at the last post station), with hasty steps flew up the stairs again, and again embraced his sister.

"What luck!" he cried, "dear Masha!" and flinging off his shuba and boots, he went to his wife's room.

CHAPTER IX.

THE little princess, in a white cap, was lying on the pillows. (For the moment she was a little easier.) Her dark locks fell in disorder over her flushed cheeks, wet with perspiration; her rosy, fascinating mouth, with its downy upper lip, was open, and she wore a smile of joy.

Prince Andrei went into the room and paused in front of her, at the foot of the sofa on which she lay. Her brilliant eyes, looking at him with childish trepidation and anxiety, rested on him without change of expression.

"I love you all; I haven't done any one any harm; why must I suffer so? Help me!" her expression seemed to say.

She saw her husband, but seemed to have no comprehension of the significance of his appearing just at this time before her.

Prince Andrei went round to the side of the sofa, and kissed her on the forehead.

"My darling heart — *dúshenka móya*," he said. He had never called her by this endearing term before. "God is merciful."

She looked at him with a questioning, childishly offended expression.

"I expected help from thee, and none comes, none comes!" her eyes seemed to say. She was not surprised at his coming; she did not even realize that he had come. His appearance had nothing to do with her agony and the assuagement of it.

The pains began again, and Maria Bogdanovna advised Prince Andrei to leave the room. The *accoucheur* entered the room. Prince Andrei went out, and meeting his sister he again joined her. They began to talk in a whisper, but the conversation was constantly interrupted by silences.

They kept waiting and listening.

"*Allez, mon ami*," said the Princess Mariya. Prince Andrei again went to his wife, and then sat down in the adjoining room. Some woman or other came out of her room with a terrified face and was confused when she saw Prince Andrei.

He covered his face with his hands and sat thus for some minutes. Pitiful, heartbreaking groans were heard in the other room. Prince Andrei stood up and went to the door and was about to open it. Some one held it to.

"You can't come in! it's impossible," said a terrified voice on the other side. He began to pace up and down the room.

The cries had ceased; a few seconds more passed, when suddenly a terrible cry,—it could not be his wife's, she could not cry like that—rang through the next room. Prince Andrei hastened to the door; this cry ceased; a baby's wailing was heard.

“What have they brought a baby in there for?” was Prince Andrei's query at first. “A baby? What baby? Why a baby there?—Or can my baby have been born?”

Then he suddenly realized all the joyful significance of this cry: the tears choked him, and leaning both his elbows on the window-seat, he wept and sobbed like a child.

The door opened. The doctor, with his shirt sleeves rolled up, without his coat, pale, and with trembling jaw, came from the room. Prince Andrei went to him, but the doctor looked at him with a strange expression of confusion, and without saying a word passed by him. A woman came running out, but when she saw Prince Andrei, stopped short on the threshold. He went into his wife's room.

She was dead, lying in the same position in which he had seen her five minutes before, and, notwithstanding the fixity of her eyes, and the pallor of her cheeks, that charming, little childish face, with the lip shaded with dark hairs, wore the same expression as before,—

“I love you all, and I have done no one any harm, and what have you done to me?” said her lovely face, pitifully pale in death. In the corner of the room, a small, red object was yelping and wailing in the trembling, white hands of Marya Bogdanovna.

Two hours later, Prince Andrei, with noiseless steps, went to his father's cabinet. The old prince had already been informed of everything. He was standing by the very door, and as soon as it was thrown open, the old man, without speaking, flung his rough, aged hands around his son's neck, and held him as in a vice and sobbed like a child.

Three days later, they buried the little princess, and Prince Andrei went up the steps to the coffin to take his last farewell. And there also in the coffin lay the same face, though with closed eyes.

“Akh! what have you done to me?” it all seemed to say. Prince Andrei felt that his heartstrings were torn within him, that he had done a wrong that could never be repaired or forgotten. His grief was too deep for tears.

The old prince also came and kissed her waxen hand, placidly folded upon her breast, and to him her face seemed to say,—

“Akh! and why have you done this to me?”

And the old man, after looking into her face, abruptly turned away.

Then, again, five days later, they christened the baby prince Nikolai Andreyitch. The nurse held up the little garments against her chin, while the priest, with a goose quill, anointed with holy oil the infant's wrinkled little pink palms and soles. His grandfather, who acted as sponsor, with tottering steps, and afraid of dropping him, carried the little prince around the tin-lined font, and handed him over to his godmother, the Princess Mariya.

Prince Andrei, in deathly apprehension lest they should drop the child, sat in the next room, waiting for the conclusion of the sacrament. He looked joyfully at his baby when the nurse brought him to him, nodded his head with great satisfaction when the nurse confided to him that the lump of wax with some of the infant's hairs on it, when thrown into the font did not sink, but floated.*

CHAPTER X.

THE part played by Rostof in the duel between Dolokhof and Bezukhoi was ignored through the old count's efforts, and the young man, instead of being cashiered as he anticipated was appointed adjutant to the governor-general of Moscow. In consequence of this, he was unable to go to the country with the rest of the family, but was kept in Moscow all summer, engaged in his new duties.

Dolokhof recovered, and he and Rostof became great friends during the time of his convalescence. He had been carried to the residence of his mother, who loved him passionately and devotedly. The elderly Marya Ivanovna, becoming attached to Rostof on account of his friendship for her Fedya, often talked with him about her son.

“Yes, count, he is too noble and high-souled for this corrupt

* It is part of the Russian baptismal-service for the priest to cut the infant's hair. The superstition considers it unlucky for the bit of wax with a few of these hairs attached to sink if placed in the waters of the baptismal font, and lucky for it to float.

world of ours. No one loves goodness; it serves as a reproach to every one. Now tell me, count, tell me honestly, was it fair and honorable on Bezukhoi's part? And Fedya, with all his noble nature, always liked him, and now never says hard things about him at all. And in Petersburg, they played all those tricks on the policeman: they did it together, didn't they? Well, Bezukhoi went scot free, and my Fedya had to bear the whole brunt of it on his shoulders! Yes, he had to bear it all! To be sure, he has been restored to his rank, but why shouldn't he have been? I don't believe the fatherland has many braver sons than he is! And now in regard to this duel! Have such men any feeling, any honor? Knowing that he was an only son, to challenge him to fight a duel, and then to fire right at him! Fortunately, God helped us. And what was it all about? Who is there in our day who doesn't form intrigues? Why should he be so jealous? I should think he might have given some signs of it before, and here a year has gone by! And so he challenged him, supposing that Fedya would not accept because he owed him some money. How nasty of him! I know you appreciate Fedka, my dear count, and so I love you with my whole heart, believe me. There aren't many who understand him. He has such a lofty, heavenly, nature."

Dolokhof himself, during his convalescence, often said things to Rostof that no one would ever have expected from him.

"I am supposed to be a bad man, I know," said he, "and let them think so. I don't care anything about the opinions of men, unless I am fond of them; but if I am fond of any one, I am so fond of them that I would give my life for them, and as for the rest, if they stood in my way I would push them to the wall. My mother is a dear, precious woman, and I have two or three others, — you among the number — and as for the rest, I only heed them as so many who may be able to be useful or injurious to me. And almost all are injurious, especially the women. Yes, my dear, — *dúsha móya*" — he went on to say, "Among men I meet many who are lovable, noble, elevated, but among women, I have yet to meet one who is not to be bought — all are alike, countess and cook! I have yet to find that celestial purity, devotion, which I look for in woman. If I were ever to find such a woman, I would give my life for her. But these!" — he made a depreciatory gesture. "And you may not believe me, but if I prize my life still, it is simply because I hope some day to find one of these heavenly creat-

ures, who would regenerate me, purify me, and elevate me. But you will not understand me."

"Indeed, I understand perfectly," replied Rostof, who was coming more and more under the influence of his new friend.

In the autumn, the Rostof family returned to Moscow. Early in the winter, Denisof also came back and stayed with the Rostofs. The first months of this winter of 1806, which Nikolai Rostof spent in Moscow, could not have been happier for him and for all his family. Nikolai brought home with him to his parents' home many young men. Viera was a pretty young lady of twenty summers. Sonya was just sixteen, and had all the charm of an opening flower. Natasha, half child and half maiden, was now at one moment full of innocent merriment, at the next, showing all the fascination of a young lady.

The house of the Rostofs at this time seemed to be full of the peculiar atmosphere of loveliness characteristic of homes where there are very pretty and very young ladies. Every young man who came there and saw these bright, impressionable, girlish faces, smiling apparently from very happiness, and the merry running to and fro, and heard that continual chattering of maiden's voices, inconsequential, illogical, kindly to every one, ready for anything, and full of hope, and listened to these inconsequential sounds, now of singing, now of instrumental music, must have experienced one and the same feeling of predisposition for love and coming happiness, which the young people of the Rostof household themselves experienced.

Among the young men whom Rostof introduced at home was Dolokhof — one of the first — and every one, with the exception of Natasha, was pleased with him. She almost quarrelled with her brother concerning him. She insisted that he was a bad man, that Pierre was in the right in his duel with Dolokhof, and the other in the wrong; and that he was disagreeable and insincere.

"There's nothing for me to understand," cried Natasha, with stubborn self-will; "he is bad, and lacks feeling. Now, here, I like your Denisof; he may be a spendthrift, and all that, but still I like him, and I certainly understand him. I don't know how to express it to you, but everything that *he* does has some ulterior object, and I don't like him; but Denisof" —

"There now, Denisof is quite another matter," replied Nikolai, giving her to understand, that in comparison with Dolokhof, Denisof was of no consequence. "You ought to know

what a tender heart this Dolokhof has, you ought to see him with his mother! what a warm-hearted fellow he is!"

"Well, I don't know anything about that, but I'm ill at ease with him. And do you know, he's in love with Sonya?"

"What nonsense" —

"I'm certain of it, you can see for yourself."

Natasha's prognostication was justified. Dolokhof, who did not like the society of ladies, had begun to be a frequent visitor at the Rostofs', and the problem what brought him there was quickly solved, though no one ventured to remark upon it. He came on account of Sonya. And Sonya, though she would never have dared to acknowledge such a thing, knew it very well, and every time that Dolokhof was announced, blushed as red as kumatch.

Dolokhof often came to dinner at the Rostofs'; he never missed an entertainment where they were to be found, and frequented the *adolescentes* balls given by Iogel, which the Rostofs always attended. He paid preëminent attention to Sonya, and looked at her with such eyes, that not only the girl herself could not endure his glances without blushing, but even the old countess and Natasha flushed if they caught sight of him looking at her.

It was plain to see, that this powerful, strange man was coming under the irresistible influence of this gracious dark-eyed maiden, who, all the time, was in love with some one else.

Rostof perceived that there was something new between Dolokhof and Sonya, but he could not make out what this relationship was.

"Everybody here is in love with some one," he said to himself, referring to Sonya and Natasha. But he was no longer at his ease in the company of Sonya and Dolokhof, as before, and he began to be absent from home more frequently.

In the autumn of 1806, there had been continual talk about war with Napoleon, and with even greater heat than the year before. A conscription of ten men in a thousand, and of nine militiamen to a thousand, in addition, was ordered. Everywhere anathemas were heaped upon Bonaparteism, and nothing was talked about in Moscow except the coming war.

For the Rostof family, all interest in these preparations for war were centred on the fact that Nikolushka would not hear of such a thing as remaining at home, and was only waiting for the end of Denisof's furlough in order to return with him to his regiment after the holidays. The approaching depart-

ure did not in any way prevent him from having a good time; it rather only seemed still more to spur them all on to enjoyment. The larger part of his time he spent away from the house, at dinners, receptions, and balls.

CHAPTER XI.

ON the third day of the Christmas holidays, Nikolai dined at home—a thing which he had rarely done of late. It was a sort of farewell dinner, as he and Denisof were going to start for their regiments after Epiphany. There were about twenty sat down at table, among the number, Dolokhof and Denisof.

Never at the Rostof's had that delicious breath of passion, and that atmosphere of love made itself felt with such force as during these days of the Christmastide.

"Seize these moments of happiness: let yourself drift into love; become enamoured yourself. This is the only genuine bliss in the world; everything else is dross. And with this alone all of us here are exclusively occupied," said this atmosphere.

Nikolai, as always, tired out two spans of horses, and yet had not had time enough to go to all the places where he was needed and summoned; he came home just before dinner time. As soon as he came in, he noticed and felt this atmosphere so charged with the electrical tension of love, but more especially he remarked a strange embarrassment existing among several of those who were gathered in the drawing-room. Peculiarly agitated were Sonya, Dolokhof, and the old countess, and, to a certain extent, his sister Natasha. Nikolai perceived that something must have happened between Sonya and Dolokhof, and, in accordance with his impulsive nature, and the genuine tact characteristic of him, he showed himself very affectionate and considerate toward these two.

That evening, it being, as we have already said, the third day of the Christmastide, there was to be one of the balls which Logel, the dancing master, used to give during the holidays to the young men and women of his *clientèle*.

"Nikolenka, you will go to Logel's, won't you? Please do!" said Natasha to him. "He invited you especially, and Vasili Dmitritch is going." (By Vasili Dmitritch, she meant Denisof.)

"Where wouldn't I go at the countess's request!" ex-

claimed Denisof, who, in a joking way, occupied in the Rostof household the position of knight to Natasha. "I am weady to dance even the *pas de châte!*"

"I will if I have time. I promised to go to the Arkharofs, who have a party this evening," said Nikolai.

"And you?" he asked turning to Dolokhof. But the moment the words had left his lip, he perceived that he had committed a blunder.

"Yes, perhaps so," replied Dolokhof, coolly and laconically, glancing at Sonya, frowning, and giving Nikolai exactly the same sort of a look that he had given Pierre, the night of the dinner to Bagration at the club.

"There must be something up," said Nikolai to himself, and he was still further confirmed in this impression by the fact that Dolokhof took his departure immediately after dinner. He called Natasha to him, and asked what the matter was.

"And I was just looking for you," exclaimed Natasha, running to him. "I told you so, but you would not believe me," said she, triumphantly. "He has proposed for Sonya."

Little as Sonya had occupied Nikolai's thoughts during these last weeks, still he felt a sort of pang when he learned this. Dolokhof was a suitable, and in some respects a brilliant match for the dowerless orphan, Sonya. From the old countess's standpoint, and that of society, it was simple madness to refuse him. And, therefore, Nikolai's first feeling on hearing this piece of news, was that of indignation against the girl.

He had it on his tongue's end to say: "And it is an excellent thing, of course, for her to forget her old promises, and accept this first proposal," but before he spoke, Natasha went on, —

"And can you imagine it, she refused him? — absolutely refused him! She told him that she loved some one else," she added, after a moment's silence.

"Yes, and could my Sonya have done anything else!" thought Nikolai.

"In spite of all mamma's arguments, she refused him, and I know that she won't change her decision if she said that."

"And mamma tried to persuade her?" he asked reproachfully.

"Yes," said Natasha. "And now, Nikolenka — and don't be vexed — but I know you will never marry her. I am sure of it, God knows why, but I am perfectly certain that you will never marry her."

"Well, you know nothing about it at all," said Nikolai,

"But I must have a little talk with her. How charming she is! our Sonya," he added with a smile.

"Charming! Indeed she is. I will send her to you."

And Natasha, kissing her brother, ran away.

In a moment, Sonya came in alarmed and abashed, as though she had been doing something wrong. Nikolai went to her, and kissed her hand. This was the first opportunity that they had enjoyed for some time of being alone together, and talking about their love.

"Sophie," said he timidly, and then all the time growing more and more confident. "If you have seen fit to refuse—it is not only a brilliant, but a very advantageous offer; he is a splendid, noble fellow; and he is a friend of mine."

Sonya interrupted him.

"I have already refused him," said she, hastily.

"If you have refused him for my sake, then I am afraid that I"—

Sonya again interrupted him. She looked at him with beseeching, frightened eyes.

"Nicolas, don't speak of that, please," said she.

"Nay, but I must. May be it is *suffisance*, unbounded conceit on my part, but it is better to speak. If you have refused him for my sake, then I ought to tell you the whole truth. I love you, I think, more than all"—

"That is all I want," said Sonya, with a sigh.

"No! but I have fallen in love a thousand times, and I shall fall in love again, but I shall never find any one so friendly, so true, so lovely as you. But then I am young. *Maman* does not approve of this. So, then, simply I can't make any promises. And I beg of you to reconsider Dolokhof's proposal," said he, finding it hard to speak his friend's name.

"Don't mention such a thing. I have no desires at all. I love you as though you were my brother, and shall always love you, and that is quite enough for me."

"You are an angel! I am not worthy of you, but what I am afraid is that I might deceive you!" Nikolai once more kissed her hand.

CHAPTER XII.

"IOGEL has the jolliest balls in Moscow." This was what the mammas said, as they looked at their *adolescentes*, practising the steps which they had just been learning; this was said also by the grown-up girls and young men, who came to these

balls with just a shade of condescension, and, nevertheless, found there the very best amusement.

This very same year, two engagements had resulted from these balls. The two pretty princesses Gorchakova found husbands there, and brought these balls into still greater vogue. Their peculiarity was the lack of any host or hostess: — they merely had the good-natured Igol, light as flying down, bowing and scraping, according to the rules of his art; and almost all of his guests were those from whom he had received bank-notes in payment for dancing lessons. The fact was only those came to these balls who liked to dance and have a good time with the zest of thirteen or fourteen year old maidens wearing a long dress for the first time in their lives.

All, with rare exceptions, were pretty, or at least seemed to be. How enthusiastically they all smiled, and how eloquent were their sparkling eyes! Sometimes even the *pas de châte*, or shawl figure was danced by his most advanced pupils, and of these, Natasha was the best, being distinguished for her grace; but at this, the last of the season, they danced only *schottisches Anglaises*, and the mazurka, which was now beginning to be fashionable.

Igol engaged for the ball the large drawing-room in the Bezukhof mansion, and the ball was a great success, as everyone confessed. Many were the pretty girls, and the Rostof maidens were among the prettiest. Both of them were remarkably happy and gay. That evening, before she started, Sonya, proud of Dolokhof's proposal, of her refusal of him, and her explanation with Nikolai, whirled around the house, scarcely giving her maid a chance to comb her hair, and now she was perfectly transfigured with impetuous delight.

Natasha, not less proud of going to this ball, for the first time in a long dress, was even more radiant. Both wore muslin gowns with pink ribbons.

The moment they entered the ballroom, Natasha began to be enamoured of everyone. She was not enamoured of any one in particular, but of all! Whomever her eyes happened to fall upon, with him she was deeply in love for the time being.

"Akh! how nice it is!" she kept saying, whenever she met Sonya.

Nikolai and Denisof strolled through the rooms, looking graciously and condescendingly on the dancers.

"How pwetty she is! She will be a waving beauty!"

"Who?"

"The Countess Natasha," replied Denisof.

"And how charmingly she dances! What gwace!" he said once more, after a little pause.

"Whom are you talking about?"

"I was refe'wing to your sister," said Denisof, testily.

Rostof smiled.

"My dear count, you are one of my best pupils. you must dance," said the little Iogel, coming up to Nikolai. "Just see what a lot of pretty girls."*

And with the same request he turned to Denisof, who also had been one of his pupils.

"No, my dear, I pwefer to be a wall-flower."† replied Denisof.

"Don't you wemember how illy I pwofited by your lessons?"

"Oh, no," said Iogel, hastening to reassure him. "You were only somewhat inattentive, but you had the ability; oh yes, you had the ability."

The band now began to play the newly introduced mazurka. Nikolai could not refuse Iogel, and invited Sonya as his partner. Denisof sat down with some of the elderly ladies, and leaning his elbows on his sword, and beating time with his foot, told jolly stories and made the old ladies laugh, while his eyes followed the young people dancing.

Iogel led the mazurka with Natasha, who was his pride and his best pupil. Noiselessly, skilfully shuffling his feet, shod in pumps, Iogel flew around the hall with Natasha, rather timid, but, nevertheless, performing all the steps with the utmost care.

Denisof did not take his eyes from her, and thumped his sword in time, with an expression that said clearly that he was not dancing simply because he did not care to, and not because he was not able. In the midst of the figure, he saw Rostof passing, and called him to him.

"That's no way at all," said he, "do you call that the Polish mazurka? But she dances admiwably though!"

Knowing that Denisof in Poland had won great reputation for his skill in dancing the genuine Polish mazurka, Nikolai glided over to Natasha,—

"Go ahead," said he, "choose Denisof! He dances splendidly! It's wonderful!"

When it came Natasha's turn again, she got up and swiftly *chasseeing* across the hall in her dainty slippers trimmed with rosettes, she blushing made her way to the corner where

* "*Mon cher comte, vous êtes l'un de mes meilleurs écoliers; il faut que vous dansiez. Voyez combien de jolies demoiselles.*"

† "*Non, mon cher, je fe'ai tapisse'ie.*"

Denisof was sitting. She saw that all were looking at her and waiting. Nikolai noticed that Denisof and Natasha were having a playful quarrel, and that the former refused, but smiled with gratification. He went up to them.

"Please, Vasili Dmitritch," said Natasha. "Come, please do!"

"I pway you, let me off, countess."

"There, there, that's no excuse, Vasya!" said Nikolai.

"You're like two kittens twying to persuade Vaska, the old cat," said Denisof, jestingly.

"I will sing a whole evening for you," pleaded Natasha.

"The little enchantwess can do what she likes with me!" exclaimed Denisof, and he laid aside his sword. He made his way out from among the chairs, firmly grasped his partner's hand, threw back his head, and put his feet in position, waiting to catch the beat of the music.

Only on horseback, or while dancing the mazurka, was Denisof's small stature lost sight of, and he appeared to be the gallant young hero that he felt himself to be. While waiting to get the time, he glanced up at his partner triumphantly and mischievously, then suddenly rapped his heel on the floor, and, like a tennis ball, bounded up elastically, and sped out into the middle of the room, carrying his lady with him. Noiselessly, he flew half across the hall on one foot, and, apparently, not seeing the chairs ranged in front of him was like to have run right into them; but suddenly clinking his spurs and spreading his legs, he stopped on his heels, stood so for a second, then with a clanking of his spurs, making a sort of double shuffle, quickly turned about, and with his left heel clicking against the right, he again *chasseed* around the circle.

Natasha realized by a sort of intuition what he intended to do, and herself not knowing how, simply followed him, and gave herself up to his guidance.

Now he put his left arm around her waist, then his right; now he would fall on his knee, and cause her to pirouette around him, and then, again, he would spring up and *chassee* off in a straight line with such impetuosity, without even taking breath, that it seemed as though they were going straight through all the rooms; then suddenly he would come to a pause again, and execute some other new and unexpected evolution. When at last, swiftly whirling his lady about in front of her own seat and jingling his spurs, he made her a low bow, Natasha forgot to perform a courtesy. In perplexity, she fixed her eyes upon him, smiling: it seemed to her that she

did not know him. "What does this mean?" she asked herself.

Although Iogel refused to acknowledge such a dance as a proper mazurka, all were in raptures over the skill manifested. Denisof was in constant requisition as a partner, and the old people, smiling, began to talk about Poland, and about the good old times. Denisof, flushed from the exertion of the mazurka, and wiping his face with his handkerchief, sat down next Natasha, and through the rest of the evening did not leave her side.

CHAPTER XIII.

FOR two days, Rostof had not seen Dolokhof at his house, or found him at home; on the third day, he received a note from him,—

"As I intend never to visit your house again, from reasons which you may appreciate, and as I am about to rejoin my regiment, I am going to give to my friends a farewell supper this evening. Come to the Hôtel d'Angleterre."

At ten o'clock that evening, after the theatre, where he had been with Denisof and his family, Rostof repaired to the place which Dolokhof had designated. He was immediately shown into the handsomest room of the hotel, which Dolokhof had hired for the occasion. A score of men were gathered around the table, at the head of which sat Dolokhof, between two candles. There was a pile of gold and bills on the table, and Dolokhof was keeping the bank.

Since Dolokhof's proposal and Sonya's refusal, Nikolai had not seen him, and he felt a slight sense of confusion at the thought of their meeting.

Dolokhof's keen, cold eyes met Nikolai's the moment he entered the room, as though he had been waiting for him for some time.

"We have not met for several days," said Dolokhof, "thank you for coming. Here I will only finish this hand. Ilyushka and his chorus are coming."

"I have called at your house," said Rostof reddening.

Dolokhof made him no answer. "You may bet if you will."

Rostof recalled a strange conversation which he had once had with Dolokhof. "Only fools play on chance," had been Dolokhof's remark at the time.

"But perhaps you are afraid to play with me," said Dolokhof now, as though he read Rostof's thought, and he smiled.

In spite of that smile, Rostof could plainly see that he was in the same frame of mind that he had been at the time of the dinner at the club, or, one might say, at any of those times when as it were, Dolokhof felt himself under the necessity of breaking the monotony of his quiet life by some *outré*, and usually outrageous action.

Rostof felt ill at ease. He racked his brain, but was unable to find an appropriate repartee for Dolokhof's words. But before he had a chance to reply, Dolokhof, looking straight into Rostof's face, said slowly, with deliberate intervals between the words, and loud enough for all to hear, —

"Do you remember you and I were talking once about gambling. . . . 'It's a fool, a durak, who is willing to play games of chance. One ought to play a sure hand.' I said so, but I am going to try it anyway."

"Try the chance or the sure thing — I wonder which," thought Rostof.

"Well, you'd better not play," he added, and springing the freshly opened pack of cards, he added: "Bank, gentlemen!"

Pushing the money forward, Dolokhof prepared to start the bank. Rostof took a seat near him, and at first did not play. Dolokhof glanced at him.

"What? Won't you take a hand?" and strangely enough Nikolai felt it incumbent upon him to take a card and stake an insignificant sum. It was thus that he began to play.

"I have no money with me," he said.

"I will trust you."

Rostof named five rubles as his stake and lost; he staked again, and again he lost. Dolokhof trumped, in other words took Rostof's stake ten times running.

"Gentlemen," said he, after he had been keeping the bank some time, "I beg of you to lay your stakes on the cards, otherwise, I may become confused in the accounts."

One of the players ventured the hope that he was to be trusted.

"Trusted, certainly, but I am afraid of getting the accounts mixed. I beg of you to lay your money on the cards," replied Dolokhof. "Don't you worry yourself, you and I will settle our accounts afterwards," he added, turning to Rostof.

The game went on; the servant kept filling their glasses with champagne.

All Rostof's cards failed to be matched, and his losses amounted to eight hundred rubles. He was just writing

down on the back of a card eight hundred rubles, but as it happened that at that moment, a glass of champagne was handed him, he hesitated, and once more staked the sum that he had been risking all along, that is twenty rubles.

"Make it that," said Dolokhof, though he was apparently not looking at Rostof. "You'll win it back all the quicker. The others win but you keep losing. Or are you afraid of me?" he insisted.

Rostof acquiesced, staked the eight hundred which he had written down on a seven of hearts with a bent corner, which he had picked up from the floor. He remembered it well enough afterwards. He laid down this seven of hearts, after writing on the piece torn off, the figures eight hundred, in large, distinct characters; he drank the glass of foaming champagne handed him by the waiter, smiled at Dolokhof's words, and with anxious heart, while hoping that a seven would turn up, watched the pack of cards in Dolokhof's hands.

The gain or loss dependent upon this seven of hearts, would have very serious consequences for Rostof. On the preceding Sunday, Count Ilya Andreyitch had given his son two thousand rubles, and although he generally disliked to speak of his pecuniary difficulties, had told him that he could not have any more till May, and therefore begged him for this once, to be rather economical. Nikolai had told him that that would be amply sufficient, and gave him his word of honor not to ask for any more money till spring.

And now out of that sum, only twelve hundred rubles were left. Of course that seven of hearts if he lost on it, would signify not only the loss of sixteen hundred rubles, but also the necessity of breaking his word to his father. With heart sinking therefore, he watched Dolokhof's hands and said to himself, —

"Now let him hurry up and give me this card, and I will put on my cap and go home to supper with Denisof, Natasha, and Sonya, and truly I will never as long as I live, take a card into my hands again."

At that instant his home life, his romps with Petya, his talks with Sonya, his duets with Natasha, his game of piquet with his father, and even his peaceful bed in his home on the Pavarskaya, came over him with such force and vividness and attraction, that it seemed to him like an inestimable bliss, that had passed and been destroyed forever.

He could not bring himself to believe that blind chance, by

throwing the seven of hearts to the right rather than to the left, might deprive him of all this just comprehended and just appreciated happiness, and plunge him into the abyss of a wretchedness never before experienced, and of which he had no adequate idea. It could not be so, and yet with a fever of expectation, he watched every motion of Dolokhof's hands. Those coarse reddish hands with wide knuckles and hairy wrists, showing from under his shirt bands, laid down the pack of cards, and took up the champagne glass that had been handed him, and put his pipe in his mouth.

"And so you are not afraid to play with me?" repeated Dolokhof, and as though for the purpose of telling some humorous story he laid down the cards, leaned back in his chair, and with a smile deliberately began to speak, —

"Yes, gentlemen. I have been told that there is a report current in Moscow, that I am a sharper, and so I advise you to be on your guard against me."

"Come now, deal ahead!" said Rostof.

"Okh! these Moscow grannies!" exclaimed Dolokhof, and with a smile he took up the cards.

"Aaaakh!" almost screamed Rostof, clasping his head with both hands. The seven which he needed already lay on top, the very first card in the pack. He had lost more than he could pay.

"I wouldn't ruin myself!" said Dolokhof, giving Rostof a passing glance, and proceeded to shuffle the cards.

CHAPTER XIV.

DURING the next hour and a half, the majority of the gamblers watched with much amusement their own play.

The whole interest of the game centred on Rostof alone. Instead of the sixteen hundred rubles there was already a long column of figures which he had reckoned to be at least ten thousand rubles, and which he now vaguely imagined to be perhaps fifteen thousand. In reality the sums footed up to more than twenty thousand rubles.

Dolokhof no longer listened to stories or told them himself; he watched each motion of Rostof's hands, and occasionally cast hasty glances at the paper containing Rostof's indebtedness. He had made up his mind to keep him playing until his losses should reach forty-three thousand rubles. He had selected

this number because forty-three represented the sum of his and Sonya's ages.

Rostof, supporting his head in both hands, sat in front of the table, now all marked up with chalk, wet with wine, and littered with cards. One special impression was painful, but it did not restrain him: those wide-jointed, red hands with the hairy wrists, those hands which he loved and which he also hated, held him in their power.

"Six hundred rubles, ace, quarter-stakes, nine spot — impossible to win it back — and how gay it is at home! — Knave on five — it cannot be. — And why is he treating me so?" thought Rostof, and he remembered.

Sometimes he staked on a card a large sum, but Dolokhof refused to accept it, and himself named a lower figure. Nikolai would submit, and then pray God, just as he had prayed on the battle-field at the bridge of Amstetten; then it would occur to him, that perhaps the first card that he should draw from the pile of rejected cards on the table would save him; then he would count up the number of buttons on his jacket, and select a card with the same number on which to stake the double of what he had already lost; then again, he would look for aid to the other players, or glance into Dolokhof's face, now so stern and cold, and try to read what was passing in his mind.

"Of course he knows what this loss means for me. It cannot be that he desires me to lose like this. For he was my friend. For I loved him. But of course it isn't his fault; how can he help it if luck favors him? And neither am I to blame," said he to himself. "I have done nothing wrong. Have I killed any one, or insulted any one, or wished any one evil? Why, then, this horrible misfortune? And when did it begin? It was only such a short time ago that I came to this table with the idea of winning a hundred rubles, so as to buy for mamma's birthday that jewel box, and then go home. I was so happy, so free from care, so gay! And I did not realize then how happy I was! When did it all end, and when did this new, this horrible state of things begin? What does this change signify? And here I am, just the same as before, sitting in the same place at his table, choosing and moving the same cards, and looking at those wide-knuckled, dexterous hands. When did this take place, and what is it that has taken place? I am well, strong, and just the same as I was, and in the self-same place! No, it cannot be! Surely, this cannot end in such a way!"

His face was flushed, he was all of a sweat, in spite of the fact that it was not warm in the room. And his face was terrible and pitiable, especially on account of his futile efforts to seem composed.

The list of his losses was nearing the fatal number of forty-three thousand. Rostof had turned down the corner of a card as the quarter-stakes for three thousand rubles, which he had just won, when Dolokhof, rapping with the pack, flung it down, and taking the lump of chalk began swiftly to reckon up the sum total of Rostof's losses, with his firm, legible figures, breaking the chalk as he did so.

"It's time for supper, and here are the Tsigans!"

It was a fact: at that moment a number of dark-skinned men and women came in, bringing with them a gust of cold air, and saying something in their gypsy accent. Nikolai realized that all was over; but he said, in an indifferent tone, —

"What, can't we play any more? Ah, but I had a splendid little card all ready!" Just as though the mere amusement of the game were what interested him the most!

"All is over! I have lost!" was what he thought. "Now a bullet through my brains — that's all that's left," and yet he said in a jocund tone: "Come now, just this one card!"

"Very well," replied Dolokhof, completing the sum total, "Very good! Make it twenty-one rubles then," said he pointing to the figures twenty-one, which was over and above the round sum of forty-three thousand, and taking up the pack of cards, he began to shuffle them. Rostof obediently turned back the corner, and instead of the six thousand which he was going to wager, carefully wrote twenty-one.

"It's all the same to me!" said he, "all I wanted to know was whether you would give me the ten or not."

Dolokhof gravely began to deal. Oh, how Rostof at that moment hated those red hands, with the short fingers and the hairy wrists emerging from his shirt bands, those hands that had him in their grasp! The ten spot fell to him.

"Well, you owe me just forty-three thousand, count," said Dolokhof, getting up from the table and stretching himself. "One gets tired sitting still so long," he added.

"Yes, I am very tired, also," said Rostof.

Dolokhof, as though to remind him that it was not seemly to jest, interrupted him, —

"When do you propose to pay me this money, count?"

Rostof, coloring with shame, drew Dolokhof into another

room. "I cannot pay you at such short notice, you must take my I.O.U.," said he.

"Listen, Rostof," said Dolokhof, with a candid smile. "you know the proverb: 'Lucky in love, unlucky at cards.' Your cousin is in love with you, I know."

"Oh! how horrible it is to be in this man's power," thought Rostof. He realized what a blow it would be to his father, to his mother, to learn that he had been gambling and losing so much. He realized what happiness it would be if he could only have avoided doing it, or could escape confessing it, and he realized that Dolokhof knew how easily he might save him from this shame and pain, and yet, here he was playing with him as a cat plays with a mouse.

"Your cousin," Dolokhof started to say; but Nikolai interrupted him.

"My cousin has nothing to do with this, and there is no need of bringing her in," he cried, in a fury.

"Then when will you pay me?" demanded Dolokhof.

"To-morrow," replied Rostof, and he left the room.

CHAPTER XV.

To say 'to-morrow,' and to preserve the conventional tone of decency, was easy enough; but to go home alone, to see his brother and sisters, his father and mother, to confess his fault and ask for money to which he had no right, after giving his word of honor, was horrible.

When Nikolai reached home, the family were still up. The young people on their return from the theatre had had supper, and were now sitting at the harpsichord. As soon as he entered the room he felt himself surrounded by that poetical atmosphere of love which had reigned all winter in that home, and which, now, after Dolokhof's proposal and Logel's ball, had seemed to condense around Sonya and Natasha, like the air before a thunderstorm. Sonya and Natasha were in the blue gowns which they had worn to the theatre. Pretty, and realizing that fact, they stood happy and smiling around the harpsichord. Viera and Shinshin were playing checkers in the drawing-room. The old countess, waiting for her son and husband, was laying out a game of solitaire with the aid of an old noblewoman who made her home in their family. Denisof, with shining eyes rolled up, and bristling hair, sat at the harpsichord with one leg thrust out behind him, and while

drumming out the accompaniment with his little, short fingers, was singing in his thin, hoarse, but eminently true voice, some verses that he had composed under the title "The Enchantress," and to which he was trying to suit appropriate music, —

"Enchantress, tell what potent charm thou swayest,
That to unwonted chords my spirit tends?
What magic fire within my heart thou layest?
What rapture thrills me to my fingers' ends?"

He sang in a passionate voice, and fixed his bright, black, agate-colored eyes on Natasha.

"Lovely! delightful!" cried she. "Still another verse," she urged, not yet perceiving Nikolai.

"With them, it is just the same," said the poor boy, looking into the drawing-room where he saw his mother and the old lady.

"Ah! and here is Nikolenka!" cried Natasha, running to him.

"Is *papenka* at home?" he demanded.

"How glad I am that you have come!" exclaimed Natasha, not answering his question. "We are having such a jolly time; Vasili Dmitritch is going to stay another day, just for my sake; did you know it?"

"No, papa hasn't come home yet," said Sonya.

"Koko, have you come? Come here, dear!" cried the countess from the drawing-room. Nikolai went to his mother, kissed her hand, and, without saying a word, took a seat near her table and began to watch her hands as she laid out the cards. From the music room they could hear the sounds of laughter, and merry voices trying to persuade Natasha.

"Well, very good, very good," exclaimed Denisof. "Now there's no denying you anything; but it's your turn! Give us the *barcarolla*, I beg of you!"

The countess noticed her son's silence, —

"What's the matter with you?" she asked.

"Akh, nothing," said he, as though he had heard the same question till he was weary of it. "Will *papenka* be back soon?"

"I think so."

"They are the same as ever. They know nothing about it. Where can I hide myself?" thought Nikolai, and he went again into the music-room where the harpsichord stood.

Sonya was sitting at it and playing the introduction to the barcarole which was Denisof's especial favorite. Natasha was

preparing to sing. Denisof was looking at her with enthusiastic eyes.

Nikolai began to pace up and down the room. "Now why should they want to make her sing? What can she sing? There's nothing here to make a fellow feel happy!" ran Nikolai's thoughts.

Sonya struck the first chord of the introduction.

"My God, I am a ruined, dishonorable man! A bullet through my brain, that is the only thing left for me, and not singing!" his thoughts went on. "Go away! But where? Very well, let them sing!"

Nikolai continued gloomily to stride up and down the room, glancing at Denisof and the girls, but avoiding their eyes.

"Nikolenka, what is the matter?" Sonya's eyes, fixed upon him, seemed to ask. She had immediately seen that something unusual had happened to him.

Nikolai turned away from her. Natasha also, with her quickness of perception, had instantly noticed her brother's preoccupation. She had observed it, but she felt so full of merriment at that time, her mood was so far removed from grief, melancholy, and reproaches, that (as often happens in the case of young girls) she purposely deceived herself.

"No, I'm too happy now to disturb my joy by trying to sympathize in the unhappiness of another," was her feeling, and she said to herself: "No, I am, of course, mistaken; he must be as happy as I am! it must be that he is as happy as I am myself. Now, Sonya," said she, and she started to go to the very middle of the music-room, where, in her opinion, her voice would have the most resonance. Lifting her head, and letting her hands hang easily by her side, just as ballet dancers do, Natasha, with a fine display of energy, skipping from her little heels to her tiptoes, flew out into the middle of the room, and there paused. "See what a girl I am!" she seemed to say, in answer to Denisof's enthusiastic eyes following her.

"Now, what is she so happy about, I wonder?" queried Nikolai, as he glanced at his sister. "And how can it be that she isn't tired to death of it all?"

Natasha took the first note, her throat swelled, her bosom rose, her eyes assumed a serious expression. She thought of no one, of nothing in particular at that moment, and from the smiling mouth gushed the sounds, those sounds which may proceed in the same *tempo* and with the same rhythm, but which a thousand times leave you cold and unmoved, and the thousand and first time make you tremble and weep.

Natasha that winter had for the first time begun to take singing seriously, and in large measure because Denisof had been so enthusiastic over her voice. She sang now not like a school-girl, nor was there in her singing anything of that ludicrous, childish effort which had formerly been characteristic of her. She still sang far from well, as all the connoisseurs who had heard her declared. "Not developed yet, but still a lovely voice; she ought to cultivate it," said every one. But this was said generally some time after the sounds of her voice had entirely died away. While this, as yet, untrained voice, breathing in the wrong places, and finding it difficult to conquer rapid runs, was ringing out, even connoisseurs found nothing to say, but felt themselves unexpectedly moved by it, and only anxious to hear it again. In her voice there was a girlish sensitiveness, an unconscionableness of its own powers, and an untrained velvetytness, which were combined with the lack of knowledge of the art of singing in such a way that it seemed as if it would be impossible to change anything in that voice without ruining it.

"What does this mean?" queried Nikolai, as he listened to her voice and opened his eyes wide. "What has come over her? How she sings to-day?" he said to himself. And suddenly all the world for him was concentrated on the expectation of the following note, the succeeding phrase, and every thing in the world was divided into those three beats: "*Oh, mio crudele affetto*" — one — two — three; one — two — three — one — two! "*oh, mio crudele affetto*" — one — two — three. "Ekh! how foolish our life all is!" said Nikolai to himself. "All of it, and our wretchedness, and money, and Dolokhof, and anger, and honor; it is all rubbish, and this is the only real thing! There, Natasha, there *golubchik!* there *mútushka!* Will she take that *si?* Yes, she's taken it. Glory to God — *Slava Bohu!*" and he himself, without noticing that he was singing, struck in the second a third below, in order to support that *si*.

"Good heavens! how nice! Did I take it right! How splendid!" he said to himself.

Oh! how that accord vibrated! and how all that was best in Rostof's soul came up to the surface. And this was something independent of all in the world, and higher than all in the world. What, in comparison with this were his losses, and such men as Dolokhof, and his word of honor! All rubbish. One might kill and rob and still be happy!

CHAPTER XVI.

It was long since Rostof had experienced any such delight from music as he did that night. But as soon as Natasha had finished her bacarole, the grim reality again came back to him. Without saying a word to any one, he left the room and went up to his own chamber. Within a quarter of an hour the old count came in from the club, gay and satisfied. Nikolai, finding that he had come, went to his room.

"Well, have you been having a pleasant day?" asked Ilya Andreyitch, smiling gayly and proudly at his son. Nikolai wanted to say "yes," but he found it impossible: it was as much as he could do to keep from bursting into tears. The count began to puff at his pipe, and did not perceive his son's state of mind.

"Ekh! it can't be avoided," said Nikolai to himself, for the first and last time. And suddenly, in a negligent tone which seemed to himself utterly shameful, he said to his father, just as though he were asking for the carriage to drive down town,—

"Papa, I came to speak to you about business. I had forgotten all about it. I need some money."

"What's that?" said the father, who had come home in a peculiarly good-natured frame of mind. "I told you that you wouldn't have enough. Do you need much?"

"Ever so much," said Nikolai reddening, and with a stupid, careless smile which it was long before he could pardon himself for. "I have been losing a little; that is, considerable; I might say a great deal — forty-three thousand."

"What? To whom? You are joking!" cried the count, flushing, just as elderly men are apt to flush, with an apoplectic rush of blood coloring his neck and the back of his head.

"I promised to pay it to-morrow," continued Nikolai.

"Well!" said the old count, spreading his hands and falling helplessly back upon the sofa.

"What's to be done? It's what might happen to any one!" said the son in a free-and-easy tone of banter, while all the time in his heart he was calling himself a worthless coward, who could not atone by his whole life for such a thing. He felt an impulse to kiss his father's hands, to fall on his knees and beg his forgiveness, but still he assured his father in that careless and even coarse tone, that this was a thing liable to happen to any one!"

Count Ilya Andreyitch dropped his eyes when he heard his

son's words, and fidgeted about, as though he were trying to find something.

"Yes, yes," he murmured, "it'll be hard work, I am afraid — hard work to raise so much; it happens to every one, yes, yes, it happens to every one."

And the count, with a feeling glance at his son's face, started to leave the room. Nikolai was prepared for a refusal, but he had never expected this.

"*Papenka! Papenka!*" he cried, hastening after him with a sob, "forgive me!" and seizing his father's hand, he pressed it to his lips and burst into tears.

While father and son were having this conversation, a no-less-important confession was taking place between the mother and daughter. Natasha, in great excitement, had run in where her mother was.

"Mamma! mamma! He has done it!"

"Done what?"

"He has done it! He has made me an offer; mamma! mamma!" she cried.

The countess did not believe her ears. Denisof made a proposal! To whom? To this little chit of a Natasha, who only a short time since was playing with her dolls, and even now was only a school-girl.

"Natasha! Come now! No nonsense!" said she, still hoping that it was a joke.

"Why do you say 'nonsense.' I tell you just as it is," said Natasha, indignantly. "I came to ask you what I should do about it, and you call it 'nonsense.'"

The countess shrugged her shoulders: "If it is true that *Monsieur* Denisof has made you an offer, then tell him that he is a fool, and that's all there is of it!"

"No, he is not a fool," replied Natasha, in a grave and offended tone.

"Well then, what do you wish? It seems to me that these days all of you are falling in love. Well, if you love him, then marry him," exclaimed the countess, with an angry laugh. "Good luck to you!"

"No, mamma, I'm not in love with him; it can't be that I am!"

"Well, then, go and tell him so!"

"Mamma, are you annoyed? Don't be annoyed, sweetheart,* now wherein, I should like to know, was I to blame?"

* *Golubushka.*

"No, but what do you wish, my dear? Shall I go and tell him?" asked the countess, smiling.

"Certainly not, I will answer him myself, only tell me what to say. Everything comes so easy to you," she added, with an answering smile. "And if you had only seen how he said it to me! For, do you know, I am sure that he did not mean to say it, but it came out accidentally."

"Well, it behooves you, at all events, to refuse him."

"No, not refuse him! I feel so sorry for him! He is such a nice man!"

"Well, then, accept his proposal. Indeed, it is time you were married," exclaimed her mother, in a sharp, derisive tone.

"No, mamma, I pity him so. I don't know how to tell him!"

"Well then, if you can't find anything to say, I myself will go and speak with him," said the countess, stirred to the soul that any one should dare to look upon her little Natasha as already grown up.

"No, not for anything: I will tell him myself, and you may listen at the door," and Natasha started to run through the drawing-room into the music-room where Denisof was still sitting on the same chair by the harpsichord with his face in his hands. He sprang up the moment he heard her light steps.

"Natalie," said he, going toward her with quick steps, "decide my fate. It is in your hands."

"Vasili Dmitritch, I am so sorry for you. Oh! but you are so splendid. No, it cannot be; it is — but I shall always, always love you."

Denisof bent over her hand, and she heard strange sounds which she could not understand. She kissed him on his dark, curly, disordered hair. At this instant, was heard the hurried rustle of the countess's dress. She came toward them.

"Vasili Dmitritch, I thank you for the honor," said the countess in a troubled tone of voice, which seemed to Denisof to be stern. "But my daughter is so young, and I should have thought that you, as a friend of my son's, would have addressed me first. In that case you might not have forced me to such an unavoidable refusal."

"Countess," said Denisof, with downcast eyes, and a guilty look, and vainly trying to stammer something more.

Natasha could not look with any composure upon him, it was so pitiable to see him. She began to sob aloud.

"Countess, I have done wrong," at last he managed to artic-

ulate in a broken voice. "But pway believe me, I adore your daughter and all your family, and I would gladly saewifice my life twice over for you." He looked up at the countess, and seeing her stern face, "Well, good-by countess," he added, and kissing her hand and not even looking at Natasha, he left the room with quick, resolute steps.

Rostof spent the next day with Denisof, who would not hear to staying any longer in Moscow. All his Moscow friends gave him a send-off, with the aid of the gypsies, and he had no recollection of how he was packed into his sledge, or how he rode the first three stages.

After Denisof's departure, Rostof spent a fortnight longer at home, waiting for the money which the old count was unable to raise at such short notice; he did not leave the house, and spent most of the time with the girls.

Sonya was more affectionate and devoted to him than ever. It seemed as if she were anxious to show him that his gambling losses were quite an exploit, for which she could only love him the more, but Nikolai now felt that he was unworthy of her.

He filled the girls' albums with verses and music, and at last, toward the end of November, after paying over the forty-three thousand rubles, and receiving Dolokhof's receipt for it, he started away without taking leave of any of his acquaintances, to rejoin his regiment which was now in Poland.

PART SECOND.

CHAPTER I.

AFTER his scene with his wife, Pierre went to Petersburg. At the post station at Torzhok, there were no horses, or the station master took it into his head not to furnish them. Pierre was obliged to wait. Without undressing, he stretched himself out on the leather divan before a circular table, on which he supported his big feet, in fur-lined boots, and pondered.

"Do you order the trunks brought in? Shall I make up a bed? do you wish tea?" asked his valet.

Pierre made no answer, for the reason that he heard nothing, and saw nothing. He had begun to ponder while at the last station, and still he went on, propounding the same questions, quite too important for him to pay any attention to what was going on around him. He was not in the least interested whether he reached Petersburg sooner or later, or whether or not they found him a place to sleep that night at the station: everything indeed was immaterial in comparison with the thoughts that were now occupying his mind, and it made no difference whether he spent a few hours or his whole life at this station.

The station-master, the station-master's wife, his valet, an old woman who sold Torzhok embroidery, came into the room and offered their services.

Pierre, not changing the elevated position of his feet, looked at them over his spectacles, and did not comprehend what they could want, or how they could live without having decided the questions which were troubling him. He had indeed been occupied by the same questions perpetually ever since that day when after his duel he had returned home from Sokolniki, and spent the first painful, sleepless night; but now, in his solitary journey, they took possession of him with inexorable force. Whatever he began to think about, still his mind reverted to these problems which he could not solve, and could not help asking himself. It was as though the

principal screw on which his whole life depended had got sprung. The screw stays where it is; it does not give way, but it turns without the thread catching, always in the same fillet, and it is impossible to stop turning it.

The station-master came in and began obsequiously to ask his illustriousness to deign to wait only two "little hours," and then he could have for his illustriousness, come what would, post horses for his service. The station-master was evidently lying, and his sole idea was to get as much money as possible from the traveller.

"Is this right, or is it wrong?" Pierre asked himself. "As far as I am concerned, it is good, but is bad for the next traveller; but the station-master can't help himself doing so, because he has nothing to eat; he told me that some officer had given him a thrashing because of it. But perhaps the officer thrashed him because it was necessary for him to hasten away. And I shot at Dolokhof because I considered myself insulted, and Louis XVI. was beheaded because he was convicted as a criminal; but within a year those who had beheaded him were also put to death for something or other. What is wrong? What is right? What must one love? What must one hate? What is the object of life, and what am I? What is life, and what is death? What is the Power that directs all things?" he asked himself. And there was no answer to any one of the questions, except the one, the illogical answer which did not in reality fit any of these questions.

This answer was: "Thou shalt die — all will come to an end! Thou shalt die and know all, or else cease to question."

But the mere thought of death was terrible to him.

The Torzhok pedlar woman, in her piping voice, offered her wares, and called especial attention to her goatskin slippers.

"I have hundreds of rubles which I don't know what to do with, and she in her ragged sheepskin stands there and looks at me timidly," thought Pierre. "And what good would this money do her? Would this money of mine add the value of a single hair to her happiness, to her peace of mind? Can anything on earth make her or me in the least degree less susceptible to evil and death? Death, which ends all, and which may come to-day or to-morrow: everything becomes of equally little importance in comparison with eternity."

And once more he tried to screw up the screw that would not hold, and the screw, as before, kept turning around in the selfsame way.

His servant brought him the half-cut volume of a romance, in the form of letters by Madame de Souza. He began to read of the sufferings and virtuous resistance of the heroine, Amélie de Mansfeld. "And why did she resist her seducer if she loved him?" he asked himself. "God could not have put into her soul a desire which was contrary to his will. My former wife made no struggle, and maybe she was right. Nothing has ever been discovered, nothing ever invented," said Pierre again to himself. "The only thing that we can know is that we know nothing, and this is the highest flight of human wisdom!"

Everything within him and around him seemed confused, incoherent, loathsome. But, nevertheless, in this very loathing of everything, Pierre found a peculiar sense of exasperating delight.

"May I venture to ask your illustriousness to make a little room for this gentleman here?" asked the station-master, coming into the room and introducing another traveller, delayed also by the lack of horses. The new comer was a thick-set, big-boned, little old man, yellow and wrinkled, with gray, beetling brows that shaded glittering eyes of indefinable grayish hue.

Pierre took his feet from the table, got up and threw himself down on the bed that had been made ready for him, occasionally glancing at the stranger, who, with an air of moroseness and fatigue, without paying any heed to Pierre, allowed his servant to help him lay off his wraps.

The old man sat down on the sofa. He had on a well-worn, nankeen-lined sheepskin jacket, and felt boots on his thin, bony legs; his head was large, and very broad in the temples, and his hair was closely cropped. Sitting thus, and leaning back against the sofa, he glanced at Bezukhoi. The grave, intelligent, and penetrating expression of his glance struck Pierre. He felt an inclination to converse with the stranger, but when he had made up his mind to address him with some question about the state of the roads, the old man had already closed his eyes, and was sitting motionless, with his wrinkled old hands folded, — on one finger he wore a heavy, cast-iron ring with a death's head for a seal — and was either dozing, or, as it seemed to Pierre, meditating calmly and profoundly.

The stranger's servant was also a little old man, all covered with wrinkles, without mustache or beard, not because they had been shaven, but because they seemed never to have grown. This agile old servant opened the travelling case,

prepared the tea table, and brought in the boiling *samovar*. When all was ready, the stranger opened his eyes, drew up to the table, and after pouring himself out a glass of tea, filled another for his beardless servant, and handed it to him.

Pierre began to feel uneasy: it seemed to him that it was unavoidable, and even inevitable, that he should enter into conversation with this traveller.

The servant brought back his empty glass, turned bottom side up, and with the lump of sugar untasted, and asked his master if he needed anything.

"Nothing. Hand me my book," said the stranger. The servant handed him a book which Pierre took to be a religious work, and the traveller buried himself in his reading. Pierre looked at him. Suddenly, the stranger laid down his book, put a mark in it and closed it, and again shutting his eyes and leaning back against the sofa, assumed his former position. Pierre gazed at him, but he had no time to look away before the old man opened his eyes and fastened his firm, steady, stern gaze directly on Pierre's face.

Pierre felt confused, and anxious to escape from that searching gaze, but those brilliant old eyes irresistibly attracted him to them.

CHAPTER II.

"IF I am not mistaken, I have the pleasure of addressing Count Bezukhoi," said the stranger, in a loud and deliberate voice.

Pierre, without speaking, gave his neighbor an inquiring look over his spectacles.

"I have heard of you," continued the traveller, "and of the misfortune that has befallen you, my dear sir."

He seemed to lay a special stress on the word, "misfortune," as much as to say: Yes, misfortune, whatever you may call it, for I know that what happened to you in Moscow was a misfortune. "I have a great sympathy for you, my dear sir."

Pierre flushed, and hastily putting down his legs from the bed, bent toward the old man, smiling with a timid and unnatural smile.

"Not from mere curiosity do I remind you of this, my dear sir, but for a much more important reason."

He paused, though his eyes were still fixed upon Pierre, and

he moved along on the sofa, signifying by this action that Pierre should sit down by his side.

It was not particularly agreeable for Pierre to enter into conversation with this old man, but involuntarily submitting, he came and sat down by his side.

"You are unhappy, my dear sir," pursued the stranger, "You are young, I am old. I should like, so far as within me lies, to help you."

"Akh! yes!" replied Pierre, with the same unnatural smile. "Thank you, very much. Have you been travelling far?"

The stranger's face was not genial: on the contrary, it was even cold and stern; but, nevertheless, his face and his speech had an irresistible attraction for Pierre.

"Now, if for any reason it is disagreeable for you to talk with me," said the old man, "tell me frankly, my dear sir." And he suddenly smiled, an unexpected, a paternally affectionate smile.

"Akh! no, not at all; on the contrary, I am very happy to make your acquaintance," said Pierre, and glancing once more at his new acquaintance's hand, he looked more carefully at the ring. He perceived on it the death's head, the symbol of Masonry.

"Allow me to ask," said he, "are you a Mason?"

"Yes, I belong to the Brotherhood of the Freemasons," said the traveller, looking deeper and ever deeper into Pierre's eyes. "And on my own account and that of the craft, I offer you the hand of fellowship."

"I fear," said Pierre, smiling, and hesitating between the confidence inspired in him by the Freemason's personality and his slight estimation, which he shared with others, of the doctrines of the order. "I fear that I am very far from being able to express myself; I fear that my whole system of thought in regard to the world in general is so opposite to yours, that we should not understand each other."

"I know your system of thought," replied the Freemason, "and this system which you mention, and which seems to you the product of your brain, is that common to most men; it is uniformly the fruit of pride, idleness, and ignorance. Excuse me, my dear sir, if I had not known this, I should not have addressed you. Your system of thought is a grievous error."

"In exactly the same way, I can imagine that it is you who are in error," said Pierre, with a feeble smile.

"I never venture to assert that I know the truth," said the

Mason, more and more impressing Pierre by the precision and assurance of his discourse. "No one can alone attain to the truth; it must be stone upon stone, all lending their aid, millions of generations, from the first Adam even down to our day, building the temple which is destined to be the suitable abiding place for the Most High God," said the Mason, and he shut his eyes.

"I must tell you, I do not believe — do not believe in God," said Pierre, with an effort, and a sense of regret, but feeling it indispensable to confess the whole truth.

The Mason looked earnestly at Pierre and smiled, much as a rich man, who had millions in his hands, might smile upon a poor man, who should tell him that he had nothing, and that five rubles would make him the happiest of men.

"Yes, you do not know Him, my dear sir," said the Mason. "You cannot know Him — you cannot know Him; therefore, you are unhappy."

"Yes, yes, I am unhappy," repeated Pierre. "But what am I to do?"

"You do not know Him, my dear sir, and therefore you are very unhappy. You do not know Him, but He is here; He is in me, He is in my words, He is in thee, and even in those blasphemous words that thou hast just uttered," said the Mason, in his stern, vibrating voice.

He paused and sighed, evidently trying to master his emotion.

"If He did not exist," said he, gently, "you and I would not be speaking about Him, my dear sir. Of, what, of whom have we been speaking? Whom didst thou deny?" he suddenly asked, with a tone of enraptured sternness and power in his voice. "Who would have invented Him, if He did not exist? How camest thou to have the hypothesis that such an incomprehensible being existed? How came you and all the world to suppose the existence of an incomprehensible being, — a being omnipotent, eternal, and infinite in all His attributes?"

He paused, and remained silent for some time.

Pierre could not and would not break in upon his silence.

"He is, but it is hard to comprehend Him," said the Mason at last, looking not into Pierre's face, but straight ahead, while his aged-looking hands, which he could not keep quiet, owing to his internal excitement, kept fumbling with the leaves of his book.

"If it were a man whose existence thou disbelieved, I could

bring this man to thee, I would take him by the hand and show him to thee. But how can I, an insignificant mortal, show all His omnipotence, all His infinity, all His goodness to him who is blind, or to him who shuts his eyes, in order not to see, not to comprehend Him, and not to see and not to comprehend all his own vileness and depravity?"

He paused again.

"Who art thou? What art thou? Thou imaginest that thou art heroic because thou canst utter those blasphemous words," said he, with a saturnine and scornful laugh. "And thou art stupider and less intelligent than a little child, which, playing with the artistically constructed parts of a clock, should dare to say that because it did not understand the clock, it did not believe in the artificer who made it. To comprehend Him is hard. For ages, since our first ancestor Adam even down to our own days, we have been striving to comprehend him, and we are still infinitely far from the attainment of our purpose; but while we cannot comprehend Him, we see only our feebleness and His majesty."

Pierre, with agitated heart and burning eyes, looked at the Mason, listening to his words, not interrupting him or asking him any questions; but with all his soul he believed in what this strange man told him. Whether it was that he was convinced by the reasonable arguments that the Mason employed, or was persuaded, as children are, by the conviction, by the sincerity expressed by the Mason's intonations, by the trembling voice that sometimes almost failed him, or by the brilliant eyes that had grown old in this conviction, or by that calmness, security, and belief in his own mission, which radiated from his whole being, and which especially impressed him when he compared it with his own looseness of belief and hopelessness,—he could not tell; at all events, he desired with all his soul to believe, and he did believe, and experienced a joyous sense of calmness, regeneration, and restoration to life.

"It is not by the intellect that He is understood, but by life," said the Mason.

"I do not understand," said Pierre, finding with dread his doubts arising in him again. He was afraid lest he might detect some weakness and lack of clearness in his new friend's arguments; he was afraid not to believe in him.

"I do not understand," said he, "how the human mind can attain that knowledge of which you speak."

The Mason smiled his sweet, paternal smile.

"The highest wisdom and truth is like the purest ichor, which we should wish to receive into our very selves," said he. "Can I, an unclean vessel, accept this pure ichor and judge of its purity? Only through the cleansing of my inner nature, can I, to a certain extent, receive this baptismal consecration."

"Yes, yes, that is so," said Pierre, joyfully.

"The highest wisdom is established, not on reason alone, not on those worldly sciences, physics, history, chemistry, and the like, on which intellectual knowledge stumbles. The highest wisdom is one. The highest wisdom has one science, the science of the All, the universal science which explains all creation, and the place which man occupies in it. In order to absorb this science, it is absolutely essential to purify and renovate the inner man, and, therefore, before one can know it one must believe and accomplish perfection. And to attain this end, our souls must be filled with that Divine light which is called conscience."

"Yes, yes," cried Pierre.

"Look with the eyes of your spirit at your inner man, and then ask yourself if you are content with your life? What do you attain when you put yourself under the guidance of the intellect alone? What are you? You are young, you are intelligent, and educated, my dear sir. What have you been doing with all those blessings that have been put into your hands? Are you content with yourself and your life?"

"No, I detest my life," exclaimed Pierre, with a scowl.

"If you detest it, then change it, undergo self-purification, and in accordance as you accomplish it, you will learn wisdom. Examine into your life, my dear sir. What sort of a life have you been leading? Wild revels, and debauchery! Receiving everything from society, and giving nothing in return. You have become the possessor of wealth, — how have you been employing it? What have you been doing for your neighbor? Have you had a thought for your tens of thousands of slaves? Have you helped them, physically or morally? No! You have taken advantage of their labor to lead a dissipated life. Then, my dear sir, you got married; you assumed responsibilities for the guidance of a young woman, and how have you carried them out? You have not aided her, my dear sir, to find the path of truth, but you have hurled her into the abyss of falsehood and wretchedness. A man insulted you, and you fought with him, and you say that you do not know God, and that you detest your life. There is no wisdom in that, my dear sir!"

After saying these words, the Mason, as though wearied by this long speech, again leaned against the back of the sofa, and closed his eyes. Pierre looked at the stern, impassive, almost deathly face of the old man, and moved his lips without making any noise. He wanted to say, —

"Yes, my life is shameful, idle, dissipated," but he did not dare to break the silence.

The Freemason coughed, a hoarse, decrepit cough, and summoned his servant, —

"How about the horses?" he asked, without looking at Pierre.

"Those that were ordered, have been brought," replied the servant. "Do you not wish to rest?"

"No, have them harnessed."

"Can it be that he is going to leave me here alone, and not tell me all, and not promise me help," wondered Pierre, getting up, and beginning to pace up and down the room, with bowed head, though he occasionally glanced at the Mason.

"Yes, I had never thought about it before. I lead a contemptible, depraved life, but I do not love it, and I have no desire to continue it," thought Pierre. "And this man knows the truth, and if he had the desire he might enlighten me."

Pierre wished, but had not the courage to say this to the Mason. The traveller, gathering up his effects with his skillful, aged hands, began to button up his sheepskin coat. Having accomplished these tasks, he turned to Bezukhoi, and said to him in a polite, indifferent tone, —

"Where are you going now, my dear sir?"

"I — I am going to Petersburg," replied Pierre, in a childish, irresolute voice. "I am grateful to you. I agree with what you have said. But pray do not think that I am all bad! I wish with all my soul that I were what you wish that I was — but I have never found any help to become such; however, I am, above all, to blame for my faults. Help me! teach me, and maybe I might" —

Pierre could not speak further. There was a strange sound in his nose, and he turned away.

The Mason did not speak for some time, evidently lost in thought.

"Help is given only from God," said he. "But that measure of help which it is within the power of our craft to give you, it will be glad to give, my dear sir. When you reach Petersburg, give this to Count Villarsky."

He took out a pocket-book, and on a large sheet of paper, folded twice, he wrote a few words.

"Allow me to give you one piece of advice. When you reach the capital, consecrate your first hours to solitude, to self-examination, and do not again enter into your former paths of life. And now I wish you a happy journey, my dear sir," said he, perceiving that his servant had entered the room, "and all success."

The traveller was Osip Alekseyevitch Bazdélyef, as Pierre discovered by the station-master's record book. Bazdélyef was one of the most distinguished Freemasons and Martinists since the time of Novikof. Pierre, after his departure, without lying down to sleep, or asking for horses, long paced up and down the room of the station-house, thinking over his vicious way of living, and, with the enthusiasm of regeneration, imagining to himself the blessed, irreproachable, and beneficent future which now seemed to him so easy. He was, so it seemed to him, wicked only because he had, as it were, forgotten how good it was to be a righteous man. Not a trace of his former doubts remained in his mind. He had a firm faith in the possibility of a brotherhood of men, united in one common aim of keeping each other in the path of righteousness, and such a brotherhood Masonry now seemed to him to be.

CHAPTER III.

ON reaching Petersburg, Pierre informed no one of his presence, went nowhere, and actually spent whole days in reading Thomas à Kempis, which some one — he knew not whom — had sent him. One thing, and only one thing, Pierre understood in reading that book: that was the hitherto unknown delight in believing in the possibility of attaining perfection, and in the possibility of active brotherly love among men, which Osip Alekseyevitch had revealed to him.

Within a week after his return, the young Polish Count Villarsky, whom Pierre had known slightly in Petersburg society, came one evening into his room with the same sort of official and solemn air with which Dolokhof's second had approached him; closing the door behind him, and assuring himself that no one except Pierre was in the room, he thus addressed him, —

"I have come to you, count, for the purpose of laying a proposition before you," said he, not sitting down. "An individual of very high degree in our brotherhood has interested himself in having you admitted out of due course, and

has proposed that I should be your sponsor. I consider it as a sacred duty to fulfil this person's desires. Do you wish to join the brotherhood of Freemasons under my sponsorship?"

Pierre was amazed at the cold and severe tone of this man, whom he had seen almost always at balls, with a gallant smile, in the society of the most brilliant ladies.

"Yes," said Pierre, "I do wish it."

Villarsky inclined his head.

"Still one further question, count," said he, "which I will beg of you to answer with all frankness, not as a future Mason, but as a man of honor (*un galant homme*): Have you renounced your former convictions? Do you believe in a God?"

Pierre hesitated,—

"Yes — yes, I believe in a God," said he.

"In that case," began Villarsky, but Pierre interrupted him,—

"Yes, I believe in God," said he once more.

"In that case, we may start, then," said Villarsky. "My carriage is at your service."

Villarsky sat in silence all the way. To Pierre's questions as to what he had to do, and how he must answer, Villarsky contented himself with replying that brethren more suitable than himself would examine him, and that all that it behooved Pierre to do was to speak the truth.

Entering the courtyard of a large mansion, where the Lodge met, and passing up a dark staircase, they came into a small, brightly lighted anteroom, where they removed their shubas without the aid of servants. Through an entry they passed into another room. Here a man in a strange garb made his appearance at the door. Villarsky, going forward to meet him, said something to him in French, in an undertone, and went to a small wardrobe, in which Pierre observed trappings such as he had never seen before. Taking from the wardrobe a handkerchief, Villarsky bound it around Pierre's eyes and tied a knot behind in such a way that his hair was caught in it and hurt him. Then he drew him to himself, kissed him, and taking him by the hand led him he knew not where. The hair caught in the knot hurt Pierre, he scowled with the pain and smiled shamefacedly. His burly figure, with bandaged eyes, with swinging arms, with face both frowning and smiling, followed Villarsky with timid steps.

After leading him half a score of paces, Villarsky paused.

"Whatever happens to you," said he, "you must courageously endure it all, if you are firmly resolved to enter the Brotherhood."

Pierre nodded assent.

"When you hear a rap on the door you can take off the handkerchief," added Villarsky. "I wish you good courage and success." And pressing Pierre's hand, Villarsky went away.

Left alone, Pierre still continued to smile as before. Twice he shrugged his shoulders, raised his hand to the handkerchief, as though inclined to remove it, and again let it fall. The five minutes which he spent with bandaged eyes, seemed to him like an hour. His hands swelled, his legs trembled; it seemed to him as though he were tired. He experienced the most complex and varied sensations. What was going to happen to him seemed to him terrible, and he was still more afraid that he should show his fear. He was filled with curiosity to know what was going to take place, what was going to be revealed to him; but, above all, it was delightful for him to think that the moment had come when he had definitely entered upon the path of regeneration, and of an active, beneficent life, of which he had dreamed ever since his meeting with Osip Alekseyevitch.

Loud raps were heard at the door. Pierre took off the bandage and looked around him.

It was intensely dark in the room, only in one place burned a lampada, or shrine lamp, within some white object. Pierre went nearer, and saw that the lampada stood on a table covered with a black cloth, on which lay a single opened book. The book was a copy of the Gospels; the white object, in which burned the lampada, was a human skull, with its eye sockets and teeth. Reading the first words of the Gospel: "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God." Pierre went around the table, and saw a large box filled with something and covered. This was a coffin with bones in it. He was not at all surprised at what he saw. In his hope of entering upon a wholly new life, absolutely removed from the old one, he expected all sorts of extraordinary things, indeed much more extraordinary than what he had already seen. The skull, the coffin, the Gospel — it seemed to him that all this was what he had expected: he expected something more. While trying to stimulate a sense of emotion, he looked around him: "God, death, love, human fraternity," he said to himself, connecting with these words confused but pleasing conceptions.

A door opened, and some one entered.

By the feeble light Pierre could just manage to make out

that it was a short little man. Coming from light into darkness this man paused a moment, then, with cautious steps, he approached the table and placed on it his small hands covered with leather gloves.

The short man wore a white leathern apron reaching from his chest to his feet; around his neck was something like a necklace, and above the necklace arose a high, white frill, serving as a sort of frame for his elongated face, lighted from below.

"Why have you come hither?" asked the new man, coming toward Pierre, whose position was indicated by a slight noise. "Wherefore do you, who believe not in the truth of light, and have never seen the light, wherefore have you come hither? What do you desire of us? Wisdom? virtue? enlightenment?"

The moment the door opened and the unknown man entered, Pierre experienced a sense of awe and reverence similar to that which he had felt in his childhood at confession: he felt that he was face to face with a man who, under all the conditions of ordinary life, was a stranger, but was near to him through the brotherhood of man. Pierre, with his heart beating so that he could hardly breathe, went toward the Rhetor, as the Masons call the brother whose duty it is to prepare the candidate for admission into the confraternity. Pierre approaching, recognized the Rhetor as an acquaintance of his, named Smolyaninof; it was a disappointment to think that this man was an acquaintance: the new comer was merely a brother and instructor in virtue. It was some time before Pierre could find a word to say; so that the Rhetor was obliged to repeat his question.

"Yes, I—I—I seek regeneration," said Pierre, speaking with difficulty.

"Very good," said Smolyaninof, and immediately proceeded,—

"Have you any idea of the means by which our Holy Fraternity can aid you to the attainment of your desires?" asked the Rhetor, calmly and rapidly.

"I—hope for—guidance—for help—toward—regeneration," said Pierre, with a trembling voice, and finding a difficulty in speaking that arose from his emotion as well as from his lack of practice in speaking Russian on abstract themes.

"What knowledge have you of Freemasonry?"

"I suppose that Freemasonry is *fraternité* and equality of all men with virtuous aims," said Pierre, with a feeling of

shame overwhelming him at the unfitness of his words at such a solemn moment. "I suppose" —

"Very good," said the Rhetor, in haste, evidently perfectly satisfied with this reply. "Have you found means in religion for the attainment of these ends?"

"No, I have considered religion opposed to truth, and I have spurned it," said Pierre, so low that the Rhetor did not hear him and asked him what he said: "I have been an atheist," replied Pierre.

"You seek after truth for the purpose of following her laws through life; consequently, you seek wisdom and virtue, do you?" asked the Rhetor, after a moment's silence.

"Yes, yes," insisted Pierre.

The Rhetor coughed, folded his gloved hands on his chest, and began to discourse,—

"It is now my duty to unfold to you the chief object of our craft," said he. "And if this object coincides with yours, then you will find it an advantage to join our fraternity. The first and principal aim, and at the same time the foundation of our Confraternity, on which it stands firm, and which no human violence can shake, is the conservation and handing down to posterity of a certain important mystery, which has been handed down to us from the remotest antiquity, even from the first man, from which mystery perhaps depends the destiny of the human race. But as this mystery has the peculiarity that no one can know it and get advantage from it except through a long and assiduous course of self-purification, therefore, not every one can hope speedily to discover it. Consequently, we have a secondary aim and object, which consists in preparing our fellow members, so far as in us lies, to correct their hearts, to purify and enlighten their reason by those means which have been handed down to us by tradition from those men who labored for the investigation of those mysteries, and thereby to teach them to be qualified for the reception of one.

"By purifying and rectifying our own members, we endeavor, in the third place, to correct also the whole human race, presenting in our own members an example of honor and virtue, and therefore we endeavor, by all means in our power, to counteract the evil that rules in the world. Think this over, and I will come to you again," said he, and he left the room.

"To counteract the evil that rules in the world," repeated Pierre, and he imagined his future activity in this great field.

He imagined such men as he himself had been a fortnight before, and his thoughts turned to the initiatory discourse that he had just heard. He called to mind the wicked and wretched men whom he should help by word or deed; he imagined the oppressors from whom he rescued their victims.

From the three objects which the Rhetor enumerated, the last, the improvement of the human race, was the one that most appealed to Pierre. The important mystery of which the Rhetor spoke, although it aroused his curiosity, did not seem to him to be a reality; but the second, self-purification and regeneration, interested him very little, because at that moment he felt that he was already perfectly freed from his former vices, and ready only for what was right.

Within half an hour, the Rhetor returned to instruct the candidate in the seven virtues, symbolized by the seven steps of Solomon's temple, which every Mason must make his especial practice. These virtues were as follows.—

1. *Modesty*, the observation of the secrets of the Order.
2. *Obedience* to the higher degrees of the Fraternity.
3. *Virtuous living*.
4. *Love for mankind*.
5. *Courage*.
6. *Liberality*.
7. *Love of death*.

"Apply yourself to the seventh," said the Rhetor. "By frequent thoughts of Death, bring yourself to feel that He is no more a terrible enemy, but a friend who frees the soul, wearied by works of beneficence, from the wretchedness of this life and leads it into the place of rewards and rest."

"Yes, this ought to be so," thought Pierre, when the Rhetor, after delivering himself of this message, again retired, leaving him to solitary reflection. "This ought to be so, but I am still so feeble as to love my life, the meaning of which has only just been, to some small degree, revealed to me."

The other five virtues, however, which Pierre counted off on his fingers, he felt were already in his soul: courage and generosity, liberality and virtuous living, and love for mankind, and especially, obedience, which last seemed less to him a virtue than a pleasure, so glad was he now to be freed from the exercise of his own will, and to subordinate it to those who knew the indubitable truth. The sixth virtue, Pierre had forgotten; he could not remember what it was at all.

For the third time the Rhetor returned, this time more speedily than before, and asked Pierre if he were still firm in

his convictions, and were resolved to undergo all that might be required of him.

"I am ready for anything," said Pierre.

"I must still further apprise you," said the Rhetor, "that our order does not instruct by words alone, but by other arguments which have perhaps a more powerful effect upon the earnest seeker after wisdom and virtue, than merely verbal ones. This chamber, with its ornamentation which you see, must have already made this plain to your heart, if it is sincere, more than any words could have done. You will see, probably, during your further advancement, similar modes of symbolism. Our order takes pattern after ancient societies, which concealed their teachings under the guise of hieroglyphics. A hieroglyphic," explained the Rhetor, "is an inanimate thing symbolizing an abstract idea, and possessing in itself qualities similar to those possessed by the idea symbolized."

Pierre knew very well what a hieroglyphic was, but he did not venture to speak. He silently listened to the Rhetor, being persuaded that some sort of test was immediately to begin.

"If you are resolved, then it is my duty to proceed to the initiation," said the Rhetor, coming closer to Pierre. "As a sign of liberality, I shall ask you to give me everything of value that you have."

"But I have nothing with me," said Pierre, supposing that he was to be required to make over all that he possessed.

"Well, what you have on you; your watch, money, rings."

Pierre hastily took out his pocketbook, his watch, and struggled for some time to remove his wedding ring from his stout finger. When this was accomplished, the Mason said,—

"As a sign of obedience, I will ask you to strip."

Pierre took off his coat, vest, and left boot, at the Rhetor's direction. The Mason opened the shirt over his left breast, and, bending over, lifted his trousers above the knee of his left leg. Pierre hastily began to take off his right boot also, and to tuck up his trousers, so as to save this stranger the trouble, but the Mason assured him that this was unnecessary, and gave him a slipper for his left foot. With a childlike smile of shame, doubt, and derision at his own awkwardness, involuntarily crossing his face, Pierre stood up, dropping his arms and spreading his legs, and faced the Rhetor, waiting his next command.

"And finally, as a sign of sincerity, I will ask you to reveal to me your chief predilection," said he.

"My predilection? But I *used* to have so many of them!" exclaimed Pierre.

"The predilection which more than all others has caused you to waver in the path of virtue," said the Mason.

Pierre paused; trying to think.

"Wine? Gluttony? Slothfulness? Impetuosity? Anger? Women?" He passed his faults in review, mentally considering them, and not knowing which to give the preference.

"Women," said he, in a voice so low that it was scarcely audible. The Mason did not move and did not speak until long after this reply. At last he approached Pierre, took up the handkerchief that was lying on the table, and again blindfolded his eyes.

"For the last time, I say to you: 'Examine yourself with all attention! Put a bridle upon your feelings, and seek your happiness not in your passions but in your heart. The fountain-head of happiness is not without but within us.'"

Pierre had already begun to feel in himself this refreshing fountain of happiness which now filled his soul to overflowing with bliss and emotion.

CHAPTER IV.

SHORTLY after this, there came into the dark chamber, not the Rhetor, as before, but Pierre's sponsor, Villarsky, whom he recognized by his voice. In reply to new questions as to the firmness of his resolve, Pierre said, "Yes, yes, I consent," and with his brilliant, childlike smile, with his broad chest uncovered, awkwardly stepping along with one foot in a boot and the other in a slipper, he marched forward, with Villarsky holding a drawn sword across his bare breast.

He was led from the darkened room along several corridors winding back and forth, and at last brought to the door of the lodge-room.

Villarsky coughed; he was answered by Masonic raps with mallets; the door opened before them. Some one's deep voice — Pierre's eyes were still blindfolded — asked him who he was, where and when he was born, and other questions. Then he was led somewhere else, the bandage not yet removed, and while he was on the way, his attendants related to him allegories about the difficulties that beset his way, about the Sacred Fraternity, the Eternal Architect of the Universe, and the Courage with which he ought to endure labors and sufferings. During

the time of this circumambulation, Pierre noticed that he was called first the "Seeker," the "Sufferer," then the "Claimant," while the mallets and swords were struck each time in a different way. At one time, just as they brought him to some object or other, he noticed that there was confusion and perplexity among his attendants. He heard the men surrounding him whispering together, and one of them insisting that he was to be led across a certain carpet.

After this, they took his right hand and laid it upon something, while with his left he was directed to hold a pair of compasses to his left breast, and to repeat the words read aloud by one of the number, and which bound him to a faithful observance of the regulations of the Order. Then the candles were extinguished; some alcohol was burned, as Pierre apprehended by the odor, and they told him that he could now see "The lesser light."

The bandage was removed from his eyes, and Pierre saw as in a dream, by the feeble light of the alcohol lamp, a number of men, who, all wearing aprons similar to that which the Rhetor had worn, stood in front of him holding swords pointed toward his chest. Among them stood a man with a white shirt stained with blood. Seeing this, Pierre bent his chest forward against the swords, wishing that they might pierce it. But the swords were withdrawn, and his eyes were immediately rebandaged.

"Thou hast now seen the lesser light," said a voice. Then the candles were lighted again; he was told that he was to see the full light, and once more they removed the bandage, and more than a dozen voices suddenly cried: "*Sic transit gloria mundi.*"

Pierre began gradually to recover himself, and looked around the room in which he was and at the men who were there. Around a long table covered with black sat a dozen men in the trappings which the others whom Pierre had seen wore. Some of them Pierre had known in Petersburg society. At the head of the table was a young man whom Pierre did not know: he had a peculiar badge around his neck. At his right hand sat the Italian *abbate* whom Pierre had met two years before at Anna Pavlovna's. There was still another very important dignitary, and a Swiss, who had once been a tutor at the Kuragins'. All preserved a solemn silence, and listened to the words spoken by the presiding officer, who held a mallet in his hand. Inserted in the wall was a blazing star. At one end of the table was a small cover with various allegorical symbols;

on the other was something in the nature of an altar, with a copy of the Gospels and a skull. Around the table were seven large candlesticks, such as they have in churches.

Two of the brethren drew Pierre to the altar, placed him at right angles, and bade him lie down, declaring that he must prostrate himself at the Gates of the Temple.

"He ought to receive the trowel first," said one of the brethren, in a whisper.

"Akh! please hold your tongue," said another.

Pierre, with his distracted, nearsighted eyes, looked around him without obeying, and suddenly doubts began to come over him.

"Where am I? What am I doing? Are they not making sport of me? Will not the time come when I shall be ashamed of all this flummery?"

But this doubt lasted only for an instant. He looked around on the grave faces of the spectators, remembered all that he had already been through, and comprehended that he had gone too far now to withdraw.

He was mortified at his doubt, and while endeavoring to regain his former feeling of emotion, he prostrated himself at the gates of the Temple. And, in reality, the former feeling of emotion came over him even more powerfully than before.

After he had been lying there for some little time, he was bidden to arise, and they put upon him the same kind of white leathern apron which the others wore, put a trowel into his hand, and gave him three pairs of gloves, and then the Grand Master addressed him.

He told him that it behooved him to endeavor never to allow the whiteness of this apron to be sullied, it being the emblem of strength and purity. Of the mysterious trowel, he said that he was to use it for eradicating the faults from his own heart, and courteously laying the foundations of virtue in the hearts of his neighbors. Then, as regarded the first pair of gloves, which were men's, he said that he was not to understand their signification, but must keep them; in regard to the second pair, which were also men's gloves, he said that he was to wear them at the lodge meetings; and, finally, in regard to the third pair, which were a woman's gloves, he said as follows,—

"Dear brother, these gloves also are destined for you. Give them to the woman whom you will reverence above all others. By this gift you pledge the purity of your heart to her whom you will select as your worthy Masonic affinity."

Then, after a brief pause, he went on,—

"But take care, dear brother, that these gloves are not worn by unworthy hands!"

While the Grand Master was pronouncing these last words, it seemed to Pierre that he was embarrassed. Pierre himself was still more embarrassed, he flushed till the tears came, just as children flush; he began to look about him uneasily, and an awkward silence ensued.

This silence was broken by one of the brethren, who drew Pierre to the table cover and began to read to him from a copy book an explanation of all the symbolical figures worked upon it: the sun, moon, the hammer, the plumb-line, the trowel, the untrimmed and four-square foundation stone, the pillar, the three windows, and other things.

Then Pierre was assigned his place; the signals of the Lodge were explained to him; the password was told him, and he was at last permitted to sit down.

The Grand Master began to read the regulations. They were very long, and Pierre, from his joy, excitement, and sense of shame, was not in a condition to understand what they were reading. He heard only the last words of the regulations, and they impressed themselves on his memory."

"In our temples, we recognize no other degrees," the Grand Master read, "than those which separate virtue from wrongdoing. Take care not to make any distinction that may tend to destroy equality. Fly to the aid of a brother, no matter who it may be; reclaim the wandering; raise the fallen, and never cherish anger or enmity against a brother. Be gentle and courteous. Kindle in all hearts the fires of virtue. Do acts of kindness to thy neighbor, and never allow thyself to envy the happiness of another. Forgive thy enemy, and avenge not thyself upon him, except by doing him good. Having thus fulfilled the highest law, thou wilt discover traces of thy primal and lost greatness."

He finished reading, and getting up, embraced Pierre and kissed him. Pierre, with tears of joy in his eyes, looked around him, not knowing what reply to make to the greetings and congratulations of the acquaintances who surrounded him. He made no distinction between old friends and new: in every one he saw only brethren whom he burned with impatience to join in carrying out the work.

The Grand Master rapped with his mallet. All sat down in their places, and some one read an address on the necessity of humility.

The Grand Master then proposed to carry out the last obli-

gation, and the important dignitary, who bore the appellation of "Collector of Alms," began to approach each in turn. Pierre had the inclination to subscribe all the money that he possessed, but he was afraid that this would be construed as an exhibition of pride, and he put down only what each of the others did.

The session was ended, and on his return home it seemed to Pierre as though he had come from some long journey after an absence of ten years, and was entirely changed, with nothing left to him from the former objects and customs of his life.

CHAPTER V.

ON the day following his reception into the Masonic Lodge, Pierre was sitting at home, reading a book and trying to penetrate the meaning of the Square formed on one side by God, on the second by the moral world, on the third by the physical, and on the fourth by a mixture of the two last. Occasionally, his attention wandered from his book and Square, and in his imagination he began to formulate a new plan of life for himself.

The evening before at the lodge, he had been told that the emperor had heard of his duel, and that it would be for his advantage to leave Petersburg for a time. Pierre proposed to go to his southern estates and look out for the welfare of his peasantry. He was joyfully thinking about this new life, when Prince Vasili unexpectedly came into the room.

"My dear, what have you been doing in Moscow? Why, what made you quarrel with Lyola, *mon cher*? You are in error," said the prince, as he came in. "I have known all about it, and I can tell you honestly that Ellen is as innocent toward you as Christ toward the Jews."

Pierre started to reply, but Prince Vasili cut him short.

"And why didn't you come right to me in all frankness, as to a friend? I know how it was, I understand it," said he. "You behaved as a man who prizes his honor; perhaps, too, you acted too hastily, but we won't discuss that now. Just think of this though: in what a position you have put her and me in the eyes of society, and especially of the court," he added, lowering his voice. "She is living in Moscow, you here. Remember, my dear," — he made him sit down — "this is a mere misunderstanding; you yourself will feel so, I am sure. Now

join me in writing a letter, and she will come back ; everything will be explained, but if you don't, I will tell you, you may very easily repent of it, my dear."

Prince Vasili gave Pierre a very suggestive look. "I have it from the very best sources that the Empress Dowager takes a lively interest in all this matter. You know that she is very favorably disposed to Ellen."

Several times Pierre collected himself to speak, but on the one hand Prince Vasili did not let him have a chance ; on the other, Pierre himself was afraid to take that tone of determined refusal, with which he had definitely made up his mind to answer his father-in-law. Moreover, the words of the Masonic ritual: "Be courteous and genial," occurred to him. He scowled, flushed, got up and sat down again, struggling to perform the hardest task that had ever come to him in his life: — to say something unpleasant to a man's face, to say exactly the opposite of what this man expected. He was so accustomed to give in to Prince Vasili's tone of easy going self-confidence, that even now he felt that he had not the force of mind necessary to oppose him ; but he felt that what he was going to say now was to decide the whole destiny of his life: was he to go back to the old path of the past, or to go on over that new one which had been placed before him in so attractive a light by the Masons, and on which he firmly believed that he should find regeneration ?

"Well, my dear," said Prince Vasili, in a jocosé tone, "tell me 'yes,' now, and I will write her the letter and we will kill the fatted calf."

But Prince Vasili had not time to finish his joke, before Pierre, not looking at Prince Vasili, and with a flash of rage, which made him resemble his father, exclaimed in a whisper, —

"Prince, I did not invite you to come ; please go, go !" he sprang up and flung the door open. "Go !" he repeated, not believing in himself and rejoicing in the expression of confusion and terror on Prince Vasili's face.

"What is the matter with you, are you ill ?"

"Go !" he cried once more, in a trembling voice. And Prince Vasili was obliged to go, without bringing about any explanation.

In a week's time, Pierre, bidding his new friends, the Masons, farewell, and leaving in their hands large sums for charities, departed for his estates. The brotherhood gave him letters to the Masons of Kief and Odessa, and promised to write and guide him in his new activity.

CHAPTER VI.

THE duel between Pierre and Dolokhof was hushed up, and, in spite of the emperor's strictness in regard to duelling, neither the two principals nor their seconds were punished. But the story of the duel, confirmed by Pierre's rupture with his wife, was noised abroad in society. Pierre, who, when he was an illegitimate son, had been looked upon with patronizing condescension, who when he was the best match in the Russian empire had been flattered and glorified, had lost much of his importance in the eyes of the world since his marriage, and young ladies and their mammas had nothing more to expect from him, the more from the fact that he could not and would not ingratiate himself into the favor of fashionable society. Now, he alone was blamed for this occurrence; it was said that he was a jealous blockhead, liable to exactly the same fits of ferocious temper as his father.

And, when after Pierre's departure, Ellen returned to Petersburg, she was received by all her acquaintances not only gladly but even with a shade of respectful deference, due to her unhappiness. When her husband was mentioned in conversation, Ellen put on a dignified expression, which, without her realizing its significance, she managed by that consummate tact of hers, to make peculiarly becoming. This expression signified that she had made up her mind to endure her unhappiness without complaining, and that her husband was a cross sent her from God.

Prince Vasili expressed his feelings more openly. He would shrug his shoulders when the conversation turned on Pierre, and, pointing to his forehead, would say,—

“Un cerveau fêlé; je le disais toujours — I always said he was cracked.”

“I said so before you did,” insisted Anna Pavlovna; “I said so first thing, and before anybody else” — she always claimed priority for her predictions — “that he was a silly young man, ruined by the perverse notions of the day. I said so even when he had just returned from abroad, and when every one was enraptured by him, and you will remember that at one of my receptions he posed as a sort of Marat. How is it going to end? Even then I did not approve of his marriage, and predicted what would come of it.”

Anna Pavlovna, just as of yore, was giving receptions on

her days at home, and such ones as she alone had the gift of arranging: — receptions at which were collected in the first place, *la crème de la véritable bonne société, la fin fleur de l'essence intellectuelle de la société de Pétersbourg*, as Anna Pavlovna herself expressed it. Over and above this discriminating selection of society, Anna Pavlovna's receptions, or "evenings," were still more distinguished by the fact that at each one she managed to present to her company some new and interesting individual, and that no where else could be so accurately and assuredly gauged the political thermometer which reflected the disposition of the conservative court society of Petersburg.

Toward the end of the year 1806, when the melancholy news of Napoleon's defeat of the Prussian army at Jena and Auerstädt and the surrender of the majority of the Prussian fortresses had been received, when our armies had just crossed over into Prussia, and our second campaign with Napoleon was beginning, Anna Pavlovna gave a reception. "The cream of genuine good society" consisted of the charming and hapless Ellen, Montemart, the bewitching Prince Ippolit, just arrived from Vienna, two diplomats, the little old aunt, a young man who enjoyed the appellation simply of "*un homme de beaucoup de mérite*," a newly promoted *fréilina*, or maid of honor, and a few individuals of more or less distinction.

The person whom Anna Pavlovna served up this evening, as a choice "first fruit" for the edification of her guests, was Boris Drubetskoi, who had just arrived on a special mission from the army in Prussia, and was now enjoying the position of adjutant to a very great personage.

The political thermometer that evening offered the following points for the study of society, —

"Whatever all the rulers and commanders of Europe may do by way of indulging Bonaparte, at the expense of causing *me*, and *us* in general, annoyance and humiliation, our opinion in regard to Bonaparte remains unchanged and incapable of change. We shall not cease to express our views on this subject, and we can merely say to the King of Prussia: 'So much the worse for you. *Tu l'as voulu, Georges Dandin* — it's your own choice, that's all that we have to say about it.'"

That was what the political thermometer indicated at Anna Pavlovna's.

When Boris, who was to be offered up to the guests, entered the drawing-room, nearly all were already present, and the conversation, under Anna Pavlovna's lead, turned on our

diplomatic relations with Austria, and on the hope of an alliance.

Boris, in an elegant adjutant's uniform, fresh and ruddy, and grown to man's estate, came with easy assurance into the drawing room, and was led up, according to custom, to salute the aunt, and then brought back to the general circle of the guests.

Anna Pavlovna gave him her withered hand to kiss, introduced him to a number of the company with whom he was not acquainted, and of each she would say in a whisper,—

"Le Prince Hippolite Kouraguine, charmant jeune homme; Monsieur Krouq, chargé d'affaires de Kopenhague, un esprit profond," or simply, *"Monsieur Sitor, un homme de beaucoup de mérite,"* giving each one whom she named a word of praise. Boris, since he had been in the service, had, thanks to Anna Mikhailovna's efforts and to his own tastes and habit of self-control, succeeded in obtaining a very advantageous position. He had been appointed aid to a man of great eminence; he had been entrusted with a very important errand to Prussia, and had only just returned from there as a special courier. He had thoroughly mastered that unwritten system of subordination which had pleased him so much at Olmütz, according to which the ensign may stand incomparably higher than a general, while for success in the service, exertions and services and gallantry are unnecessary, but all that is needed is tact in getting on with those who control the patronage of places; and he was often himself surprised at his rapid advances, and by the fact that his friends could not understand it. The consequence of this discovery was that his whole mode of life, and all his relations to former friends and acquaintances, and all his plans for the future, were entirely and absolutely changed. He was not rich, but he would spend his last kopek so as to be better dressed than others; he preferred to deprive himself of many pleasures sooner than allow himself to ride in a shabby carriage or appear in anything but an immaculate uniform in the streets of Petersburg. He frequented only the society of those who were above him and might be of advantage to him. He loved Petersburg and despised Moscow. His recollections of his home with the Rostofs and his boyish love for Natasha were unpleasant to him, and since his first departure for the army, he had not once been to see the Rostofs.

On reaching Anna Pavlovna's drawing-room, an invitation to which he considered equivalent to a rise in the service, he

immediately understood what part he had to play, and he allowed Anna Pavlovna to make the most of the interest which centred upon him, while he attentively studied each face and took mental stock of what possibilities of getting advantage from each might present themselves. He sat down in the place assigned to him, next the beautiful Ellen, and began to listen to the conversation that was going on.

"Vienna regards the basis of the proposed treaty as so entirely out of the question that it would be impossible to bring it about even by a series of the most brilliant successes, and she questions the means we have of gaining them. Such is the authentic report from Vienna," said the Danish *chargé d'affaires*, in French.

"The doubt is flattering," said the young man of the deep mind, with a shrewd smile.

"One should distinguish between the cabinet of Vienna and the Emperor of Austria," said Montemart. "The Austrian emperor could never have thought of such a thing; it could only have been the cabinet who said it."

"Ah, my dear viscount," interrupted Anna Pavlovna, "*l'Urope*" — for some reason she called it *l'Urope*, as a special refinement of French which she might make use of in speaking to a Frenchman. — "*Eh, mon cher vicomte, l'Urope ne sera jamais notre allié sincère.*"

And then Anna Pavlovna immediately led the conversation around to the bravery and resolution of the Prussian king, doing this for the sake of giving Boris a chance to take part.

Boris was listening attentively to what was said, awaiting his turn, but, nevertheless, he had been able to look several times at his neighbor, the beautiful Ellen, who, with a smile, had more than once exchanged glances with the handsome young adjutant.

Quite naturally, while speaking of the position of Prussia, Anna Pavlovna begged Boris to tell about his visit to Glogau, and the state in which he found the Prussian army. Boris, without undue haste, speaking in pure and elegant French, related very many interesting particulars about the army, and about the court, but throughout his story he carefully avoided expressing any personal opinion in regard to the facts which he communicated. For some time Boris held the attention of all, and Anna Pavlovna was conscious that all her guests took great satisfaction in the treat that she had set before them. Ellen, more than any one else gave her undivided attention to what Boris had to say. She several times asked him in regard

to certain details of his journey, and was apparently greatly interested in the position of the Prussian army. As soon as he had finished, she turned to him with her usual smile, and said,—

“You must be sure to come and see me,” said she, in a tone which seemed to imply that circumstances of which he could know nothing made it absolutely imperative.

“Tuesday, between eight o’clock and nine. You will give me great pleasure.”

Boris promised to comply with her wishes, and was about to engage her in further conversation, when Anna Pavlovna called him away, under the pretext that her old aunt wanted to speak with him.

“You used to know her husband, didn’t you?” asked Anna Pavlovna, closing her eyes, and making a melancholy gesture toward Ellen: “Akh! she is such an unhappy and charming woman. Don’t speak to her about him, please be careful about it. It is too hard for her.”

CHAPTER VII.

WHEN Boris and Anna Pavlovna returned to the general circle, Prince Ippolit had taken the lead in the conversation. Leaning forward in his chair, he had said: “*Le roi de Prusse*,” and when he said it, he laughed. All turned to him. “*Le roi de Prusse?*” asked Ippolit again, laughing, and then with a calm and serious expression throwing himself back into the depths of his easy-chair. Anna Pavlovna waited a little for him, but as Ippolit apparently had firmly shut his mouth not to say anything more, she started the conversation on the godless Bonaparte laying hands on the sword of Frederick the Great at Potsdam.

“*C’est l’épée de Frédéric le grand que je*” — she began to say, but Ippolit interrupted her with the words,—

“*Le roi de Prusse*” — and again as before when all had turned toward him, he begged her pardon and remained silent. Anna Pavlovna frowned: Montemart, Ippolit’s friend, turned to him peremptorily: “What do you mean now by your *roi de Prusse?*”

Ippolit laughed, as though he were ashamed of laughing, —

“No, it’s nothing at all, I only meant” —

He was trying to get off a joke which he had heard in

Vienna, and which he had been anxious the whole evening long to spring upon the company. He said,—

“*Je voulais dire seulement*—I only meant that we were doing wrong to wage war *pour le roi de Prusse*.”*

Boris smiled a guarded smile, that might have been taken to signify a sneer or approbation of the joke, according as it was received by the company. All laughed.

“Your pun is very naughty! it’s witty, but it’s unfair,” said Anna Pavlovna, in French, threatening him with her finger. “We do not wage war *pour le roi de Prusse, mais pour les bons principes*. Ah! *le méchant, ce Prince Hippolyte!*—this bad Prince Ippolit,” said she.

The conversation had not languished the whole evening, though it had turned principally on political matters. Toward the end of the evening, it grew particularly lively on the topic of the rewards bestowed by the emperor.

“Now last year N. N. received a snuff-box, with a portrait,” said the man “of the profound mind.” “Why should not S. S. receive the same reward?”

“I beg your pardon, a snuff-box with the emperor’s portrait is a reward, but not a distinction—*une récompense, mais point une distinction*,” said one of the diplomats. “Rather a gift.”

“There have been precedents. I will mention Schwartzenberg.”

“It’s impossible,” said the other. “I’ll bet you. *Le grand cordon, c’est différent*.”

When all got up to leave, Ellen, who had spoken very little all the evening, addressed Boris again, and begged him with the most flattering and significant expression to come to see her the following Tuesday.

“It will be a very great favor to me,” said she, with a smile, glancing at Anna Pavlovna, and Anna Pavlovna, with that same melancholy expression which always accompanied her words when she spoke of her august protectress, corroborated Ellen’s request.

It seemed that from certain words spoken by Boris that evening concerning the Prussian army, Ellen had suddenly conceived a powerful determination to see him. She practically promised him that when he came on the following Tuesday, she would tell him what it was that made her wish to see him.

But when on the Tuesday evening, Boris reached Ellen’s

* An untranslatable joke: *pour le roi de Prusse* means *for mere trifles*
—AUTHOR’S NOTE.

salon, he received no explanation that made it plain why he was so anxiously desired to come. There were other guests; the countess talked very little with him, and only on his departure, just as he was kissing her hand, she unexpectedly whispered to him, without any smile, — which was strange for her, —

“ Venez demain diner — le soir. Il faut que vous veniez. Venez ! ”

With this invitation to dinner, to which he was so imperiously bidden, began Boris's intimacy at the house of the Countess Bezukhaya.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE war was growing fiercer, and its theatre was approaching the Russian frontiers. Everywhere were heard curses against Bonaparte, the enemy of all the human race. In all the villages of the Empire, veterans and raw recruits were forming into companies, and from the theatre of war came conflicting rumors, usually false, and consequently interpreted in various ways.

The life of the old Prince Bolkonsky, Prince Andrei, and the Princess Mariya, had changed in many respects since the year 1805.

In 1806, the old prince was appointed one of the eight commanders-in-chief for the militia, at that time recruiting all over Russia. The old prince, in spite of the weaknesses of age, which had become especially noticeable at the period when he supposed that his son was killed, felt that he had no right to refuse the duty to which he had been called by the sovereign in person, and this new activity into which he entered stimulated and strengthened him. He was constantly engaged in journeying about the three governments entrusted to him; he carried his regulations even to pedantry; he was stern and strict even to cruelty with his subordinates, and he himself looked into the smallest details of his work.

The Princess Mariya had already ceased to recite her lessons in mathematics to her father, and only on mornings when he was at home did she go to his cabinet, accompanied by the wet nurse and the “little Prince Nikolai,” as his grandfather called him. The baby prince, with his wet nurse and the old *nyanya* Savishna, lived in the apartments which had been occupied by the princess, his mother, and the young Princess Mariya spent

a large portion of the day in the nursery, trying to the best of her ability to take the place of mother to her little nephew. Mlle. Bourienne also apparently felt a passionate love for the child, and the Princess Mariya, often in a spirit of sacrifice, would allow her friend the pleasure of attending the little "angel," as she called her nephew, and play with him.

Near the altar of the Luisorgorsky church, a chapel had been built to the memory of the little princess, and in the chapel was placed a marble monument brought from Italy, representing an angel with outstretched wings as if about to mount to heaven. The angel's upper lip was lifted a little, as though it were going to smile. Once Prince Andrei and the Princess Mariya, as they came out of the chapel, agreed that the face of the angel reminded them strangely of the face of the departed. But what was still stranger — and this Prince Andrei did not remark to his sister — was that in this expression which the artist had accidentally given to the angel's face, Prince Andrei read those very words of sweet reproach which he had before read on the face of his dead wife,—

"Akh! what have they done to me?"

Shortly after Prince Andrei's return, the old prince had made over to his son the large estate of Bogucharovo, situated about forty versts from Luisiya Gorui. Partly on account of the sad recollections associated with Luisiya Gorui, partly because Princes Andrei always felt himself unable to endure his father's idiosyncracies, and partly also because he felt the need of solitude, he took possession of Bogucharovo, established himself there, and there spent a large part of his time.

Prince Andrei after the battle of Austerlitz had resolutely made up his mind never to go back into the military service again; and when the war began, and all were obliged to enlist, he, in order to escape active service, accepted a position under his father's command in the recruiting of the militia.

Since the campaign of 1805, the old prince and his son seemed to have exchanged parts: the father, excited by active life, expected all that was good from the campaign; Prince Andrei, on the contrary, not taking any active part in the war, and in the secret depths of his heart regretting it, saw only a dark prospect ahead.

On the tenth of March, 1807, the old prince started on one of his circuits. Prince Andrei, as usual during his father's absences, stayed at Luisiya Gorui. The dear little Nikolushka had not been quite well for several days. The coachman who had driven the old prince to the next town returned and

brought documents and letters for Prince Andrei. The valet, carrying the mail, failing to find the prince in his study, went to the Princess Mariya's apartments, but he was not there either. The valet was informed that the prince had gone to the nursery.

"If you please, your illustriousness, Petrusha has come with some documents," said one of the maids employed in the nursery, addressing Prince Andrei, who was sitting in a child's small chair, and with knitted brows and trembling hands was dropping medicine from a bottle into a tumbler half full of water.

"What did you say?" said he, testily; and by an unguarded movement of his trembling hand he poured too many drops into the glass of water. He threw the medicine on the floor and asked for some more water. The maid handed it to him.

In the room stood a child's cradle, two chests, two arm chairs, a table, a child's table, and the little chair in which Prince Andrei was sitting. The windows were closely shaded, and on the table burned a single candle shaded by a bound volume of music, so that no light might fall on the cradle.

"My dear," said the Princess Mariya, turning to her brother from the cradle by which she was standing, "You'd better wait—until"—

"Akh! Please be kind enough—you're always talking nonsense, and you're always procrastinating; and see what it has led to now!" said Prince Andrei, in an angry whisper, with the manifest intention of wounding his sister.

"My dear, truly it would be better not to awaken him; he is asleep now," said the princess in a supplicating voice.

Prince Andrei got up and went over on tiptoes to the cradle with the glass in his hand.

"Had we really better not wake him," said he, irresolutely.

"Just as you please; truly, I think so. But just as you think best," said the Princess Mariya, evidently embarrassed and a little ashamed that her opinion was about to rule. She called her brother's attention to the maid who was speaking to him in a whisper.

It was the second night that neither of them had got any sleep on account of watching over the baby, which was suffering from a sharp attack of fever. All this time, since they had felt very little confidence in their own domestic physician and were expecting one to be sent them from the city, they

had disagreed about remedies, one preferring one thing, the other, another. Suffering from sleeplessness and anxiety, they each blamed the other, and indulged in recriminations which amounted to actual quarrels.

"Petrusha, with documents from your papenka," whispered the maid. Prince Andrei went out.

"The devil take them," he exclaimed, and after hearing the verbal messages from his father, and taking the envelopes and letters, he went back to the nursery.

"How is he now?" asked Prince Andrei.

"Just the same. We must await the mercy of God. Karl Ivanitch always declares that sleep is better than any medicine," whispered the Princess Mariya with a sigh.

Prince Andrei went to the child and felt of him. He was very hot.

"The mischief take you and your Karl Ivanitch!" He took the glass with the medicine which he had dropped into it and again approached the cradle.

"André, you ought not," exclaimed the Princess Mariya.

But he scowled wrathfully at her, and at the same time with the look of a martyr, and bent over the baby with his glass. "I insist upon it," said he. "Well, then, you give it to him!"

The Princess Mariya shrugged her shoulders, but obediently took the glass, and calling the nurse to help, tried to give the child the medicine. The baby screamed and strangled. Prince Andrei scowling, clasped his hands to his head, left the room and sat down on a sofa in the next room.

The letters were still in his hands. He mechanically opened them and began to read them. The old prince in his large scrawly hand, sometimes employing abbreviations and quaint archaic words, wrote on blue paper as follows,—

I have just at this moment received very agreeable news — unless it's a canard. Benigsen is said to have gained a complete victory over Buonaparte at Eylau. They are wild with delight at Petersburg, and endless rewards have been distributed in the army. Though he's a German, I congratulate him. I cannot imagine what that nachahnik, Hendrikof, is doing at Korchevo; so far no reinforcements or provisions have come from him. Go there as quick as you can and tell him that I will take his head off, if everything is not here within a week's time. I have received additional news about the Battle of Eylau through a letter from Petinka: he took part — i.'s all true. When mischief-makers do not meddle, then even a German can beat Buonaparte. They say he is retreating in great disorder. See that you go to Korchevo without delay and hurry things along.

Prince Andrei sighed and tore open another envelope. This was a closely written letter from Bilibin, filling two sheets. He folded it up without reading it, and again perused the letter from his father ending with the words: — "Go to Korchovo without delay and hurry things along."

"No, excuse me, I will not go now, when my baby is still sick," he said to himself, and stepping to the door he looked into the nursery. Princess Mariya still stood by the cradle, and was gently rocking the child.

"Yes, what in the name of goodness was that other disagreeable thing that he wrote?" asked Prince Andrei, trying to recall his father's letter. "Oh, yes. Our men have won a victory over Bonaparte, now that I am not there to take part. Yes, yes; he will have a good chance to make sport of me; well let him if he wants" —

And he began to read Bilibin's letter. He read without understanding half of it, read it simply for the sake of forgetting for the moment what had been painfully occupying his thoughts to the exclusion of everything else for quite too long.

CHAPTER IX.

BILIBIN now found himself in the quality of a diplomatic chinovnik at the headquarters of the army and though he wrote in French with French jests and phraseology, still he described the whole campaign with genuine Russian fearlessness, not sparing reproaches or sarcasms. He wrote that the *discretion* imposed upon him by the necessities of diplomacy annoyed him, and that he was glad to have in Prince Andrei an ingenuous correspondent, to whom he was able to pour out all the spleen which had been accumulating in him at the sight of what was going on in the army. This letter was of somewhat ancient date, having been penned even before the battle of Preussisch-Eylau. Bilibin wrote as follows: * —

Since our great success at Austerlitz, my dear prince, I have been, as you may know, constantly at headquarters. I have conceived a decided taste for war and so much the better for me. What I have witnessed these past three months is beyond belief!

I will begin *ab ovo* — at the very beginning. The "enemy of the human race," as you are well aware, has been attacking the Prussians. The Prussians are our faithful allies, who have only duped us three times within three years. Consequently, we take up their cause. But it

* This letter is in French in the original.

proves that the "enemy of the human race" pays no attention to our fine speeches, and in accordance with his rough and untrained nature, flings himself on the Prussians without allowing them to finish their parade, in short metre beats them all hollow — *les rosse à plume coûteure* — and makes himself at home in the palace at Potsdam.

"I have the most earnest desire," writes the King of Prussia, to Bonaparte, "that your majesty should be received and treated in my palace as would be most agreeable to you, and I hasten to take all measures to this end that circumstances permit. I only hope that I have been successful!"

The Prussian generals make it a point of honor to be gracious toward the French and lay down their arms at the first summons.

The principal officer of the garrison of Glogau with ten thousand men, asks the King of Prussia what he shall do if he is called upon to surrender. Fact!

In short, while hoping to make a great impression solely by our military attitude, lo and behold! here we are in for a real war and what is worse, for a war on our own frontiers *avec et pour le roi de Prusse*!

Everything is all ready; we lack only one trifling thing; that is, a general-in-chief. As it has been discovered that the success of Austerlitz might have been more decided, if only the general-in-chief had been older, all the octogenarians have been brought forward, and between Prosorovsky and Kamensky, the preference has been given to the latter. The general comes to us in a kibitka after the style of Suvarof, and is received with acclamations of joy and triumph.

On the fourth comes the first courier from Petersburg. The mail is brought into the marshal's study, as he likes to do everything personally. I am summoned to help sort the letters and take those addressed to ourselves. The marshal looks on while we work, and waits for the packages addressed to him. We search them over, but there is not one. The marshal becomes impatient and sets to work himself and finds letters from the emperor for Count T., for Prince V., and others. Then lo, and behold! he goes off into one of his blue rages. He shoots fire and flames against everybody; he seizes the letters, breaks their seals and reads those which the emperor has written to others.

"So that's the way I am treated! They have no confidence in me! Ah, that's a fine notion, setting others to watch my actions! Away with you." And he writes his famous order of the day to General Benigsen:

"I am wounded, and cannot ride on horseback, and consequently can not command the army. You have taken your defeated *corps d'armée* into Pultusk; there it is exposed, and lacks firewood and provender, and, as you yourself reported last evening to Count Buxhövdén, you must devise measures for retiring beyond our frontier; see that this is done to-day."

"Owing to all my riding on horseback," he writes to the emperor, "I have become galled by the saddle, which, in addition to my former infirmities, entirely prevents me from riding on horseback and commanding such an extensive army, and therefore I have transferred the command to Count Buxhövdén, who is next in seniority to myself, giving him the whole charge, and advising him, in case he cannot obtain bread, to move nearer to the interior of Prussia, since only enough bread is left for one day, and some of the regiments have none at all, according to the reports of the division commanders, Ostermann and Sedmoretsky, and the peasants, also, have nothing left. And I myself shall remain in the hospital at Ostrolenko until I am well. In offering, most respectfully, this report,

I would add, that if this army remain another fortnight in its present bivouac, by spring there will not be a single sound soldier left.

"Permit an old man to retire to the country, since he is now so feeble that he finds it impossible to fulfil the great and glorious duty for which he was chosen. I shall await your all-gracious permission here in the hospital, so as not to play the rôle of a clerk instead of commander at the head of the army. Of men like myself there are thousands in Russia."

The marshal is vexed with the emperor, and punishes all of us for it. Isn't that logical?

Thus ends the first act. In those that follow, the interest and the absurdity increase in proper degree. After the marshal's departure, it is discovered that we are in sight of the enemy, and must fight. Buxhövdén is commander-general-in-chief by order of seniority, but General Benigsen is not of this opinion; all the more because it is he and his corps who are in sight of the enemy, and he is anxious to profit by the occasion to fight a battle on his own account. "*aus eigene Hand*," as the Germans say. He does so. This is the battle of Pultusk, which is reported to be a great victory, but which, in my opinion, was no victory at all. We civilians — *nous autres pékins* — have, as you are well aware, a very wretched habit of making up our own minds in regard to the gain or loss of a battle. The one who retires after the battle is the loser, so we say, and in this respect we lost the battle of Pultusk.

In short, we retreat after the battle, but we send a courier to Petersburg to carry the news of the victory, and the general refuses to surrender the chief command to Buxhövdén, hoping to receive from Petersburg the title of general-in-chief as a reward for his victory.

During this interregnum, we begin an excessively interesting and original scheme of manœuvres. Our design consists not, as it should have been, in avoiding or attacking the enemy, but solely of avoiding General Buxhövdén, who by right of seniority should be our chief. We pursue this plan with so much energy, that even in crossing an unfordable river we burn our bridges to cut off the enemy, who for the nonce is not Bonaparte but Buxhövdén. General Buxhövdén just misses being attacked and taken by overwhelming forces of the enemy by reason of one of our pretty manœuvres which saves us from him. Buxhövdén pursues us, — we sneak away. As soon as he crosses to our side of the river we cross back again. At last our enemy, Buxhövdén, catches up with us, and attacks us. The two generals have a quarrel. Buxhövdén even goes so far as to send a challenge, and Benigsen has an attack of epilepsy.

But at the critical moment the courier who carried the news of our victory at Pultusk, returns with our nomination as general-in-chief, and our enemy No. 1 is done for. We can think of No. 2, Bonaparte. But what do you suppose? Just at this moment there rises before us a third enemy, the *pravoslavnoye*, — the orthodox army, — loudly clamoring for bread, for meat, for *sukhari*,* for hay, and what not! The stores are empty; the roads impassable. The *pravoslavnoye* set themselves to marauding, and in a way of which the last campaign would not give you the slightest notion. Half of the regiments form themselves into freebooters, scouring the country and putting everything to fire and sword. The natives are ruined, root and branch; the hospitals are overflowing with sick, and famine is everywhere. Twice the headquarters have been attacked by troops of marauders, and the general-in-chief has himself been obliged to ask for a battalion to drive them off. In one of these

* Biscuits, hard-tack.

attacks my empty trunk and my dressing-gown was carried off. The emperor has consented to grant all the division chiefs the right to shoot the marauders, but I very much fear that such a course would oblige one half of the army to shoot the other half.

Prince Andrei at first read with his eyes alone, but gradually, in spite of himself, what he was reading — in spite of the fact that he was well aware of how far Biblin was to be trusted — began to absorb him more and more. Having read thus far he crumpled up the letter and threw it aside. It was not what he had read in the letter that moved his indignation, but rather the fact that the life there, so remote and foreign to him now, had still the power to stir him. He closed his eyes, rubbed his forehead with his hand, as though to drive away all recollection of what he had been reading — and listened to what was going on in the nursery.

Suddenly, it seemed to him that he heard a strange sound there. A great fear came over him; he was afraid that something might have happened to his baby while he was reading the letter. He went to the nursery door on his tiptoes, and opened it.

As he went in, he noticed that the nurse, with a frightened face, was hiding something from him, and the Princess Mariya was no longer by the cradle.

"My dear," he heard behind him, in the frightened voice, as it seemed to him, of his sister. As often occurs after long wakefulness and keen emotion, a causeless panic came over him; he imagined that the child might be dying, or dead. All that he heard and saw seemed to confirm his fear.

"It is all over," he said to himself, and a cold sweat stood out on his brow. He went to the cradle in great apprehension, firmly convinced that he should find it empty, that the nurse girl was hiding his dead baby! He drew the curtains aside, and it was some time before his frightened, wandering eyes could find the child. At last he saw him. The little one, all rosy, lay sprawled out across the cradle, with his head lower than the pillow, and was smacking his lips in his sleep and breathing regularly.

Prince Andrei was perfectly delighted to see the child so, when he was already beginning to think that he had lost him. He bent over, and, as his sister had instructed him, felt with his lips whether the baby's fever had gone. The sweet brow was moist; he passed his hand over the little head, and the soft hair was also moist, the baby was in such a perspiration! Not only was the baby not dead, but he was aware now that

the crisis had passed, and that he was better. He felt a strong inclination to snatch up this helpless little creature and press it to his heart; but he dared not do so. He stood over him, looking at his head, and at his little arms and feet which had thrown off the coverings. He heard a rustling behind him, and thought he saw a shadow outlined on the curtain of the cradle. But he did not look around, but gazed into the baby's face, still listening to his regular breathing. The dark shadow was the Princess Mariya, who, with noiseless steps, came to the cradle, lifted the curtain, and dropped it after her. Prince Andrei, without looking around, recognized her, and stretched out his hand to her. She pressed his hand.

"He is in a perspiration," said Prince Andrei.

"I had gone out to tell you."

The baby stirred a little in his sleep, smiled, and rubbed his forehead against the pillow. Prince Andrei looked at his sister. The Princess Mariya's lustrous eyes in the subdued twilight of the curtains gleamed more than usually bright with happy tears. She leaned over to her brother and kissed him, slightly catching her dress in the material of the curtain. Each made the other a warning gesture and stood quiet for a moment under the faint light of the curtain, as though they wished still to remain in that world in which they were shut off from all the rest of the universe. Prince Andrei was the first to move away from the cradle, getting his head entangled in the muslin of the curtain as he did so.

"Yes, that is all that is left me now," said he, with a sigh.

CHAPTER X.

SHORTLY after his reception into the Masonic Brotherhood, Pierre, with full instructions given him for his guidance in managing his estates, reached the government of Kief, where the larger number of his serfs were to be found.

When he reached Kief, he summoned all his overseers, and explained his intentions and desires. He told them that measures would be immediately taken for the unconditional emancipation from servitude of all his serfs, that till this were done the peasants must not be constrained to hard work, that the women and children must not be required to work at all; that assistance was to be freely rendered the peasantry; that corporal punishments were not to be employed, but reprimands; and

that on each of his estates, hospitals, asylums, and schools were to be established.

Some of the overseers — and in the number were half-educated *ekonomys*, or stewards — listened with dismay, supposing that the young count's speech meant that he was dissatisfied with their management, or had discovered how they had been embezzling his funds. Others, after their first panic, found amusement in Pierre's thick, stumbling speech, and the new words which they had never before heard; a third set found simply a certain sense of satisfaction in hearing their barin talk; a fourth, and these were the sharpest, and at their head the chief overseer, perceived from this talk how it behooved them to manage with their barin, in order to subserve their own ends.

The chief overseer expressed great sympathy in Pierre's proposed plans; but he remarked that over and above these reforms, it was indispensable to make a general investigation of his affairs, which were in a sufficiently unfortunate state.

In spite of Count Bezukhoi's enormous wealth at the time when Pierre entered upon his inheritance — and it was said that he had an income of five hundred thousand rubles a year — he felt himself much poorer than when he received an allowance of ten thousand a year from his late father. He had a general dim idea that his expenses were somewhat as follows: interest to the "Society,"* about eighty thousand rubles, on all his possessions; about thirty thousand stood him for the maintenance of his house in Moscow, and his *Podmoskornaya*, and the support of the three princesses; about fifteen thousand went in pensions; as much to various charitable institutions; one hundred and fifty thousand were put down for support of the countess; about seventy thousand went in interest on his debts; the building of a church which he had begun a couple of years before, cost him about ten thousand a year; the rest, not far from one hundred thousand was expended, he himself knew not how, and almost every year he found himself obliged to borrow. Moreover, each year his chief overseer had written to him about fires, about bad harvests, about the necessity of building new factories and works. And thus Pierre was first thing confronted by what he had not the slightest taste or capacity for, the settlement of his affairs.

Pierre each day spent some time with his chief overseer in this business; but he was conscious that his efforts did not

* *Opekunsky Sovyét*, the famous bank supported by the State, that loaned money on land and personal property, including serfs.

advance his interests a single step. He was conscious that his efforts were wasted on this business, that they did not have the slightest influence on his affairs, and were not calculated to help him on with his schemes. On the one hand, his head overseer pictured his affairs in the gloomiest colors, pointing out to Pierre the absolute necessity of paying his debts and undertaking new enterprises with the labor of his peasantry, a thing to which Pierre refused to listen: on the other hand, Pierre insisted on the project of emancipating his serfs, but to this the overseer opposed the imperious necessity of first paying the mortgage held by the Opekunsky, or Orphan's Aid Society, and consequently the impossibility of accomplishing the business rapidly.

The overseer did not say that this was absolutely impossible; he proposed for bringing this about, the selling of certain forests in the Government of Kostroma, some river lands, and an estate in the Crimea. But all these operations proposed by the overseer entailed complicated legal proceedings, replevins, permits, licenses, and so forth, so that Pierre quite lost his wits, and merely said, "Yes, yes, do so then."

Pierre was not possessed of that practical bent for business which would have enabled him to grasp the whole matter immediately, and consequently he disliked it all and merely pretended to take an interest in it in the overseer's presence. The overseer, on his side, pretended to consider all these efforts advantageous for the proprietor, and troublesome for himself.

In the large city of Kief, the capital of the province, Pierre had some acquaintances: those whom he did not know made haste to pay their respects to him, and gladly welcomed the millionaire, the largest landowner of the whole government. The temptations that assailed Pierre in his principal weakness—as he had confessed at the time of his entrance into the Lodge—were also so powerful that he could not resist them. Again, whole days, weeks, months of his life sped away, constantly occupied with parties, dinners, breakfasts, balls, just as it had been in Petersburg, so that he had no time whatever for serious thoughts. Instead of the new life which he had hoped to lead, he still went on with the same old routine, only in different surroundings.

Of the three obligations of Freemasonry, Pierre acknowledged that he was not fulfilling the one that enjoined upon every Mason to be a model of moral living; and of the seven precepts of virtue, two he had not taken to heart,—virtuous

living and love for death. He comforted himself with the thought that he was fulfilling one of the other obligations, — the reformation of the human race, and that he possessed the other virtues, love to his neighbor, and particularly liberality.

In the spring of the year 1807, Pierre determined to return to Petersburg, making on his way a visit to all of his possessions, so as to assure himself as to what had been done toward carrying out his orders, and personally to learn in what condition lived the peasantry entrusted to him by God, and whom he was striving to benefit.

His head overseer, who considered all of the young count's ideas as perfectly chimerical — disadvantageous for himself, for him, for the peasants themselves — had made some concessions. Though he still represented that the emancipation of the serfs was an impossibility, he had made arrangements for the extensive erection on all the estates, of schools, hospitals, and asylums, against the coming of the barin: everywhere he made arrangements for receptions, not, to be sure, on a sumptuous and magnificent scale which he knew would displease the young count, but rather semi-religious and thanksgiving processions, with sacred images and the traditional *khlyeb-sol* — or bread and salt — the Russian symbol of hospitality; such demonstrations in fact as he was certain from his knowledge of his barin's character would deeply touch him and delude him.

The southern spring, the comfortable, rapid journey in his Vienna calash, and the solitude in which he travelled, had made a most pleasant impression on Pierre. These estates, none of which he had ever seen before, were each more picturesque than the other; the peasantry everywhere appeared prosperous and touchingly grateful to him for the benefits which he was heaping upon him. Everywhere they met him with processions and receptions, which, though they embarrassed him, filled his heart with a pleasant sensation.

In one place, the peasants brought him the *khlyeb-sol* and a holy picture of Peter and Paul, and besought his permission to add at their own expense, in honor of his name day and as a sign of their love and gratitude to him for the benefits conferred upon them, a new chantry to the church.

In another place he was met by women with children at the breast, who thanked him for freeing them from hard work.

On a third estate, he was met by a priest carrying a cross and surrounded by children, to whom, through the count's liberality, he was teaching reading and religion.

On all his estates he saw with his own eyes the massive stone foundations of edifices for hospitals, schools, and almshouses, building or almost built, and ready to be opened in a short time. Everywhere, Pierre saw from the accounts of his overseers that enforced labor had been greatly reduced from what it had been, and he listened to the affecting expressions of gratitude from deputations of serfs in their blue kaftans.

But Pierre had no knowledge of the fact that where he had been met with the bread and salt, and where they were building the chantry of Peter and Paul, it was a commercial village where a *yarmarka*, or annual bazaar was held on Saint Peter's day; that the chantry had been begun long before by some well-to-do muzhiks of the village, the very ones in fact who came to meet him, while nine tenths of the peasants of this same village lived in the profoundest destitution.

He did not know that in consequence of his order to cease employing nursing women at work on his fields, these very same women were forced to do vastly harder work on their own lots of communal land. He did not know that the priest who came to meet him with his cross oppressed the muzhiks with his exactions, and that the pupils who accompanied him were placed with him at the cost of tears, and were often ransomed back by their parents for large sums of money.

He did not know that the edifices built, according to his plan, of stone were the work of his own laborers, and greatly increased the forced service of his serfs, which was really diminished only on paper.

He did not know that where the overseers pointed out to him on the books the reduction of the serf's *obroks*, or money payments, by one third, the consequence was that an amount corresponding was added to the forced labor of the peasantry.

And so Pierre was in raptures over his tour among his estates, and he fell back fully into that philanthropical frame of mind in which he had left Petersburg, and he wrote enthusiastic letters to his "preceptor-brother," as he called the Grand Master.

"How easy it is, how little strength it requires to do so much good," said Pierre to himself. "And how little we trouble ourselves about it!"

He was happy over the gratitude, but felt mortified to be the recipient of it. This gratitude made him think how very much more he might have easily done for these simple-hearted, kindly people.

The chief-overseer, a thoroughly obstinate and wily man,

perfectly comprehending the intelligent but naïve young count, and playing with him as with a toy, when he saw the effect produced upon him by the receptions that he had himself so skilfully arranged, approached him all the more resolutely with arguments for the impossibility and, above all, the uselessness of emancipating the serfs, who were perfectly happy and contented as they were.

Pierre in the depths of his soul agreed with the overseer that it would be hard to imagine people more happy and contented, and that God only knew what would happen to them if they had their freedom, but still, though against his better judgment, he insisted upon what he felt was only justice.

The overseer promised to do all in his power to carry out the count's desires, clearly comprehending that the count would never be in a position to assure himself whether all his plans for the disposal of his forests and other lands for the sake of redeeming his mortgages to the Society had been carried out, or would ever ask or know how his costly edifices would stand empty, and the peasants would continue to contribute their labor and money, just the same as they did on other estates; that is, the utmost that they could give.

CHAPTER XI.

ON his return from his southern journey, in the happiest frame of mind, Pierre carried out his long-cherished purpose of going to make a visit to his old friend Bolkonsky, whom he had not seen for two years.

Bogucharovo was situated in the midst of a flat and uninteresting region, diversified with fields and forests of birch and evergreens, cleared and uncleared. The *barsky dvor*, or proprietor's place, was situated at one end of the straggling village which extended along on both sides of the straight highway. In front was a pond, recently dug and filled with water, though the grass had not yet had a chance to grow on the banks around; the house stood in the midst of a young grove, some of the trees of which were pines and firs.

The *barsky dvor* consisted of a granary and threshing-floor, the house servants' quarters, the stable, a bathhouse, and the wings of a great stone mansion, the semicircular façade of which was in process of erection. Around the house, a young garden was planted. The fences were strong and the paths were new; under a shed stood two fire-engines and a barrel, painted a

vivid green. The paths were straight, the bridges were well built and had railings. Everything bore the impress of extreme care and good management.

The house-serfs who met Pierre, in answer to his question where the prince lived, pointed to a small building standing at the very edge of the pond. Prince Andrei's old body servant, Anton, helped Pierre down from the calash, told him that the prince was at home, and led him into a neat little anteroom.

Pierre was struck by the modesty of this diminutive though scrupulously clean little house, after the brilliant conditions of existence in which he had last seen his friend in Petersburg. He hurriedly went into a small hall, smelling of pine and not even plastered, and was about to go farther, but Anton preceded him on his tiptoes and knocked at the door.

"Now who's there?" was the reply, in a harsh, forbidding voice.

"A visitor," replied Anton.

"Ask him to wait," and the noise of a chair pushed back was heard. Pierre went with swift steps to the door and met Prince Andrei face to face, as he came out, frowning and looking older than his years.

Pierre threw his arms around him, pushing up his spectacles, kissed him on the cheeks, and looked at him closely.

"Well, this is a surprise; very glad to see you," said Prince Andrei. Pierre said nothing; he was gazing at his friend in amazement, not taking his eyes from him. He was struck by the change that had taken place in Prince Andrei. His words were affectionate; there was a smile on his lips and face, but his eyes were dim and lifeless, in spite of his evident desire to make them seem to have a joyous and lively light. His friend was not so much disturbed that he had grown thinner and paler, but this expression of his eyes and the frown on his brow, the evidence of long-continued concentration on some one painful topic, amazed and estranged Pierre, who was not used to see him so.

As usual on meeting after a long separation, it took some time to get the conversation into running order; they asked and answered various questions briefly in regard to things which both knew they should have to talk about afterward at length. At last they began to settle down a little more on what they already touched upon, what had taken place in the past, and their plans for the future, about Pierre's journey, his undertakings, the war, and other topics.

That concentration and lifelessness which Pierre had already

remarked in Prince Andrei's eyes, was now expressed still more noticeably in the smile with which he listened to Pierre, especially when he spoke with animation of the past or the future.

It seemed as though Prince Andrei were trying, but without success, to feel an interest in what he said. Pierre was beginning to feel that it was in bad taste in Prince Andrei's presence to speak of his enthusiasms, dreams, hopes of happiness, and of doing good. He was ashamed to tell about his new notions concerning Freemasonry, which had been especially renewed and excited during the latter part of his journey. He restrained himself for fear of seeming naïve; at the same time he had an irresistible desire to tell his friend as soon as possible that now he was an entirely different and much better man than he had been when he had known him in Petersburg.

"I cannot tell you what I have lived through since then. I should not know myself."

"Yes, yes, we have changed much since that time," said Prince Andrei.

"Well, and you," asked Pierre, "what are your plans?"

"Plans!" repeated Prince Andrei, in an ironical tone; "my plans!" he repeated again, as though he were astonished at such a word, "you can see for yourself, I am building; I intend next year to come here for good."

Pierre said nothing, but still looked attentively at Prince Andrei's aged face. "No, I wanted to ask," said he, but Prince Andrei interrupted him.

"But what is the use of talking about me?—Tell me, oh yes, tell me about your journey,—all about what you expect to accomplish on your estates."

Pierre began to tell him what he had been doing for his peasantry, trying to conceal as far as possible, his own part in the improvements made.

Prince Andrei several times finished Pierre's description for him, as though all that Pierre had done were an old story, and he seemed to listen not only without interest, but even as though he felt ashamed at what Pierre told him.

Pierre began to feel awkward and uncomfortable in his friend's society. He stopped talking.

"Now see here, my dear fellow, — *dúsha móya*," said Prince Andrei, who evidently found it just as uncomfortable and irksome in his guest's society, "I am only camping out here, as it were—came over simply to see how things were going. I am going back to-night to my sister's. If you wil

go back with me, I'll introduce you to her. Oh, but I think you know her," he added, evidently trying to think of something to amuse a guest, with whom he felt that he had nothing in common, "we will start right after dinner. But now would you like to look around my premises?"

They went out and returned to the house in time for dinner, talking of the political news, and of their common acquaintances, like men who cared very little for each other. Prince Andrei made a show of animation and interest only in regard to the new buildings and premises which he was engaged in constructing; but even here in the midst of their conversation, and while they were on the scaffolding, and he was describing the projected arrangements of the house, he suddenly paused: "However, there is nothing very interesting about this; let us go to dinner and then start." At the dinner-table the talk turned on Pierre's marriage.

"I was very much amazed when I heard about it," said Prince Andrei.

Pierre flushed, as he usually did when it was mentioned, and said hurriedly: "I will tell you all about it some time — tell you how it happened. But you know that it is all over and for ever."

"For ever?" queried Prince Andrei, "there is no such thing as for ever!"

"But you know, don't you, how it all ended? You heard about the duel?"

"And so you had to go through that, also!"

"There is one thing that I thank God for, and that is that I did not kill that man," said Pierre.

"Why so?" asked Prince Andrei, "to kill a mad dog is a very good thing."

"No, but to kill a man is not good, — not right."

"Why is it not right?" demanded Prince Andrei. "It is not for men to judge what is right and wrong. Men have always been in error, and always will be in error, and in nothing more than in what they consider to be right and wrong."

"Wrong is whatever is harmful to our fellow-men," said Pierre, feeling a sense of satisfaction that here for the first time since his arrival, Prince Andrei had really brightened up and begun to talk, and was on the way to disclosing what had made him so different from what he used to be.

"And who has ever told you what is harmful for our fellow-men?" asked the other.

"Harmful! harmful!" exclaimed Pierre, "we all know what that means for ourselves."

"Yes, we know what is evil for ourselves, but that which is evil for myself, may not be evil for another man," said Prince Andrei, growing more and more constantly animated. He added in French: "I know of only two real evils in life — remorse and illness. There is nothing good except the absence of these evils.* To live for myself, avoiding only these two evils, is at present all my philosophy."

"But how about love for your neighbor, and self-sacrifice?" protested Pierre; "no, I cannot agree with you. It is a very little thing to live merely so as not to do evil, merely to be free from remorse. I have lived in that way; I have lived for myself, and I have wasted my life. And now only that I am living — I mean trying to live — for others (Pierre corrected himself out of modesty) only now do I realize the full happiness of life. No, I cannot agree with you; and you yourself do not mean what you say."

Prince Andrei looked silently at Pierre, and smiled satirically.

"Well, you are going to see my sister, the Princess Mariya. You and she will agree," said he. "May be you are right as far as you are concerned," he went on to say, after a short silence, "but every one must work out his own life. You have lived for yourself, and declare that you have almost wasted your life by this course, and you have found happiness only when you began to live for others. But my experience has been exactly the opposite. I have lived for glory — and what is glory? Is it not love for others, the desire to do something for them, the yearning for their applause? And in that way I have lived for others, and have not almost, but wholly wasted my life. But only since I have begun to live for myself alone, have I begun to feel more satisfied."

"But how can you live for yourself alone?" asked Pierre, growing heated, "there is your son, your sister, your father!"

"Ah, yes, but they are the same as myself, they are not 'other people'" explained Prince Andrei, "but others, neighbors, *le prochain*, as you and the Princess Mariya express it, — they are the chief fountain-head of error and evil. *Le prochain*, your neighbor, is, for instance, those Kief muzhiks of yours, whom you are trying to load with benefits."

* *Je ne connais dans la vie que deux maux bien réels : c'est le remords et la maladie. Il n'est de bien que l'absence de ces maux.*

And he looked at Pierre with a provokingly satirical expression. It evidently provoked Pierre.

"You are jesting," said Pierre, who was constantly growing more and more excited, "how can there be error and evil in what I have desired—the accomplishment has been very trifling and wretched; but I mean in what I have desired to do in the way of benefiting them, and have accomplished in some small measure? What possible evil can there be in poor men, like our muzhiks, men just like ourselves, who grow up and perish without any comprehension of God and right, beyond mere forms and meaningless prayers, being taught the consoling belief in a future life, in rewards and compensations and joys to come? Pray what evil or error is there in my giving medicine and a hospital, and a refuge for old age to men who are dying of maladies without succor, when it is so easy to help them materially? And is it not a palpable and unquestionable benefit that when the muzhiks, the nursing women, have no rest either day or night, and I give them leisure and recreation?" said Pierre, stammering in his efforts to talk fast and keep up with his thoughts. "And I have done this, stupidly enough, feebly enough, but at all events I have done something toward it, and you will fail to persuade me either that what I have done is not good, or that you yourself have any such notion. And above all," proceeded Pierre, "I know and am firmly persuaded that the pleasure of doing good in this way is the only true happiness that life affords."

"Yes, if you propound the question in that way, you make an entirely different one out of it," said Prince Andrei. "I am building a house, I am laying out a garden, and you are erecting hospitals; and some one else might come along and argue that both were a waste of time. But the decision as to what is right and what is good, let us leave to Him who knows all things, and not try to decide it for ourselves. But I see that you want to argue the question." He added, "Give it to us then."

They had left the table and were sitting on a flight of steps that took the place of a balcony.

"Well, let us have the discussion then," said Prince Andrei. "You speak of schools," he went on to say, bending one finger, "and of education and so on; that is, you wish to take such a man as that"—pointing towards a muzhik, who, as he passed by them, pulled off his hat—"and lift him from his animal existence and give him moral necessities; but it seems to me

that his only possible happiness is his animal enjoyment, and that you want to deprive him of. I envy him; you want to make him like me. You say another thing: you propose to free him from work, but in my opinion physical labor is for him as much a necessity, as much a condition of his existence, as intellectual labor is for you or me. You cannot help thinking. I go to bed at three o'clock; thoughts crowd in upon me and I keep turning and twisting, and it is morning before sleep comes, and the reason is because I am thinking and cannot help thinking, just as he cannot help plowing and mowing; if he did not he would go to the tavern and make himself ill. Just as I could not endure his terrible physical labor, and should die within a week, so he could not endure my physical idleness; he would grow stout and die. In the third place, — but what was your third point?" — Prince Andrei began to double down his third finger.

"Oh, yes, hospitals, medicines. Well, he has a stroke and dies, but you would bleed him and cure him, and he would drag out a crippled existence for ten years more, a burden to every one. It is far easier and simpler for him to die. Others are born, and there are so many of them to take his place! If it were merely that you were sorry for the loss of a good workman, that would be a different thing, — for that's the way I look at it, but you want to cure him out of mere love for him. And that is not necessary as far as he is concerned; and then, besides, what a delusion it is that medicine ever anywhere cured any one! You might rather call it murder!" said he, frowning with disgust and turning from Pierre.

Prince Andrei expressed his thoughts with such clearness and precision that it was evident he had thought on these questions and he spoke fluently and rapidly, like a man who has not had for a long time a chance to express his thoughts. His eyes kept growing more and more animated, in proportion as his ideas became pessimistic.

"Akh, this is horrible, horrible!" exclaimed Pierre. "What I cannot understand is how you can live, holding such opinions. Such moments of despair have come to me, but that was long, long ago at Moscow and abroad, but at such times I go down into the depths so that I cease to live; everything is disgusting to me — myself above all! At such times I do not eat, or wash myself — Well, is that the way with you?"

"Why shouldn't I wash myself? It isn't cleanly!" retorted Prince Andrei. "On the contrary, I have to struggle to make my life as agreeable as possible. I am alive and I am

not to blame for that, and so it behooves me to make the best of it, not interfering with anybody else until death carries me off!"

"But what on earth induces you to live cherishing such notions? Do you really intend to sit down doing nothing, without undertaking anything?"

"Ah, but life refuses to let me be in peace! I should be glad enough to be a do-nothing, but here on the one hand the nobility of the district have done me the honor of electing me their *marshal, and it was as much as I could do to get out of it. They could not understand that I had not a single qualification for the office, not a bit of that peculiarly good-natured and commonplace indefatigability which is needed for it. And that is the explanation of this house which I felt called upon to build, so as to have my own little nook where I could be free and easy. And then again, there is the militia" —

"Why don't you serve in the army?"

"After Austerlitz!" exclaimed Prince Andrei, gloomily. "No, I thank you humbly, but I have taken a solemn vow that I would never again serve in the Russian army. I would not, even if Bonaparte were here at Smolensk, threatening Luisiya Gorui; no, not even then would I serve in the Russian army. There, now I have told you," proceeded Prince Andrei, growing calmer. "But there is the militia; my father is commander-in-chief of the third district, and the only way that I could avoid joining the army again was to be with him."

"So you are in the service after all?"

"Yes, I am."

He was silent for a little.

"But why are you?"

"This is why. My father is one of the most remarkable men of his age, but he has grown old, and while he is not exactly cruel, he has too restless a nature. He is so used to unlimited power that it makes him terrible, and now he has the power granted him by the Emperor as commander-in-chief of the militia. If I had been two hours late, a fortnight ago, he would have hanged a registry clerk at Yukhmovo," said Prince Andrei, with a smile, "and so I serve because no one besides me has any influence over him, and I often save him from acts which he would be sorry for afterwards."

"Ah, there now, you see!"

"Yes, but it is not as you understand it," retorted Prince Andrei in French. "It was not that I wasted any sympathy

on the rascal of a clerk who had been stealing boots from the militia. As far as he was concerned I should have been glad enough if he had been hanged; but I should have felt sorry for my father, which is the same thing as for myself."

Prince Andrei was still growing more and more excited. His eyes sparkled with a feverish light, as he tried to prove to Pierre that his action had nothing whatever of philanthropy in it.

"Well, now look here, you want to free your serfs," he went on to say, "that is a very good thing, but not for you — for you never flogged any one or sent any one to Siberia — and still less advantageous for your peasants. If they are beaten and flogged and sent to Siberia I imagine it does them no special harm. The peasant leads in Siberia that same cattle-like existence of his, and his scars heal over and he is just as happy as he was before. But this would be a good thing for those who are morally perishing, who are preparing for themselves an old age of remorse, who try to stifle this remorse and become cruel and severe, for the reason that they have the power of punishing either justly or unjustly. That's why I pity any one, and in such a case should desire the emancipation of the serfs. Perhaps you have never seen but I have, — how good men, educated in these traditions of unlimited power, as they grow old and irritable, grow cruel and harsh, and are aware of it and cannot help themselves, and so become ever more and more unhappy."

Prince Andrei said this with so much feeling, that Pierre could not avoid conjecturing that these ideas of Prince Andrei's were suggested by his own father. He said nothing in reply.

"And this is what I lament over: human dignity, peace of mind, and purity, and not men's backs and heads; which, however much they be flogged and shaved, will still remain nothing but backs and heads still."

"No, no, a thousand times no, I never should agree with you!" cried Pierre.

CHAPTER XII.

IN the afternoon, Prince Andrei and Pierre got into the calash and started for Luisiya Gorui. Prince Andrei occasionally glanced at Pierre and broke the silence with remarks, showing that he was now in the very happiest frame of mind.

Pointing to the fields, he told him about his agricultural improvements.

Pierre preserved a moody silence, replied in monosyllables, and seemed to be immersed in his thoughts.

Pierre felt that Prince Andrei was unhappy, that he was deluding himself, that he was ignorant of the true light, and that it was his duty to come to his aid, to enlighten him, and lift him up. But as soon as Pierre tried to think what and how he should speak, he was seized with the consciousness that Prince Andrei by a single word, by a single argument, might destroy everything in his teaching, and he was afraid to begin; he was afraid of exposing to the possibility of ridicule the beloved Ark of his convictions.

"No, but why should you think so?" suddenly began Pierre, lowering his head and taking the aspect of a bull about to charge. "What makes you think so? You have no right to think so!"

"To think how?" asked Prince Andrei in amazement.

"About life, about man's destination. It cannot be. I used to think exactly the same way, and do you know what saved me? — Freemasonry! No, don't smile! Freemasonry is not a religious, a ceremonial sect, as I once supposed, but it is something much better, it is the one expression of the best, of the eternal in humanity."

And Pierre began to expound Freemasonry to Prince Andrei as he understood it.

He declared that Freemasonry was the doctrine of Christianity freed from political and religious dogmatic bonds: the doctrine of equality, fraternity, and love.

"Our sacred brotherhood only has a practical conception of life; everything else is visionary," said Pierre. "You must comprehend, my dear fellow, that outside of this fraternity, everything is full of falsehood and deception, and I agree with you that for an intelligent and good man nothing is left except to live out his life as you do, merely striving not to interfere with any one. But once adopt our fundamental principles, join our confraternity, come with us heart and soul, allow yourself to be guided, and you will immediately perceive, just as I did, that you are a part of a tremendous, invisible chain, the beginning of which is hidden in heaven," said Pierre.

Prince Andrei, silently looking straight ahead, listened to Pierre's discourse. Several times when owing to the rumble of the carriage, he failed to catch a word, he asked Pierre to repeat it. Pierre could see by the unusual gleam in Prince Andrei's eyes and by his silence, that his words were not without effect, that Prince Andrei would not throw ridicule on what he said.

They reached a river where there was a freshet, and which had to be crossed by ferry. While they were arranging for the disposition of the calash and horses, the two young men went down upon the ferry-boat.

Prince Andrei, leaning his elbows on the railing, looked in silence down along the brimming river, which gleamed under the rays of the setting sun.

"Well, what do you think about it?" asked Pierre. "Why are you so silent?"

"What do I think? I have been listening to what you said, that's all," said Prince Andrei. "You say 'join our confraternity and we will teach you the purpose of life and the object of man's existence, and the laws that govern the world.' But who are 'we'? Simply men! How do *you* know all that? Why is it that I am the only one that fails to see what you are privileged to see? You see a kingdom of goodness and truth on earth, but that is what I do not see."

Pierre interrupted him,—

"Do you believe in the future life," he asked.

"In the future life?" repeated Prince Andrei, but Pierre gave him no time to reply, and took for granted that this very repetition of his words was a denial, the more so because he had known of old, Prince Andrei's atheistical convictions.

"You say you cannot see the kingdom of goodness and truth on earth. And I do not see it, and it is impossible to see it, if we look upon our life here as the end of all things. On the earth, especially on this earth here" — Pierre pointed toward a field — "there is no truth; it is all lies and evil; but in the universe, in the whole universe, is the kingdom of truth, and now we are the children of the earth; in eternity we are the children of the whole universe. Do I not feel in my own soul that I constitute a part of this mighty harmonious whole? Do I not have the consciousness that in this enormous, innumerable collection of beings in which Godhead is manifest — Supreme Force, if you prefer the term — that I constitute one link, one step between the lower orders of creation and the higher ones? If I see, clearly see, this ladder which rises from the plant to man, then why should I suppose that it stops at me, and does not lead higher and ever higher? I know that just as nothing is ever annihilated in the universe, so I can never perish but shall always exist, and always have existed. I know that besides myself spirits must exist above me, and that truth is in this universe."

"Yes, that is Herder's doctrine," said Prince Andrei. "But

that is not enough to convince me, my dear; but life and death are what convince. You are convinced when you see a being who is dear to you, who is bound to you by sacred ties, toward whom you have done wrong, and have hoped to atone for the wrong" — Prince Andrei's voice trembled and he turned his head away — "and suddenly this being suffers, is tormented, and ceases to be. Why is it? It cannot be that there is no answer, and I believe that there is one. That is what convinces a man, that is what has convinced me," said Prince Andrei.

"Yes, yes," exclaimed Pierre, "and isn't that exactly what I said?"

"No! I merely maintain that arguments do not convince one of the necessity of a future life, but this: when you go through life hand in hand with a companion, and suddenly that companion vanishes, *there, into the nowhere*, and you are left standing by this gulf, and straining your eyes to look into it! And I have looked in!"

"Well, then! You know that there is a *there*, and that there is a *some one*. 'There, is the future life. The, some one, is God.'"

Prince Andrei made no reply. The horses had been long harnessed again into the calash on the other bank, and the ferryage fees paid, and already the sun was half hidden and the evening frost was beginning to skim over the pools by the ferry with crystal stars, and still Pierre and Andrei, to the amazement of the servants, the drivers, and the ferry hands, stood on the ferry-boat talking.

"If there is a God and a future life, then truth must exist, then virtue must exist; and man's highest happiness consists in striving to attain them. We must live, we must love, we must believe," Pierre was saying. "Believe not that we exist for a to-day on this lump of earth, but that we have lived and shall live for ever yonder in the Whole" — he pointed to the sky.

Prince Andrei was standing with his elbows resting on the railing of the ferry-boat and listening to Pierre, and without turning away his eyes he gazed at the red disk of the sun reflected in the brimming river. Pierre came to a pause. It was perfectly still. The boat had long been moored, and only the ripples of the current glided by the bottom of the boat with a faint murmur. It seemed to Prince Andrei that this lapping of the waves corroborated Pierre's words and murmured: "It is true: have faith in it!"

Prince Andrei smiled, and with a radiant, childlike, tender expression looked into Pierre's flushed and enthusiastic face, which, nevertheless, showed that shyness peculiar to him in the presence of a friend of superior attainments.

"Ah, yes! if it were only so," said he. "But let us be starting," added Prince Andrei, and as he stepped off the boat, he glanced at the sky, to which Pierre called his attention, and for the first time since Austerlitz he saw those lofty, eternal heavens, which he had looked into as he lay on the battle-field, and something long dormant, something that was the better part of himself, suddenly awoke with new and joyful life in his soul.

This feeling vanished as soon as Prince Andrei fell back again into the ordinary conditions of existence, but he knew that this feeling, though he was unable to develop it, still lived in him. His meeting with Pierre was for Prince Andrei an epoch with which to begin his new life, not indeed to outward sight, which remained unchanged, but in the inner world of his consciousness.

CHAPTER XIII.

It was already quite dark when Prince Andrei and Pierre drove up to the principal entrance of the Luisogorsky mansion. Just as they reached there, Prince Andrei, with a smile, called Pierre's attention to the hubbub at the rear doorsteps. An old woman, bending under the weight of a birch bark sack, and a short man, in black attire and with long hair, seeing the approach of the calash, started to run in through the back gates. Two women were hurrying after them, and all four, gazing in affright at the carriage, hurried up the back stairs.

"Those are some of Masha's 'Men of God,'" said Prince Andrei. "They took us for my father. And this is the only thing in which she dares think of going against his wishes: his orders are to drive these pilgrims out, but she likes to receive them."

"But who are these pilgrims, — 'Men of God,' as you call them?"

Prince Andrei had no time to reply to him. Servants came out to meet them, and he began to ask where the old prince was and how soon he was expected.

The old prince was still at Smolensk, but was expected at any time.

Prince Andrei took Pierre to his own chambers which were always kept in perfect order for his reception in his father's house, and he himself went to the nursery.

"Let us go and find my sister," said Prince Andrei, rejoining Pierre. "I have not seen her yet: she is hidden away somewhere, talking with her 'Men of God.' It will make her very much confused, but you shall see her 'Men of God.' *C'est curieux, ma parole.*"

"But who are these men of God?" asked Pierre again.

"You shall see for yourself."

It was a fact that the Princess Mariya was confused, and her face blushed in patches when they joined her. In her cosy chamber, with the tapers burning in front of the holy pictures, on the divan behind the samovar, by her side sat a young lad with a long nose and long hair, and dressed in a monastic cassock.

In an arm-chair near by sat a wrinkled, lean old woman with a sweet expression on her childlike face.

"*André, pourquoi ne pas m'avoir prévenu* — why didn't you tell me?" said she with gentle reproach, standing up in front of her pilgrims like a hen trying to protect her chicks.

"Charmed to see you. I am delighted to see you," said she to Pierre, still in French, as he stooped to kiss her hand. She had known him as a boy, and now his friendship for Andrei, his unhappiness with his wife, and above all, his good, simple, face quite won her heart. She looked at him from her lovely, lucid eyes, and her expression seemed to say, "I like you very much, but please do not make fun of my friends."

After they had exchanged the first greetings they sat down.

"Ah, and here is the young Ivánushka," said Prince Andrei, with a smile, indicating the pilgrim lad.

"André!" exclaimed the Princess Mariya, in a beseeching tone.

"You must know that he is a woman," said Prince Andrei to Pierre.

"*André, au nom de Dieu!*" exclaimed the Princess Mariya.

It was evident that Prince Andrei's jesting behavior toward the pilgrims and the Princess Mariya's unprofitable defence of them were matters of long standing between them.

"But, my dear girl," said Prince Andrei, "you ought, on the contrary, to be very grateful to me for explaining to Pierre your intimacy with this young man." *

* "*Mais, ma bonne amie, vous devriez, au contraire, m'être reconnaissante de ce que j'explique à Pierre votre intimité avec ce jeune homme.*"

"*Vraiment?* Are you in earnest?" asked Pierre, with some curiosity and with perfect seriousness — and for this the princess was especially grateful to him — looking over his spectacles at Ivanushka's face, who, perceiving that the talk was concerning him, looked at all of them with cunning eyes.

It was entirely useless for the Princess Mariya to be mortified on account of her friends. They were not in the least abashed. The old woman, dropping her eyes, though looking at the new comers sidewise out of the corners of them, turned her cup bottom side up on the saucer, placed next it the half-gnawed lump of sugar, and sat silent and motionless in her chair, waiting to be asked to have another cup. Ivanushka, drinking out of his saucer, gazed at the young men from under his sly, womanlike eyes.

"Where have you been? To Kief?" asked Prince Andrei of the old woman.

"Yes," replied the old woman, laconically. "On Christmas day I was deemed worthy to partake of the holy sacrament with the saints. But just now I come from Kolyazin, father; a great blessing has been vouchsafed there" —

"Tell me, has Ivanushka been with you?"

"No, I have been all by myself alone, benefactor," said Ivanushka, striving to make his voice bass. "It was only at Yukhnovo that Pelageyushka and I met."

Pelageyushka interrupted her companion; she was evidently anxious to tell what she had seen.

"In Kolyazin, father, a great blessing has been shown."

"What was that? New relics?" asked Prince Andrei.

"Come, that'll do, Andrei," said the Princess Mariya. "Don't you tell him, Pelageyushka!"

"Ni! but why not, mother, why shouldn't I tell him? I love him. He is good; he is one of the God's elect, he gave me ten rubles once — he is my benefactor — I remember it very well. When I was in Kief, Kiriyusha the Foolish said to me, — he's truly a man of God, he goes barefoot winter and summer, — 'What makes you wander round out of your own place,' says he to me, says he, 'go to Kolyazin, there is a wonder-working ikon; the Holy Mother of God has manifested herself there.' So I said good-by to the saints, and I went there."

No one interrupted, the old woman alone in her monotonous voice spoke, occasionally stopping to get her breath.

"I went there, my father, and the people there said to me, 'A great blessing has been vouchsafed to us. Holy oil

has trickled down from the cheeks of the Holy Mother of God."

"Well, that will do, that will do; you can tell the rest by and by," said the Princess Mariya, blushing.

"Let me ask a question of her," broke in Pierre. "Did you see it with your own eyes?" he asked.

"Indeed, I did, father; I myself was deemed worthy. Such brightness in her face, like light from heaven, and from the Virgin's cheeks it trickled and trickled."

"But see here, that was a fraud," was Pierre's naive comment, after listening with all attention to her story.

"Akh! Father, what do you say?" exclaimed Pelageyushka, in a tone of horror, turning to the Princess Mariya for protection.

"That's the way they deceive the people," he reiterated.

"Oh, our Lord Jesus Christ!" exclaimed the old woman, crossing herself. "Okh! don't say such a thing, father. And that's the way a certain anaral" — she meant to say general — "was an unbeliever: he used to say, 'the priests deceive.' Yes, and he was took blind in consequence. And he dreamed that the *mátushka Petchórskaya* * came to him and says: 'Believe in me and I will cure you.' And so he began to beg them: 'Take me, oh take me to her.' And I tell you this as gospel truth — I see it with my own eyes. They took him stone blind as he was, straight to her; he fell on his knees, and says to her: 'Heal me, I will give thee,' says he, 'what the tsar gave me.' And, father, I myself seen the star on her, just as he gave it to her. And so he got back his sight. It's a sin to speak so! God will punish you," said she admonishingly to Pierre.

"How did the star look on the holy picture?" asked Pierre.

"And did they promote the Virgin to be a general?" asked Prince Andrei, smiling.

Pelageyushka suddenly turned pale and clasped her hands.

"Oh, father, father! What a sin! And you with a son!" Her face flushed again. "Lord forgive him! *Mátushka*, what does this mean?" she asked, turning to the Princess Mariya.

She got up, and almost weeping, began to gather together her saddle-bag. It was evident that it was both terrible and shameful to her to take advantage of benefactions in a house

* The *mátushka*, little mother (that is, the Virgin), of the Petchorsky monastery, or Monastery of the Catacombs, at Kief.

where such things could be said, and yet she regretted that it was now necessary for her to deprive herself of them.

"Now what amusement can you find in this?" asked the Princess Mariya. "Why did you come to my room?"

"No, Pelageyushka, I was only joking," said Pierre. "*Princesse, ma parole, je n'ai pas voulu l'offenser*—I didn't mean to hurt her feelings. It was only my way. Don't have such an idea; I was only joking," he repeated, smiling timidly, and anxious to smooth over his offence. "You see, I was only in fun and he was, too."

The old Pelageyushya paused in doubt, but Pierre's face showed such sincere repentance, and Prince Andrei looked now at her and now at Pierre with such a gentle expression that she gradually recovered her peace of mind.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE pilgrim woman soon recovered confidence again, and returning to her favorite theme, gave a long account of Father Amfilokhi, who was such a holy man in his life that his "dear little hands" smelt of incense, and how her friends the monks during her last pilgrimage to Kief had given her the keys to the catacombs, and how she, taking only some little biscuits—*sukháriki*—had spent forty-eight hours in them with the saints.

"I pray before one, I worship, and then I go to another. Then I take a nap and go and kiss the other relics, and oh *mátushka*, such peace, such blessed comfort—never did I want to come up into God's world again!"

Pierre listened to her with an attentive and serious expression. Prince Andrei left the room, and the Princess Mariya, leaving her "God's people" to finish drinking their tea, invited Pierre into the drawing-room.

"You are very kind," said she.

"Akh! truly I did not mean to offend her! I appreciate and prize so dearly such feelings."

The Princess Mariya looked at him without speaking, and a gentle smile played over her lips.

"I have known you a long time, and I feel as though you were my own brother," said she. "How do you find Andrei?" she asked hastily, not giving him time to respond to her affectionate words. "I feel very solicitous about him. In the winter his health was better, but this spring his wound opened

again, and the doctor said that he ought to go away and be treated. And I am very apprehensive about his mental condition. His nature is so different from us women, and he cannot ease his grief by a good fit of crying. He carries it in his heart. To-day he is jolly and full of life; but that is caused by your visit. He is rarely so. If you could only persuade him to go abroad. He needs activity, and this quiet, monotonous life is killing him. Other people don't notice it, but I see it."

At ten o'clock the servants rushed to the doorsteps, hearing the harness-bells of the old prince's carriage. Prince Andrei and Pierre also hastened to meet him.

"Who is this?" asked the old prince, as he got out of the carriage and caught sight of Pierre.

"Ah! I am very glad! Kiss me!" he cried, as soon as he learned who the young stranger was. He was in excellent spirits, and treated Pierre in the most friendly way.

Before supper, Prince Andrei, returning to his father's cabinet, found him in a hot discussion with Pierre. Pierre argued that the time was coming when there would be no more war. The old prince in a bantering but not angry tone maintained the opposite. "Drain all the blood from men's veins and pour in water instead, and then you will have an end of war! Old women's drivel! old women's drivel!" he exclaimed, but still he affectionately tapped Pierre on the shoulder as he went over to the table where Prince Andrei had taken a seat, evidently not caring to enter the discussion, and was glancing over the papers which his father had brought from the city. The old prince went to him and began to talk with him about business.

"Count Rostof, the marshal, has not furnished half his quota, and when I got to town, he actually conceived the notion of asking me to dinner — I gave him an answer that settled him! But just look at this! Well, brother," said Nikolai Andreyitch, addressing his son, but patting Pierre on the shoulder, "your friend is a fine young man, I like him very much. He warms me up. Many another has clever things to say, but one doesn't care anything about hearing what he says. But this one succeeds in warming an old man like me all up. Well, go on, go on," he added. "Maybe I'll come and sit down to supper with ye. I'd like another discussion. Make yourself agreeable to my little goose, the Princess Mariya," he shouted after Pierre through the door.

During this visit to Luisiya Gorui, Pierre for the first time appreciated the real strength and charm of his friendship with

Prince Andrei. This charm was manifested not so much by his relations with Andrei himself, as it was with all his relatives and the inmates of the house. Pierre felt that he was received on the footing of an old friend, both by the stern old prince and the sweet, shy, Princess Mariya, and yet neither of them had hitherto really known him. Both of them soon grew to be very fond of him. The Princess Mariya, whose heart was won by his genial treatment of her pilgrim friends, looked at him from her big, lucid eyes, and even the little "yearling Prince Nikolai," as his grandfather called him, smiled at Pierre and liked to go to him. Mikhail Ivanuitch and Mademoiselle Bourienne looked at him and smiled pleasantly while he talked with the old prince.

The old prince came down to supper: this was evidently on Pierre's account. During the two days of his visit at Luisiya Gorui, he treated him in the most flattering way, and often bade him come to his own room.

After Pierre had gone, and all the members of the family met, they began to express their opinions of him, as is always the case after the departure of a new acquaintance; but, as is rarely the case, they all agreed in saying pleasant things of him.

CHAPTER XV.

ROSTOF, on returning from his furlough, for the first time felt and realized how strong were the ties that bound him to Denisof and the rest of the regiment.

When he went back to his regiment he experienced a sensation analogous to that which came over him on his return to his home on the Pavarskaya. When he saw the first husar of his regiment, with unbuttoned uniform, when he recognized the red-headed Dementyef, when he caught sight of the roan horses picketed, when Lavrushka joyfully shouted to his barin: "The count has come," and the tattered Denisof, who had been having a nap, came running out from his earth hut, and threw his arms around him, and the officers all came out to greet him, Rostof felt very much as he did when his mother and father and sister welcomed him home: tears of joy filled his throat and choked his utterance.

The regiment was also his home, and as sweet and dear to him as the home of his childhood.

After reporting to the regimental commander and being assigned to his old squadron, after taking his turn as officer of

the day and forage purveyor, after getting into the current of all the small interests of the regiment, and coming to a realizing sense that he was now deprived of his freedom, and was confined to a narrow and rigid routine, — Rostof felt the same sense of restfulness, the same moral support, and the same consciousness of being at home, in his proper place, as he had felt while under the paternal roof-tree. There was nothing more of that mad confusion of the outside world in which he found himself out of place and often engaged in questionable actions; there was no Sonya, with whom he ought or ought not to come to an explanation; there was no choice offered him of going somewhere or not going somewhere; there were no longer those twenty-four hours which had to be filled with so many varied occupations; there was an end to that innumerable throng of people whose presence or absence was a matter of indifference to him; there was an end to those obscure and indefinable pecuniary relations with his father; an end to his recollections of those terrible losses to Dolokhof!

Here in the regiment all was open and simple. All the world was divided into two unequal divisions: one was "our" Pavlograd regiment, and the other — all the rest. And he had nothing whatever in common with this rest. In the regiment everything was known: who was lieutenant, who was captain, who was a good fellow, who was a rascal, and above all, who was his messmate. The sutler sold on credit, the pay was given quarterly. There was no necessity for thought or decision, provided only that one did nothing that was considered dishonorable in the Pavlograd regiment; but fulfil your duty, do what is commanded you in clear, explicit and unmistakable language, and all will be well.

Coming back again to these explicit conditions of army life, Rostof felt a sense of comfort and satisfaction analogous to that experienced by a weary man when he lies down to rest. To Rostof his army life was all the more agreeable during this campaign from the fact that after his losses from his gambling with Dolokhof — an action which he could not forgive, in spite of the forgiveness of his relatives — he made up his mind to serve not as formerly, but in such a way as to atone for his fault, to be scrupulously faithful, to prove himself a thoroughly admirable comrade and officer, in other words a "fine man." This might seem quite too hard were he "in the world," but was quite possible in the regiment.

He had also determined, ever since the time of his gambling episode, to pay back his debt to his parents within five years.

They sent him ten thousand rubles a year; now he resolved to take only two, and to apply the remainder to the extinction of the debt.

Our army, after repeated marches and countermarches, with skirmishes at Pultusk and at Preussisch-Eylau, was concentrated in the vicinity of Bartenstein, where they were awaiting the arrival of the emperor and the beginning of a new campaign.

The Pavlograd regiment, belonging to that division of the army which had taken part in the movements of the year 1805, had been recruited to its full quota in Russia, and had arrived too late for these first actions of the campaign. It had been neither at Pultusk nor at Preussisch-Eylau, and now, at the beginning of the second part of the campaign, having united with the acting army, it was detailed to serve under Platof.

Platof's division was acting independently of the army. Several times the Pavlogradsui had taken part in skirmishes with the enemy, captured prisoners, and once even took Marshal Oudinot's baggage. During the month of April, the Pavlogradsui were stationed for several weeks in the vicinity of an utterly dilapidated and deserted German village without stirring from the spot.

It was thawing and cold; the rivers were beginning to break up; the roads were impassable, owing to the mud; for many days no provision had been brought for horses or men. As it seemed an impossibility for transport trains to arrive, the men scattered about among the pillaged and deserted villages in search of potatoes, but even these were scarce.

Everything had been devoured, and all the inhabitants had fled. Those who were left were worse than poverty-stricken: there was indeed nothing to take from them, and even the usually pitiless soldiery oftentimes let them keep the little that they had, instead of appropriating it for themselves.

The Pavlograd regiment had lost only two men, wounded in engagements, but they had lost almost half their numbers from sickness and starvation. Death was so certain if they went into the hospitals, that the soldiers suffering from fevers and swellings, caused by bad food, preferred to keep in the ranks — dragging themselves by sheer strength of will to the front, rather than take their chances in the hospitals.

As spring opened, they began to find a plant just showing above the ground; it resembled asparagus, and for some reason they called it "Mashka's sweetwort," though it was very bit-

ter. They hunted for it all over the fields and meadows, digging it up with their sabres and devouring it, in spite of the injunction not to eat this injurious plant. Later a new disease broke out among the soldiers — a swelling of the arms, legs, and face, and the physicians attributed it to the use of this root. But notwithstanding the prohibition, the men of Denisof's squadron eagerly ate "Mashka's sweetwort," because for a fortnight they had been trying to subsist on the few remaining biscuits — half pound rations being dealt out to each man, while the last consignment of potatoes had proved to be rotten and sprouted.

The horses also had been subsisting for a fortnight on thatching-straw taken from the roofs, and had become shockingly emaciated, and, even before the winter was over, covered with tufts of uneven hair.

Yet, in spite of this terrible destitution, officers and men lived just the same as usual. Just as always, though with pale and swollen faces, and in ragged uniforms, the hussars attended to their duties, went after forage and other things, groomed their horses, cleaned their arms, tore the thatch from roofs to serve as fodder, and gathered around the kettles for their meals, from which they got up still hungry, while they joked over their wretched fare and hunger. And just as usual during the hours when they were off duty, the soldiers built big fires, stripped and stood around them steaming themselves, smoked their pipes, sorted and baked their rotten, sprouting potatoes, and told stories about the campaigns of Patemkin and Suvarof, or legends of Alyosha the Cunning, or of Mikolka Popovitch the Journeyman.

The officers also as usual lived in couples, or in threes, in unroofed and half-ruined houses. The older ones looked after the procuring of straw and potatoes and other means of victualling the men. The younger ones were occupied as usual, some with card-playing (money was plentiful if provisions were not), some with innocent games, — *scáika*, a kind of ring toss, and quoits or skittles. Little was said about matters in general, partly because nothing positive was known, partly because there was a general impression that the war was going badly.

Rostof lived just as before with Denisof, and the friendship that united them was closer than ever since their furlough. Denisof never spoke of Rostof's family, but by the affectionate friendship manifested by the commander for his subordinate officer, Rostof felt assured that the old hussar's unfortunate

love for Natasha was an additional factor in the strength of his affection.

Denisof evidently tried to send Rostof as rarely as possible on dangerous expeditions, and to shield him, and after a skirmish, or anything of the sort, displayed intense delight to find him safe and sound.

On one of his expeditions Rostof found an old Pole and his daughter, with an infant at the breast, in a deserted, ruined village, where he had gone in search of provisions. They were almost naked and starving, and had no means of getting away. Rostof brought them to his lodgings, installed them in his own rooms, and kept them for several weeks, until the old man got well. One of Rostof's comrades, while talking about women, began to make sport of Rostof, declaring that he was the slickest of them all, and that it was no wonder that he did not care to introduce his comrades to the pretty little Pole whom he had rescued.

Rostof took the jest as an insult, and, losing his temper, said such disagreeable things to the officer, that Denisof had great difficulty in preventing a duel. When the officer had gone, and Denisof, who knew nothing about what relationship Rostof bore toward the Pole, began to upbraid him for his temper, Rostof said, —

“Well, maybe you are right; she is like a sister to me, and I cannot describe how this thing offended me. Because — well, because” —

Denisof gave him a rap on the shoulder and began swiftly to march up and down the room, not looking at his friend. This was a habit of his at moments of mental excitement.

“What a deucedly fine bweed all those Wostof's are!” he exclaimed, and Rostof noticed tears in his eyes.

CHAPTER XVI.

IN the month of April, the troops were cheered by word that the sovereign was coming to the army. Rostof did not have the privilege of taking part in the review made by the emperor at Bartenstein, for it happened that the Pavlogradsui were stationed at the advanced posts, a considerable distance in front of Bartenstein. They were established in bivouacs. Denisof and Rostof lived in an earth-hut excavated for them by their soldiers, and covered with boughs and turf.

This earth-hut was constructed as follows, according to a

plan much in vogue at that time: a trench three feet and a half wide, a little less than five deep, and about eight long was dug. At one end steps were constructed, and this formed the entry, the "grand staircase"; the trench itself constituted the abode, in which those who were fortunate, as, for instance, the squadron-commander, had a board set on posts on the side opposite the entrance; this served as the table. On each side along the trench the earth was hollowed away to half its depth, making a bed and divan. The roof was so constructed that in the middle it was possible to stand erect under it, and one could sit up on the beds by leaning over toward the table.

Denisof, who lived luxuriously, because the men of his squadron were fond of him, had an extra board in the pediment of the roof, and in this board was a pane of glass, broken to be sure, but mended with glue. When it was very cold, coals from the soldiers' fires were brought on a bent piece of sheet iron and set on the steps in the "reception-room," as Denisof called this part of the hovel, and this made it so warm that the officers, who used to come in great numbers to visit Denisof and Rostof, could sit there in their shirt sleeves.

In April, Rostof happened to be on duty. One morning about eight o'clock, returning home after a sleepless night, he ordered some coals to be brought, changed his linen, which had been wet through by the rain, went through his devotions, drank his tea, got thoroughly warmed, put his belongings into order in his own corner and on the table, and, with his face flushed by the wind and the fire, threw himself down on his back, in his shirt sleeves, with his arms for a pillow. He was indulging in pleasant anticipations of the promotion which was likely to follow his last reconnoitring expedition, and was waiting for the return of Denisof, who had gone off somewhere. Rostof was anxious to have a talk with him.

Suddenly, behind the hut, he heard Denisof's high-pitched voice: he had evidently returned in a bad humor. Rostof went to the "window" to look out and see whom he was berating; he recognized the quartermaster, Topcheyenko.

"I have given you special orders not to let them eat that woot, Mashka's what-you-call-it," cried Denisof. "And here I've seen it with my own eyes; Lazarchuk was bwinging some in fwom the field."

"I have given the order, your high nobility, but they won't listen to it," replied the quartermaster.

Rostof again lay down on his bed, and said to himself with a feeling of content: "Let him kick up a row and make as

much fuss as he pleases ; I've done my work, and now I'll lie down ; it's first-class ! ”

He heard Lavrushka, Denisof's shrewd and rascally valet join his voice to the conversation going on outside the hut. Lavrushka had something to tell about ox-carts laden with biscuits which he had seen as he was going after provisions.

Denisof's sharp voice was again heard behind the hut, and his command : “ Second platoon to saddle ! ”

“ What can be up ? ” wondered Rostof.

Five minutes later, Denisof came into the hut, climbed up with his muddy boots on his bed, lighted his pipe in grim silence, tossed over all his belongings, got out his whip and sabre and started from the hut. In reply to Rostof's question, “ Whither away,” he gruffly and carelessly replied that he had something to attend to.

“ May God and the soveveign be my judges ! ” he exclaimed as he went out, and then Rostof heard the hoofs of several horses splashing through the mud. Rostof did not take any pains to inquire where Denisof had gone. Warm and comfortable in his corner, he soon fell asleep, and it was late in the afternoon when he left the hut.

Denisof had not yet returned. The weather had cleared up bright and beautiful. Near a neighboring hut two officers and a yunker were playing *sváika*, merrily laughing as they drove the *redki*, or mumblepegs into the loose, muddy ground. Rostof joined them. In the midst of the game the officers saw a train approaching them : fifteen hussars on emaciated horses followed the wagons. The teams, convoyed by the hussars, approached the picketing station, and a throng of hussars gathered round them.

“ There now, Denisof has been mourning all the time,” said Rostof, “ and here are provisions after all ! ”

“ See there ! ” cried the officers. “ Won't the men be happy ! ”

A short distance behind the hussars rode Denisof, accompanied by two infantry officers, with whom he was engaged in a heated discussion. Rostof started down to meet him.

“ I was ahead of you, captain,” declared one of the officers, a lean little man, evidently beside himself with passion.

“ See here ! I have told you that I would not weturn 'em ! ” replied Denisof.

“ You shall answer for it, captain ; this is violence — to rob an escort of their wagons. Our men have not had anything to eat for two days.”

"And mine have not had anything to eat for two weeks," replied Denisof.

"This is highway robbery. You'll answer for it, my dear sir," repeated the infantry officer, raising his voice.

"What are you bothewing me for! Hey?" screamed Denisof, suddenly losing his temper. "I am the one who is wespensible, and not you. What is the object of all your buzzing here? Forward! — Marsch!" he cried to the officers.

"Very good!" screamed the little officer, not quailing and not budging. "If you insist on pillage, then I" —

"Take yourself off to the devil! Get out of here!" and Denisof rode his horse straight at the officer.

"Very good, very good," reiterated the officer, with an oath, and turning his horse, he rode off at a gallop, bouncing in his saddle.

"A dog on a fence, a weal dog on a fence," shouted Denisof, as he rode away. This was the most insulting remark that a cavalryman could make to a mounted infantry man. Then as he joined Rostof, he burst into a loud laugh.

"I wescued 'em from the infantwy. I cawied off their 'twansport' by main force," said he. "What! do they think I would let my men pewish of starvation?"

The wagons which had been brought to the hussars were consigned to an infantry regiment, but Denisof, learning through Lavrushka that the "transport" was proceeding alone, had ridden off with his hussars and intercepted it. The soldiers had as many biscuits as they wished, and even enough to share with other squadrons.

The next day, the regimental commander summoned Denisof, and covering his eyes with his spread fingers, he said, —

"This is the way I look at it: I know nothing about it, and I have nothing to do with it; but I advise you to go instanter to headquarters and report this affair to the commissary department, and if possible give a receipt for so many provisions received; unless you do, the requisition will be put down to the infantry: the matter will be investigated, and may end badly."

Denisof went straight from the regimental commander's to the headquarters, with a sincere intention of adopting his advice. In the evening he returned to his hut in a condition such as Rostof had never seen his friend before. He could hardly speak or breathe. When Rostof asked him what the matter was, he only broke out in incoherent oaths and threats, in a weak and husky voice.

Alarmed at Denisof's condition, Rostof advised him to undress, drink some cold water, and send for a physician.

"They are going to twy me for wobbery — okh! Give me a swink of water: let 'em twy me, I will beat the waskals evey time, and I'll tell the empewor. Give me some ice," he added.

The regimental surgeon came in and said that it was absolutely necessary to take some blood from him. He filled a soup plate with dark blood from Denisof's hairy arm, and then only was he in a condition to tell all that had taken place.

"I get there," said Denisof, telling his story. "'Where is your head man here?' They show me. 'Can't you wait?' 'I have pwessing business; come thirty versts, impossible to wait; let me see him!' Vewy good: out comes the wobber-in-chief, he too undertakes to lecture me: 'This is highway wobbery.' 'A man,' says I, 'is not a wobber, who takes pwovisions to feed his soldiers, but one who fills his own pockets.' — 'Will you please keep quiet!' 'Vewy good.' 'Sign a weceipt at the commissioner's,' says he 'and your affair will take its due course.' I go to the commissioner's. I go in. And there at the table, who do you suppose? No! Guess. Who has been starving us?" screamed Denisof, gesticulating his wounded arm, and pounding the table with his fist so violently that the board almost split and the glasses on it jumped up. "Telyanin! — 'So it's you, is it, who's been starving us? Once before you had your snout slapped for you, and got off cheap at that. Ah! what a — what a' — and I began to give it to him. I enjoyed it, I can tell you," cried Denisof, angrily and yet gleefully showing his white teeth under his black mustache.

"I should have killed him, if they had not sepawated us."

"Here, here, what are you shouting so for? Caln yourself," said Rostof. "You've set your arm bleeding again. Wait, it must be bandaged."

They bandaged Denisof's arm, and got him off to bed. The following day he woke jolly and calm.

But at noon, the adjutant of the regiment, with a grave and regretful face, came into Rostof and Denisof's earth-hut, and with real distress served upon Major Denisof a formal document from the regimental commander, who had been called to account for the proceeding of the day before. The adjutant informed them that the affair was likely to assume a very serious aspect, that a court-martial commission had been convened, and that on account of the severity with which just at that time rapine and lawlessness were treated, he might con-

sider himself fortunate if the affair ended with mere degradation.

Those who felt themselves aggrieved, represented the affair as in somewhat this way: that after the pillage of the transport, Major Denisof, without any provocation and apparently drunk, had made his appearance before the "commissary," called him a thief, threatened to thrash him, and when he was dragged away, he had rushed into the office, struck two *chinorniks*, and sprained the arm of one of them.

Denisof, in reply to a fresh series of questions from Rostof, laughed, and said that he thought some one else had been there in that condition; but that all this story was rubbish, fiddle-faddle, that he was not afraid of any court-martials, and that if these villains dared to pick a quarrel with him, he would answer them in a way that they would not soon forget.

Denisof spoke with affected indifference about all the affair; but Rostof knew him too well not to perceive that at heart — though he hid it from the rest — he was afraid of a court-martial, and was really troubled by this affair, which evidently might have sad consequences. Every day, inquiries, summonses, and other documents kept coming to him, and on the first of May he was required to turn over his command to his next in seniority, and appear at headquarters of the divisions to make his defence in the matter of pillaging the provision train.

On the evening preceding the day of the trial, Platof made a reconnoissance of the enemy, with two regiments of Cossacks and two squadrons of hussars. Denisof, as usual, went out beyond the lines, in order to make an exhibition of his gallantry. A bullet sent from a French musket struck him in the fleshy upper portion of his leg. Most likely Denisof, in ordinary circumstances, would not have left the regiment for such a trifling wound, but now he profited by this occurrence, gave up his command of the division, and went to the hospital.

CHAPTER XVII.

IN the month of June occurred the battle of Friedland, in which the Pavlogradsui took no part, and this was followed immediately by an armistice.

Rostof grievously missed his friend, and as he had not had any news of him since he left the regiment, and was doubly uneasy about his trial and the result of his wound, he took ad-

vantage of the armistice and went to the hospital to make inquiries about Denisof.

The hospital was established in a small Prussian village, which had twice been sacked by the Russian and French armies. For the very reason that it was summer, when every thing in nature was beautiful, this village, with its ruined roof-trees and fences and its filthy streets, its ragged inhabitants, and the invalid and drunken soldiers wandering about, presented an especially gloomy appearance.

The hospital had been established in a stone mansion with many broken panes and window frames, and situated in a yard with the remains of a ruined fence. A number of pale-looking soldiers, bandaged and swollen, were walking up and down, or sitting in the sun in the yard.

As soon as Rostof entered the house, he was enveloped by the odor of putrefaction and disease. On the doorstep staircase he met the Russian military surgeon, with a cigar in his mouth. The surgeon was followed by a Russian *feldsher* or assistant.

"I can't be everywhere at once," the doctor was saying. "Come this evening to Makar Alekseyevitch's, I'll be there."

The *feldsher* asked him some question.

"Eh! do as well as you know how! It doesn't make any difference, does it?" The doctor caught sight of Rostof mounting the stairs. "What are you doing here, your nobility?" asked the doctor. "What are you doing here? Because a bullet hasn't touched you, do you want to be carried off by typhus? This is the house of leprosy!"

"What do you mean?" asked Rostof.

"Typhus, *bátyushka*! It's death for whoever comes in here. Makeyef," he pointed to his assistant, "Makeyef and I are the only two left to wriggle! Five of our brother doctors have died already. When a new man comes, it's all up with him in a week," said the doctor, with apparent satisfaction. "The Prussian doctors were invited, but our allies did not like it at all."

Rostof explained his anxiety to find Major Denisof of the hussars.

"I don't know; I don't remember him. You can imagine: I have charge of three hospitals; four hundred sick is too many. It's a very good thing for benevolent Prussian ladies to send us coffee and lint at the rate of two pounds a month; if they didn't we should be utterly lost." He laughed. "Four hundred! and they send me all the new cases.

There are four hundred, aren't there? Hey?" he asked of the feldsher. His assistant looked annoyed. It was evident that he was impatient for the too-loquacious doctor to make haste and take his departure.

"Major Denisof," repeated Rostof. "He was wounded at Moliten."

"I think he's dead. How is it, Makeyef?" asked the doctor, in an indifferent tone of the feldsher.

The assistant simply repeated the doctor's words.

"Tell me, was he a tall, reddish man?" asked the doctor. Rostof described Denisof's appearance.

"Yes, there was, there certainly was such a person," exclaimed the doctor, seeming to show a gleam of satisfaction. "But that person, I'm sure, must have died; however, I'll make inquiries; I had the lists; you have them, Makeyef, haven't you?"

"The lists are at Makar Alekseyevitch's," replied the feldsher. "But you might inquire in the officers' ward, there you would find out for yourself," he added, turning to Rostof.

"Ekh! you'd better not go," said the surgeon. "You wouldn't like to be kept here!"

Rostof, however, took leave of the surgeon, and begged the feldsher to show him the way.

"Don't you lay the blame on me," shouted the doctor, up from the bottom of the stairs.

Rostof and the feldsher went along the corridor. The hospital odor was so powerful in this dark corridor that Rostof took hold of his nose, and was obliged to pause to collect his strength before he could go farther. At the right, a door opened and a thin, sallow-looking man, on crutches, barefooted, and in his shirt sleeves, appeared. As he crossed the lintel, he gazed with gleaming, envious eyes at the approaching man. Glancing through the door, Rostof saw that the sick and wounded were lying in the room over the floor, on straw, and on their cloaks.

"May I go in and look?" he asked.

"What is there to see?" replied the officer. But for the very reason that the feldsher was evidently reluctant to have him go in, Rostof was determined to investigate the soldiers' ward. The effluvium, which he had already smelt in the corridor, was still stronger here. It had also changed somewhat in character: it was sharper, more penetrating, one could be certain that this was the very place where it originated.

In a long room, brilliantly illuminated by the sun, which

poured in through the high windows, lay the sick and wounded in two rows, with their heads to the walls, leaving a passageway between their feet. The most of them were asleep or unconscious, and paid no attention to the visitors. Those who had their senses, either lifted themselves up or raised their thin, yellow faces, and all, without exception, gazed at Rostof with one and the same expression of hope that help had come, of reproach and envy at seeing another so strong and well.

Rostof went into the middle of the ward, glanced through the half-open doors into the adjoining rooms, and on both sides saw the same spectacle. He paused and silently looked around him. He had never expected to see such a thing. In front of him, almost across the narrow passageway, lay, on the bare floor, a sick man, apparently a Cossack, as his hair was cropped, leaving a tuft. This Cossack lay on his back, with his huge legs and arms sprawled out. His face was a livid purple. His eyes were rolled up so that only the whites could be seen, and the veins in his bare legs and arms, which were still red, stood out like cords. He was thumping his head on the floor and hoarsely muttering some word which he repeated over and over again. Rostof listened to what he was saying, and at last made out what the word was: this word was "water — water — water!" Rostof looked around in search of some one to put the man in his place and give him a drink.

"Who looks after the sick here?" he asked of the feldsher. Just at that moment a train-soldier, detailed to act as nurse, came along, and, scraping, made a low bow before Rostof.

"I wish you good morning, your high nobility," cried the soldier, rolling his eyes on Rostof, and evidently mistaking him for some important official.

"Lift him up; give him water," said Rostof, pointing to the Cossack.

"I will, your high nobility," said the soldier, with alacrity, rolling his eyes round still more attentively, and craning his neck, but still not stirring from the spot.

"No, there's nothing I can do here," thought Rostof, dropping his eyes; he was about to go on, but felt the consciousness that an entreating glance was fixed upon him from the right, and he turned around to see. Almost in the very corner of the room, an old soldier was sitting on a cloak. He had a thin, stern face, as yellow as a skeleton, and a rough, gray beard: he looked entreatingly at Rostof. A neighbor of the old soldier on one side seemed to be whispering something to him, and pointed to Rostof. Rostof realized that the old man was

determined to ask him some favor. He went nearer and perceived that one leg was affected with gangrene, and that the other had been amputated above the knee. Another neighbor of the old man's lay motionless at some little distance from him, with his head thrown back: this was a young soldier, whose snub-nosed face, still covered with freckles, was as white as wax; the eyes rolled up under his lids.

Rostof looked at the snub-nosed soldier, and a cold chill ran down his back.

"But this one, it seems to me, is" — he began, turning to the feldsher.

"We have already begged and prayed, your nobility," said the old soldier, with his lower jaw trembling. "It was all over this morning. Why! we are men, and not dogs."

"I will see to it immediately, he shall be removed, he shall be removed," hurriedly said the feldsher. "I beg of you, your nobility" —

"Come on, come on," replied Rostof, also hurriedly, and dropping his eyes and shrinking all together, trying to pass unobserved under the gauntlet of those reproachful and envious eyes fixed upon him, he left the room.

CHAPTER XVIII.

PASSING along the corridor, the feldsher led Rostof into the officer's ward, which consisted of three rooms, communicating by opened doors. There were beds in these rooms; the sick and wounded officers were lying and sitting on them. Some, in dressing gowns, were pacing up and down the rooms.

The first person whom Rostof met in the officer's ward was a little slim man, without an arm, and wearing a cap and dressing gown, who was walking up and down the first room with a pipe in his mouth. Rostof, on catching sight of him, racked his brains to remember where he had seen him.

"What a place for God to bring us together again!" exclaimed the little man. "I'm Tushin, Tushin, don't you remember? I brought you back safe at Schöngraben! Well, they've lopped off a little morsel, see here!" said he, smiling, and pointing to the empty sleeve of his khalat. "And you're hunting for Vasili Dmitrievitch Denisof. He's one of our chums!" he said, on learning whom Rostof wanted. "Here, here," and Tushin drew him into the second room, where several men were heard laughing loudly.

"I declare! how can they think of living here, much less of laughing?" wondered Rostof, with the odor of the dead body which he had seen in the soldiers' ward still in his nostrils, and still seeing those envious glances fixed upon him and following him, and the face of that young soldier with the upturned eyes.

Denisof, with his head buried under the bedclothes, was sound asleep on his bed, although it was noon.

"What? Wostof? How are you, how are you?" he cried, in exactly the same voice as when he was with the regiment, but Rostof observed with pain that hidden under this show of ease and vivacity, there was a shadow of a new and disagreeable asperity in Denisof's expression, and in his words and tones.

His wound, in spite of its insignificance, was still unhealed, though six weeks had passed since the skirmish. His face, also, had the same pallor and look of puffiness which characterized all the inmates of the hospital. But it was not this that so especially struck Rostof: he was amazed by the fact that Denisof did not seem to be glad to see him, and smiled unnaturally. Denisof did not once inquire about the regiment or about the general course of affairs. When Rostof spoke of these things, Denisof did not even listen.

Rostof noticed that it was even distasteful to Denisof to be reminded of the regiment, and in general of that larger and freer existence going on outside of the hospital. It seemed as though he were trying to forget his former life, and the only thing that interested him was his quarrel with the commissary chinovnik.

In reply to Rostof's question how the affair was going, he immediately pulled out from under his pillow a document which he had received from the commission, and the rough draft of his own reply to it. He brightened up as he began to read his document, and he called Rostof's attention to the keen things which he said against his enemies in his reply. Denisof's acquaintances of the hospital, who had crowded around Rostof as a person from the outside world, gradually scattered as soon as Denisof began to read his paper. By their faces, Rostof perceived that all these gentlemen had more than once heard the whole story and were heartily sick of it. Only one, his neighbor of the next bed, a stout Uhlan, still kept his seat on his hammock, frowning gloomily, and smoking his pipe; and the little, armless Tushin continued to listen, though he shook his head disapprovingly. In the midst of the reading, the Uhlan interrupted Denisof, —

"Now, it's my opinion," said he, turning to Rostof, "that the only thing to do is simply to petition the sovereign for pardon. They say now there are going to be great rewards, and a mere matter of a pardon" —

"I petition the soveweign!" exclaimed Denisof, in a voice in which he tried hard to maintain his old-time energy and vehemence, but which sounded helplessly feeble.

"What for? If I had been a highway wobber, I might petition for pardon, but here I am court-martialled because I 'caww' these wobbers through clean water,' as the saying is. Let 'em twy me, I'm not afwaid of 'em! I have served my tsar honowably, and my countwy, and I have not been a thief! and they degwade me and — See here! listen to what I w'ite 'em in stwaightforward language. This is what I wite: 'If I had been an embezzler'" —

"It's cleverly written, no question about that," said Tushin. "But that is not the point, Vasili Dmitritch." He turned also to Rostof: "He must give in, and this is what Vasili Dmitritch will not hear to doing. Now there, the auditor himself told you that it was a bad business."

"Let it be bad business, then," exclaimed Denisof.

"And the auditor wrote a petition for you," continued Tushin, "and you had better sign it and give it to him. He" — meaning Rostof — "has influence at headquarters, You won't find a better chance."

"Yes, but haven't I told you that I won't stoop to cwing," interrupted Denisof, and once more he set out to finish his document.

Rostof did not dare to argue with Denisof, although he felt instinctively that the course indicated by Tushin and the other officers was the one advisable, and although he should have counted himself happy to find a chance to render Denisof a service, he knew Denisof's unbending will and the righteousness of his wrath.

When Denisof had finished reading his venomous diatribe, which had consumed more than an hour, Rostof had nothing to say, and he spent the rest of the day in the society of Denisof's companions, who had gathered around him again, talking. He told them all the news, and listened to the tales of the others. Denisof preserved a moody silence all the afternoon.

Late in the afternoon, Rostof got up to go, and asked Denisof if there was nothing that he could do for him.

"Yes, wait," said Denisof, glancing at the officers, and, pull-

ing some papers out from under his pillow, he went to the window, where stood an inkstand, and began to write.

"You can't split an axe-head with a whip," said he, as he came away from the window, and gave Rostof a large envelope. This was the petition to the emperor, which the auditor had written for him; in it nothing was said whatever about the faults of the commissary department, but he simply craved pardon.

"Hand it in; it's evident" — he did not finish his sentence, and smiled a painfully unnatural smile.

CHAPTER XIX.

ON his return to the regiment, and having made his report to the commander, in regard to Denisof's condition, Rostof set out for Tilsit with the petition to the sovereign.

On the twenty-fifth of June, the French and Russian emperors had met at Tilsit. Boris Drubetskoi begged the distinguished individual to whose staff he was attached for permission to be present at the conference, which was to be held at Tilsit.

"*Je voudrais voir le grand homme*, I want to see him with my own eyes," said he, speaking of Napoleon, whom he, like every one else, had always hitherto called Buonaparte.

"You mean Buonaparte?" asked the general, with a smile.

Boris looked inquiringly at his general, and immediately perceived that the general was trying to quiz him.

"*Mon prince, je parle de l'Empereur Napoléon*," he replied.

The general, with a smile, tapped him on the shoulder. "You'll get on," said he, and he took him with him.

Boris was one of the few who were there at the Niemen on the day when the emperors met; he saw the rafts with the monograms; he saw Napoleon ride down the bank past the French Guards; he saw the Emperor Alexander's thoughtful face, as he sat in silence in the inn on the bank of the river, waiting for Napoleon to come; he saw the two emperors get into the boats, and Napoleon, who was the first to reach the raft, go forward with swift steps to meet Alexander, give him his hand, and then disappear with him under the pavilion.

Ever since his entry into the highest circles, Boris had conceived the habit of carefully observing whatever was going on around him and recording it. During the time of the interview at Tilsit, he inquired the names of the personages who

came with Napoleon, remarked the uniforms which they had on, and listened with great attention to the words spoken by all the men of importance. At the moment that the emperors went into the pavilion, he looked at his watch, and he did not fail to look at it again at the moment when Alexander came forth from the pavilion. The interview lasted an hour and fifty-three minutes; this fact he wrote down that very same evening, together with many others which he felt had historical significance.

Thus, the emperor's suite being very small, the fact of being present at Tilsit at the time of the interview was, for a man who prized success in the service, fraught with deep meaning; and Boris, who enjoyed this privilege, felt that his position was henceforth secured. He was not only known by name, but was looked upon as indispensable, and expected to be seen around. Twice he was sent on errands to the emperor himself, so that the sovereign came to know his face, and the inner circle not only ceased to shun him as "a new person," as before, but would have been surprised at his absence.

Boris lodged with another adjutant, the Polish Count Zhilinsky. Zhilinsky, though a Polyak, had been educated in Paris, was rich, was passionately fond of the French, and almost every day, during the time of the interview at Tilsit, he and Boris used to have the officers of the Guards and members of the imperial French staff to breakfast and dine with them.

On the evening of the sixth of July, Count Zhilinsky, Boris's chum, was giving a dinner to some of his French acquaintances. At this dinner, the guest of honor was one of Napoleon's aides; there were a number of the officers of the Imperial Guards, and a young lad belonging to an old aristocratic family, who was Napoleon's page.

That same day, Rostof, profiting by the darkness to pass unrecognized, proceeded to Tilsit, in civil dress, and went to the apartment occupied by Zhilinsky and Boris.

Rostof, in common with the whole army from which he came, were as yet far from experiencing that change which had taken place at headquarters, and in Boris, in regard to Napoleon and the French, — to look upon them as friends instead of foes.

As yet, all connected with the army still continued to experience their former derisive feeling of ill-will, scorn, and fear of Bonaparte and the French. Only a short time before, Rostof, in talking with a Cossack officer of Platof's division, had

contended that if Napoleon had been taken prisoner, he would have been treated, not as a sovereign, but as a criminal.

Even more recently, falling in with a French colonel, who had been wounded, Rostof had become heated in trying to prove that there could be no peace between a lawful sovereign and a criminal like Bonaparte.

It struck Rostof strangely, therefore, to see in Boris's rooms French officers, in the very same uniforms which he had been in the habit of viewing in an utterly different light, across from the skirmisher's lines.

The moment he saw a French officer looking out of the door, that feeling of war, of hostility, which he always experienced at sight of the foe, suddenly took possession of him. He paused at the threshold, and asked in Russian if Drubetskoï lived there.

Boris heard the unwonted voice in the entry, and came out to meet him. At the first moment, on recognizing Rostof, a shade of annoyance crossed his face.

"Ah! is it you? Very glad, very glad to see you," said he, nevertheless, and coming towards him with a smile. But Rostof had noticed his first impression.

"It seems I have come at the wrong time," said he. "I should not have come, but I had business," said he, coldly.

"No, I was only surprised that you had got away from your regiment. *Dans un moment je suis à vous*," he shouted, in reply to some one calling him from within.

"I see that my visit is untimely," repeated Rostof.

The expression of annoyance had entirely disappeared by this time from Boris's face; apparently having considered and made up his mind what course to pursue, he seized his visitor by both hands, with remarkable ease of manner, and drew him into the adjoining room. Boris's eyes, fixed calmly and confidently on Rostof, were, as it were, shielded by something — as though there were a screen, the blue spectacles of high society — placed in front of them. So it seemed to Rostof.

"Akh! please say no more about being come in opportunely," said Boris. He drew him into the room where the table was set for dinner, introduced him to the guests, calling him by name, and explaining that he was not a civilian, but an officer in the hussars, and an old friend of his. "Count Zhilinsky," "*le Comte N. N.*," "*le Capitaine S. S.*," said he, naming the guests. Rostof scowled at the Frenchmen, bowed stiffly, and said nothing.

Zhilinsky was evidently displeased at the intrusion of this

new Russian individual into his circle, and had nothing to say to Rostof. Boris, affecting not to notice the awkwardness produced by the introduction of the new-comer, and still displaying the same easy grace and impenetrable look of his eyes, with which he had received Rostof, tried to enliven the conversation.

One of the Frenchmen turned, with characteristic Gallic politeness, to the stubbornly silent Rostof, and remarked that he supposed he had come to Tilsit to see the emperor.

"No, I came on business," replied Rostof, laconically.

Rostof's ill-humor had come on immediately at noticing the annoyance expressed in Boris's face, and, as usually happens with people who are out of sorts, he imagined that all were looking at him with unfriendly eyes, and that he was in their way. And, in truth, he was in their way, for he took no part in the conversation that was just beginning.

"And why is he sitting there?" the glances that were fixed on him seemed to say. He got up and went to Boris.

"I know I am a constraint to you," said he, in a whisper. "Come, let me tell you about my business, and I will be going."

"No, not in the least," replied Boris. "But if you are tired, let us go into my room, and you can lie down and rest."

"Well, really" —

They went into Boris's little sleeping-room. Rostof, without sitting down, began in a pettish tone — as though Boris were in some way to blame for the matter — to tell him about Denisof's affair, and asked him if he could and would send in the petition for Denisof, through the general on whose staff he was serving, and see to it that Denisof's letter reached the emperor.

When the two were alone together, Rostof, for the first time, found it awkward to look into Boris's eyes. Boris, sitting with his legs crossed, and pressing the slender fingers of his right hand into his left, listened to Rostof in the same way as a general listens to a report from his subordinate; sometimes he glanced around, and then again looked into Rostof's face with that peculiar veil of impenetrability over his eyes. Rostof felt awkward every time that he did so, and he looked down.

"I have heard of things like that, and I know that the sovereign is very strict in such cases. I think it would be best not to bring it to his majesty's attention. In my opinion, it would be better to give the petition directly to the commander of the corps. And, as a general thing, I think" —

"Then you don't care to do anything. Why not say it right out!" Rostof almost shouted, not looking at Boris's eyes.

Boris smiled: "On the contrary, I will do all that is in my power. But I thought" —

At this moment, Zhilinsky's voice was heard, calling Boris back.

"Well, go, go, go!" said Rostof, and excusing himself from the supper, and remaining alone in the little chamber, he paced for a long time up and down and listened to the lively French conversation in the adjoining room.

CHAPTER XX.

No day could have been more unfavorable for presenting Denisof's petition to the emperor, than that on which Rostof went to Tilsit. He himself could not appear in the presence of the general-in-charge, for the reason that he was in civilian's dress, and had come away without leave of absence, and Boris, even if he had had the best will in the world, could not do this on the day that followed Rostof's arrival at Tilsit.

On that day, the ninth of July, the preliminary articles of peace were signed; the emperors exchanged orders, Alexander received that of the Legion of Honor, and Napoleon that of Saint Andrew of the first degree; and on that same day a dinner was to be given to the Preobrazhensky battalion by the battalion of the French Guards. The emperors had both agreed to be present at this banquet.

Rostof felt so ill at ease, and so offended with Boris, that when, after the supper was over, Boris came back to talk with him, he pretended to be asleep, and on the next day he left the house early in the morning, taking especial pains not to see him.

Nikolai, in his civilian's hat and coat, wandered about the city, gazing at the French and their uniforms, studying the streets and residences where the French and Russian emperors were lodged. On the square, he saw tables laid out, and men making preparations for the banquet; along the streets, he beheld draperies with the Russian and French colors entwined, and the letters A. and N. in monogram. In the windows of the houses there were also flags and monograms.

"Boris isn't willing to help me, and I won't have anything more to do with him, that's a settled thing," thought Nikolai. "It's all over between us; but I won't leave town until I have

done the best I could for Denisof, and at least handed his petition to the sovereign. To the sovereign? — he is there!" said Rostof to himself, involuntarily attracted back to the mansion occupied by Alexander.

In front of the door stood saddle horses, and the suite were assembling, evidently for the purpose of escorting his majesty on a ride,

"At any moment, I may see him," said Rostof to himself. "If I could only put the letter straight into his hands! But wouldn't they arrest me, on account of being out of uniform? Impossible! He would understand on whose side justice lay. He understands everything, he knows everything! Who could be more just and generous than he? Besides, if they were to arrest me for being here, what harm would it be?" he asked himself, catching sight of an officer going into the house where the emperor lived. "It seems people do go in! Eh! it's all nonsense, I will go and give the petition to the sovereign myself,—so much the worse for Drubetskoi, who drives me to it."

And suddenly, with a resolution which was unexpected even to himself, Rostof grasped the letter in his pocket, and went straight to the residence occupied by his sovereign.

"Now, this time I will not miss my chance, as I did at Austerlitz," he said to himself, expecting every moment to meet the emperor, and feeling the blood rush to his heart at the mere thought. "I will fall at his feet and beseech him. He will lift me, listen to me, and even thank me. 'I am glad of any opportunity of doing good, but to right wrongs is my greatest happiness,'" said Rostof, imagining the words which his sovereign would say to him. And, though he had to run the gauntlet of the inquisitive glances fastened upon him, he went up the front steps of the imperial residence. From the porch, a broad staircase led straight upstairs. At the right was a half-open door. Below, at the foot of the staircase, was still another door, leading to the ground floor.

"What do you wish?" asked some one.

"To give a letter, a petition, to his majesty," said Rostof, in a trembling voice.

"A petition? It should go to the general-in-charge; please pass this way," he indicated the door leading to the ground floor. "But he won't receive it."

On hearing this voice, so cold and unconcerned, Rostof was panic-stricken at his audacity; the thought that he might at any moment meet his majesty was so entrancing, and, at the same

time, so terrible to him, that he felt like running away, but the *kammer-fourrier*, who came to meet him, opened the door into the general's office, and Rostof went in.

A short, stout man, thirty years of age, in white trousers, Hessian boots, and a batiste shirt, apparently meant for summer only, was standing in this room; a valet was behind him, buttoning a pair of handsome new braces, embroidered in silk, as Rostof could not help noticing. This gentleman was talking with some one in the next room: "*Bien faite, et la beauté du diable* — devilishly well made," this man was just saying, but when he caught sight of Rostof, he stopped and frowned.

"What is it you want? A petition?"

"What is it?" asked the individual in the next room.

"Another petitioner," replied the man in the braces.

"Tell him to come later. He's going out; we've got to go with him."

"Come later, to-morrow, to-morrow. It's too late now."

Rostof turned round and was about to go, when the man in the braces stopped him. "Who is it from? Who are you?"

"It's from Major Denisof," replied Rostof.

"And who are you? An officer?"

"Yes, a lieutenant, Count Rostof."

"What audacity! Give it to your general. And begone with you, begone." And he began to put on the rest of the uniform handed to him by his valet.

Rostof went down into the entry again, and noticed that on the steps there were still many officers and generals in full parade uniform, and that he would have to pass by them all. Cursing his audacity, his heart sinking within him at the thought that at any moment he might meet the sovereign, and be mortified, and even put under arrest in his presence, appreciating all the impropriety of his conduct, and regretting it, Rostof, with downcast eyes, was hastening away from the house, which was now surrounded by the glittering officers of the suite, when a well-known voice called him by name, and some one's hand was laid on his shoulder.

"Well, *bátyushka*, what are you doing here without a uniform?" demanded a deep bass voice.

This was a general of cavalry, formerly commander of the division in which Rostof served. During that campaign he had won the signal favor of the sovereign.

Rostof was startled, and began to justify himself, but when he saw the general's good-natured, jocose face, he drew him to one side, and began, in a voice choked by emotion, to lay his

whole case before him, and begged the general to take the part of Denisof, who was well-known to him. The general listened to Rostof's story and shook his head gravely. "Pity, pity; he's a brave fellow; give me his letter."

Rostof had only just handed him the petition and finished telling the whole story, when quick steps and a jingling of spurs was heard on the staircase, and the general, leaving him, hurried to the steps. The gentlemen composing the sovereign's suite hastened down from the staircase and went to their horses. The equerry, Hayne, the same one who had accompanied the sovereign at the battle of Austerlitz, brought up the emperor's steed, and then on the staircase was heard the slight squeak of steps, which Rostof instantly knew. Forgetting his apprehension of being recognized, Rostof went close to the doorsteps, with many other curious spectators, from among the natives, and again, though two years had passed, he recognized those adored features, the same face, the same glance, the same gait, the same union of majesty and sweetness. And that feeling of enthusiasm and love for his sovereign rose in Rostof's soul with all its former force.

The emperor wore the Preobrazhensky uniform, white cha-mois leather breeches, Hessian boots, with the star of an order which Rostof did not know. It was the *Légion d'Honneur*. As he came out on the steps, he held his hat under his arm and was putting on his gloves. He paused, glanced around, and his glance seemed to light up all about him. He said a few words to one of the generals. He also recognized the general who had been formerly commander of Rostof's division, gave him a smile and beckoned to him.

All the suite moved away from them, and Rostof noticed that this general held a rather long conversation with the sovereign.

The emperor said a few words in reply, and took a step toward his horse. Again the crowd of the suite and the crowd of spectators, with Rostof in their number, followed after the emperor. Standing by his steed, with his arm thrown over the saddle, the sovereign turned to the cavalry general, and said in a loud voice, evidently intending that he should be heard by all,—

"I cannot, general, and I cannot because the law is more powerful than I," said the emperor, and he put his foot in the stirrup. The general respectfully inclined his head; the emperor got into the saddle and rode at a gallop down the street. Rostof, forgetting himself in his enthusiasm, joined the crowd and ran after him.

CHAPTER XXI.

ON the square where the emperor was going, the battalion of the Preobrazhentsui stood facing the street on the right; on the left, stood the battalion of the French Guards, in their bearskin caps.

Just as the sovereign rode up toward one flank of the battalion, which presented arms, another throng of mounted men galloped up to the other flank, and Rostof recognized Napoleon at their head. It could have been no one else. He rode at a gallop, wearing his cocked hat, with the ribbon of Saint Andrew across his breast, with his blue coat unbuttoned over his white waistcoat. Riding up to Alexander on his Arabian steed, gray, of extraordinarily good blood, with crimson housings embroidered in gold, he took off his hat, and, at this motion, Rostof, as a trained cavalryman, could not help noticing that Napoleon sat awkwardly and unsteadily on his horse. The battalions shouted "Hurrah" and "*Vive l'empereur.*" Napoleon said something to Alexander. Then the two emperors dismounted and shook hands. Napoleon's face wore a disagreeably artificial smile. Alexander, with a courteous expression, made some remark to him.

Rostof, notwithstanding the trampling of the horses of the mounted *gendarmes* constantly backing into the throng, followed every motion of the two emperors, not taking his eyes from them. It struck him as most extraordinary that Alexander treated Napoleon as an equal, and that Bonaparte bore himself toward the Russian tsar also as an equal, as though this proximity to the sovereign were perfectly natural and usual with him.

Alexander and Napoleon, with a long train following them, passed along toward the right wing of the Preobrazhensky battalion, straight toward the throng that had collected there. By some chance, the throng was allowed to press so near the emperors, that Rostof, who found himself in the very front row, felt anxious lest he should be recognized.

"Sire, I crave permission to grant the Legion of Honor to the bravest of your soldiers," said a shrill, precise voice, dwelling on every syllable. These words were spoken by the diminutive Bonaparte, looking straight up into Alexander's eyes. Alexander listened attentively to what he said, and inclined his head with a pleasant smile.

"To the one who conducted himself most gallantly during this last war,"* added Napoleon, laying equal stress on each syllable, with an unconcern and self-confidence that aroused Rostof's indignation. At the same time, Napoleon glanced round on the ranks of Russian soldiery drawn up before him, and still presenting arms and immovably looking into their sovereign's face.

"Will your majesty permit me to consult with the colonel?"† asked Alexander, and he made a few hasty steps toward Prince Kozlovsky, the commander of the battalion. Bonaparte began meantime to be drawing his glove from his small, white hand, and when it tore, he threw it away. An aid, hastening forward, picked it up.

"To whom shall it be given?" asked the Emperor Alexander, in a low tone, in Russian, of Kozlovsky.

"Whom would you designate, your majesty?"

The sovereign frowned with annoyance, and glancing round said,—

"Yes, but I must give him an answer."

Kozlovsky, with a resolute look, glanced along the ranks, and his eyes rested on Rostof.

"He couldn't by any possibility choose me?" said Rostof to himself.

"Lazaref," commanded the colonel, knitting his brows, and the first man in the front rank briskly stepped forward. This was Lazaref.

"Where are you going? Stand there!" whispered various voices to Lazaref, who did not know where to go. He stood in trepidation, looking askance at his colonel, and his face twitched, as is generally the case with soldiers summoned to the front. Napoleon bent his head back a little, and stretched his small, plump hand behind him, as though wishing something to be handed him. The faces of his suite, who at that instant surmised what was going to take place, showed some perplexity; there was whispering, some object was handed from one to another, and a page, the very one whom Rostof had seen at Boris's the evening before, sprang forward, and respectfully bowing over the outstretched hand, and not causing it to remain a single instant, placed in it an order, on a red ribbon.

* *Sire, je vous demande la permission de donner la Légion d'Honneur au plus brave de vos soldats. A celui qui s'est le plus vaillamment conduit dans cette dernière guerre.*

† "*Votre majesté me permettra-t-elle de demander l'avis du colonel?*"

Napoleon, not looking at it, closed two fingers, and retained the badge between them. Then he went up to Lazaref, who, with staring eyes, continued to gaze steadfastly at his sovereign and no one else. Napoleon looked at the Emperor Alexander, signifying by this that what he was doing now, he did out of consideration for his ally. The little white hand with the badge touched the button of the soldier Lazaref. Napoleon seemed to realize that all that was necessary to make this soldier forever fortunate, decorated, and distinguished above every one else in the world, was for this white hand of his merely to touch this soldier's breast! Napoleon simply suspended the cross on the soldier's chest, and, dropping his hand, returned to where Alexander was standing, as though he knew that the cross must needs stick to the man's breast. And that the cross really did!

Officious Russian and French hands instantly seized the cross and fastened it to the man's uniform. Lazaref had gazed moodily at the little man with white hands who had been doing something to him, and he continued to present arms, with his eyes again directed straight at Alexander's face, as though he were asking his sovereign whether it were his duty still to stand there, or whether he should go back, or whether there was anything else for him to do. But as no orders were given him, he stood in exactly the same motionless attitude for some time.

The sovereigns mounted and rode away. The Preobrazhentsui, breaking ranks, began to mingle with the French Guardsmen, and took their seats at the tables which had been prepared for them.

Lazaref was assigned to the seat of honor. Russian and French officers pressed around him, congratulated him, and shook hands with him. A throng of officers and the public crowded around, merely to get a sight of the man. The hum of conversation in French and Russian, and bursts of hearty laughter began to be heard around the table erected in the square.

Two officers, with flushed faces, feeling gay and happy, passed by Rostof. "What a treat, brother! All served on silver!" said one. "Did you see Lazaref?"

"I did!"

"To-morrow, they say, the Preobrazhentsui are going to give them a dinner."

"Is that so? What luck for Lazaref! twelve hundred francs pension for life!"

"How's that for a cap, children!" cried a Preobrazhenets, putting on a Frenchman's shaggy bearskin.

"Marvellously fine; very becoming!"

"Have you heard the countersign?" asked one Guardsman of another. "Day before yesterday, it was '*Napoléon, France, bravoure!*' yesterday, '*Alexandre, Russie, grandeur!*'; one day our sovereign gives the watchword; and the next, Napoleon. To-morrow the sovereign is going to confer the George on the bravest of the Guards. He can't help it. He's got to keep up his end!"

Boris and his friend, Zhilinsky, also came out to witness the banquet to the Preobrazhentsui. As they returned, Boris noticed Rostof standing near the corner of a house.

"Hollo, Rostof! Good morning; we missed each other," said he, and he could not refrain from asking what had happened to him, so strangely dark and disturbed was Rostof's face.

"Nothing, nothing," replied Rostof.

"Will you join us?"

"Yes, by and by."

Rostof stood for a long time by the house corner, gazing at the feasters. His mind was filled with painful reflections which he could never bring to a satisfactory conclusion. Strange doubts had risen in his mind. Now he recalled Denisof and the change that had come over him, and his obstinacy, and the whole hospital, with those amputated legs and arms, with all that filth and disease. It came up so vividly in his imagination, at that instant, he had such a lively sense of that fetid odor of putrefaction, and that dead body, that he glanced around to see what might be the cause of it. Then, in contrast, he recalled that self-conceited Bonaparte, with his little, white hand: he was emperor now, the loved and valued friend of the Emperor Alexander! For what purpose, then, all those amputated legs and arms, and those men killed? Then he remembered Lazaref rewarded and Denisof punished and unforgiven. He found himself indulging in such strange thoughts that he was frightened.

The savor of the viands and the pangs of hunger drove him out of this mood; he had to get something to eat before going back. He went into an inn which he had seen that morning. He found so many people there, and so many officers, who, like himself, had come in citizen's dress, that he had difficulty in getting dinner.

Two officers of the same division as his own joined him.

The conversation naturally turned on the peace. These officers, Rostof's friends, like the majority of the army, were dissatisfied with the peace which had been concluded after Friedland. They maintained that if only they had held out a little longer, Napoleon would have laid down his arms, that he had no supplies or ammunition for his troops.

Nikolai ate in silence, and drank more than he ate. He alone drank two bottles of wine. The inner conflict which had risen in his soul, instead of finding solution, tormented him more than ever. He was afraid to express his thoughts, and he could not get rid of them. Suddenly, at the remark of one of the officers that it was a humiliation to look at the French, Rostof began to declaim with a heat and violence wholly uncalled for, and therefore very amazing to the officers.

"And how, pray, can you decide what would have been best?" he shouted, his face flushing suddenly crimson. "Why do you judge the sovereign's actions? What right have we to sit in judgment on him? We cannot appreciate or understand the sovereign's actions!"

"But I haven't said a word about the sovereign," replied the officer, who could not explain Rostof's violence on any other ground than that he was drunk. But Rostof did not heed him.

"We are not diplomatic chinovniks, we are soldiers and nothing else," he went on to say. "We are commanded to die, and we die. And if we are punished, then of course we must be to blame; it isn't for us to criticise. It is sufficient for our sovereign, the emperor, to recognize Bonaparte as emperor, and to conclude peace with him; then, of course, it must be so. For if we once begin to criticise and sit in judgment, then there will be nothing sacred left. We shall be declaring that there is no God, no nothing!" screamed Nikolai, pounding the table with his fist with quite unnecessary vehemence, as his friends felt; in reality it was demanded by his feelings. "It's our business to fulfil our duty, to fight, and not to think, and that's the end of it," he said in conclusion.

"And drink," said one of the officers, wishing to avoid a quarrel.

"Yes, and drink," replied Nikolai. "Hey! there! another bottle!" he cried.

PART THIRD.

CHAPTER I.

IN the year 1808 the emperor went to Erfurt for another interview with the Emperor Napoleon, and in the upper circles of Petersburg much was said about the magnificence of this solemn meeting.

In 1809 the intimacy between these two "arbiters of the world," as Napoleon and Alexander were called, reached such a point that when Napoleon that year declared war against Austria, the Russian troops crossed the frontier to support their former enemy, Bonaparte, against their former ally, the Emperor of Austria; and there was also talk in high life of a possible marriage between Napoleon and one of the Emperor Alexander's sisters.

Then, besides these external political combinations, the attention of Russian society was at this time occupied with especial interest with the internal reforms which were inaugurating in all parts of the imperial dominion.

In the mean time, life — the ordinary life of men — was busied with its own concerns of health and illness, labor and recreation, with its interest in philosophy, science, poetry, music, love, friendship, hatreds, sufferings, and went on as always, independent and outside of political alliance or enmity with Napoleon Bonaparte, and outside of all potential reforms.

Prince Andrei had spent two years of continuous life in the country. All those enterprises on his estates, such as Pierre had devised on his, and which the latter had brought to no result, constantly changing as he did from one plan to another, — all these projects had been accomplished by Prince Andrei without any display, and without noticeable exertion.

He had to a marked degree that practical tenacity of purpose which Pierre lacked, and which gave impetus to any enterprise, without oscillation or undue effort on his own part.

On one of his estates, the three hundred serfs were enrolled as free farmers; this was one of the first instances of the sort:

on others, the forced husbandry service was commuted for *obrok*, or quit-rent. At Bogucharovo, a *babka*, or midwife, was engaged at his expense to help in cases of childbirth, and a priest was employed at a salary to teach the children of the peasants and household servants. Half of his time, Prince Andrei spent at Luisiya Gorui with his father and son, who was still in the care of nurses: the other half he spent at his "Bogucharovsky monastery," as his father called his estate.

Notwithstanding the indifference which he had affected in Pierre's presence to all the outside events of the world, he eagerly followed them: he read many books, and was often amazed to remark when men came fresh from Petersburg, from the very vortex of life, to visit his father or himself, that, though he had not once left the country, these men were far behind him in their knowledge of what was going on in politics at home and abroad. In addition to his projects on his estates, and his general occupations in reading the most varied books, Prince Andrei spent his spare time in composing a critical account of our last two unfortunate campaigns, and a project for a change in our military code and establishment.

In the spring of 1809 Prince Andrei went to the neighborhood of Riazan, where his son, whose guardian he was, had estates.

As he sat in his calash, he enjoyed the warmth of the spring sun, and looked at the young grass, the first foliage of the birches, and the first curling clouds of the spring flying over the clear blue sky. He simply did not think, but gazed on all sides, full of joy, and free from care.

He came to the ferry where he and Pierre had talked together the year before. He came to a filthy village, barns, a vegetable garden, a slope with the remains of a snowdrift by the bridge, a hillside where the clay was hollowed into runnels, strips of stubble-field and of shrubbery where the catkins were beginning to show, and finally reached a birch forest that extended along both sides of the road. It was almost sultry in the woods; there was not a breath of wind; the birches, all covered with young, green, sticky leafage, did not even rustle. Out from under the last year's leaves, lifting them up, came the first green bracken and the violets. Scattered here and there among the birches, small evergreens, with their sombre hues, unpleasantly reminded one of winter. The horses snorted as they entered the woods, and their coats were streaked with sweat.

The footman, Piotr, said something to the coachman: the coachman replied in the affirmative. But it was evident that Piotr got very little sympathy from the coachman; he turned round on the box toward his barin:—

“Your illustriousness, how nice it is!” said he, with a deferential smile.

“What?”

“Nice, your illustriousness!”

“What was that he said?” wondered Prince Andrei. “Oh, yes! probably about the spring,” he communed to himself, glancing all around. “And how green everything is already! so early! The birches and the wild-cherries and the alders are already out. But I don’t see any oaks. Oh, yes, there’s one, there’s an oak!”

By the roadside stood an oak. It was evidently ten times as old as the birches of which the forest was mainly composed: it was ten times as large round and twice as high as any of the birches. It was enormous, two spans around in girth, and with ancient scars where huge limbs, evidently long ago lopped off, had been, and with bark stripped away. With monstrous, disproportioned, unsymmetrically spreading, gnarled arms and branches, it stood like an ancient giant, stern and scornful, among the smiling birches. Only this oak and the slender evergreens scattered through the woods, with their hue symbolical of death, seemed unwilling to yield to the fascination of the spring, and to spurn the sun and the spring.

“The spring and love and happiness!” this oak seemed to say. “And how can it be that ye still like to cheat yourselves with that stupid and senseless delusion? It’s forever the same old story, and a mere delusion. There is no spring, no sun, no happiness. Look here at these mournful, lifeless evergreens, always unchanged; and here I, too, spread out my mutilated, excoriated branches, from my back and my sides, where they grew, just as they grew; and here I stand, and I have no faith in your hopes and illusions!”

Prince Andrei looked back several times at this oak, as he rode along the forest, as though it had some message to teach him. The flowers and grass were under the oak; but it stood among them as before, frowning and immovable, monstrous and inexorable.

“Yes, that oak is right, he is a thousand times right,” said Prince Andrei to himself. “Let others, younger men, once more hug this delusion; but we know what life is; our life is done.”

A whole new series of pessimistic ideas, agreeable from their very melancholy, arose in Prince Andrei's mind, suggested by the sight of the old oak. During all the rest of his journey he seemed once more to live his life over in thought, and he came back to his former comforting and at the same time hopeless conclusion that there was nothing more for him to undertake, that he must live out his life, refrain from working evil, and not worry, and not expect anything.

CHAPTER II.

PRINCE ANDREI was compelled by his obligations as trustee of the Riazan property to call upon the district *predvodityel*, or marshal of the nobility. The *predvodityel* was Count Ilya Andreyitch Rostof: about the middle of May, Prince Andrei went to see him.

By this time the weather had become very warm. The woods were now in full leaf, the dust was intolerable, and it was so hot that, as he drove by water, he had a powerful desire to take a bath.

Prince Andrei, in anything but a happy frame of mind, and absorbed in thinking of the business which he had to transact with the *predvodityel*, drove into the tree-shaded avenue that led up to the mansion of the Rostofs at Otradnoye. At his right, he heard behind the trees the gay sounds of women's voices, and saw a bevy of young girls running down as if to cut off his calash. In front of the others, and therefore nearest to him, ran a very slender, indeed a strangely slender, maiden, with dark hair and dark eyes, in a yellow chintz dress, with a white handkerchief around her head, the locks escaping from it in ringlets. This maiden shouted something as she approached the calash; then seeing that it was a stranger, she ran back again with a merry laugh, and not looking at him.

Something akin to pain affected Prince Andrei at this incident. The day was so beautiful, the sun so bright, everything all around was so beautiful! But this slender, pretty young girl knew not, and had no wish to know aught of him, and was content and happy in her separate, most likely stupid, but still gay and careless, existence. What was there for her to be merry about? What were her thoughts? Certainly not about the military code, or about Riazan quit-rents! What, then, was she thinking about? And why was she happy? Such questions involuntarily arose in Prince Andrei's mind.

Count Ilya Andreyitch was spending the summer of 1809 at Otradnoye in the same way as he had always done; that is, entertaining almost the whole Government with hunting parties, theatricals, dinners, and music. He welcomed Prince Andrei most hospitably, as he did every new guest, and almost by main force compelled him to stay for the night.

During the course of the wearisome day, monopolized by his elderly hosts, and the most distinguished of the guests, who happened to be present in large numbers on account of the old count's approaching *fête* days, Bolkonsky many times was attracted to Natasha, who was among the merriest and most entertaining of the younger portion of the household, and kept asking himself, "What can she be thinking about? Why is she so gay?"

At last, finding himself alone that night, in a new place, it was long before he could go to sleep. He read for a time, then put out his candle, then lighted it again. It was hot in the room with the shutters closed from within. He was annoyed at "that stupid old man," as he called Rostof, for having detained him by the excuse that the necessary papers had not yet come from the city; and he was vexed with himself for having staid.

Prince Andrei got up and went to the window to open it. As soon as he threw back the shutters, the moonlight, as though it had been on the watch at the window and long waiting the opportunity, came pouring into the room. He opened the window. The night was cool and calmly beautiful. In front of the window was a row of clipped trees, dark on one side and silver-bright on the other. At the foot of the trees was some sort of succulent, rank vegetation, the leaves and stalks covered with silvery dew. Farther away, beyond the trees, was a roof glittering with dew; farther to the right, a tall tree, with wide-spreading branches, showed a brilliant white bole and limbs; and directly above it the moon, almost at her full, shone in the bright, almost starless, spring night. Prince Andrei leaned his elbows on the window-sill, and fixed his eyes on that sky.

Prince Andrei's room was on the second floor: the rooms overhead were also occupied, and by people who were not asleep. He overheard women's voices above him.

"Only just once more," said a voice which Prince Andrei instantly recognized.

"But when are you going to sleep?" replied a second voice.

"I will not, can not sleep; how can I help it? Come! this is the last time."

The two female voices broke out into a snatch of song, forming the final phrase of a duet.

"Akh! how charming! Now, then, let's go to sleep; that's the end of it."

"You go to sleep, but I can't," replied the first voice, approaching the window. She evidently thrust her head quite out of the window, because the rustling of her dress was heard, and even her breathing. All was calm and stone-still, — the moon and her light, and the shadows. Prince Andrei feared to stir, lest he should betray his involuntary presence.

"Sonya! Sonya!" again spoke the first voice. "Now, how can you go to sleep! Just see how lovely it is! Akh! how lovely! Come, wake up, Sonya!" said she again, with tears in her voice. "Come, now, such a lovely, lovely night was never seen!"

Sonya made some answer expressive of her disapproval.

"No, but do look! what a moon! Akh! how lovely! Do come here! Sweetheart! darling,* come here! There, now, do you see? If you would only squat down this way, and rest yourself on your knees — a little closer — we must squeeze together more — there, if one tried, one might fly away! Yes, that's the way!"

"Look out! you'll fall!"

A little scuffle was heard, and then Sonya's discontented voice saying, —

"See! it's two o'clock!"

"Akh! you only spoil it all for me! now go away, go away!"

Again all became still, but Prince Andrei knew that she was still there: he could hear from time to time a little rustling, from time to time her sighs.

"Akh! dear me! dear me! it is too bad! To bed, then, if I must!" and the window was closed.

"And my existence is nothing to her!" thought Prince Andrei, while he was listening to their talk, somehow or other hoping and fearing that she would say something about him. "It's the same old story! And done on purpose!" he thought. And suddenly there arose in his soul such an unexpected throng of youthful thoughts and hopes, opposed to the whole current of his life, that he felt himself too weak to analyze his condition, and so he went to sleep immediately.

* "*Dúshenka, golúbushka.*"

CHAPTER III.

THE next day, taking leave only of the count, and not waiting for the ladies to come down, Prince Andrei went home.

It was already the first of June, and on his way home, Prince Andrei once more drove through the birch wood, where the gnarled old oak had so strangely and memorably attracted his attention. The little bells on the horses sounded with still less resonance now through the forest than they did the fortnight before; all the spaces were full of thick leaves and shrubbery; and the young fir-trees scattered through the woods were no longer an exception to the general beauty, and but partook of the universal characteristics of the season, and showed a soft green at the ends of their succulent young sprays.

The whole day had been hot: now and again there had been threats of thunder-showers, but only handfuls of clouds had scattered a few drops over the dusty highway and the sunny leaves. The forest on the left was dark, in shadow: that on the right, with branches glistening with diamond drops and gently swaying in the breeze, was full of sunlight. Everything was covered with flowers: the nightingales broke out in gushing melody, and answered each other from far and near.

"Yes, it was in this forest here, that the old oak stood whose mood seemed to agree with mine," said Prince Andrei to himself. "Yes! there he is," he thought, as he looked along at the left, and found himself, without knowing or realizing it, admiring the old oak of which he was in search. The old oak, as though transfigured, spread out a mighty tabernacle of dark, sunny green, and seemed to swoon and sway in the rays of the afternoon sun. Nothing could be seen of the gnarled branches, or of the scars, or of the old unbelief and grief. Through the rough, century-old bark had pierced the smooth, succulent young foliage: it was incredible that this patriarch should have produced them.

"Yes, this is the very same oak," said Prince Andrei to himself; and suddenly there came over him an unreasonable, but joyous, feeling of delight and renovation. All the most sacred moments of his life came back to him at one sweep, — Austerlitz, with that unfathomable sky, and the dead, reproachful face of his little wife, and Pierre on the ferry-boat, and the maiden enjoying the beauty of the night, and that night itself,

and the moon: everything suddenly crowded back into his mind.

"No! life is not ended at thirty-one," suddenly said Prince Andrei with resolute, unalterable decision. "It is a small thing that I myself know what is in me; all others must know it also; Pierre, and that girl who wanted to fly up into the sky; all of them must learn to know me, so that my life may not be spent for myself alone, in order that they may not live so independently of my life, that it may send its reflection over all other lives, and that they may all live in union with me!"

On his return from his journey, Prince Andrei made up his mind to go to Petersburg in the autumn, and he excogitated various reasons in support of this decision. A whole series of convincing and logical arguments in favor of this new departure, and even in favor of re-entering the army, were all the time coming to his aid. It now even passed his comprehension that he could ever have doubted the necessity of going back to active life, just the same as a short month before he could not comprehend how the idea ever occurred to him to leave the country.

It now seemed clear to him that all his experiments of life would surely be wasted, and without reason, unless he were to put them into effect and once more take an active part in life. He now could not understand how, on the strength of such wretched arguments, he had convinced himself that it would be humiliating himself, after all his lessons in life, to believe in the possibility of getting profit, and the possibility of happiness and love. Now his reason showed him the exact contrary.

After this journey of his, Prince Andrei began to feel tired of the country; his former occupations no longer interested him; and oftentimes, as he sat alone in his cabinet, he would get up, go to the mirror, and look long at his own face. Then he would turn away, and gaze at the portrait of his late wife, Liza, who, with her little curls *à la grecque*, looked down upon him, with an affectionate and radiantly happy expression, from the golden frame. She seemed no longer to say to her husband those terrible words: she simply gazed at him with a merry and quizzical look. And Prince Andrei, clasping his hands behind his back, would walk long up and down the room, sometimes scowling, sometimes smiling, thinking over the preposterous, inexpressible, mysterious, almost criminal ideas aroused by the thought of Pierre, of glory, of the maiden

at the window, of the old oak, of the beauty of women, and love, which were changing his whole life. And at such moments, when any one came to see him, he was generally dry, stern, and short, and disagreeably logical.

"*Mon cher*," the Princess Mariya once said, happening to find him in such a state, "Nikolushka can't go out to-day: it is very chilly."

"If it were warm," Prince Andrei replied to his sister, "then he might go out in nothing but his shirt; but since it is cold, you will have to put some warm clothes on him, as might have occurred to you. Now, there is no sense in keeping the child indoors because it is cold, when he needs the fresh air." He would say such things with all the logic in the world, as though he were punishing some one else for all this illogical reasoning that was secretly working in his mind. Under such circumstances, it was not strange that the Princess Mariya said to herself, —

"How this intellectual work dries up the heart!"

CHAPTER IV.

PRINCE ANDREI reached Petersburg in August, 1809. This was the time when the young Speransky was at the apogee of his glory and zeal for the reforms which he had undertaken.

This same month of August, the emperor, while out riding in his calash, was upset, and hurt his leg; and during the three weeks that he was confined to Peterhof, he would see no one but Speransky.

It was during this time that two ukazes, or rescripts, of extreme importance and most alarming to society, were prepared: the one was in regard to the doing away of Court *chin*, or rank; and the other, in regard to the passing of examinations for the rank of Collegiate-Assessor and Councillor of State.* The scheme also provided for a complete imperial constitution, destined to revolutionize the existing departments of Justice, Administration, and Finance, from the Council of State even down to the tribunals of the Volosts, or Cantons, throughout the empire.

Now began to materialize and take shape those vague liberal dreams with which the Emperor Alexander had mounted the

* In the civil service, the *kollézhsky assessor*, having personal nobility, corresponds to major; *státsky sovyétnik*, having hereditary nobility, ranks above colonel in the army.

throne, and which he had vainly endeavored to bring about with the aid of his assistants, Czartorisky, Novosiltsof, Kotehubey, and Strogonof, whom he in jest called "*la comité du salut publique*" — "the Committee of Public Safety."

At this time, Speransky was the general representative for civil affairs, and Arakcheyef for all things connected with the military.

Prince Andrei, immediately after his arrival, appeared at court, and at his majesty's levee, in his capacity as chamberlain. The sovereign twice, on meeting him, did not vouchsafe him a single word. Prince Andrei had always before felt that the sovereign did not approve of him, that his face and general appearance did not please his majesty. By the cold look of disfavor which the sovereign gave him, Prince Andrei was still more confirmed in his former supposition. The courtiers explained to Prince Andrei that the emperor's neglect of him was due to his majesty's displeasure at Bolkonsky leaving the service in 1805.

"I know very well how little control we have over our likes and dislikes," said Prince Andrei to himself. "And, therefore, there is no use in thinking of personally presenting to his majesty, the emperor, my memorandum on the military code; but I must let its merits speak for themselves."

He mentioned his work to an old field marshal, a friend of his father's. The field marshal gave him an appointment, received him more than courteously, and promised to lay the matter before the sovereign. Several days later, Prince Andrei was notified to present himself before the minister of war, Count Arakcheyef.

At ten o'clock on the morning of the day set, Prince Andrei went to Count Arakcheyef's.

Prince Andrei did not know the minister of war personally, and had never even seen him; but from all that he had ever heard of him he was disposed to hold this man in very slight esteem.

"He is minister of war, the confidant of his majesty the emperor; no one need concern himself with his personal characteristics; it is his business to examine my memorandum; moreover, he is the only person who can put it into execution," said Prince Andrei to himself, as he sat with a number of other visitors of more or less note waiting in Count Arakcheyef's reception-room.

Prince Andrei during the period of his military service,

which most of the time had been in the quality of adjutant, had seen many receptions given by notabilities, and he had always been interested in studying the various characteristics of those who were present. At Count Arakcheyef's, the character of the reception was entirely different from anything that he had ever seen. The faces of the less notable individuals who were waiting their turn for an audience with Count Arakcheyef, wore an expression of shame and humility; those of higher rank gave a general impression of awkwardness vainly hidden under a mask of ease and ironical derision of themselves, their position, and those who were likewise waiting. Some walked pensively back and forth, some whispered and laughed together; and Prince Andrei overheard the sobriquet "Sila Andreyitch" — "Andreyitch the Strong" and the expression *Dyádya Zadast* — "Uncle Push" applied to the count. One general, a man of note, was evidently annoyed because he was kept waiting, and sat with his legs crossed, smiling sarcastically at himself.

But whenever the door opened, all faces expressed one and the same sentiment — fear! Prince Andrei for a second time asked the officer on duty to take in his name; but he received a scornful, impertinent stare, and was told that he would be summoned when it was his turn. After several individuals had been escorted in and out of the war minister's cabinet, an officer, whose frightened and humiliated face had already struck Prince Andrei, was admitted into the dreaded audience chamber. This officer's audience lasted a long time. Suddenly the bellowing of a disagreeable voice was heard on the other side of the door; and the officer, as pale as a sheet, and with trembling lips, came out, and, clasping his head with his hands, hastened through the reception-room.

Immediately after this, Prince Andrei was ushered into the audience chamber; and the officer on duty whispered, "To the right, next the window."

Prince Andrei went into the meanly furnished cabinet, and saw, sitting by the table, a man of forty years of age, with a long waist, and a peculiarly long head; the hair was closely cropped; the face was covered with deep wrinkles; the brows were contracted over grayish-green, heavy-looking eyes and a drooping nose. Arakcheyef turned his eyes toward the new-comer without looking at him.

"What was it you wanted?" asked the count.

"I have nothing to ask for, your illustriousness," replied Prince Andrei gently. Arakcheyef's eyes fastened on him.

"Sit down," said Arakcheyef, "Prince Bolkonsky?"

"I have nothing to ask for; but his majesty, the emperor, deigned to put into your hands my Memorandum, your illustriousness" —

"Please give me your attention, my dear sir: I have read your Memorandum," interrupted Arakcheyef, speaking the first words with a certain courtesy; then again, staring into his face, and assuming more and more of a querulous and scornful tone, he went on, "You propose new regulations for the army? Plenty of regulations now. No one fulfils the old ones. Nowadays everybody's writing new regulations: it's easier to write 'em than to carry them out!"

"I have come at his majesty the emperor's request, to learn what you propose to do with my Memorandum?" asked Prince Andrei respectfully.

"I have indorsed my decision upon your manuscript, and sent it to the committee. I do *not* approve of it," said Arakcheyef, getting up and getting a slip of paper from his writing-table. "Here!" he handed it to Prince Andrei.

Across the paper these words were written in pencil, without capitals or punctuation marks, and ill-spelt: "without basis in common cence as it is only an imitation of the french military coad and no need of changing our own articles of war."

"To what committee has my Memorandum been given?" inquired Prince Andrei.

"To the Committee on the Revision of the Military Code, and I have added your nobility to the list; but without salary."

Prince Andrei smiled.

"I should wish no salary."

"An honorary member, without salary," reiterated Arakcheyef. "I have the honor of — Hey there, come in! Who's next?" he shouted, bowing to Prince Andrei.

CHAPTER V.

WHILE waiting for the formal notification of his appointment as a member of the committee, Prince Andrei took pains to renew former acquaintances, especially with individuals who, as he knew, were in power, and might be of assistance to him. He now experienced in Petersburg a feeling analogous to that which he had experienced on the eve of a battle, when a restlessness and sense of curiosity had invincibly attracted him toward those lofty spheres,

the laboratory of the future, on which depended the fate of millions. By observing the angry criticisms of the older men, the curiosity of the uninitiated, the reserve of those who knew, the eagerness and activity of all, the portentous increase in committees and commissions, — new ones being, as he knew, appointed every day, — he felt certain that there and then, in the year 1809, in Petersburg, some mighty civil conflict was in preparation, and that the presiding genius of it was to be a personage as yet unknown to him, endowed in his fancy with mysterious qualities, and a man with whom he was prepared to sympathize, — Mikhail Speransky. And this indefinitely realized sense of an impending reform, and Speransky, its leader, began to interest him so intensely that the matter of the military code was very soon relegated to a secondary place in his mind.

Prince Andrei found himself in the most advantageous position for being well received in the most varied and lofty circles of the Petersburg society of that day. The party pledged to reform welcomed him cordially, and did their best to win him to their side, — in the first place, because he had a reputation for intelligence and great learning; in the second place, because he of his own free will had emancipated his serfs, and thereby gained himself the reputation of being a liberal.

The party of the old men, the discontents, naturally turned to him for sympathy, in their criticisms of reform, as being the son of his father. The generality of women, the world, gladly welcomed him, because he was a rich man, and illustrious, and yet practically a novelty, with that aureole of romance with which he was crowned, on account of his supposed death, and the tragic end of his wife. Moreover, all those who knew him in days gone by confessed with one accord that he had greatly changed for the better during the last five years, that time had softened down his asperities, that he had lost all that old pretence, pride, and sarcastic manner, and had now acquired the serenity which comes only with years. He was talked about, people were interested in him, and all were anxious to see him.

On the day after his interview with Count Arakcheyef, Prince Andrei was at a reception at Count Kotchubey's. He had been telling the count about his reception by "Sila Andreyitch." That was the nickname by which Kotchubey called Arakcheyef, with the same expression of masked contempt as Prince Andrei had noticed in the way others spoke of him at the minister of war's reception-room.

"*Mon cher*, even in this affair of yours, you can't get along without Mikhail Mikhailovitch.* *C'est le grand faiseur*; he can do everything. I will tell him. He promised to come this evening."

"But what has Speransky to do with military matters?" demanded Prince Andrei.

Kotchubey, with a smile, shook his head, as though amazed at Bolkonsky's *naïveté*.

"He and I were speaking of you only a day or two ago," continued Kotchubey, "and about your free laborers."

"Ah? and so you have been emancipating your muzhiks?" asked an old man of Catherine's time, turning scornfully upon Bolkonsky.

"It was a very small estate, which brought in a very meagre income," replied Bolkonsky, trying to palliate his action, in his presence, so as not to irritate the old man to no purpose.

"You seem to be in a great hurry," † said the old man, glancing at Kotchubey. "There's one thing I do not understand," continued the old man. "Who is going to plough the land, if they are emancipated? It's easy to make laws, but hard to execute them. If it is all the same to you, count, I will ask you who is going to be the deciding judge when all have to pass examinations?"

"Those who succeed in passing them, I suppose," replied Kotchubey, shifting from one leg to the other, and glancing around.

"Now, there is Pryanitchnikof, an excellent man, true as gold, but he is sixty years old: will he pass an examination?"

"Yes: that is where the difficulty lies, since certainly education is not at all wide-spread, but" —

Count Kotchubey did not finish his sentence. He got up, and, taking Prince Andrei by the arm, led him forward to meet a tall, bald man of forty years, with white hands, with a broad, open forehead, and an extraordinarily strange pallor on his long face. The new-comer wore a blue coat, the ribbon of an order around his neck, and a star over his heart.

This was Speransky.

Prince Andrei instantly surmised who it was, and a peculiar feeling stirred his heart, as usually happens at significant moments in life. Whether it were caused by respect, envy,

* Speransky: of obscure origin; his family name possibly Russified by the priests; from the Latin *spero*: hence, the "Hopeful;" one of the greatest men of Alexander's time; from foundling to prime minister; intrigued against, banished; and afterward one of the governors of Siberia.

† "*Vous craignez d'être en retard.*"

expectation, he could not tell. Speransky's whole figure was of a peculiar type, so that it was impossible for a moment ever to mistake him. Never had Prince Andrei seen any one in the spheres where he had moved, who was so remarkable for the calmness and self-assurance of his motions, though they were awkward and ungainly; or any one who had such a steady, and at the same time gentle, gaze, from his half-closed and rather moist eyes; or any one with such determination expressed in a smile that meant so much; or with such a delicate, gentle, monotonous voice; and, above all, such an ethereal pallor of face, shared also by the hands, which were rather broad, but extraordinarily plump, soft, and white. Such white and ethereal delicacy of complexion, Prince Andrei had never seen, except in the case of soldiers who had been long at the hospital.

This, then, was Speransky, the emperor's secretary, the sovereign's factotum, and his companion at Erfurt, where more than once he had met and talked with Napoleon.

Speransky did not glance around from one person to another, as men usually do, in spite of themselves, on first entering a large company; and he did not hurry about speaking. He spoke quietly, assured that he would be listened to, and he looked only at the man with whom he was speaking.

Prince Andrei followed Speransky's every word and motion with the keenest attention. As usually happens to people, especially to those who are inclined to judge their fellows severely, Prince Andrei, on meeting a new personage, like Speransky, for instance, whom he knew by reputation, naturally expected to find in him the full complement of human perfections.

Speransky told Kotchubey that he was sorry at not being able to come earlier, but that he had been detained at the palace. He did not say that it was the sovereign who had detained him. And Prince Andrei remarked this affectation of modesty. When Kotchubey presented Prince Andrei, Speransky slowly turned his eyes upon Bolkonsky, without altering his smile, and continued to gaze at him in silence.

"I am very happy to make your acquaintance: I have heard of you, as every one else has," said he.

Kotchubey gave a brief account of Bolkonsky's reception by Arakeheyef. Speransky's smile grew more accented.

"The chairman of the Commission for Revising the Military Statutes, Mr. Magnitsky, is an excellent friend of mine," said he, carefully dwelling on each syllable and each word. "And

if you would like, I can give you a personal interview with him." (Here he came to a full stop.) "I hope that you will find him sympathetic, and willing to further all that is reasonable."

A little circle had immediately gathered around Speransky; and the same old man who had spoken of his chinovnik, Pryanitchnikof, turned to the minister with the same question.

Prince Andrei did not take part in the conversation, but contented himself with observing all the motions of Speransky, that man who but a short time since had been an obscure seminarist, and now had in his hands, those white, plump hands, the control of Russia's fortunes. He was struck by the extraordinary, contemptuous calmness with which Speransky answered the old man. It seemed as though he stooped down from an immeasurable height to grant him a condescending word. When the old man began to speak louder than the occasion justified, Speransky smiled, and said that he could not judge of the utility or futility of what the sovereign deigned to approve.

After conversing for some time with the group generally, Speransky got up, and, crossing over to Prince Andrei, drew him aside to another corner of the room. It was plain that he considered it necessary to patronize Bolkonsky.

"I haven't had a chance to talk with you yet, prince, owing to the lively discussion into which I was drawn by that worthy old gentleman," said he, with his blandly contemptuous smile, seeming to imply by this smile that he and Prince Andrei appreciated the insignificance of the people with whom he had just been talking. This treatment was very flattering to Prince Andrei.

"I have known of you for a long time, — in the first place, through your treatment of your serfs, the first example of the sort, I believe, and one which I should like to see generally followed; and in the second place, because you are the only one of the chamberlains who has not considered himself abused by the new ukaz, concerning the court ranks, which has produced so much talk and criticism."

"Yes," replied Prince Andrei. "My father did not wish me to take advantage of this prerogative: I began with the lowest step in the service."

"Your father is a man of a bygone generation: he evidently stands far above the men of our day, who are so severe in their judgments upon this measure, and yet it aims simply to re-establish genuine justice."

"I am inclined to think, however, that there is some ground for these criticisms," said Prince Andrei, striving to free himself from Speransky's influence, of which he was beginning to feel conscious. It was distasteful for him to agree with the man at every point: he felt a strong desire to contradict him. Prince Andrei, who generally spoke fluently and well, now found some difficulty in expressing himself while talking with Speransky. He was too much occupied with his study of the personality of this distinguished man.

"The ground of personal vanity, maybe," quietly suggested Speransky.

"Partly, and also for the sake of the government," replied Prince Andrei.

"What makes you think so?" asked Speransky, slightly dropping his eyes.

"I am a disciple of Montesquieu," said Prince Andrei. "And his maxim, that '*Le principe des monarchies est l'honneur*,' me paraît incontestable. Certain rights and privileges of the nobility seem to me to be the means of maintaining this sentiment."

The smile faded from Speransky's pallid face, and his expression gained greatly by the change. Evidently, Prince Andrei's thought seemed to him worthy of consideration.

"*Si vous envisagez la question sous ce point de vue*," he began, finding it evidently rather difficult to express himself in French, and speaking still more deliberately than in Russian, and yet with absolute self-possession. "Montesquieu says that honor, *l'honneur*, cannot be maintained by prerogatives that are injurious to the service; that honor, *l'honneur*, is either the negative concept of refraining from reprehensible actions, or it is the true fountain-head of impulse for the winning of approbation, and the rewards that are the fruit thereof."

His arguments were succinct, simple, and clear.

"An institution that maintains this honor, this source of emulation, an institution like the *Légion d'Honneur*, of the great Emperor Napoleon, is not prejudicial, but advantageous to the success of the service, but that is not true of social or court prerogatives."

"I do not quarrel with that, but it is impossible to deny that court privileges have always tended toward the same end," said Prince Andrei. "Every courtier should consider himself bound to fulfil his duties worthily."

"But you have not cared to take advantage of them, prince,"

retorted Speransky, his smile showing that having worsted his opponent in the argument, he was now ready to cut short this special mark of his favor. "If you will do me the honor of calling upon me Wednesday," he added, "then I shall have had a talk with Magnitsky, and may be able to tell you something of interest; and, moreover, I shall have the pleasure of a more circumstantial conversation with you."

Then, closing his eyes, he made him a low bow, and slipped from the room *à la Française*, without taking leave, so as not to attract attention.

CHAPTER VI.

DURING the first part of his stay in Petersburg, Prince Andrei was conscious that the whole system of thought which he had elaborated during his solitary life in the country, was entirely obscured by the petty occupations with which he was now engaged in the city.

Every evening, when he returned to his lodgings, he jotted down in his note-book four or five indispensable visits or appointments for the next day. The mechanisms of his life, the arrangement of the twenty-four hours, so as to allow him to be always punctual, was at the cost of a goodly portion of his mental energy. He accomplished nothing; he neither thought, nor had time to think; and whatever he said in conversation — and it must be confessed that he talked well — was merely the fruit of his solitary meditation in the country.

He occasionally remarked with dissatisfaction, that on appearing at different gatherings on one and the same day, he found himself repeating himself. But he was so absorbed all day long, that he had no time to think out anything new.

He went to Speransky's house on Wednesday, and had a long and confidential talk with him. The impression that had been produced on him by Speransky at his first meeting with him at Kotehubey's, was repeated and intensified.

Prince Andrei looked upon so many men as contemptible and beneath contempt, he had such a powerful desire to discover in another the living ideal of the perfection toward which he was striving, that it was easy for him to believe that he had discovered in Speransky his ideal of a perfectly reasonable and virtuous man. If Speransky had sprung from the same class in society to which Prince Andrei belonged, if he had had a similar education and mental processes, Bolkonsky would

have soon discovered his weaknesses, his human instead of his heroic side; but now this strangely logical bent of mind aroused his esteem, from the very fact that he did not fully understand him. Moreover, Speransky, either because he prized Prince Andrei's talents, or because he felt that it was necessary to attract him to himself, displayed before Prince Andrei his cool, easy wit, and flattered Prince Andrei with that delicate flattery which appeals to a man's self-conceit, by tacitly taking for granted that he is the only other man capable of comprehending the full depth of stupidity of all the rest of the world, and the reasonableness and depth of their own ideas.

During the time of that long conversation of theirs on Wednesday evening, Speransky more than once said, "With *us* there is a chance to look upon everything that rises above the common level of the commonplace routine;" or, with a smile, "But *our* idea is that the wolves should be fed well, and yet the sheep kept whole;" or, "*They* cannot comprehend this;" and all the time his expression seemed to imply, "*We*—that is, you and I—understand who they are, and who we are."

This long conversation with Speransky merely served to confirm the feeling produced in him at his first interview with him. He saw in him an intelligent, severely logical man, of immense talent, energy, and tenacity of purpose, who desired to obtain power which he would wield solely for the good of Russia. Speransky was, in Prince Andrei's eyes, the man most able to explain by his intellect alone all the phenomena of life, accepting as of any importance only what appealed to his reason, and, in all circumstances, capable of applying the rules of logic in a way that he had always longed to be able to do. Everything was placed before his mind so lucidly through Speransky's exposition, that he found himself agreeing with him on every point, in spite of himself. If he raised objections, and entered into discussions with him, it was simply because he was anxious to be independent, and not a mere echo of Speransky's opinions.

Everything was just as it should be, everything about him was good; but there were one or two things that struck Prince Andrei unpleasantly: such were Speransky's cold, mirror-like, inscrutable eyes, and his white, plump hand. Prince Andrei could not help looking at them, just as one is always drawn to look at the hands of those men who are in the possession of power. These mirror-like eyes and that soft hand somehow

irritated Prince Andrei. He was also offended by the overweening contempt for men which he had remarked in Speransky, and at the various shifts in his arguments which he used for the buttressing of his ideas. He made use of all possible weapons of thought, especially affecting metaphors; and it seemed to Prince Andrei that he leaped from one to another with too great audacity. Sometimes he set himself up as a practical worker, and flouted visionaries; then as a satirist, and made ironical sport of his antagonists; then he would become severely logical; then suddenly he would rise into the domain of pure philosophy. (This last weapon of proof he was especially fond of employing.) He would take questions to the heights of metaphysics, indulge in definitions of space, time, and thought, and, finding counter-arguments in them, he would come back to fresh discussions.

On the whole, the chief trait of Speransky's intellect, and one that amazed Prince Andrei, was his unswerving, unquestioning faith in the power and validity of the intellect. It was evident that Speransky never dreamed of harboring such thoughts as were habitual with Prince Andrei, as to the impossibility of expressing all that came into his mind, or that he had ever doubted whether all that he thought and all that he believed were not vanity. And it was this very characteristic of Speransky's intellect that especially attracted Prince Andrei toward him.

During the first period of his acquaintance with Speransky, Prince Andrei conceived a passionate admiration for him, analogous to that which he had whilom experienced for Bonaparte. The circumstance that Speransky was the son of a priest, which many looked upon as derogatory, scorning a man as a *kutéinik*—a priestling—or a *popóvitch*—the son of a pope, undoubtedly made Prince Andrei particularly cautious in indulging this feeling toward Speransky, and unconsciously led him to keep it to himself.

On that first evening that Bolkonsky spent with him, they got to talking about the Committee for the Revision of the Laws; and Speransky told Prince Andrei, with a touch of irony, how this committee had existed a hundred and fifty years, had cost millions, and yet had not accomplished anything; that Rosenkampf had merely stuck labels on all the articles of comparative legislation. "And that is all the result that the government has received from those millions," said he. "We want to give new judicial powers to the Senate, and we have no laws. Therefore, it is a sin for such men as you, prince, not to serve at the present time."

Prince Andrei replied that for this it needed a legal training, which he did not possess.

"But there is no one who has; so what are you going to do about it? This is a *circulus viciosus*, and we must break away from it by main force."

Before a week was over, Prince Andrei was appointed a member of the Committee on Revising the Military Code, and, much to his surprise, *nachalnik*, or president, of one section of the Special Commission on the Revision of the Laws. At Speransky's special request, he took up the study of the "Revised Civil Code," and with the aid of the "Code Napoléon," and the "Institutes of Justinian," set to work on the section entitled "The Rights of Individuals."

CHAPTER VII.

Two years before this, Pierre, on his return to Petersburg, from his tour among his estates, found himself involuntarily at the head of the Petersburg Freemasons. He established dining lodges and burial lodges, he gained over new members, labored for the union of various lodges, and for the acquisition of original documents. He gave his money freely toward the building of a Masonic temple, and, so far as it lay in his power, pushed forward the collections for charity, in regard to which the majority of the members were penurious or unpunctual. He supported almost unaided the almshouse established by the order in Petersburg.

His life, in the mean time, went on the same as before, with the same inclinations and dissipations. He liked the pleasures of the table, — good eating and wines; and although he looked upon it as immoral and degrading, he could not keep himself from the gayeties of his bachelor friends with whom he mingled.

Amid the fog of all his various occupations and enterprises, Pierre, however, before a year was over, began to be conscious that the Masonic ground on which he stood was giving way faster and faster under his feet, the more he tried to maintain himself upon it. At the same time, he felt that the more the ground on which he stood yielded under him, the more inextricably he was committed to it. When he first entered Freemasonry, he experienced the sensations of a man who unquestioningly sets foot on the smooth surface of a bog. On bear-

ing his weight upon it, he begins to sink. In order fully to persuade himself of the solidity of the ground whereon he stands, he sets down another foot, and slumps in more deeply than before, and, being caught in it, he, in spite of himself, wades in up to the knee.

Osip, or rather Iosiph Alekseyevitch, was no longer in Petersburg. Of late, he had done with the Petersburg Lodges, and lived exclusively at Moscow. All the brethren, the members of the Lodges, were Pierre's acquaintances in everyday life, and it was hard for him to see them as merely brothers, according to Freemasonry, and not as Prince B——, and not as Ivan Vasilyevitch D——, whom he knew in society, for the most part, as weak and insignificant men. Under their Masonic aprons and insignia, he could not help seeing their uniforms and the decorations which they had obtained in the world. Ofttimes, when collecting the contributions and counting the twenty or thirty rubles received — for the most part in promises — from a dozen men, half of whom were as able to pay as he himself was, Pierre remembered the Masonic oath, whereby each brother bound himself to give all his possessions to his fellow-men, and then doubts would arise, though he would strive not to dwell upon them.

He divided all the brethren whom he knew into four categories. In the first, he placed those who took no interest in the transactions of the Lodges, or in human affairs in general, but were exclusively absorbed in the mysterious doctrines of the order, absorbed in questions as to the threefold nature of God, or the three primordial elements of matter, — sulphur, mercury, and salt, — or as to the significance of the Cube, and all the symbolism of Solomon's Temple. Pierre revered this class of Masons, to which belonged principally the older members of the Brotherhood — and Iosiph Alekseyevitch, in Pierre's opinion — but he could not share in their pursuits. His heart was not attracted by the mysterious side of Masonry.

In the second category, he reckoned himself, and those like himself — seekers, inclined to waver, not yet successful in walking the straight and intelligible way of Masonry, but all the time striving to walk in it.

In the third category, he placed the brethren — and they formed the majority — who saw in Freemasonry nothing but superficial formalities and ceremonies, and who insisted upon the strenuous fulfilment of these external forms, caring nothing for their real essence and significance. Such were Villarsky, and even the Grand Master of the Supreme Lodge.

In the fourth category, finally, were reckoned also the great mass of the brethren, and especially those who had been admitted since he had. These were men who, according to Pierre's observation, believed nothing, desired nothing, and entered the Brotherhood simply for the sake of bringing themselves into intimate relations with the rich young men endowed with influential connections, who abounded in the Lodges.

Pierre began to feel dissatisfied with his activity. Masonry, at least Masonry such as he knew it in Russia, it sometimes seemed to him, was founded on mere formalities. He did not dream of doubting Masonry itself, but he was persuaded that Russian Freemasonry was on the wrong track, and had turned aside from its first principles. And, therefore, toward the end of that year, Pierre went abroad to become initiated in the highest mysteries of the Order.

In the summer of 1809, Pierre returned to Petersburg. Through correspondence carried on between our Masons and those abroad, it became known that Bezukhoi had succeeded in winning the confidence of many individuals standing in the very highest ranks of the Order, had been initiated into the deepest secrets, had been raised to the very highest degrees, and was bringing back to Russia notions of the greatest advantage for the Confraternity. The Petersburg Masons all flocked around him, trying to get into his good graces; and it was intimated to all, that he had something weighty in store, which he was getting ready for them.

A solemn meeting was called of the Lodge of the second degree, and Pierre promised to communicate the message with which he was charged by the supreme directors of the Order. The session was crowded. After the ordinary business was concluded, Pierre got up and began his speech.

"Beloved brethren," he began, flushing and hesitating, and holding in his hand his address all ready written, "it is not enough to keep our secrets in the privacy of the Lodge room, it is necessary to act, to act. We have fallen into a state of torpor, and we must act."—Here Pierre paused and took to his manuscript.

"For the propagation of pure truth, and for securing the triumph of virtue," he read, "we must purge men of their prejudices, and spread abroad regulations consonant with the spirit of the time; we must undertake the education of the young, and make ourselves one by indissoluble bonds with men of intellect; we must boldly, and at the same time pru-

dently, contend with superstition, infidelity, and folly ; we must organize among the men devoted to our cause bands of workers, united together by singleness of aim, and possessed of power and strength.

“ For the furtherance of these ends, we must weight the scale, so that virtue, and not vice, will tip the beam ; we must strive to make it possible for the virtuous man, even in this world, to receive the eternal rewards for his good deeds. But these mighty undertakings find a tremendous obstacle in existing political institutions. What, then, are we to do in such a state of affairs ? Shall we use revolutionary methods ? Shall we overturn all things ? Oppose force with force ? No, we are very far from advising that. All violent reforms deserve censure, because they can never do away with evil, so long as men are what they are ; and, therefore, it is the part of wisdom not to employ violence.

“ The whole aim of our Fraternity should consist in making men consistent, virtuous, joined together in the unity of a conviction, a conviction that it is their duty everywhere and with all their might to oppose vice and folly, and the wasting of their talents and virtues ; to raise worthy men from the dust, and unite them into one brotherhood. Only then our Fraternity will secure the power of insensibly binding the hands of those who work disorder, and so direct them that they will not be aware of it. In a word, it is necessary to found a dominant form of government, which shall propagate itself over the whole world, without destroying social ties, or preventing other forms of government from still continuing to maintain their own special rights, and do everything except stand in the way of the mighty objects of our Fraternity, — which is to make virtue triumph over vice. This was the aim proposed by Christianity itself. It taught men to be wise and good, and, for their own advantage, to follow the example and precepts of the best and wisest men.

“ At a time when all were immersed in darkness, it was sufficient, of course, to have preaching alone : the novelty of the truth constituted its peculiar strength, but at the present day we are obliged to make use of far more powerful means. It is necessary now that a man, guided by his senses, should find in virtue a genuine charm. It is impossible to eradicate the passions ; one must, therefore, strive to guide them to salutary ends ; and, accordingly, it is requisite that every man should satisfy them within the limits of virtue, and our Fraternity should furnish the means for this end.

“As soon as we have enrolled a considerable number of worthy men in every land, each one of them will bring around him two others, and all will be straitly united together; then all things will be possible for our Fraternity, which has already been able to do much, though working secretly, for the advantage of humanity.”

This discourse produced not only a profound impression, but even a genuine excitement. The majority of the brethren affected to see in it the dangerous doctrines of the Illuminati,* and Pierre was amazed at the coldness with which it was received.

The Grand Master began to raise objections to Pierre's theories. Pierre, with growing heat, tried to defend them. It was a long time since they had had such a stormy session. The members were divided into parties: some accused Pierre and criticised him for preaching the mystical doctrines of the Illuminati; others defended him. Pierre for the first time, at this meeting, was struck by the endless variety of human minds, the result of which is that no truth presents itself alike to any two men. Even those who seemed to be on his side accepted him in their own way, with mental reservations and changes, with which he could not agree, since his chief desire was nothing else than to transfer his thought to others, exactly as he himself understood it. Toward the end of the meeting, the Grand Master, with some ill-feeling, ironically called Bezukhoi's attention to his heat, and remarked that it was not so much love toward humanity, as it was the impulse of quarrelsomeness that had dragged him into the discussion. Pierre made no reply, and asked bluntly whether his scheme would be accepted. When he was told no, Pierre, without waiting for the usual formalities, left the Lodge and went home.

CHAPTER VIII.

PIERRE now found himself again the victim of the old melancholy which he dreaded so much. He spent the three days that followed the reading of his discourse at the Lodge, at home on his sofa, seeing no one, and not once stirring out of doors.

At this time he received a letter from his wife, who begged

* A famous society of mystics, founded by Professor Adam Weishaupt, of Germany, in 1776, and numbering two thousand members, many of whom were Freemasons; prohibited by the Bavarian Government in 1784.

him to grant her an interview, described her sorrow at what had happened, and her desire to devote her whole life to him.

At the end of the letter, she informed him that she was about returning to Petersburg, from abroad.

Shortly after the receipt of this letter, one of the Masonic brethren, whom he respected less than the others, broke in upon his solitude, and, leading the conversation to Pierre's domestic grievances, took it upon him to say to him, in the way of brotherly advice, that his severity toward his wife was unjust, and that Pierre had swerved from the first rules of the Brotherhood, which called for forgiveness of the penitent.

At the same time, also, his mother-in-law, the wife of Prince Vasili, sent for him, begging him to call upon her, if only for a few minutes, in regard to a matter of supreme importance. Pierre saw that he was destined to be overpersuaded, that they were bound to have him reconciled to his wife, and indeed this was not wholly disagreeable to him in the state of mind in which he found himself. It was all the same to him. He now felt that nothing in life was of great importance, and under the influence of the low spirits which had ruled him, he prized neither his own freedom nor his obstinate determination to punish his wife.

"No one is right, no one is to blame, and of course she was not to blame," he said to himself. If Pierre did not immediately agree to a reconciliation with his wife, it was simply because in this condition of melancholy in which he found himself, he had not the energy to take the first step in the matter. If his wife had come to him, he would simply not have driven her away. In comparison with what now occupied him, was it not a matter of supreme indifference to him whether he lived or did not live with his wife?

Vouchsafing no reply either to his wife or her mother, Pierre, late one evening, started off and went to Moscow, in order to have a consultation with Bazdeyef. This was what Pierre wrote in his diary:—

Moscow, November 29.

I have only just come from the Benefactor's, and I make haste to transcribe all my experiences with him. Iosiph Alekseyevitch lives in extreme poverty, and has been suffering for two years past with a painful affection of the bladder. No one has ever heard him utter a groan or a word of complaint. From morning till late at night, he spends all his time, except while at his most simple meals, devoting himself to scientific work.

He received me courteously, and I sat down on the bed where he was lying. I gave him the grip of the Knights of the East and of Jerusalem. He replied with the same, and with a benignant smile asked me what I

had learned and experienced in the Prussian and Scottish Lodges. I told him everything that I knew; then I related to him the proposal which I had made before our Petersburg Lodge, and described the unfriendly reception which it had received and the rupture which had arisen between me and the brethren. Iosiph Alekseyevitch said nothing for some little time, and was lost in thought; then he expounded his views in regard to the whole matter, so that all the past was made plain to me as well as the way which lay stretched out before my feet. He surprised me by asking if I remembered the threefold object of the Fraternity:—

- (1) The conservation and study of the mysteries.
- (2) Self-purification and regeneration so as to be able to receive them; and
- (3) The regeneration of the human race through striving after such purification.

What is the first and chief of these aims? Of course it must be self-purification and regeneration. Only thereby can we strive and make our way onward, independent of all circumstances. But at the same time this very aim constrains us to the most arduous labors, and often, being deceived by our pride, we lose sight of this aim, and strive either to penetrate the mystery which we are incapable of accepting on account of its purity, or else we make an effort toward improving humanity, when we merely show in ourselves an example of turpitude and depravity. "Illuminism" is not pure doctrine, precisely for the reason that it has been carried away by the charms of social activity and has become puffed up with pride. From this standpoint, Iosiph Alekseyevitch criticised my discourse and all my activity. I agreed with him in the depths of my soul.

During the course of our conversation we touched on my domestic troubles, and he said to me: "The chief obligation of a true Mason, as I told you once before, consists in the perfecting of self. But oftentimes we imagine that if we were freed from all the hardships of life, we should soon attain this end; on the contrary, my dear sir," said he, "only in the tumults of life can we attain the three chief ends:—

"(1) *Self-knowledge*, for a man can learn to know himself only through comparison.

"(2) *Perfection*, which is attained only by battling, and

"(3) The chief virtue, — *Love of death*.

"Only the vicissitudes of life can teach us its falsity and stimulate our innate love of death; which is, in other words, our new birth into another and better life."

These words were all the more impressive from the fact that Iosiph Alekseyevitch, in spite of his severe physical sufferings, has never felt the burdens of this life, and yet he loves death, though in spite of all the purity and loftiness of his nature, he never feels that he is as yet sufficiently prepared for it.

Then the Benefactor fully explained to me the grand Square of Creation and demonstrated that the numbers three and seven were the foundation of all other things. He counselled me to avoid a breach with the Petersburg brethren, to take upon myself only the obligations of the second degree, and while winning the brethren away from the dominion of pride, to strive to keep them on the straight road toward self-knowledge and perfection. Moreover, he advised me, above all things, to keep a strict watch over myself, and for this purpose he gave me this note-book, in which I am now writing, and in which I am henceforth to keep an account of all my actions.

PETERSBURG, December 5.

Again I am living with my wife. My mother-in-law, with tears in her eyes, came to me and said that Ellen was back, and that she begged me to hear her, that she was innocent, that she was unhappy at my putting her away, and many such things. I was well aware that if I once allowed myself to see her, I should not have the force to refuse her request. In my perplexity, I did not know whose help and advice to seek. If the Benefactor had been here, he would have told me. I shut myself up alone in my room, read over Iosiph Alekseyevitch's letters, recalled my conversations with him, and, taking all things together, I came to the conclusion that I had no right to refuse her request; and that if it was my duty to offer the hand of help to every one, all the more was it to a person so closely united to me, and that I was in duty bound to bear my cross. But if I pardoned her for the sake of right-doing, then my re-union with her must have merely a spiritual end and aim. And thus I made up my mind, and thus I wrote to Iosiph Alekseyevitch. I told my wife that I would beg her to forget all the past, that I would beg her to pardon me for anything in which I had been blameworthy toward her, and that I had nothing to forgive. It was a pleasure for me to tell her that. No need for her to know how trying it was for me to see her again. I have taken up my abode in the upper rooms of the great mansion, and I rejoice in a pleasant sense of regeneration.

CHAPTER IX.

IN those days, as has always been the case, "high society," which met at court and at the fashionable balls, was divided into a number of inner circles, each having its own distinctive peculiarities. The most extensive of these cliques was the "French circle," based on the Napoleonic alliance, and led by Count Rumyantsov and Caulaincourt. Ellen immediately took a most prominent position in this clique, as soon as she and her husband resumed their residence together at Petersburg. Her *salon* was frequented by the gentlemen of the French legation, and by the great collection of people distinguished for their amiability and wit, who were in that "swim." Ellen had been at Erfurt at the time of the notable meeting between the emperors, and had there made acquaintance of all the Napoleonic celebrities of Europe. She had enjoyed a most brilliant success. Napoleon himself remarked her presence at the theatre, and said of her, "*C'est un superbe animal.*"

Pierre was not surprised at her success, as far as beauty and elegance were concerned, because, as time went on, she grew more beautiful than ever. But he was amazed that his wife, in the course of two short years, should have succeeded in

acquiring the reputation of being "*une femme charmante, aussi spirituelle que belle.*"

The distinguished Prince de Ligne wrote her eight-page letters. Bilibin treasured up his witticisms so as to get them off for the first time at the Countess Bezukhaya's. To be received at her *salon* was regarded as equivalent to a diploma of wit and intelligence. Young men read books previous to making their appearance there, so as to have some special subject to talk about; and the secretaries of legation, and even the ambassadors, confided diplomatic secrets to her, so that Ellen was a power in a certain way.

Pierre, who knew how stupid she really was, had a strange feeling of perplexity and fear when he appeared, as he sometimes did, at her receptions and dinner parties, where the conversation ran on politics, poetry, and philosophy. On such occasions, he experienced a feeling such as a juggler must have, who is all the time afraid lest somehow or other his deception should be found out. But either because stupidity is the one thing needful in the management of such a *salon*, or because those who are deceived find a certain amount of satisfaction in the deception itself, the secret was not betrayed, and Elena Vasilyevna Bezukhaya's reputation of being *une femme charmante et spirituelle* was so firmly established that she could say the most astonishing trivialities and nonsense, and all professed themselves charmed with every word that fell from her lips, and discovered in them a depth of thought which she herself did not begin to suspect.

Pierre was precisely the kind of a husband which such a brilliant woman of the world ought by good rights to have. He was a queer, absent-minded fellow, a *grand seigneur* of a husband, interfering with no one, and not only not spoiling the lofty tone proper to such a drawing-room, but serving as an admirable background, against which to display his wife's elegance and tact.

Pierre, during these two years, — in consequence of perpetually concentrating his mind on transcendental interests, and of his genuine contempt for all things else, — assumed in the, to him uninteresting, society which his wife gathered round her, that tone of abstraction and absent-mindedness, combined with affability toward all, which cannot be acquired by art, and which somehow commanded involuntary respect. He walked into his wife's drawing-room as though it were the theatre; he knew every one, toward all he was equally cordial and equally reserved. Sometimes he joined in the conversation if it

interested him, and then he blurted out his opinions with that thick utterance of his, regardless of the inappropriateness of his ideas, or the presence of *les messieurs de l'ambassade*. But it was a foregone conclusion in regard to "that queer husband" *de la femme la plus distinguée de Pétersbourg*, that no one should take his idiosyncrasies seriously.

Among the young men who daily frequented Ellen's society after her return from Erfurt, Boris Drubetskoi, who was now on the high road to success in the service, was the most assiduous in his visitations at the Bezukhois. Ellen called him *mon page*, and treated him as though he were a boy. The smiles that she gave him were just like those that she showered upon everybody else, but occasionally Pierre had an unpleasant feeling at the sight of it.

Boris treated Pierre with a peculiar and rather grave deference, that was perfectly proper. This shade of deference also disquieted Pierre. He had suffered so keenly three years before from the affront that his wife had put upon him, that now he saved himself from the possibility of a repetition of it, in the first place, by renouncing the idea of being his wife's husband, and in the second place, by not allowing a suspicion of her to enter his head.

"No, now that she has become a *bas bleu*, a blue stocking, she will never be troubled again with such temptations," he would say to himself. "There is no example of a *bas bleu* having love affairs," he would assure himself, as though it were an axiom in which he had no question, though he could not have told where he obtained it.

But, strangely enough, Boris's presence in his wife's drawing-room — and he was there almost constantly — affected him physically: it seemed to paralyze all of his limbs, to waken all his self-consciousness, and take away his freedom of motion.

"Such a strange antipathy," thought Pierre, "and yet he used to please me very much."

In the eyes of the world, Pierre was a great barin, the somewhat blinded and ridiculous husband of a distinguished wife, a queer genius, who accomplished nothing, did no one any harm, and was on the whole a very fine and good young man. But in the depths of Pierre's soul, during all this time, there was going on the complicated and arduous labor of internal development, which brought him into the knowledge of many secrets, and made him pass through many joys and many doubts.

CHAPTER X.

HE continued his diary, and here are some extracts from what he wrote at that time:—

DECEMBER 6. — Rose at eight o'clock, read in the Gospels, then went to a committee meeting —

Pierre, by his Benefactor's advice, had entered the service as a member of one of the committees.

Came back to dinner, dined alone (the Countess had many guests, who were disagreeable to me), ate and drank moderately, and after dinner copied some documents for the brethren. In the afternoon I went down to the drawing-room and related a ludicrous story about B——, and only when it was too late, and everybody laughing heartily, did I remember that I should not have done so.

Went to bed in a happy and contented frame of mind.

Almighty Lord! help me to walk in thy paths!

(1) To conquer angry passions by gentleness and moderation.

(2) Carnal desires by self-restraint and aversion.

(3) To shun vanity, but not to shut myself off from (a) the conditions of service of the State; (b) from family affairs; (c) from dealings with friends; (d) and from domestic economy.

DECEMBER 7. — Arose late, and after I woke up lay for a long time indulging in slothfulness. My God! help me and strengthen me, so that I may walk in thy ways. Read the Holy Gospels, but without the proper feeling. Brother Urúsof came; we talked about the vanities of the world. Told about the Emperor's new plans. I began to criticise them but remembered our regulations, and the words of the Benefactor in regard to the obligations of a genuine Mason, — to be a zealous worker in the government when his services are required, and a calm observer of what he cannot approve. My tongue is my enemy. Brothers G. V—— and O—— came to see me; it was a meeting preparatory to the initiation of a new brother. They insisted upon clothing me with the office of Rhetor. I feel myself weak and incompetent.

Then the conversation turned on the significance of the seven pillars and seven steps of the Temple. Seven sciences, seven virtues, seven sins, seven gifts of the Holy Spirit. Brother O—— was very eloquent.

The initiation took place in the evening. The new arrangement of the Lodge room made a magnificent spectacle. Boris Drubetskoi was the adept. I was his sponsor, and I was also Rhetor. A strange feeling agitated me while I was with him in the dark room. I detected in myself a feeling of hatred toward him, which I vainly strove to overcome. And I should wish really to save him from evil and win him over to the side of truth, but hard thoughts about him arose in my mind. It seemed to me that his sole aim in joining the Fraternity was, that he might get into closer relations with certain men, creep into favor with those who belong

to our Lodge. Besides, the fact that he has several times asked me whether N—— or S—— belonged to our Lodge — which I could not answer him — beside the fact that, from my observation of him, he is not qualified to feel proper reverence for our Holy Order and is too much occupied and content with the external man to desire the improvement of the spiritual, I had no grounds to base my objections upon: but he seemed to me insincere, and all the time that I was alone with him in the dark chamber, it seemed to me that he was scornfully smiling at my words, and I had a strong temptation really to pierce him with the sword which I held at his bared breast. I could not speak with any fluency, and I could not frankly confess my doubts to the brethren and the Grand Master. May the Great Architect of the Universe aid me to find the true way which leads from the labyrinth of lies!

After that there was a gap of three pages in the diary, and then came what follows: —

Had an instructive and long talk to-day with brother V—— who advised me to hold fast by brother A——. Many things were revealed to me, though I am so unworthy. Adonai is the name of the creator of the world! Elohim is the name of the One who directs the universe. The third name, the unspeakable name, means the All. These talks with Brother V—— strengthen me, enlighten me, and confirm my feet in the path of virtue. In his presence there is no chance for doubt. How clear to my mind is the distinction between the wretched knowledge of the general sciences and our sacred, all-embracing science! Human science constantly subdivides, so as to grasp; constantly destroys, so as to scrutinize. In the holy science of our Brotherhood, everything is co-ordinated, everything is recognized by its unity and its life. The Trinity is the three primordial elements of all things — sulphur, mercury, and salt. Sulphur has an unctious and fiery quality; taken in conjunction with salt, its fiery nature arouses a longing in it, by means of which mercury is attracted, seizes it, and thereby arise various bodies. Mercury is the living and volatile, spiritual being, — Christ, the Holy Spirit, *He*.

DECEMBER 15. — Awoke late, read the Holy Gospels, but without being stirred. Afterward, I went out and walked up and down the hall. Tried to think, but instead my imagination brought up an occurrence that happened four years ago. After our duel, Mr. Dolokhof and I met in Moscow, and he said that he hoped that I was now enjoying complete peace of mind, in spite of the absence of my wife. At that time I made him no answer. Now I recalled all the circumstances in my heart of hearts, reviling him with the most angry words and the most cutting sarcasms. I came to my senses and banished this thought only when I found myself stirred up to wrath; but I have sufficiently repented of this.

After this, Boris Drubetskoi came in and began to relate his various "adventures." From the first instant, I was annoyed at his visit, and contradicted him. He retorted. I grew angry, and said a great many disagreeable and even hateful things. He said no more, and I recollected myself only when it was too late. My God! I cannot tell at all how to treat him. The cause of this is my self-conceit. I regard myself as superior to him, and consequently I behave a thousand times worse than he does, since he condones my rude behavior, while I feel nothing but contempt for him. My God! enable me in his presence better to realize my own shortcomings, and so to order my life that he too may find advantage in

it. After dinner I had a nap, and while I was going to sleep I distinctly heard a voice saying in my left ear, "Thine is the day."

It seemed to me in my dream that I was walking in darkness, and suddenly I was surrounded by dogs; but I proceeded without fear; suddenly, one small one seized me by the left thigh, and did not let go. I tried to throttle him. And I had just succeeded in getting rid of him, when another, still larger, began to snap at me. I tried to lift him up, and the higher I lifted him, the larger and heavier he grew. And suddenly, Brother A—— came along, and, taking me by the arm, drew me with him, and brought me to an edifice, to enter which it was necessary to cross a narrow plank. I stepped upon it, and the plank tipped and fell, and I tried to climb the fence, the top of which I could hardly reach by stretching up my arms. At last, after excessive efforts, I climbed up in such a way that my legs were on one side and my body on the other. I managed to look around, and saw that Brother A—— was standing on the fence and directing my attention to a great alley and garden, and within the garden was a large and beautiful edifice.

Then I woke up.

Lord, mighty Architect of Nature! help me to defend myself from the dogs — my passions — and from the last of them, who united in himself the strength of all the others, and aid me to enter that temple of virtue, the sight of which I attained in my vision.

DECEMBER 17. — In a vision, it seemed to me that Iosiph Alekseyevitch was sitting in my house, and I felt very glad, and was anxious to entertain him.

It seemed to me that I went on chatting irrelevantly, and suddenly remembered that this would not be pleasing to him, and I felt anxious to approach him and embrace him. But as soon as I came close to him, I saw that his face was transfigured; he appeared youthful, and in a low tone repeated something from the teachings of the Order; so low, in fact, that I could not understand what he said. Then we seemed all to leave the room, and a marvellous thing occurred.

We were sitting or lying on the floor. The Benefactor said something to me. And I seemed to be anxious to manifest my tenderness toward him, and without listening to his discourse, I tried to realize the condition of my inner man, and the mercy of God, which had overshadowed me. And the tears stood in my eyes, and I was glad that he noticed it. But he glanced at me with a look of annoyance, and sprang up, breaking off his discourse. I was crestfallen, and asked if what he had said applied especially to me; but he made no reply; then he turned a benignant face upon me, and immediately we seemed to be in my sleeping-room. And he asked me, "Tell me honestly what is your strongest temptation? Haven't you ever told me? It seems to me that you have."

I was mortified at his question, and replied that sloth was my chief sin. He shook his head incredulously, and I seemed to be still more confused, and replied that though I lived with my wife, as he had advised, still, I did not love her. To this he replied that a man ought not to deprive his wife of the affection which was her due, and gave me to feel that this was an obligation. But I replied that I was ashamed to begin now, and suddenly everything vanished.

When I awoke, I found myself repeating the text of Holy Writ: "And the life was the light of men, and the light shineth in darkness, and the darkness comprehended it not."

Iosiph Alekseyevitch's face was youthful and bright. On that very same day I received a letter from the Benefactor, in which he wrote of the obligations of the married state.

DECEMBER 21. — I had a dream from which I awoke with a throbbing heart. I seemed to be in my own mansion in Moscow, in the great divan-room, and Iosiph Alekseyevitch seemed to be coming out of the dining-room. And I immediately saw that a strange change had taken place in him, and I hastened to meet him. And it seemed to me that I kissed his cheek and his hand, and he said,—

"Have you noticed that my face looks different?" I gazed at him while still holding him in my embrace, and it seemed to me that his face was youthful, but there was no hair on his head, and his features were greatly altered. And it seemed to me that I replied, "I should have known you had I met you anywhere," and at the same time, I ask myself, "Am I telling the strict truth?" and suddenly I see that he has fallen like a corpse; then he gradually came to his senses, and went with me into the great library, holding a great parchment book in manuscript. And he seemed to say, "This I have written."

And he gave it to me with a low bow. I opened the book, and on all the pages of this book were exquisite illustrations. And it seemed to me that I recognized that these pictures represented the adventures of the soul with her beloved. And among them I seemed to see one representing a beautiful damsel flying through the clouds in diaphanous raiment, and with a transparent body. And I seemed to be aware that this damsel illustrated the Song of Songs. And as I looked at these pictures, it seemed to me that I was doing wrong, and yet I could not tear myself away. Lord, aid me! My God, if this, Thy abandonment of me, is Thy work, then Thy will be done. But if I myself am to blame, then teach me what I must do. I must perish in my own corruption, if Thou wholly abandonest me!

CHAPTER XI.

THE Rostofs' financial affairs had not improved in the course of the two years while they had been living wholly in the country.

Although Nikolai had persistently kept to his resolve, and continued to serve in an obscure regiment, where he had no chance of advancement, and therefore spent comparatively little money, still, the scale of life at Otradnoye was so large, and, above all, Mitenka's management was so bad, that the debts rolled up more and more each year. The old count evidently saw but one means of relief,—that was a government employment, and he went to Petersburg to get a situation, and at the same time, as he expressed it, to give the girls one last season's amusement.

Shortly after the Rostofs reached Petersburg, Berg had proposed for Viera, and his proposal had been accepted.

In spite of the fact that in Moscow the Rostofs moved in the highest society, without thinking or inquiring what the society was to which they belonged, they found in Petersburg

that their position was somewhat irregular and unsettled. In Petersburg they were regarded as rather ridiculous provincials, and many people who had accepted their hospitality at Moscow without question, now did not deign to notice them.

The Rostofs entertained as freely at Petersburg as they had done at Moscow, and their dinners were shared by a most heterogeneous conglomeration of individuals; for example, some of their neighbors at Otradnoye, landed proprietors of good standing, but not rich, and their daughters and a *fréilina* Peronskaya, Pierre Bezukhoi, and the son of their district postmaster, who had a government appointment at Petersburg. Among the men who were on a footing of familiarity at the Rostofs were Boris; Pierre, whom the old count had met on the street one day and brought home with him; and Berg, who spent whole days at the Rostofs, and showed the Countess Viera those attentions which every young man is expected to show on the eve of a proposal.

It was not without effect that Berg had shown every one the arm wounded at Austerlitz, and affected to hold his wholly unnecessary sword in his left hand. He described the occurrence so persistently, and made it a matter of such grave importance, that all came to believe in the genuineness and merit of his action, and Berg received two rewards after Austerlitz.

In the campaign in Finland, he had also succeeded in distinguishing himself. He picked up a fragment of shell which had just killed one of the general-in-chief's *aides*, and carried this fragment to the chief. And in exactly the same way as after Austerlitz, he persisted in giving every one such detailed accounts of his behavior, that all came finally to believe with him that this must have taken place also; and again, after the war in Finland, he received two rewards. In 1809 he was already captain of the Guard, and held a most advantageous place in Petersburg.

Though there were some sceptics who smiled significantly when Berg's merits were spoken of in their presence, it was impossible not to admit that Berg was a strict, brave officer, of excellent standing at headquarters, and a highly moral young man, with a brilliant career before him, and already enjoying an exceptional position in society.

Four years before, Berg happening to fall in with a comrade, also a German, in the parterre of one of the Moscow theatres, had called his attention to Viera Rostova, and said in German, "*Das soll mein Weib werden*—She is to be my wife," and

from that moment he had laid his plans to marry her. Now that they were in Petersburg together, he compared his own position with the Rostofs', and came to the conclusion that his time had come, and he proposed.

Berg's proposal was received at first with a surprise that was anything but flattering to him. It seemed at first thought strange that the son of an obscure country nobleman should offer himself to a Countess Rostova! But one of Berg's most characteristic traits was such a *naïve* and good-natured egotism, that the Rostofs soon came involuntarily to feel that it must be an excellent thing, if he himself were so anxious about it; and it kept presenting itself before them in a more and more favorable light. Moreover, the Rostofs' affairs were in a greatly shattered condition, so that there was little attraction for wooers; and worse than all, Viera was already twenty-four, and although she had been everywhere, and was undoubtedly a pretty and attractive girl, she had never before received an offer. So the consent was granted.

"Now you see," said Berg to a comrade whom he called his "friend," simply because he knew that it was fashionable for men to have friends, "you see I have weighed it all carefully, and I should not think of marrying if I had not arranged everything, or if it interfered with any one. But now, on the contrary, my papenka and mamenka are secure. I have got them that usufruct estate on the Baltic frontier, and I can live in Petersburg on my salary, together with what comes from her estate, for I am careful and economical. We can live very well. I don't marry her for her money; I don't call that sort of thing honorable, but it's no more than fair for the wife to contribute her portion and the husband his. I have my appointment; she, her connections and her little property. That's something in these days, isn't it? But, best of all, she is a jewel of a girl, and she loves me."

Berg reddened, and added with a smile, "And I love her because her character is well-balanced — very admirable. Now there's her sister, the same family, but a very different person — a most disagreeable character, and no sense at all, and that kind of thing, you know — disagreeable. But my affianced — well, you'll have a chance to see her," continued Berg. He had it in mind to say, "You will dine with us some day," but he saved himself, and said, "You will take tea with us," and doubling up his tongue he deftly sent forth a little ring of tobacco-smoke, absolutely typical of his dreams of happiness.

After the first feeling of dissatisfaction, which Viera's par-

ents felt at Berg's proposal, the festivity and happiness usual in such circumstances were redoubled, but the joy was not genuine; it was artificial. The relatives confessed to mixed feelings of perplexity and shame. There was an undercurrent of regret that they had never been quite fond of Viera, and that they were now only too glad to get her off their hands. The old count, most of all, was perplexed. He probably would not have been able to tell what caused him this perplexity, but the real cause of it was his finances. He really did not know how he stood or how much he owed, and what he should be able to give as Viera's dowry. When the daughters were born, each had received as a portion about three hundred "souls;" but one of these estates had been already sold, and the other was mortgaged, and the payments were so behind-hand that it was bound to be foreclosed, and therefore could not be granted as a dower. Nor was there any money to spare.

Berg had already been the accepted bridegroom for more than a month, and only a week remained before the wedding, and still the count had not been able to face the dreaded question of the dowry, and had not broached the subject to his wife. At one time, the count thought of giving Viera his Riazan property; at another, of selling a forest; then of raising money on a note.

One morning, a few days before the wedding, Berg came early to the count's private room, and with a pleasant smile respectfully asked his future father-in-law what he was going to give as the Countess Viera's marriage portion. The count was so confused at this long-anticipated question that he answered at haphazard whatever first came into his head.

"I like it in you that you are careful, I like it; you shall be satisfied."

And patting Berg on his shoulder, he got up, thinking to put an end to the matter. But Berg, still smiling pleasantly, explained that unless he could know definitely what would be Viera's dowry, and unless a portion of it, at least, were paid over beforehand, he should be under the necessity of withdrawing from the offer.

"You will certainly agree with me, count, that if I should permit myself to enter the marriage relation without having a definite knowledge of what means I shall have for the maintenance of my wife, I should be acting abom"—

The conversation ended by the count, who wished to appear generous, and also to avoid future demands, saying that he

would give him a note for eighty thousand rubles. Berg, sweetly smiling, kissed him on the shoulder, and declared that he was very grateful, but that he could never make himself ready for his new life unless he had thirty thousand in ready cash. "Or only twenty thousand would do, count," he added. "And in that case, the note would be for only sixty thousand."

"Well, very good," said the count hastily. "Only you will allow me, my dear fellow, to give you the twenty thousand, and the note for eighty thousand beside. That's the way we'll do it! kiss me!"

CHAPTER XII.

NATASHA was now sixteen, and the year 1809 was the very one to which she had counted up on her fingers four years before, at the time when she and Boris had exchanged kisses. Since that time she had not once seen Boris. Before Sonya, and always with her mother, when Boris was mentioned, she had freely declared that all that had gone before was childish nonsense; as though it were a settled matter, of which there was no use talking, and long ago forgotten. But in the deepest depths of her heart, she was tormented by the question whether the promise that bound her to Boris was to be considered in jest or in earnest.

From the very time when Boris had first gone to join the army, he had not seen any of the Rostofs. He had been at Moscow several times, and had passed not very far from Otradnoye, but not once had he been to see his old friends.

Natasha had several times wondered why he had never been near them, and her surmises had been strengthened by the melancholy tone in which her elders spoke of him.

"In these degenerate days, old friends are easily forgotten," said the countess, more than once, when Boris had been mentioned.

Anna Mikhailovna had also been more rarely of late at the Rostofs'; she seemed to hold herself especially on her dignity, and always spoke enthusiastically and boastfully of her son's merits, and the glittering career which he was now pursuing. When the Rostofs came to Petersburg, Boris came to call upon them.

The thought of meeting with them was not without emotion. His romance with Natasha was the most poetical recollection that he had of his youth. But at the same time he went there

with a firm determination to give both her and her parents clearly to understand that those youthful relations between him and Natasha could not be considered binding upon either of them. He had a brilliant position in society, thanks to his intimacy with the Countess Bezukhaya, a brilliant position in the service, thanks to the patronage of an eminent individual, whose confidence he fully enjoyed, and he had now fully elaborated plans for making a marriage with one of the wealthiest heiresses in Petersburg, which, indeed, he might very easily do.

When Boris reached the Rostofs', Natasha was in her room. When she was informed of his presence, she went to the drawing-room almost on a run, blushing and beaming with a more than gracious smile.

Boris remembered Natasha as a little girl, who wore a short dress, and had dark, flashing eyes under her bangs, and with a wild, merry laugh. That was just as he had last seen her, four years before; and consequently, when an entirely different Natasha came into the room, he was taken aback, and his face expressed solemn amazement. This expression on his face was a triumph for Natasha.

"Well, would you have known your mischievous little play-mate?" asked the countess. Boris kissed Natasha's hand, and said that he noticed a great change in her.

"How handsome you have grown!"

"Why shouldn't I?" replied Natasha's laughing eyes.

"Don't you think that papa seems much older?" she asked.

Natasha sat there, listening to the conversation between Boris and the countess, and silently studying the husband of her childhood's ideal, even to the minutest particulars. Boris was conscious of her steady and affectionate gaze fixed upon him, and occasionally he stole a glance at her.

His uniform, his spurs, his cravat, the cut of his hair, all were most fashionable and *comme il faut*. Natasha instantly noticed this. He sat somewhat toward the edge of the easy-chair, nearest the countess, with his right hand smoothing the immaculate, neat-fitting glove that he wore on his left, and he spoke, with a peculiarly delicate compression of the lips, about the gayeties of Petersburg high life, and he treated the old times in Moscow, and his Moscow acquaintances, with a gentle irony. It was not without design, Natasha felt sure, he mentioned the names of the highest aristocracy, whom he had met at the ball of the ambassadors, or his invitations to the N. N.'s and the S. S.'s.

Natasha sat silent all the time, looking askance at him. This glance of hers confused and troubled Boris more and more. He kept turning frequently toward her, and stumbling in the midst of his stories. He did not stay more than ten minutes, and then got up to take his leave. All the time those keen eyes, full of mockery, looked at him with a peculiar challenging expression.

After this first visit of his, Boris confessed to himself that Natasha was just as fascinating as ever, but that it was his duty to renounce this feeling, because to marry her, an almost dowerless maiden, would be the ruin of his career, and the renewal of their former friendship without intention of marrying her would be an ungrateful trick. Boris resolved in his own mind to avoid meeting Natasha, but, notwithstanding this resolution, he went again in a few days, and kept going more and more frequently, and at last spent whole days at the Rostofs'. He kept trying to persuade himself that he would soon have a chance to come to an explanation with Natasha, and tell her that what was past must be forgotten, that, in spite of everything, she could not be his wife, that he had no property, and their friends would never consent to their union. But he kept putting it off, and finding it more and more awkward to bring about this explanation. Each day he became more and more perplexed.

Natasha, so far as her mother and Sonya could judge, was in love with Boris just as much as ever she had been. She sang for him all her favorite pieces, showed him her album, begging him to write in it, and while she never cared to talk about the past, she always made him feel how charming the present was. Each day Boris was more and more involved in the fog of uncertainty, never saying what he had resolved to say, absolutely at sea as to what he should do, or why he went there, and how it would all end. He even ceased to frequent Ellen's, though he daily received reproachful notes from her; but still he spent most of his spare time at the Rostofs'.

CHAPTER XIII.

ONE evening, when the old countess, in night-cap and dress-sack, with her false curls removed, and with one thin strand of white hair escaping from under her white calico cap, was performing the low obeisances of her evening devotions on a rug, sighing and groaning, the door of her room creaked on its

hinges, and Natasha came running in, with her bare feet in slippers, and also in dressing-jacket and curl-papers.

The countess glanced around, and a frown passed over her face. She went on repeating her last prayer, "If this couch become my tomb." Her devotional frame of mind was destroyed, however. Natasha, with rosy cheeks and full of animation, when she saw that her mother was saying her prayers, suddenly paused, made a courtesy, and involuntarily poked out her tongue, to express her annoyance at her carelessness. Then, perceiving that her mother still went on with her devotions, she ran to the bed on her tiptoes, kicked off her slippers by rubbing one dainty little foot against the other, and sprang into that couch which the countess was so afraid would be her tomb. This couch was a lofty feather bed, with five pillows, each smaller than the other. Natasha jumped into the middle, sinking deep into the feather mattress, rolled over next the wall, and began to creep under the bedclothes, snuggling down, tucking her knees up to her chin, then giving animated little kicks, and laughing almost aloud, now and again uncovering her head and looking at her mother.

The countess finished her prayers, and with a stern face came to the bed, but seeing that Natasha's head was hidden under the bedclothes, she smiled her good, amiable smile.

"Nu, nu, nu," said the mother.

"Can we talk now? Say yes!" cried Natasha. "There now, one kiss in thy neck; just one more, and that will satisfy me!" and she threw her arms around her mother, and kissed her under the chin. In her treatment of her mother, Natasha seemed to be very rough in her manner, but she was so dexterous and graceful, that whenever she seized her mother in her arms, she always did it in such a way as not to hurt her, or disturb her at all.

"Well, what have you to tell me to-night?" asked the countess, settling back upon the pillows, and waiting until Natasha, rolling over and over, should cuddle down close to her, drop her hands, and become serious.

These visits from Natasha, which took place every night before the count came from his club, were a great delight to both mother and daughter.

"What is there to tell to-night? I want to speak to you about" —

Natasha stopped her mother's mouth with her hand.

"About Boris? I know," said she gravely. "That's what made me come. No, but you tell me;" she took away her hand. "Go on, mamma; he's nice, isn't he?"

"Natasha, you are sixteen; at your age I was already married. You say that Boris is nice. He is very nice, and I love him like a son, but what do you wish? You have entirely turned his head, that's evident" —

As she said this, the countess looked at her daughter. Natasha lay looking fixedly at one of the carved mahogany sphinxes which ornamented the bedposts. The countess could only see her daughter's profile. It seemed to her that the sweet face had a peculiarly grave and thoughtful expression.

Natasha was listening and pondering.

"Well, what is it?"

"You have entirely turned his head. What made you do so? What do you want of him? You know that you cannot marry him."

"Why not?" asked Natasha, without altering her expression.

"Because he is very young, because he is poor, because he is a relative — because you yourself are not in love with him."

"How do you know I'm not in love with him?"

"I know. Now, this is not proper, darling."

"But if I am determined on it," began Natasha.

"Do cease talking nonsense!" said the countess.

"Yes, but suppose my mind is made up."

"Natasha, I am in earnest" —

Natasha did not allow her to finish; she seized the countess's plump hand and kissed it on the back, and then on the palm; then turned it over again and began to kiss it on the knuckle-joint of each finger in succession, then on the middle joints, then again on the knuckles, repeating in a whisper, "January, February, March, April, May — tell me, mamma, why don't you go on? Speak!" said she, looking at her mother, who with affectionate eyes gazed at her daughter, becoming so engrossed in this contemplation that she forgot what she was going to say.

"It isn't proper, dusha moyá! People won't remember anything about your affection as children, but if he is seen to be so intimate with you now, it might injure you in the eyes of other young men who come to the house; and worst of all, it is torturing him all for nothing. Perhaps he might, by this time, have found some rich girl to marry, but now he is quite beside himself."

"Beside himself?" repeated Natasha.

"I will tell you my own experience. I once had a cousin" —

"I know — Kirill Matveyitch, but he's an old man, isn't he?"

"He hasn't always been old! But see here, Natasha, I am going to talk with Boris. He must not come here so much" —

"Why mustn't he, if he likes to?"

"Because I know that this cannot come to any good end."

"How do you know? No, mamma! you must not speak to him. What nonsense!" exclaimed Natasha, in the tone of one who is about to be deprived of a possession. "Well, I won't marry him; but do let him come, for he enjoys it, and so do I." Natasha looked at her mother with a smile. "Not with any intentions, but this way," she repeated.

"What do you mean by *this way*, my dear?"

"Yes, this way. It is perfectly understood that he is not to marry — well, this way!"

"Yes, this way, this way," repeated the countess; and she went into an unexpected fit of good-natured laughter, her whole body shaking, as old people will.

"Come, mamma, stop laughing at me!" cried Natasha. "You make the whole bed shake. You are awfully like me. You laugh just as easily as I do. Do stop!"

She seized the countess's two hands, kissed the joint of the little finger of one of them for June, and went on kissing July and August on the other hand. "Mamma, but he's very, he's so very much in love, — you think so, do you? — Was any one ever as much in love with you? — And he's very nice, very, very nice, isn't he? Only, he's not quite to my taste — he's so narrow, just like the dining-room clock. You know what I mean, don't you? narrow, you know, — grayish and serene."

"What nonsense you do talk!" exclaimed the countess.

Natasha pursued, "Don't you understand what I mean? Nikolenka would understand me. There's Bezukhoi, — he's blue, dark blue and red, and he is four square."

"And are you coquetting with him too?" asked the countess, laughing again.

"No: he's a Freemason; I found it out. He is splendid, dark blue and red. How can I make you see it?"

"Graphinyushka — little countess; aren't you asleep yet?" cried the count at this moment at the door. Natasha jumped out of bed, seized her slippers in her hand, and escaped barefooted to her own room.

It was long before she could go to sleep. She kept thinking how strange it was that no one could ever understand things as she understood them, or read what was in her mind.

"Sonya?" she thought, gazing at the young girl who, with her tremendous long pigtail, lay asleep curled up like a little kitten. "No, not even she! She is virtue itself! She is in love with Nikolenka, and that's all she cares about. And mamma can't understand either! That is so strange; how intelligent she is, and how — She is pretty," Natasha went on, speaking of herself in the third person, and imagining that some very intelligent, extraordinarily intelligent and most handsome man was saying this about her. "She has everything, everything," this man of her imagination was saying. "She is unusually intelligent, lovable, and pretty, besides — extraordinarily pretty and graceful; she can swim, she can ride horseback splendidly, and what a voice! One might say, a marvellous voice!"

She sang her favorite snatch from a Cherubini opera, then threw herself into bed, smiling at the happy thought that she should be asleep in a moment, called to Dunyasha to put out the light; and even before Dunyasha had left the room, she had already passed across into that other, still happier world of dreams, where all things were just as bright and beautiful as in reality, but still more fascinating, because so different.

On the next day, the countess, calling Boris to her, had a talk with him, and from that time forth he ceased to be a frequent visitor at the Rostofs'.

CHAPTER XIV.

ON the thirty-first of December, O.S., on the very eve of the new year, 1810, *le réveillon*, a ball was given by a grandee of Catherine's time. The diplomatic corps and the emperor had promised to be present.

The grandee's splendid mansion on the English Quay was illuminated with countless windows, all ablaze. At the brilliantly lighted, red-carpeted entrance stood a guard of police, comprising not alone gendarmes, but even the chief of police and half a score of officers. Carriages drove away, and new ones kept taking their places, with red-liveried lackeys, and lackeys with plumes in their hats. From the carriages descended men in uniforms, and men adorned with stars and laces; and as the steps were let down with a bang, ladies in satins and ermine cloaks hastily and noiselessly picked their way over the carpeted entrance.

Almost every time when a new equipage drove up, a flurry of excitement ran through the crowd, and hats were removed.

"The sovereign?" "No, a minister." "Prince so and so." "An ambassador." "But did you see his plume?"

Such were the remarks heard in the crowd. There was one man, better dressed than the rest, and he seemed to know who everybody was, and called by name the famous *grandeės* of the time.

Already a third of the guests had arrived; but at the Rostofs', who were also invited, hasty preparations were still in progress.

Many had been the rumors and anticipations in the Rostof family about this ball; many the apprehensions lest they should not get their invitation, lest their dresses should not be ready, and everything ordered as it should be.

Marya Ignatyevna Peronskaya, an old friend and relative of the countess, was to accompany the Rostofs to the ball. She was a lean and sallow *fréilina*, who belonged to the empress dowager's court, and took charge of her country cousins, the Rostofs, in their entry into Petersburg high life.

They were to call for her at ten o'clock in the evening at her residence on the Taurid Gardens, and now it only lacked five minutes of ten, and still the ladies were not dressed.

This was the first great ball to which Natasha had ever been in her life. She had got up at eight o'clock that morning, and had been all day long in a state of the wildest excitement and bustle. All her energies, from earliest morning, had been expended in the effort to have all of them — herself, Sonya, and her mamma — dressed to perfection. Sonya and the countess trusted themselves entirely to her hands. The countess was to wear a dark red or *masaká* dress of velvet; the two girls, gowns with pink silk overskirts, and roses in their corsages, while their hair was to be coiffed *à la grecque*.

The most important part had been already done: their feet, hands, arms, necks, and ears had been washed, perfumed, and powdered with extraordinary care. On their feet they wore open-work silk stockings, and white satin slippers with bows. Their toilettes were almost finished. Sonya had her dress on, and so had the countess; but Natasha, who had been helping the others, was behindhand. She was still sitting in front of the mirror in a *peignoir* that covered her slender shoulders. Sonya, already dressed, was standing in the middle of the room fastening on a last bow with a pin that hurt her dainty fingers as she tried to press it, squeaking, through the ribbon.

"Not that way, not that way, Sonya," cried Natasha, turning her head suddenly, and putting her hands up to her hair, which the maid, who was dressing it, did not have time to let go of. "Don't put the bow that way, come here!"

Sonya sat down in front of her. Natasha pinned the bow in a different position.

"If you please, báruishnya, I can't arrange your hair this way," exclaimed the maid, still holding her dark locks.

"Oh, good gracious, wait then! There, that's the way, Sonya!"

"Are you almost ready?" asked the countess. "It's ten o'clock already."

"In a minute, in a minute."

"And are you all ready, mamma?"

"Only have my headdress to put on."

"Don't you do it without me!" cried Natasha. "You won't get it right!"

"Yes, but it's ten o'clock!"

It had been agreed upon that they should reach the ball-room at half-past ten, and Natasha had still to get on her dress, and they had to drive to the Taurid Gardens.

As soon as her hair was done, Natasha, in her short petticoat, which showed her ball-slippers, and wearing her mother's dressing-jacket, ran to Sonya and examined her critically; then she hurried to her mother. Bending her head down, she put on it her headdress, and, giving her gray hair a hasty kiss, she scurried back to the maids, who were putting the last touches to her skirt.

The delay had been caused by Natasha's skirt, which was too long; two maids were at work on it, hastily biting off the ends of the thread. A third, with her mouth full of pins, was hastening from the countess to Sonya; and a fourth was holding up high in the air the completed crêpe gown.

"Mavrushka, hurry up, you old dove." *

"Give me the thimble, báruishnya."

"Are you almost ready?" asked the count, coming to the door. "Here is some perfume for you. Peronskaya will be in a fume."

"There! it is done!" cried the maid, lifting up with two fingers the completed crêpe dress, and giving it a puff and a shake, by this motion expressing her sense of the airiness and purity of what she held.

Natasha began to put the garment on.

* *Golúushka.*

"In a minute, in a minute; don't come, papa," she cried to her father, who was just opening the door. Her head at that very moment was disappearing under the cloud of crêpe. Sonya closed the door. But in a moment the count was admitted. He wore a blue dress-coat, short clothes, and buckled shoes, and was scented and pomaded.

"Akh! papa, how handsome you look! Charming!" cried Natasha, as she stood in the middle of the chamber and adjusted the folds of her skirt.

"Excuse me, báruishnya, excuse me," said one of the maids, who was on her knees pulling the skirts; and she shifted the pins from one side of her mouth to the other, with a deft motion of her tongue.

"It's too, too bad!" cried Sonya, with despair in her voice, scrutinizing Natasha's dress. "It's too bad! it's over long now!"

Natasha made a few steps so as to look into the pier-glass. The skirt was indeed too long.

"Good gracious, sudáruinya, it isn't too long, at all," said Mavrusha, crawling along on the floor after her young lady.

"Well, if it's too long, then let us tack it up; we can do it in a second," said Dunyasha, in a decisive tone, taking a needle from the bosom of her dress, and again squatting down on the floor, to baste up the bottom of the skirt.

At this instant, the countess, in her headdress and velvet robe, came timidly into the room, with noiseless steps.

"Oo! Oo! my beauty!" cried the count. "You are the best of them all!" He tried to give her a hug and a kiss, but she blushed and pushed him away, so as not to rumple her dress.

"Mamma, your headdress wants to be more to one side," cried Natasha. "I will pin it on," and she sprang forward so quickly that the maids, who were at work on the skirt, did not have time to let go, and a piece of the crêpe was torn.

"Good gracious! what have you done! Truly, it was not my fault!"

"No matter; it won't be seen," said Dunyasha.

"O my beauty! a real queen!" cried the old nyanya, looking in at the door. "And Sonyushka too; well, they are beauties!"

By quarter-past ten, finally, all were seated in the carriage and on their way. But they had still to stop at the Taurid Gardens.

Peronskaya was all ready and waiting for them. Notwith-

standing her advanced age, and her lack of charms, almost exactly the same thing had taken place in her case as with the Rostofs, though, of course, with no haste and hurry, for this was an old story with her; but her scraggy old form had been washed and scented and powdered in just the same way, and she had been just as scrupulous in washing behind her ears; and just as at the Rostofs', her ancient maid had enthusiastically contemplated the adornment of her mistress, when, dressed in her yellow robe with the imperial monogram, she had come down into the drawing-room.

Peronskaya could not find words enough to praise the Rostofs' toilets.

The Rostofs also extolled her taste and her toilet; and at last, at eleven o'clock, carefully safeguarding their hair and their dresses, they stowed themselves away in the carriage, and drove off.

CHAPTER XV.

NATASHA, since that morning, had not had a moment to herself; and not once had she taken time to think of what was before her.

In the raw, chill atmosphere, in the narrow, dimly lighted, swaying carriage, she, for the first time, clearly saw in her imagination what was waiting for her there, at the ball, in the lighted halls,—the music, the flowers, the dances, the sovereign, all the gilded youth of the city. Fancy pictured it in such attractive colors, that she could hardly believe that it was going to be realized: it was all in such vivid contrast with the impression of the chill, the narrowness, and darkness of the carriage. She realized all that was awaiting her only at the moment when, having passed along the red-carpeted entrance, she went into the vestibule and took off her furs, and, together with Sonya, preceded her mother up the grand staircase lined with flowering plants. Then only it came over her with what propriety she must behave at a ball, and she tried to assume that dignified manner which she felt to be the proper thing for girls on such an occasion.

But, fortunately, she was conscious that her eyes were wandering; she could not distinguish anything clearly: her heart was beating a hundred a minute, and her pulses throbbed almost painfully. It was impossible for her to assume any such manner, and it would have been ridiculous in her; and

so she passed along, dying with excitement, and trying with all her might to hide it; and this was the very manner which was, most of all, becoming to her. Behind them, and in front of them, other guests were mounting the stairs, also talking in low tones, and dressed in ball costumes. Great mirrors on the landings reflected visions of ladies in white, blue, and pink gowns, with diamonds and pearls on their bare arms and bosoms.

Natasha glanced into the mirrors, but she could not distinguish herself from among the others: all were commingled and confused in one glittering procession. As they reached the door leading into the first drawing-room, a continuous roar of voices, footsteps, and greetings deafened Natasha: the lights and brilliant toilets still more dazzled her. The host and hostess, who had already for hours been standing near the entrance and repeating over the same words of welcome, "*Charmé de vous voir*," met the Rostofs and Peronskaya in the same way.

The two young girls, in their white dresses, each with a single rose in her dark locks, went in and courtesied exactly alike; but involuntarily the hostess let her glance rest longer on the gentle little Natasha. She gazed at her with a smile, the expression of which had something in it quite different from the set smile of the hostess. As she looked at her, she perhaps remembered the golden days of her girlhood, which would never more return, and her own first ball. The host also followed Natasha with his glance, and asked the count which of the two was his daughter.

"*Charmente!*" said he, kissing his finger-tips.

In the great ballroom, the guests were crowded together near the entrance, awaiting the coming of the sovereign. The countess took her place in the front row of this group. Natasha had had her ears open, and she was conscious that several had asked who she was, and had found it pleasant to look at her. She realized that she was making a pleasant impression on those whose eyes followed her, and this fact somewhat calmed her agitation.

"There are some just like ourselves, and some not as good," she thought.

Peronskaya was pointing out to the countess the most notable people in the ballroom.

"There! that's the Dutch ambassador," said Peronskaya, directing the countess's attention to a gentleman with crisp silver-white hair, closely trimmed. He was surrounded by

ladies, whom he had just set to laughing by some story or other.

"Ah! and there is the tsáritsa of Petersburg, the Countess Bezukhaya," she exclaimed, indicating Ellen, who had just entered. "How handsome she is! she does not stand second even to Marya Antonovna. Just see how young and old stare after her. She's both handsome and intelligent. They say Prince —— has quite lost his heart to her. And see those two, there! They are not pretty at all, but what a following they have!"

She indicated a lady and her extremely plain daughter, who were just crossing the ballroom.

"That girl is the daughter of a millionaire," said Peronskaya; "and there are her suitors. That's the Countess Bezukhaya's brother, Anatol Kuragin," said she, referring to a handsome young cavalryman, who was just then passing them, holding his head very high, and not deigning to give the ladies a look. "How handsome he is! isn't he? They say he's going to marry this heiress; and your cousin, Drubetskoi, is also after her: they say she has millions. — Who? that man there? That is the French ambassador himself," she replied to the countess, who asked who Caulaincourt was. "Just see, he is like some tsar! And yet they are all so charming, — these French, — all very nice. Ah! and there she is! No, after all, there is no one who can be compared to our Marya Antonovna. And how simply she is dressed! Charming! — And that stout man yonder, in spectacles, is the universal Freemason," said she, pointing out Bezukhoi. "Compare him with his wife! what a ridiculous creature!"

Pierre walked along, his stout form swaying, and pushed through the throng, bowing to right and left, carelessly and good-naturedly, as though he were making his way through the swarms of a market-place. He passed along, evidently in search of some one.

Natasha was glad to see Pierre's well-known face, even if he was "a ridiculous creature," to use the words of Peronskaya; and she knew that it was her party, and herself in particular, of whom Pierre was in search. Pierre had promised that he would attend the ball and find partners for her.

But before he reached where they stood, Pierre stopped near a short and very handsome dark-featured cavalryman, in a white uniform, who was standing by the window, and conversing with a tall individual with stars and a ribbon. Natasha instantly recognized the shorter of the two men: it was Bol-

konsky, who seemed to her to have grown younger, gayer, and handsomer.

"There's another of our acquaintance — Bolkonsky — do you see him, mamma?" asked Natasha, pointing to Prince Andrei. "Do you remember? he spent a night with us at Otradnoye."

"Ah, indeed! so you know him, then?" asked Peronskaya. "I cannot endure him. *Il fait à présent la pluie et le beau temps!** There's no end to his pride. He's exactly like his pàpenka. And now he's hand in glove with Speransky: they are concocting all sorts of schemes. See how he treats the ladies! one just spoke to him, and he turns his back on her! I'd give him a lesson if he treated me as he did those ladies."

CHAPTER XVI.

SUDDENLY there was a general stir: a whisper ran through the throng, which pressed forward and then divided again, making two rows, between which came the sovereign, to the strains of the band which just then struck up. He was followed by the host and hostess. The sovereign passed along quickly, bowing to the right and left, as though anxious to have done as soon as possible with these first formalities. The musicians played a Polonaise then famous, on account of the words which had been set to it. These words began, "*Aleksandr, Yelizavyéta, you enrapture us.*"

The sovereign entered the drawing-room. The throng pushed toward the doors: several personages, with anxious faces, in great haste, rushed hither and thither. The throng again closed around the drawing-room door, where the sovereign made his appearance, engaged in conversation with the hostess. A young man, with an expression of annoyance on his face, came along and begged the ladies to step back. Several ladies, with eager faces showing absolute disregard of all the conventional rules of good breeding, pushed forward, to the imminent risk of their toilets. The gentlemen began to select partners, and get into position for the polonaise.

Space was cleared; and the sovereign, with a smile, stepping out of time, passed into the ballroom, leading the lady of the house by the hand.

They were followed by the host, with Marya Antonovna

* "His star is in the ascendant just now:" a French proverb, signifying his success. — AUTHOR'S NOTE.

Naruishkina; then the ambassadors and ministers, and various generals, whom Peronskaya indefatigably called by name.

More than half of the ladies had partners, and were already dancing or beginning to dance the polonaise.

Natasha felt that she and Sonya, as well as her mother, were left in the lurch, with that minority of ladies who lined the walls, and were not invited to take part in the polonaise. She stood with her slender arms hanging by her sides; with her maidenly bosom, as yet scarcely defined, regularly rising and falling with long inspirations; and she looked straight ahead with brilliant eyes full of alarm, indicating that she was ready for utter enjoyment or desperate disappointment.

She was not interested now in the sovereign, or in any of those distinguished personages whom Peronskaya was calling their attention to: she had only one thought, —

“Isn't any one coming to invite me? Can it be that I am not going to have a single dance? Won't any of those men notice me? — of those men who now do not seem to see me; or, if they see me, look at me as much as to say ‘Oh, she's nothing, — she's nothing to look at!’ No, it cannot be!” said she to herself. “They must know how I am longing to dance, and how splendidly I dance, and how much they would enjoy it if they danced with me!”

The strains of the polonaise, which had now lasted some little time, began to have a melancholy cadence in Natasha's ears, — as though connected with sad memories. She felt like having a good cry. Peronskaya had left them; the count was at the other end of the ballroom; she and Sonya and the countess were as much alone, in this throng of strangers, as though they were in the woods; no one took any interest in them, or looked out for them.

Prince Andrei passed them with a lady on his arm, and evidently did not recollect them. The handsome Anatol, smiling, said something to the lady with whom he was promenading, and looked into Natasha's face as one looks at a wall. Twice Boris passed them, and each time turned his head away. Berg and his wife, who were not dancing, joined them.

Natasha felt mortified to death at this family gathering, there, at the ball; as though they had no other place for family confidences than in a ballroom. She did not look at Viera, or listen to what she had to say about her emerald-green dress.

At last the sovereign sat down near his last partner — he had danced with three — and the music ceased. The officious adjutant bustled up to the Rostofs, begging them to move back

a little more, and this although they almost touched the wall; and then from the gallery was heard the clear-cut rhythm of the smooth and enticing *valse*. The sovereign, with a smile, glanced down the ballroom. A moment passed, and no one had as yet begun. The adjutant, who acted as master of ceremonies, approached the Countess Bezukhaya, and asked her to dance. She accepted with a smile, and then, without looking at him, laid her hand on his shoulder. The adjutant, who knew what he was about, calmly, deliberately, and with all the self-confidence in the world, placing his arm firmly about her waist, at first started off with her in the *glissade* around the edge of the circle; then, when they reached the end of the ballroom, he took her right hand with his left, turned her around, and, while the sounds of the *valse* grew more and more rapid, the clicking of the adjutant's spurs could be heard, as his agile and skilful feet beat the time of the rhythm; while on the third beat, at every turn, his partner's velvet dress floated out and seemed to fly. Natasha gazed at them, and was ready to weep that it was not she herself who was leading this first *valse*.

Prince Andrei, in the white uniform of a colonel of cavalry, in silk stockings and shoe-buckles, stood, full of life and radiant with happiness, in the front row of the circle, not far from the Rostofs. Baron Firhof was talking to him about the first meeting of the Imperial Council, which had been appointed for the next day. Prince Andrei, as an intimate friend of Speransky, and one who had shared in the labors of the Legislative Committee, would be very likely to be able to give authentic information in regard to the approaching session, concerning which there were many conflicting rumors. But Prince Andrei was not giving heed to what Firhof was saying, and looked now at the sovereign, and now at the various gentlemen, who were all ready to dance, but had not the necessary courage to take the floor.

Prince Andrei was observing these gentlemen who showed such timidity in the presence of their sovereign; and the ladies, whose hearts were sinking within them with desire of being invited.

Pierre came up to Prince Andrei and took him by the arm.

"You are always ready for a dance: my *protégée*, the little Rostova, is here; do invite her!" said he.

"Where?" asked Bolkonsky. "I beg your pardon," he added, turning to the baron. "We will finish this conversation at another time; but at balls, it is our duty to dance."

He went in the direction indicated by Pierre. Natasha's despairing, melancholy face attracted Prince Andrei's attention. He recognized her, and divined her feeling; and realizing that she was just "coming out," and remembering her conversation, he went with a beaming countenance up to the Countess Rostova.

"Allow me to make you acquainted with my daughter," said the countess, with a blush.

"I have had the pleasure of meeting her before, but perhaps the countess does not remember me," said Prince Andrei, with a low and respectful bow; entirely belying Peronskaya's spiteful observation about his rudeness. Approaching Natasha, he started to put his arm around her waist, even before he had actually invited her to dance with him. Then he proposed that they should take a turn of the *valse*. Natasha's face, with its melancholy expression, ready to sink to despair or become radiant, was suddenly lighted up with a happy, childlike smile of gratitude.

"I had been waiting long for you," this timid and radiant young maiden seemed to say, by this smile flashing out from under the tears that had been almost ready to start, as she put her hand on Prince Andrei's shoulder. They were the second couple that ventured out upon the floor. Prince Andrei was one of the best dancers of his time. Natasha danced exquisitely: her dainty little feet, shod in her satin slippers, performed their duty with perfect ease and agility, as though they had wings; and her face was beaming with triumphant delight.

Her neck was angular, and her arms were thin and far from pretty, compared with Ellen's charms. Her shoulders were slim, her figure undeveloped, her arms slender; but Ellen seemed to be already covered with an enamel left by the thousand glances that had glided over her form; while Natasha seemed like a maiden who for the first time appeared in a dress *décolleté*, and would feel very much ashamed if she were not assured that it was the proper thing.

Prince Andrei liked to dance, and as he was anxious to escape from the political and philosophical talk into which people insisted in dragging him, and anxious to break up, as soon as possible, that tiresome circle of people, abashed by the presence of the sovereign, — he was ready to dance; and he chose Natasha, because Pierre had suggested her, and because she happened to be the first among all the pretty women upon whom his eyes fell. But as soon as he held this slender sup

ple form in his arms, and she started away so close to him, and smiled up into his face, the effect of her charm mounted into his head like wine; when they stopped to get breath, and he released her, and they began to look at the dancers, he felt as though he had been inspired with new energy and fresh life.

CHAPTER XVII.

FOLLOWING Prince Andrei's example, Boris came and invited Natasha to dance with him; also, the master of ceremonies, who had opened the ball, and several other young men; and Natasha, turning her superfluity of partners over to Sonya, flushed and beamed with delight, and did not miss a single dance throughout the rest of the evening. She did not notice and she did not heed the incidents that attracted the attention of everybody else at the ball. She did not once remark how the emperor had a long conversation with the French ambassador; or how he showed signal favor to a certain lady who was present; or how the European Prince So-and-So and So-and-So said and did this, that, and the other; or how Ellen enjoyed a brilliant success and attracted the special attention of such and such a person: she did not even see the sovereign, and only noticed that he had withdrawn by the fact that after his departure the ball became livelier than ever.

Just before supper, Prince Andrei danced one of the jolliest of cotillions with Natasha. He took occasion to remind her of their first meeting on the Otradnoye driveway, and how she could not go to sleep that moonlight night, and how he had involuntarily overheard what she said. Natasha blushed at this reminiscence, and tried to excuse herself, as though it were something of which she ought to be ashamed, that Prince Andrei had accidentally overheard her.

Prince Andrei, like all men who have grown up in society, liked to meet any one who was free from the stereotyped imprint of fashionable high life; and such a person was Natasha, with her *naïve* astonishment, her enjoyment, and her modesty, and even her mistakes in speaking French.

He treated her, and spoke to her, with a peculiar delicacy and affectionate courtesy. As he sat next to her, talking upon the simplest and most insignificant topics, Prince Andrei admired the radiant gleam in her eyes, and her smile, answering not what was said to her so much as to her inward happiness. If, by chance, Natasha were invited to dance, and got

up with a smile, and went flying across the room, Prince Andrei found especial delight in watching her fawn-like grace. In the midst of the cotillion, Natasha, having just danced out one figure, came back to her place, with a long sigh, all out of breath. A new cavalier again invited her out. She stood up panting, and was apparently on the point of refusing; but instantly placed her hand on the cavalier's shoulder, and gave Prince Andrei a smile.

"I should like very much to get my breath, and sit with you, — I am tired, — but you see how I am in demand; and that pleases me, and I am happy, and I love you all, and you and I understand it all: — this, and much more besides, this smile of hers seemed to say. When her partner brought her back, Natasha *chasséd* across the room to choose two ladies for the figure.

"If she speaks to her cousin first, and then to the other lady, she shall be my wife!" said Prince Andrei, unexpectedly even to himself, as he followed her. *She went to her cousin first!*

"What nonsense sometimes enters one's head!" thought Prince Andrei. "But it is quite evident that this maiden is so sweet, and so unlike anybody else, that she won't be kept dancing here for a month: she'll be engaged or married. There's no one like her here!" he thought, as Natasha, smoothing out the petals of a rose in her corsage, that had been crushed, came back and resumed her place next him.

At the end of the cotillion, the old count, in his blue coat, came up to the dancers. He invited Prince Andrei to call and see them, and he asked his daughter if she had been having a good time. Natasha at first did not reply, except by a smile which had a sort of reproach in it, as much as to say, "How can you ask such a question?"

"The jolliest time I ever had in my life," said she; and Prince Andrei noticed how she made a quick motion to raise her slender arms, as if to embrace her father, and instantly dropped them again. Natasha was happier than she had ever been in her life before: she had reached that lofty height of bliss, when a person becomes perfectly good and lovely, and cannot believe in the existence or the possibility of wickedness, unhappiness, and sorrow.

Pierre, at this ball, for the first time had a realizing sense of the false position in which he was placed by the status occupied by his wife in court society. He was morose, and in despair. A deep frown furrowed his brow; and as he stood

by the window, he glared through his spectacles, and yet saw nothing.

Natasha, as she went down to supper, passed by him.

His gloomy, unhappy face struck her. She paused in front of him: she felt a desire to help him, to share with him the superfluity of her own happiness.

"How jolly it is, count," said she. "Isn't it?"

Pierre gave her a distracted smile, evidently not understanding what she said.

"Yes, I am very glad," he replied.

"How can any one be dissatisfied with anything," wondered Natasha. "Especially such a good fellow as that Bezukhoi?"

In Natasha's eyes, all who were at the ball were alike good, sweet, lovely men, full of affection toward each other: hatred was out of the question, and therefore all ought to be happy.

CHAPTER XVIII.

ON the next day, Prince Andrei remembered the ball of the evening before, but it soon passed out of his mind.

"Yes, it was a very brilliant ball; and besides — yes, the little Rostof girl was very captivating. There's something peculiarly fresh about her, very original and un-Petersburg-like!"

That was the extent of the thought that he gave to the ball; and, after he had drunk his tea, he sat down to his labors. But, either because of his weariness, or his sleepless night, the day was unpropitious for work, and he could not accomplish anything; and what he did was unsatisfactory, as was often the case with him; and he was glad when word was brought that some one had come to see him.

The visitor was Bitsky, who had served on various committees, and frequented all the different cliques of Petersburg society. He was a zealous supporter of the new ideas, and of Speransky; and was known about town as an indefatigable gossip-monger: one of those men who follow the fashion in their opinions as in their clothes, and who, accordingly, are regarded as the most eager partisans of the latest doctrines.

Scarcely giving himself time to remove his hat, he rushed eagerly into Prince Andrei's room, and, on the instant, rattled off into a stream of talk. He had only just learned the details of the session of the Imperial Council, that had taken

place that morning, opened by the sovereign in person, and he began to tell about it with all the enthusiasm in the world. The sovereign's speech had been extraordinary: it was such a speech as only a constitutional monarch could have uttered.

"The emperor said, in so many words, that the council and the senate were now the *members* of the government: he declared that the administration should have its basis not on arbitrary will, but on firm principles. The sovereign declared that the finances should be re-organized, and the budgets made public," said Bitsky, laying a special emphasis on the important words, and opening his eyes significantly. "Yes: the event of to-day marks an era, a magnificent era, in our history," he said, in conclusion.

Prince Andrei listened to the story of the opening of the Imperial Council, which he had been looking forward to with so much impatience, and to which he attributed so much importance; and he was amazed that this event, now that it was really accomplished, not only did not stir him, but seemed to him worse than idle. He listened to Bitsky's enthusiastic account with quiet irony. The most obvious thought that came into his head was, "What concern is it to me or to Bitsky, — indeed, what concern is it of ours, — that the sovereign deigned to say something in the council? Can it make me any happier, or any better?"

And this obvious criticism suddenly destroyed for Prince Andrei all the interest that he had formerly taken in the reforms.

Prince Andrei had been invited to dine that day at Speransky's, "*en petit comité*," as he himself expressed it, when he gave him the invitation.

The idea of this dinner, in the intimate and home circle of a man for whom he felt such an admiration, had before this been exceedingly attractive to Prince Andrei, the more from the fact that hitherto he had never seen Speransky in his family life; but now he lost all desire to go.

At the hour set for the dinner, however, Prince Andrei reached Speransky's own small house, near the Taurid Gardens. Prince Andrei was a little late when he was shown into the parquetry-floored dining-room of the modest little residence, — distinguished for its extraordinary, its rather monastic, primness, — where all the gentlemen constituting Speransky's *petit comité*, being his most intimate friends, had promptly assembled at five o'clock. There were no ladies present, except Speransky's young daughter, who had a long

face just like her father's, and her governess. The guests were Gervais, Magnitsky, and Stoluipin.

Even while Prince Andrei was in the vestibule, he heard loud voices, and a clear, precise ha-ha-ha: a laugh, like that affected by actors on the stage. Some one, whose voice sounded like Speransky's, rang out distinctly: ha-ha-ha. Prince Andrei had never heard Speransky laugh heartily, and the clear, ringing laugh of the great statesman struck him strangely.

Prince Andrei went into the dining-room. All the company were gathered around a lunch table, standing between two windows, and spread with the *zakúska*. Speransky, in a gray coat, with a star, and wearing the same immaculate white waistcoat and high white stock, in which he had appeared at the memorable meeting of the Imperial Council, stood at the table, his face beaming with pleasure. The gentlemen formed a circle around him. Magnitsky, addressing Mikhail Mikhaïlovitch, was relating an anecdote. Speransky listened, and began to laugh even before Magnitsky reached the point of his story. At the moment Prince Andrei entered the room, Magnitsky's words were drowned in another roar of merriment: Stoluipin's deep voice rang out, as he bit up a morsel of bread and cheese; Zhervais bubbled over with tinkling laughter; and above all rang out Speransky's loud, deliberate ha-ha-ha.

Speransky, still laughing, gave his soft white hand to Prince Andrei.

"Very glad to see you, prince," said he. "One minute," said he, turning to Magnitsky, and interrupting the story he was telling. "We have made an agreement this time: dinner is for recreation, and not a word about business." And again he turned to the narrator, and again broke out into laughter.

Prince Andrei, with amazement and sorrowful disenchantment, listened to this guffawing, and gazed at the hilarious Speransky. It seemed to Prince Andrei that it was not Speransky, but another man. All the mystery and charm which he had hitherto discovered in Speransky, suddenly seemed commonplace and repulsive.

The conversation at the table did not flag for a moment, and seemed to consist of little more than a string of ludicrous stories. Magnitsky had scarcely time to cap the climax of his story, when some one else manifested his readiness to tell something that was even funnier. The anecdotes were for the most part, if not exactly confined to the world of officialdom, at least related to individuals in the service. It seemed as though, in this gathering, the insignificance of such charac-

ters was so thoroughly taken for granted, that the only way in which it was worth while to speak of them was to cover them with good-natured ridicule.

Speransky related how at the council meeting that morning, one of the statesmen, who happened to be deaf, on being asked his opinion, replied that he was entirely agreeable. Gervais related a long incident in connection with the census, wherein remarkable stupidity had been shown by all persons concerned. Stoluipin, who had an impediment in his speech, joined the conversation, and began eagerly to speak of the abuses of the former order of things; but, as this threatened to give a too serious character to the talk, Magnitsky chaffed him on his earnestness. Gervais perpetrated a pun, and again the talk assumed its former hilarious character.

Evidently Speransky, after his labors, liked recreation and amusement in a jolly circle of friends; and all his guests, knowing this characteristic of his, did their best to make him enjoy himself, and at the same time to enjoy themselves. But this gayety seemed to Prince Andrei forced, and the opposite of gay. The ringing tones of Speransky's voice impressed him unpleasantly, and his incessant laughter had a false ring to it that strangely wounded his sensibilities. Prince Andrei could not laugh, and he was afraid that he should appear like a kill-joy in the company. But no one noticed that he did not participate in the general merriment. It seemed to him that all were extremely gay.

He tried several times to put in his word; but each time it was tossed back, as it were, like a cork tossed out of the water, and he had no success in jesting like the others. There was nothing wrong or ill-judged in what they said; there was wit and sense displayed, and it ought to have been really worth laughing at, but something, whatever it is, that constitutes the salt of gayety, was lacking; but, worse than all, they did not seem to realize that it was.

After dinner, Speransky's little daughter, with her *gouvernante*, withdrew. Speransky caressed the little girl with his white hand, and kissed her. And even this action seemed to Prince Andrei full of affectation.

The gentlemen, after the English fashion, remained sitting at table over their port wine. The conversation had turned on Napoleon's management of affairs in Spain; and as all agreed in approving of it, Prince Andrei took it upon him to disagree with them. Speransky smiled, and, evidently wishing to change the subject, told a story which was totally irrelevant. Then silence ensued for several moments.

Before they left the table, Speransky recorked a bottle in which a little wine was left, and saying, "Good wine is expensive these days," * handed it to the servant, and pushed back his chair.

All arose and, talking noisily, passed into the drawing-room. Speransky was handed two envelopes brought by a courier. He took them and went into his private room. As soon as he had left, the general gaiety subsided, and the guests began to talk together in subdued tones on matters of real interest.

"Well, then, now for a recitation!" exclaimed Speransky, coming back from his private room. "Wonderful talent," he said, addressing Prince Andrei. Magnitsky immediately assumed an attitude, and began to recite some satirical verses which he had written in French upon certain well-known personages in Petersburg, and several times he was interrupted by applause. At the end of this recitation, Prince Andrei went to Speransky to take leave.

"Where must you be going so early?" asked Speransky.

"I promised to spend the evening" —

All were silent. Prince Andrei looked into Speransky's mirror-like and impenetrable eyes, and it seemed to him ridiculous that he had ever expected anything great from this Speransky, or of the work which he had undertaken to perform, or how he could ever have attributed any importance to what Speransky was doing. It was long before that dry, measured laugh of his ceased to ring in his ears, even after he had taken his leave of Speransky.

On his return home, Prince Andrei began to live over his life in Petersburg during the four months past, as though it were something new. He recalled his labors, his rounds of solicitation, the history of his project of the military code, — which had been brought to notice, and then quietly laid on the table, for the sole reason that another one of very wretched character had already been compiled and placed before the sovereign; he recalled the meetings of his committee, of which Berg was a member; he recalled how strenuously and at what length everything that touched upon the outside forms and proceedings of their meetings had been discussed, and how careful they had been to avoid everything that reached the essence of the matter; he recalled his judicial labors, and what pains he had taken to translate articles on the Roman and French course of procedure into Russian; — and he grew ashamed of himself.

* "Good wine goes in fine boots," a variant of a Russian proverb.

Then his imagination vividly brought up before his mind his estate of Bogucharovo, his projects in the country, his journey to Riazan; he recalled his muzhiks, and their head man, and he applied to them his theory of the individual rights which he had so carefully elaborated into paragraphs; and he was amazed at himself that he could have wasted so much time in such idle work.

CHAPTER XIX.

ON the following day, Prince Andrei went to make calls upon several families where he had not been as yet, and in the number upon the Rostofs, whose acquaintance he had renewed at the last ball. Not only was he required by the laws of politeness to call at the Rostofs, but he also had a strong desire to see in her own home this original and lively young girl, of whom he had such pleasant recollections.

Natasha happened to be the first who came down to see him. She wore a simple blue morning-dress, and it seemed to Prince Andrei that it was even more becoming to her than the one she had worn at the ball. She and the rest of the family received Prince Andrei simply and hospitably, as an old friend. The whole family, which he had at first been inclined to criticise severely, now seemed to him charming, simple-hearted, and cordial people. The old count showed such genuine and unbounded hospitality, and his good nature was so contagious, especially there in Petersburg, that Prince Andrei could not with good grace refuse his invitation to dinner.

"Yes, they are excellent people," said Bolkonsky to himself. "Of course they cannot appreciate what a treasure they possess in Natasha; but they are good, kindly people, and they make a most admirable background against which to bring out all the charm of this wonderfully poetical young girl, so overflowing with vivacity."

Prince Andrei felt that in Natasha existed a peculiar and unknown world, full of unrealized delights, — that unknown world of which he had caught the first glimpse as he drove through the Otradnoye avenue, and then again at the window that moonlight night, when he had been so stirred by it. Now this world no longer excited his curiosity, no longer was it a strange world; but, as he entered into it, he realized that new delight was awaiting him.

After dinner, Natasha, at the count's request, went to the

harpischord and began to sing. Prince Andrei took up his position by the window and listened, while occasionally exchanging words with the other ladies. When she reached the middle of a long cadenza, Prince Andrei stopped talking, and, to his amazement, found that he was choked with tears; a thing which he would not have believed possible for him. He looked at Natasha as she sang, and a new and joyous feeling arose in his heart. He was happy, and at the same time rather melancholy. He was ready to burst into tears, and yet he could not really have told why he felt like weeping. For what? — his former love? — For the little princess? For his disappointed illusions? For his hopes of the future? Yes and no! The chief reason that he felt like weeping was the sudden awakening to that strange and vivid contradiction between the boundlessly immense and infinite that existed in him, and the narrow and limited world to which he felt that he himself, and even she, belonged.

This contrast tormented, and, at the same time, overjoyed him, while she was singing.

As soon as Natasha finished her song, she went to him and asked him frankly how he liked her voice. She asked the question, and was overwhelmed with confusion, the moment she had spoken; realizing, when it was too late, that she ought not to have asked it. He smiled as he looked at her, and replied that he liked her singing just as he liked everything else that she did.

It was late that evening before Prince Andrei left the Rostofs'. He went to bed as usual, but soon found that he had a sleepless night before him. Now he would relight his candle and sit up in bed; then he would get up; then he would lie down again: still, he was not in the least oppressed by this sleeplessness: his soul was so full of new and joyful sensations, that it seemed to him as if he had just emerged from a sultry chamber into God's free world. Nor did it once occur to him that he was in love with the young Countess Rostova; he did not think of her, he only imagined her himself; and the consequence of this was that all his whole life presented itself to him in a new light.

"Why am I struggling, why am I toiling and moiling in this narrow, petty environment, when life, all of life, with all its pleasures, is open before me?" he asked himself.

And for the first time for long months, he began to devise cheerful plans for the future. He decided that it was his duty to undertake personally the education of his son, to find him

an instructor, and put him into his hands; then he would quit the service and travel abroad, and see England, Switzerland, and Italy.

"I must make the most of my freedom, since I feel myself so overflowing with strength and energy," said he to himself. "Pierre was right in saying that one ought to believe in the possibility of happiness, and now I believe it is so. Let the dead bury their dead; but, while we are alive, let us live," he thought.

CHAPTER XX.

ONE morning, Colonel Adolph Berg, with whom Pierre was acquainted, just as he was acquainted with every one in Petersburg and Moscow, came to see him. He was dressed in an immaculate and brand-new uniform, with little love-locks curling round over his temples, and pomaded there, just as the sovereign wore them.

"I have just come from calling upon the countess, your wife, and I was so unfortunate in not being able to have my request granted! I hope, count, that I shall be more successful with you," said he, with a smile.

"What would you like, colonel? I am at your service."

"I am now quite completely settled in my new rooms, count," pursued Berg, evidently convinced in his own mind that this communication could not fail to be an agreeable piece of news. "And, consequently, I wanted to have a little reception for my friends and my wife's." He smiled more effusively than ever. "I wanted to ask the countess and yourself to do me the honor to come and take tea with us, and — and have supper."

Only the Countess Elena Vasilyevna, who considered the society of such people as the Bergs beneath her, could have had the heart to refuse such an invitation. Berg explained so clearly why he desired to gather around him a small and select company, and why it would be pleasant, and why he grudged money spent on cards, and other disreputable occupations, but was willing to go to large outlay in entertaining good company, that Pierre could not think of refusing, and agreed to be present.

"Only don't come late, count, if I may be so bold as to beg of you; at ten minutes to eight, I beg of you. We will have some whist; our general will come, — he is very good to me

We will have a good supper, count. So please do me the favor."

Contrary to his usual habit of being late, Pierre that evening reached the Bergs at quarter to eight; five minutes before the appointed time.

The Bergs, having made every provision for the reception, were all ready and waiting for their guests to come.

Berg and his wife were sitting together in their library, all new and bright, and well provided with statuary and paintings and new furniture. Berg in a nice new uniform, tightly buttoned up, was sitting near his wife, explaining to her that it was always possible and proper to have acquaintances among people of high station, that being the only real advantage in having friends. "You can always find something to imitate, and can ask any sort of advice. You see, that's the way I have done ever since I was first promoted." — Berg did not reckon his life according to his years, but according to the various steps of promotion. — "My comrades have amounted to nothing, but, at the first vacancy, I shall be made regimental commander; and then, I have the happiness of being your husband." He got up and kissed Viera's hand, but before he did so, he straightened out the corner of a rug that was turned up. "And how have I accomplished all this; principally, by exercising a choice in my acquaintances. Of course, though, one has to be straightforward and punctual." Berg smiled with the consciousness of his superiority over a weak woman, and relapsed into silence; saying to himself, that his wife, lovely as she was, was, nevertheless, a feeble woman, unable to appreciate the full significance of the dignity of being a man — *ein Mann zu sein!*

Viera, at the same time, smiled with a similar consciousness of her superiority over her good, worthy spouse; who, nevertheless, like the rest of his sex, was quite mistaken, she thought, in his understanding of the meaning of life.

Berg, judging by his wife, considered that all women were weak and unintellectual. Viera, judging by her husband alone, and making wider generalizations, supposed that all men considered no one but themselves wise; and, at the same time, had no real understanding, and were haughty and egotistical.

Berg got up, and embracing his wife carefully, — so as not to rumple her lace pelerine, for which he had paid a high price, — kissed her on the centre of the lips.

"There is one thing, — we must not begin to have children too soon," said he, by an unconscious correlation of ideas.

"Yes," replied Viera. "That's exactly what I want. We must live for society."

"The Princess Yusupovaya has one exactly like this," said Berg, laying his finger on the lace pelerine, with his honest, happy smile.

At this time, Count Bezukhoi was announced. The young couple exchanged congratulatory glances, each arrogating the credit of this visit.

"This is what comes of understanding how to form acquaintances," said Berg. "This comes of having tact!"

"Now, I beg of you, don't interrupt me when I am talking with guests," said Viera. "Because I know how to receive each one, and what to talk to them about."

Berg also smiled.

"Of course; but sometimes, among men, there must be conversation for men," said he.

Pierre was shown into the new drawing-room, where one could not possibly take a seat without destroying the symmetry, neatness, and order that reigned there; and, consequently, it was perfectly comprehensible and not to be wondered at, that it required much magnanimity of Berg to allow this symmetry of chair or sofa to be disturbed for his beloved guest; or that, by reason of finding himself in a state of painful irresolution in regard to it, he should have allowed his guest to solve the problem in his own way. Pierre, accordingly, broke into the symmetry by pushing out a chair; and immediately after, Berg and Viera came in and began to talk, each interrupting the other, and trying to entertain their guest.

Viera, deciding in her own mind that Pierre would naturally be interested in the French embassy, immediately began to talk about it. Berg, deciding that a more virile subject must be chosen, broke into his wife's discourse by raising a question in regard to the war with Austria; and found himself involuntarily digressing from the abstract topic to various concrete proposals which had been laid before him in regard to taking part in the Austrian campaign, and the reasons which had led him to decline them.

Although the conversation was desultory, and Viera was indignant that this masculine element should have been introduced, both husband and wife had a feeling of satisfaction that, though as yet there was only one guest, still the evening had begun auspiciously, and that their reception was going to be like every other reception — with talk, tea, and brightly lighted candles — as like, in fact, as two drops of water.

Shortly after, Boris appeared, he having been Berg's former comrade. He treated Berg and Viera with a shade of superiority and condescension. Boris was followed by a colonel and his lady, then Berg's own general, then the Rostofs; and the reception by this time, without a shadow of a doubt, began to resemble all other receptions.

Berg and Viera could not refrain from a blissful smile at the sight of this stir in the drawing-room, at the clatter of disconnected snatches of conversation, at the rustle of silken dresses, and the greetings.

Everything was just as it would be everywhere else; especially so was the general, who could not find enough to say in praise of Berg's apartments, and patted him on the shoulder, and with fatherly authority arranged the disposition of the tables for Boston. The general then sat down next Count Ilya Andreyitch, as being, next to himself, the guest of the greatest importance. The old people gathered in groups by themselves, the young people by themselves; the hostess took her place at the tea-table, which was laid out with exactly the same kind of macaroons, in a silver cake-basket, as the Panins had had at their reception; in fact, everything was exactly the same as at all receptions.

CHAPTER XXI.

PIERRE, as one of the most distinguished guests of the evening, naturally had to play Boston in the set with Count Ilya Andreyitch, the general, and the colonel. It happened that his place at the table brought him opposite Natasha, and he could not help being struck by the strange change that had come over her since the evening of the ball. She spoke scarcely a word, and was not so pretty as she had been at the ball; indeed, she would have looked plain, if it had not been for her sweet expression of resignation.

"What is the matter with her?" Pierre wondered, as he looked at her. She was sitting next her sister at the tea-table, and with an air of utter indifference, and without even looking at him, answered some remark that Boris had made to her. Having played out a whole suit, and taken five tricks, greatly to his partner's satisfaction, Pierre, as he gathered up his cards, was again led to look at her, by hearing complimentary greetings, and then the steps of some one entering the room.

"What has happened to her?" he asked himself, with even more wonder than before.

Prince Andrei, with an expression of protecting affection, was now standing in front of her, and saying something to her. She had lifted her head, and was gazing at him with flushed cheeks, and apparently striving to restrain her rapid breathing. And the brilliant light of a strange inner fire, till then suppressed, again flashed up in her. She was wholly transfigured: instead of being plain, she was as radiantly beautiful as she had been at the ball.

Prince Andrei came toward Pierre, and Pierre noticed a new and youthful expression in his friend's face.

Pierre changed his seat several times during the game, sometimes being before Natasha, and sometimes behind; but, during all the time of the six rubbers, he kept watching her and his friend.

"There is something very serious going on between them," said Pierre to himself; and a feeling of mingled joy and sadness stirred him, and made him forget his own grief.

After the sixth rubber, the general got up, declaring that it was an impossibility to play in such a way, and Pierre was released. Natasha, on one side, was talking with Sonya and Boris: Viera, with a slight smile on her face, was talking to Prince Andrei about something or other.

Pierre joined his friend, and, asking what secret they were discussing together, took a seat near them. Viera, having noticed Prince Andrei's attention to Natasha, had decided that that evening, that very evening, it was an unavoidable necessity for her to drop some shrewd insinuations in regard to the feelings; and so she took advantage of a moment when Prince Andrei was alone to begin a talk about the sensibilities in general, and about her sister in particular. With such a clever man as she knew Prince Andrei to be, she was obliged to practise her most refined diplomacy.

When Pierre joined them, he noticed that Viera was talking with great eloquence and self-satisfaction; while Prince Andrei seemed rather confused, — which was a rare thing with him.

"What is your opinion?" asked Viera, with her slight smile. "You have such keen insight, prince, and are so quick to read people's characters: what do you think of Nathalie? Would she be likely to be constant in her attachments? would she be like other women," — Viera had herself in mind, — "and love a man once, and remain forever faithful to him?"

That is what I call genuine love. What do you think, prince ? ”

“ I have too slight an acquaintance with your sister,” replied Prince Andrei with a satirical smile, under which he tried to hide his confusion, “ to decide upon such a delicate question ; and then I have noticed that the less attractive a woman is, the more likely she is to be constant,” he added, and looked at Pierre, who had just at that instant joined them.

“ Yes, that is true, prince ; in our days,” pursued Viera, — speaking of “ our days ” in the way affected by people of limited intelligence, who suppose that they are the only ones who discover and appreciate the peculiarities of their time, and that the natures of people change with the changing years — “ young girls have so much freedom, that the pleasure of being wooed — *le plaisir d’être courtisée* — often stifles their true feelings. *Et Nathalie, il faut l’avouer, y est très sensible.* Yes, she’s very susceptible to it.”

This reference to Natasha again caused Prince Andrei to scowl disagreeably ; he was about to rise, but Viera proceeded with a still more subtle smile, —

“ I think no one has ever been more *courtisée* than she has,” said Viera. “ But no one had ever really seriously succeeded in pleasing her, until very recently. You must know, count,” said she, addressing Pierre, “ even our dear cousin Boris has been, *entre nous*, has been very, very far gone *dans le pays du tendre.*”

Prince Andrei scowled still more ominously, but said nothing.

“ You and Boris are friends, are you not ? ” asked Viera.

“ Yes, I know him.”

“ I suppose he has told you about his boyish love for Natasha ? ”

“ Ah, so it was a boyish love, was it ? ” suddenly asked Prince Andrei, unexpectedly reddening.

“ Yes ! You know sometimes this intimacy between cousins leads to love ; cousinhood is a risky neighborhood ! that’s true, isn’t it ? ” *

“ Oh, yes, without doubt,” said Prince Andrei ; and suddenly becoming unnaturally excited, he began to rally Pierre on his duty to be on his guard against any intimacy with his fifty-year-old cousins in Moscow ; and then, right in the midst of his jesting talk, he got up, and taking Pierre by the arm, drew him aside.

* “ *Da. Vous savez entre cousin et cousine cette intimité mène quelquefois à l’amour ; le cousinage est un dangereux voisinage ! N’est ce pas ?* ”

"Well! what is it?" asked Pierre, amazed at his friend's strange excitement, and remarking the look which, as he got up, he threw in Natasha's direction.

"I must, I really must have a talk with you," said Prince Andrei. "You know our gloves." — he referred to the Masonic gloves, which a newly initiated brother was to present to the lady of his love. — "I — but no — I will talk with you about it by and by." And with a strange light in his eyes, and a restlessness in his motions, Prince Andrei crossed over to Natasha and sat down. Pierre saw how he asked her some question, and how she blushed as she answered him.

But just at that moment, Berg came up to Pierre, and urged him to take part in a discussion between the general and the colonel, on Spanish affairs.

Berg was satisfied and happy. That blissful smile of his did not once fade from his face. The evening had been a success, and exactly like other receptions which he had attended. The parallelism was complete. The nice little gossip chats between the ladies; the cards, and the general raising his voice over the game; the samovar and the macaroons! One thing only was lacking, which he had always seen at receptions, and which he wished to imitate: that was a loud conversation between the men, and a discussion over some grave and momentous question. The general had begun this conversation, and now Berg carried Pierre off to take part in it.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE next day, Prince Andrei went to the Rostofs' to dinner, in accordance with Count Ilya Andreyitch's invitation, and spent the whole evening there. All in the house had an inkling of the reason of Prince Andrei's visits, and he made no secret of it, but spent what time he could in Natasha's company.

Not only was Natasha, in her heart of hearts, frightened and yet blissful, and full of enthusiasm; but all the household also, felt a sort of awe, in the anticipation of a great and solemn event. The countess, with melancholy and gravely wistful eyes, gazed at Prince Andrei, as he talked with Natasha, and, with a sort of timidity, tried to introduce some indifferent topic, as soon as he turned to her. Sonya was afraid to leave Natasha, and equally afraid that she was in their way, when

she was with her. Natasha grew pale with fear and expectation, if by chance she were left alone with him for a moment. Prince Andrei's timidity amazed her. She felt certain that he had something to say to her, but had not the courage to speak his mind.

In the evening, when Prince Andrei had taken his departure, the countess went to Natasha.

"Well?" said she in a whisper.

"Mamma, for pity's sake, don't ask me any questions now. It is impossible to tell."

Nevertheless, that night, Natasha, at one moment full of excitement, at the next full of trepidation, lay for a long time in her mother's bed, with eyes fixed on space. Now she would tell her mother how he praised her, and how he said he was going abroad, and how he asked her where they were going to spend the summer, and how he had asked her about Boris.

"Well, it's so strange, so strange! I never knew anything like it before," said she. "But I have such a feeling of terror when he is here; I always feel afraid when I am with him; what does it mean? Does it mean that it is really and truly? Mamma, are you asleep?"

"No, my dear — *dúsha móya* — I confess to the same feeling of terror," replied the mother. "Go, now!"

"I sha'n't go to sleep, all the same. How silly it would be to go to sleep! Mamasha, mamasha, nothing like it ever happened to me before," said she, in amazement and awe at the feeling which she was now experiencing. "How could we possibly have imagined such a thing?"

It seemed to Natasha that even as long ago as when Prince Andrei had come to Otradnoye, she had fallen in love with him at first sight. She was terror-stricken, as it were, at that strange, unexpected happiness in meeting again with the very man whom she had — as she persuaded herself — chosen for her husband then, and feeling that he was not indifferent to her. "And it had to be that he should come to Petersburg just at the time when we were here; and it had to be that we should meet at that ball. It is evident that all this brought us together. Even when I saw him first, I felt something peculiar."

"What is it he has said to you? What were those verses? Repeat them to me," said the countess, trying to recall some verses which Prince Andrei had written in Natasha's album.

"Mamma, it's nothing to be ashamed of because he is a widower, is it?"

"Don't talk nonsense, Natasha. Pray to God! *Les mariages se font dans les cieux!*"

"Sweetheart! * mamasha! how I love you, how good you are!" cried Natasha, shedding tears of bliss and emotion, and hugging her mother.

At that same time, Prince Andrei was at Pierre's, telling him about his love for Natasha, and his firm intention of marrying her.

That same evening, the Countess Elena Vasilyevna had given a rout. The French ambassador had been there; the foreign prince, who for some time had been a frequent visitor at the countess's, had been present; as well as a throng of brilliant ladies and gentlemen. Pierre had come down and wandered through the rooms, attracting general notice among the guests, by his concentrated, distracted, and gloomy looks.

Pierre, ever since the time of the ball, had been conscious that attacks of his old enemy, hypochondria, were imminent; and, with the energy of despair, he had struggled to get the better of them. Since this prince had become the countess's acknowledged admirer, Pierre had unexpectedly been appointed one of the emperor's chamberlains; and from that time forth, he began to feel a great burden and loathing in grand society, and more often his former gloomy, pessimistic thoughts, about the falsity of all things human, began to come back to him.

At this particular time, this tendency to gloominess was accentuated by the discovery of the sympathy existing between his little *protégée* Natasha and Prince Andrei, and by the contrast between his own position and his friend's. He vainly struggled to banish the thought about his wife, and about Natasha and Prince Andrei. But everything began once more to seem insignificant in comparison with eternity, and again the question arose, "To what end?"

Night and day he compelled himself to toil over his Masonic labors, hoping to exorcise the demon that hovered near him.

At midnight, Pierre came from the countess's apartments to his own low-studded room, which smelled of stale tobacco, and had just sat down at the table in his soiled dressing-gown, and started to finish copying certain original documents from Scotland, when some one came into the room. It was Prince Andrei.

"Oh, it's you, is it?" said Pierre, in an abstracted and not over-cordial manner.

* *Golubushka.*

"I was hard at work, you see," said he, pointing to his copy-book, where he had been working for dear life, just as wretched people, in their efforts to save themselves from the wretchedness of their lives, take up any occupation that comes to hand. Prince Andrei, his face radiant with joy, and kindled with new life, came and stood in front of Pierre; and, not perceiving how wretched his friend was, smiled down on him with the egotism of happiness.

"Well, my dear," said he, "last evening I wanted to tell you something, and now I have come to unbosom myself. It is something wholly unprecedented in my experience. I am in love, my dear fellow."

Pierre suddenly drew a deep sigh, and stretched his clumsy form out on the sofa near Prince Andrei.

"With Natasha Rostova? Yes?" said he.

"Yes, yes, who else could it be? I should never have believed it, but this feeling is stronger than I. Last evening I was tortured, I was miserable; but this torture I would not exchange for anything in the world. I have never lived till now. Only now do I live, and I cannot live without her. But can she love me? I am too old for her. What should you say?"

"I? I? What could I say?" suddenly exclaimed Pierre, springing up and beginning to pace the room. "I have always thought—This girl is such a treasure, such a—she is a rare maiden, my dear fellow: I beseech you, don't reason about it, don't let doubts arise, but marry her—marry her—marry her; and I am convinced that you will be the happiest man alive!"

"But how about her?"

"She loves you!"

"Don't talk nonsense," said Prince Andrei, with a smile, and looking straight into Pierre's eyes.

"She loves you, I know she does," cried Pierre bluntly.

"Now listen!" said Prince Andrei, holding him by his arm. "Do you know what a position I am in? I must tell some one all about it!"

"Well, well, go on, I am very glad," said Pierre, and in reality his face had changed; the frown had smoothed itself out, and he listened to Prince Andrei with joyous sympathy. Prince Andrei seemed, and really was, another and wholly new man. Where had vanished his melancholy, his contempt of life, all his disillusion? Pierre was the only man in whose presence he could speak with absolute frankness, and hence

he poured out before him the fulness of his heart. Then he fluently and boldly made plans for the future, declaring that he could not think of sacrificing his happiness to his father's caprices, and expressing his hope that his father would consent to their marriage, and would come to love Natasha ; then he expressed his amazement at the strange and uncontrollable feeling which dominated him.

"If any one had predicted the possibility of my being so deeply in love, I should not have believed it," said Prince Andrei. "It is an entirely different sentiment from the one that I had formerly. The whole world is divided for me into two portions : the one is where she is, and there all happiness and hope and light are found ; the other is where she is not, and there everything is gloom and darkness."

"Darkness and gloom," repeated Pierre. "Yes, yes, and how I appreciate that!"

"I cannot help loving light, and I am not to blame for it. And I am very happy. Do you understand me ? I know that you sympathize with my joy."

"Yes, indeed, I do," said Pierre earnestly, gazing at his friend with tender, melancholy eyes. Prince Andrei's fate seemed to him all the brighter from the vivid contrast with the darkness of his own.

CHAPTER XXIII.

PRINCE ANDREI required his father's sanction for his marriage, and the next day he set out for his home.

The old prince received his son's communication with external unconcern, but with wrath in his heart. As his own life was nearing its close, he could not understand how any one could wish to make such a change in his life, to introduce into it such a new and unknown element.

"If only they would let me live out my life in my own way ! then, when I am gone, they can do as they please," said the old man to himself. With his son, however, he made use of that diplomacy which he employed in matters of serious import. Assuming a tranquil tone, he summed the whole matter up : In the first place, the match was not brilliant, as to the birth, fortune, or distinction of the bride's family. In the second place, Prince Andrei was not as young as he had once been, and his health was feeble, — the old prince laid especial stress on this — and she was very young. In the third place, he had

a son, whom it would be a shame to give over to the mercy of a young stepmother. "In the fourth place, finally," said the father, giving his son an ironical look, "I beg of you to postpone the affair for a year, go abroad, go through a course of treatment, find a good German tutor for Prince Nikolai; and then, if your love, passion, stubbornness, whatever you call it, is as strong as ever, — why, marry her. And this is my last word, remember; absolutely my last word." concluded the old prince, in a tone that signified that nothing could ever change his mind.

Prince Andrei clearly saw that the old prince hoped that either his sentiments or his prospective bride's might not withstand the test of a year; or else that he himself — since he was an old man — might die meantime; he, accordingly, determined to obey his father's wishes, to offer himself, and then postpone the wedding for a year.

Three weeks after his last call at the Rostofs', Prince Andrei returned to Petersburg.

The day following her confidential talk with her mother, Natasha waited anxiously for Bolkonsky; but he did not come. The second day, and the third day, it was precisely the same. Pierre, also, failed to come; and Natasha, not knowing that the prince had gone to see his father, could not explain his absence.

Thus elapsed three weeks. Natasha had no desire to go anywhere, and she wandered like a languid and mournful shadow through the rooms: evenings, she hid herself away from the others, and wept, and no longer came to her mother's bed-chamber. She frequently flushed, and her temper grew peevish. She had an impression that everybody knew about her disappointment, and was laughing at her, and pitying her. This grief, born of pride, added to her misery, all the more from the fact that it was hidden grief.

One time, she went to the countess, and tried to say something, but suddenly burst into tears. Her tears were like those of a child, who has been unjustly punished, and knows not why.

The countess tried to calm her; but the young girl, though she at first began to listen, suddenly interrupted her, —

"Do stop, mamma: I do not even think of him. He came, and then he stopped coming — he stopped coming, that's all."

Her voice faltered: she almost wept; but she controlled herself, and went on, —

"I haven't any desire at all to be married; and I have been afraid of him all the time: I'm perfectly content now, perfectly content."

On the day following this conversation, Natasha put on an old dress for which she had an especially tender feeling, owing to the gay times which she had enjoyed when wearing it in days past; and from that morning she once more resumed the occupations that she had dropped since the time of the ball. After she had drunk her tea, she went into the ballroom, which she liked on account of its powerful resonance, and began to practise her *solfeggi* and other exercises. After she had finished her lesson, she stood in the middle of the room and repeated a single musical phrase which pleased her more than others. She joyfully listened to the charming and apparently unexpected way in which these notes reverberated through the empty spaces of the ballroom, and slowly died away; and suddenly her heart grew lighter.

"What is the use of thinking so much about it all! it is good as it is," said she to herself, and she began to pace up and down the room: not content with simply walking along the echoing inlaid floor, but at every step — she wore her favorite new slippers — setting her little heels down first, and then her toes; and finding no more enjoyment in the sounds of her voice than in the regular clapping of the heel and the creaking of the toe. As she passed by a mirror, she glanced into it.

"What a girl I am!" the expression of her face, as she caught sight of the reflection in the glass, seemed to say. "It's all good! I need no one."

A lackey was on the point of coming in to make some arrangements in the ballroom; but she sent him away, closing the door after him, and then continued her walk. Now again, this morning, she resumed her former favorite habit of loving and admiring her own sweet self.

"How charming this Natasha is!" she was saying, as though the words were spoken by some third person, the man of her imagination. "Pretty, a good voice, young, and she does not interfere with any one: only leave her in peace!"

But even if she had been left in peace, she could not have been calm; and of this she was immediately made aware.

The front door into the vestibule was opened, and some one asked, —

"Are they at home?" and then a man's steps were heard. Natasha was gazing into the mirror, but she did not see her

self. She heard voices in the vestibule. When her face again cleared itself before her eyes, she was pale.

It was *he*! She was sure of it, though she could barely distinguish the voices through the closed doors.

Pale and frightened, Natasha ran into the drawing-room.

"Mamma, Bolkonsky has come," she cried. "Mamma! this is dreadful! this is unendurable! I will not be tortured so! What shall I do?"

The countess had not time to answer a word, when Prince Andrei, with a grave and anxious face, was shown in. As soon as he caught sight of Natasha, a flash of joy lighted it. He kissed the countess's hand, and Natasha's, and took a seat near the sofa.

"It is a long time since we have had the pleasure" — the countess began to say, but Prince Andrei interrupted her. He answered her implied question, and was evidently anxious to speak what was on his mind as soon as possible.

"I have not been to see you all this time, for the reason that I went to confer with my father. I only returned yesterday evening," he said, glancing at Natasha. "I should like to have a little conversation with you, countess," he added, after a moment's silence.

The countess, drawing a long sigh, dropped her eyes.

"I am at your service," she murmured.

Natasha knew that it was her duty to leave the room, but she found it impossible to stir: something choked her, and she stared at Prince Andrei, almost rudely, with wide eyes.

"What! so soon? this very moment?" — No: it cannot be!" she said to herself.

He again looked at her, and this glance told her that beyond a peradventure she was not deceived.

Yes: her fate was to be decided instantly, that moment, then and there!

"Go, Natasha, I will send for you," whispered the countess.

Natasha, with startled, pleading eyes, looked at her mother, and at Prince Andrei, and left the room.

"I have come, countess, to ask your daughter's hand," said Prince Andrei.

The countess's face flushed, but she said nothing.

"Your proposal" — began the countess gravely. Prince Andrei waited, and looked into her eyes. "Your proposal" — she grew confused — "is very pleasing to us, and — and I accept, accept your proposal, with pleasure. And my husband, — I hope — but it will depend upon herself."

"I will ask her as soon as I receive your permission: will you grant it?" said Prince Andrei.

"Yes," said the countess, and she offered him her hand; and, with a mixed feeling of alienation and affection, touched his brow with her lips, as he bent over her hand. She was ready to love him as a son: but she was conscious that he held her at a distance, and filled her with a sort of terror. "I am sure that my husband will give his consent," said the countess; "but your *bátyushka*!" —

"My father, to whom I have confided my plans, has consented; on the express stipulation that the wedding should not take place within a year; and this was the very thing that I wished to tell you," said Prince Andrei.

"It is true that Natasha is still young, but a year is a long time" —

"There is no alternative," said Prince Andrei, with a sigh.

"I will send her to you," said the countess, and she left the room.

"Lord, have mercy upon us!" she repeated, over and over, as she went in search of her daughter. Sonya said that Natasha was in her chamber. She found her sitting on her bed, pale, with dry eyes, gazing at the holy pictures; and swiftly crossing herself, and whispering unintelligible words. When she saw her mother, she jumped up and rushed to her.

"What? Mamma? What is it?"

"Go, go to him. He has proposed for your hand," said the countess coldly, so it seemed to Natasha. "Go! Go," reiterated the mother, drawing a long sigh, and looking with melancholy, reproachful eyes after her daughter, as she flew out of the room.

Natasha could not have told, for the life of her, how she found herself in the drawing-room. But as she went into the room, and caught sight of him, she stopped short.

"Can it be that this stranger is now all in all to me?" she asked herself, and the reply came like a flash, "Yes! he alone is dearer to me than all in the world."

Prince Andrei went to her with downcast eyes: —

"I have loved you from the first moment that I saw you. May I dare to hope?"

He looked at her, and the grave passion expressed in his face filled her with wonder. Her eyes replied, "Why should you ask? Why should you doubt what you must surely know? Why should you speak, when it is impossible, with words, to express what you feel?"

She drew near to him, and paused. He took her hand, and kissed it: "Do you love me?"

"Yes, yes," exclaimed Natasha, with something that seemed almost like vexation; and, catching her breath more and more frequently, she began to sob.

"What is it? What is the matter?"

"Akh! I am so happy," she replied, smiling through her tears, and coming closer to him; she hesitated for a moment, as though asking if it were permissible, and then kissed him.

Prince Andrei held her hand, and gazed into her eyes, and failed to find in his heart his former love for her. A sudden transformation seemed to have taken place in his soul: there was none of that former poetical and mysterious charm of longing; but there was a feeling akin to pity for her weakness, as a woman, as a child: there was a shade of fear, in presence of her utter self-renunciation, and her fearless honesty: a solemn, and, at the same time, blissful consciousness of the obligation which forever bound him to her. The present feeling, though it was not so bright and poetical as the former, was more deep and powerful.

"Has your *maman* told you that our marriage cannot be till a year has passed?" asked Prince Andrei, continuing to gaze into her eyes.

"Can it be that this is the little silly chit of a girl, as they all say of me?" mused Natasha. "Can it be that from this time forth, I am the wife, the equal, of this stranger, this gentle, learned man, whom even my father regards with admiration? Can it be true that now, henceforth, life has become serious? that now I am grown up? that now I shall be responsible for every word and deed? — Yes, but what was that he asked me?"

"No," said she, aloud, but she did not know what he had asked her.

"Forgive me," said Prince Andrei. "But you are so young, and I have already had such long experience of life. I tremble for you. You do not know yourself!"

Natasha, with concentrated attention, listened to what he said, and did her best to take in the full meaning of his words; but it was impossible.

"How hard this year will be for me — deferring my happiness!" pursued Prince Andrei. "But during the time, you will have made sure of your own heart. At the end of the year, I shall ask you to make me happy; but you are free.

Our betrothal shall remain a secret, and if you should discover that you do not love me, if you should love" — said Prince Andrei, with a forced and unnatural smile.

"Why do you say that?" asked Natasha, interrupting him. "You know that from that very first day that you came to Otradoyno, I loved you," said she, firmly convinced that she was telling the truth.

"In a year, you will have learned to know yourself."

"A who—ole year!" suddenly exclaimed Natasha; it now suddenly, for the first time, dawning upon her that the wedding was to be postponed. "And why a year? — why a year?"

Prince Andrei began to explain the reasons for this postponement. Natasha refused to listen to him.

"And is there no other way of doing?" she asked. Prince Andrei made no answer, but the expression of his face told her how unalterable his decision was.

"This is terrible! No: this is terrible, terrible!" suddenly exclaimed Natasha, and again she began to sob. "I shall die, if I have to wait a year: it cannot be, it is dreadful." She looked into her lover's face, and saw that it was full of sympathy and perplexity.

"No, no, I will do everything you wish," she said, suddenly ceasing to sob. "I am so happy."

Her father and mother came into the room, and congratulated the affianced pair.

From that day forth, Prince Andrei began to visit the Rostofs as Natasha's accepted husband.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THERE was no formal betrothal, and Bolkonsky's engagement to Natasha was not made public. Prince Andrei insisted on this point. He said that as he was the cause of the postponement, he ought to bear the whole burden of it. He declared that he considered himself forever bound by his word; but he felt that he ought not to hold Natasha, and he granted her perfect freedom. If, within a half-year, she should discover that she did not love him, she should have perfect right to break the engagement.

Of course, neither the parents nor Natasha would hear to this, but Prince Andrei pressed the matter. Prince Andrei was at the Rostofs every day, but he did not treat Natasha with the familiarity of the *zhenikh*, or bridegroom: he always

addressed her by the formal *vui*, "you," and only kissed her hand.

Between Prince Andrei and Natasha, after the day of their engagement, there seemed to be an entirely different relationship from before: one closer, and more simple. It seemed as though they hitherto had never known each other: both of them liked to recall how they had seemed at the time when they were *nothing* to each other: now they felt that they were entirely different beings; then everything was pretence, now it was simple and true. At first the family felt a certain awkwardness in their relations toward Prince Andrei: he seemed like a man from another world, and it took Natasha a long time to train the others to feel used to him; and she felt a pride in assuring them all that it was only in appearance that Prince Andrei was so different, and that he was really like every one else, and that she was not afraid of him, and that no one had any reason to fear him.

After some days the family got wonted to him, and felt no awkwardness in going on with the ordinary routine of life in his presence, and he also had a share in it. He could talk with the count about farming, about wearing-apparel with the countess and Natasha, and about albums and embroidery with Sonya. Sometimes the family, when by themselves, and even in Prince Andrei's presence, marvelled that such an event had taken place, — that the prognostics of it had been so apparent: thus, Prince Andrei's visit to Otradnoye, and their coming to Petersburg, and the resemblance between Natasha and Prince Andrei, which an old nurse had remarked, when he first came to Otradnoye, and many other portents of what had happened were recalled by the family.

That poetical infestivity and silence, which always mark the presence of an engaged couple, reigned in the house. Oftentimes, when all were together, not a soul would say a word. Sometimes the rest would get up and leave the room, and even then the two young people, though by themselves, would sit in perfect silence, as before. They rarely spoke about their future: Prince Andrei avoided it, from dread, as well as from conscientious motives. Natasha shared his feelings, as, indeed, she shared all his feelings, which she was always quick to read.

Once, Natasha began to ask him about his little boy: Prince Andrei flushed, as he was apt to do at that time, — and Natasha particularly liked it in him, — and replied that his son would not live with them.

"Why not?" asked Natasha.

"I could not take him away from his grandfather; and, besides" —

"How I should love him!" exclaimed Natasha, instantly divining his thought. "But I understand: you are anxious to avoid any excuse for misunderstandings between us."

The old count sometimes came to Prince Andrei, kissed him, and asked him his advice in regard to Petya's education, or Nikolai's advancement in the army. The old countess would sigh, as she looked at them. Sonya was always afraid that she was in the way, and tried to invent excuses for leaving them alone, even when they did not care to be. When Prince Andrei talked — and he was very admirable in conversation — Natasha would listen to him with pride; when she herself spoke, she noticed, with fear and joy, that he listened to her with attention, and scrutinized her keenly. She would ask herself in perplexity, "What is he searching for in me? What are his eyes trying to discover? Supposing he were not to find in me what he seeks to find?"

Occasionally, she was attacked by one of those absurd fits of mirth, peculiar to her, and then it was a delight for her to see and hear him laugh. He rarely laughed aloud, but when he did indulge in merriment, he gave himself up entirely to it; and always, after such an experience, she felt that she had grown nearer to him. Natasha would have been perfectly happy, if the thought of their parting, which was now near at hand, had not filled her with vague alarm: so much so that she grew pale and chill at the mere thought of it.

On the evening before his departure from Petersburg, Prince Andrei brought Pierre, who had not once called at the Rostofs since the evening of the ball. Pierre seemed confused, and out of spirits. He devoted all his attention to the countess. Natasha was sitting with Sonya, playing checkers; and this was in itself an invitation for Prince Andrei to join them. He did so.

"You have known Bezukhoi for a long time, have you not?" he asked. "Do you like him?"

"Yes, he is a splendid man; but very absurd." And, as was usually the case, when speaking of Pierre, she began to relate anecdotes of his heedlessness: anecdotes, many of which were wholly imaginary, as far as he was concerned.

"You know, I have told him our secret," said Prince Andrei. "I have known him since we were boys. His heart is true gold. I beg of you, Nathalie," said he, growing suddenly

grave. "I am going away. God knows what may happen: you may cease to lo—well, I know that I ought not to speak of this. One thing, though: in case anything should happen, after I am gone" —

"What could happen?"

"If there should be any misfortune," pursued Prince Andrei, "I beg you, Mademoiselle Sophie, if anything should happen, go to him for help and counsel. He may be a most heedless and absurd man, but his heart is the truest gold."

Not Natasha's father, or mother, or Sonya, or Prince Andrei himself, could have foreseen what an effect parting from her lover would have had upon Natasha. Flushed and excited, with burning eyes, she wandered all day long up and down the house, busying herself with the most insignificant things, as though she had no idea of what was going to happen. She did not shed a tear: even at the moment when he kissed her hand for the last time, and bade her farewell.

"Don't leave me," was all that she said; but these words were spoken in a voice that caused him to pause and consider whether it were really necessary for him to go away, and which he remembered long afterward.

Even after he had gone, she did not weep; but she staid in her room for many days, not shedding a tear; and she took no interest in anything, and only said from time to time, —

"Akh! Why did he go?"

But a fortnight after his departure, most unexpectedly to the household, she woke up out of this moral illness, and began to seem the same as formerly; except that her whole moral nature was changed, just as the faces of children change during protracted illness.

CHAPTER XXV.

PRINCE NIKOLAI ANDREYITCH BOLKONSKY's health and disposition grew much worse during the year that followed his son's absence. He became still more irritable than formerly; and all the explosions of his unreasonable anger were launched upon the Princess Mariya. It seemed as though he tried to search out all the tender spots of her nature, so as to torture her as atrociously as possible.

The Princess Mariya had two passions, and, therefore, two joys: her little nephew, Nikolushka, and religion; and both were favorite themes for the old prince's slurs and ridicule.

Whatever subject of conversation arose, he managed to bring in some reference to old maids' superstitions, or to the spoiling and over-indulging of children.

"Do you wish to make him" — he referred to Nikolushka — "an old maid, like yourself? It's all nonsense: Prince Andrei wants a son — not a girl," said he.

Or, turning to Mademoiselle Bourienne, he would ask her, in the princess's presence, how she liked our Russian popes and images; and again indulge in his bitter jests.

He seized every opportunity of wounding the Princess Mariya, in the most cruel way; but the poor girl found no trouble in forgiving him. He was her father; and she knew that he loved her, in spite of everything: how, then, could he be to blame toward her? how could he be unjust to her? Yes, and what was justice? That word "justice" — a concept, born of nothing but pride — had never occurred to her thoughts. All the complicated laws of men, for her, were summed up in the one clear and simple rule of love and self-denial, imposed upon us by Him, who, though he was God, so loved the world as to suffer for it. What mattered to her, then, the justice or injustice of men? It was necessary for her to suffer and to love, and this she did.

During the winter, Prince Andrei had come to Luisiya Gorui, and was more cheerful, gentle, and affectionate, than the Princess Mariya had seen him for a long time. She had a presentiment that something unusual had happened to him; but he said nothing to her about his love. Before he went away, he was closeted for a long time with his father, and the Princess Mariya noticed that each was displeased with the other.

Shortly after Prince Andrei's departure, the Princess Mariya wrote to her friend, Julie Karagina, who was at that time in Petersburg, and in mourning for her brother, who had been killed in Turkey. Like all young girls, the Princess Mariya had her dreams; and one of hers was, that Julie would yet become her brother's wife.

Affliction, my dear and affectionate friend Julie, is evidently the common lot of us all.

Your loss is so awful that I can only explain it as being a special providence of God; who, in his love for you, has seen fit to try you and your excellent mother. Ah! my dear friend, religion and religion alone, can — I will not say console us — but save us from despair; religion alone can make plain to us what, without her aid, it is impossible for man to comprehend: why, for what purpose, should beings who are good and noble, and best made to find happiness in life, who have not only never injured a living thing, but rather have sought only the happiness of others,

— why should they be recalled to God; while the base and the vicious, or those who are only a burden to themselves and others, are left to live?

The first death which I ever witnessed — and I shall never forget it — was that of my dear sister-in-law, and it produced upon me a wonderful impression. Just as you are now asking Fate why your charming brother had to die, so did I ask why this angelic Liza should be taken away, when she had never done the slightest wrong to any one, and never had anything but the purest thoughts in her soul. And since then, my dear friend, five years have passed away, and, even with my humble intelligence, I begin to clearly see why she had to die, and how her death may be regarded as merely the expression of the Creator's infinite goodness: all of Whose works, though for the most part beyond our comprehension, are but the manifestation of His boundless love to His creatures.

I often think that perhaps her purity was too angelic to be compatible with the force necessary to carry all the obligations of motherhood. As a young wife, she was beyond reproach: possibly, she might have failed as a mother. Now, although she has left us, and Prince Andrei in particular, the purest regret and sweetest memories, I am sure that she herself is in the enjoyment of that place which I dare not hope for myself to attain.

But, not to speak of her exclusively, this premature and terrible death has had a most salutary effect, notwithstanding all the sorrowfulness of it, upon my brother and myself.

These thoughts at that time would have been impossible. — at that time I should have repelled them with horror; but now this is plain, and beyond a peradventure. I write this to you, my friend, simply hoping that it may persuade you of the Gospel truth, which I have taken as the rule of my whole life: that not one hair from our head shall fall without His will. And His will is conditioned only by infinite love toward us; and, therefore, all that happens to us is for our good.

You ask if we are going to spend next winter in Moscow? In spite of all my desire to see you, I think it most improbable; and, indeed, I cannot think that it is for the best. And you will be amazed when I tell you that the reason of that is — Buonaparte! And this is why: my father's health has been failing of late; he cannot endure any contradiction, and has grown irritable. This irritability, as you may know, is especially excited by political affairs. He cannot endure the thought that Buonaparte has so managed as to put himself on an equality with all the sovereigns of Europe, and especially with ours — the grandson of the great Catherine! As you know, I am perfectly indifferent to politics; but from words spoken by my father, and from his discussions with Mikhail Ivanovitch, I know all that is going on in the world; and particularly about all the honors attained by Buonaparte, who, I should think is considered a great man, and not the least of the French emperors, all over the world, except at Luisiya Gorui!

And this is what my father will not admit! It seems to me that my father, precisely on account of his views of political affairs, and foreseeing the collisions which would infallibly take place, in consequence of his character — taking no account of any one when he expresses his opinions — feels unwilling to go to Moscow. All the gain that he would get, he would more than undo by the quarrels which would be sure to follow in regard to Buonaparte. At all events, the question is soon to be decided.

Our home life goes on in the old routine; except that my brother Andrei is away. As I have already written you, he has been very much changed of late. This year, for the first time since his affliction, he has

begun to lead a perfectly normal life: he has become what he was when he was a child, as I remember him: kind, affectionate, and with a truly golden heart, the like of which I never knew. He has learned, so it seems, to me, that his life, after all, is not yet ended. But together with this moral change, his physical health has deteriorated. He is far worse than before, more nervous. I am troubled about him, and I am glad that he has decided to take the trip abroad which the doctor long ago prescribed for him. I hope that it will effect a complete cure.

You write me that he is spoken of in Petersburg as one of the most industrious, cultivated, and intelligent young men of the day. Forgive a sister's pride, but I have never doubted it. It is impossible to estimate the good which he has accomplished here: beginning with his own peasantry, and including the nobility of the district. In going to Petersburg, he has received only what was due him.

I am amazed that rumors should have come from Petersburg to Moscow, and especially such false rumors as what you wrote me in regard to the supposed marriage of my brother to the little Rostova. I do not believe that my brother will ever marry again; and certainly he will not marry her. And this is my reason for thinking so: in the first place, I know that though he rarely mentions his late wife, yet he was too deeply afflicted by her loss ever to think of letting another fill her place in his heart, or of giving a stepmother to our little angel. In the second place, to the best of my knowledge, this young girl is not the sort of woman who would be likely to please Prince Andrei. I feel certain that he would not choose her for his wife; and I will frankly confess that I do not desire it.

But I have prattled too long, already: here I am, finishing my second sheet! Good-by, my dear friend. May God shield you under His Holy and Almighty wing. My dear companion, Mademoiselle Bourienne, sends her love.

MARIE.

CHAPTER XXVI.

IN the middle of the summer, the Princess Mariya received a letter from her brother, from Switzerland, in which he confided the strange and surprising news of his engagement to Natasha. His whole letter breathed enthusiastic devotion for his "bride," and affectionate and trusting love for his sister. He wrote that he had never before loved as he loved now; and that now only did he realize and understand the meaning of life; he besought his sister to pardon him for not having said anything to her about this at his visit at Luisiya Gorui, although he had confided his intention to his father.

He had not told her because the Princess Mariya would have endeavored to persuade their father to grant his request; and if she had failed, it would have irritated him, and the whole weight of his displeasure would have come upon her.

"Moreover," he wrote, "the matter was not so definitely settled as it is now. Then, my father had set a term of proba

tion — a year ; and now, already, six months have slipped away, half of the designated term, and I remain firmer than ever fixed in my determination. If the doctors had not detained me here at the springs, I should have been back in Russia ere this ; but now I must postpone my return for three months longer. You know me, and how I am situated in regard to my father : I really need nothing from him ; I have been, and shall be always, independent of him ; but to act contrary to his wishes, to incur his anger, when, perhaps, he has so short a time to remain among us, would destroy half of my happiness. I have just been writing him a letter in regard to this, and I beg of you, if you can find a favorable moment, give him this letter, and inform me how he receives it, and whether there is any hope that he will consent to shorten the term by three months."

After a long period of indecision, doubting, and prayer, the princess handed the letter to her father. The day following, the old prince said to her, without any show of excitement, —

"Write to your brother to wait till I'm dead — it won't be long — he'll soon be free."

The princess tried to make some reply ; but her father would not hear to it, and his voice began to rise higher and higher, —

"Marry, marry, my little dove ! Fine family ! Clever people, ha ? Rich ? ha ! Yes, a fine stepmother for the little Nikolushka she'll make. Write him that he may marry her to-morrow, if he wishes. She'll make a fine stepmother for Nikolushka, and I'll marry Bourienka ! Ha ! ha ! ha ! so that *he* may have a stepmother as well ! There's one thing, though, there's no room for any more women here : let him marry, and go and live by himself. Perhaps you'd like to go and live with him ?" said he, turning to the Princess Mariya : "Go, then, in God's name : through ice and snow — ice and snow — ice and snow !"

After this explosion, the old prince said nothing more on that score, but his restrained vexation at his son's weakness was expressed in his treatment of his daughter. And he now had new themes for his sarcasm, in addition to his old ones : namely, stepmothers, and his admiration for Mademoiselle Bourienne.

"Why should I not marry her ?" he asked his daughter. "She would make a splendid princess !"

And the Princess Mariya began to notice, with perplexity and amazement, that her father more and more tried to have the Frenchwoman about him as much as possible. The Princess

Mariya wrote Prince Andrei how their father had received his letter; but she tried to comfort her brother, giving him to hope that her father might be dissuaded from this notion.

Nikolushka and his education. Andrei, and religion, were the Princess Mariya's consolation and delight: but, as every human being must cherish some individual aspiration, so also the Princess Mariya had, in the deepest depths of her soul, secret dreams and hopes, which constituted a higher consolation even than the others. This consoling dream and hope was represented to her mind by the "Men of God," the pilgrims and fanatics, who came to see her without the old prince's knowledge.

The longer the princess Mariya lived, and the more experience she got out of life, by carefully observing it, the more she marvelled at the short-sightedness of men who seek here on earth all their enjoyment and delight: who toil and moil, and battle and struggle, and do evil to one another, in order to follow these impossible, shameful phantoms of happiness. Prince Andrei loved his wife; she died: he was all ready to find his happiness in another woman. His father objected to this, because he desired for his son a more distinguished and wealthy alliance. And thus all men struggled, and suffered, and tortured themselves, and risked the loss of their souls, their immortal souls, for the sake of attaining joys which were merely transitory.

"Not only do we know this ourselves, but Christ, the son of God, came down to earth and taught us that this life is fleeting, a short probation; and yet we cling to it always, and expect to find happiness in it. How is it that no one comprehends this?" asked the Princess Mariya. "None except these despised Men of God, who come to me with wallets on their shoulders, climbing the back stairs, for fear lest they should meet the prince: not to avoid suffering, but for the sake of preventing him from committing a sin. To forsake family and fatherland, and forswear all endeavor to get earthly good; to form no ties, and to wander under an assumed name, in hempen rags, from place to place, doing no harm to any one, and praying for people, praying for those who persecute you, as well as for those who give you protection;—there is no truth, and no life, higher than that!"

There was one pilgrim woman, Fedosyushka,—a little, gentle, pock-marked woman, fifty years old,—who had been for thirty years wandering about the world barefooted, and wearing penitential chains. The Princess Mariya was especially fond of

her. Once, in the solitude of her chamber, feebly illumined only by the lampadka or shrine lamp, when Fedosyushka had been telling about her experiences, the thought that the pilgrim woman had found the only true path of life suddenly came over her with such appealing force that she herself resolved to go on a pilgrimage. After Fedosyushka had retired to rest, the Princess Mariya long pondered the matter in her own mind, and at last resolved, no matter how unusual it was, that it was her duty to make this pilgrimage. She confided her resolve only to the monk, who was her confessor, and the confessor gave the plan his approval. Under the pretext that she was going to help some pilgrim, the Princess Mariya sent and purchased a pilgrim's complete outfit: shirt, lapti, or bast shoes, a kaftan, and a black kerchief. Frequently she would go to the curtained commode, where she kept them, and stand irresolute, wondering whether the time had not yet come for her to carry out her vow.

Oftentimes, when she heard the stories told by the pilgrims, she would be stirred by their simple narratives, which to her were full of profound meaning, though so mechanically repeated by them; till, oftentimes, she was ready to renounce everything and flee from her home. In her imagination she already saw herself and Fedosyushka, in filthy rags, tramping along with staff and birch-bark wallet, over the dusty highway, rambling about from one saint's shrine to another: without envy, without the love of her fellows, without desires; and, at the end of all, journeying thither where there is no regret and no tears, but eternal joy and felicity.

"I shall go to a place where there is a saint: I shall pray there; but before I get attached to the place, or love any one, I shall pass on. And I shall keep wandering on until my limbs fail under me, and then I shall lie down and die anywhere; and then, at last, I shall reach that eternal haven of peace where there is no regret and no sorrow!" said the Princess Mariya to herself.

But later, when she saw her father, and especially the little Koko, her resolve lost its force; she shed a few quiet tears, and had the consciousness that she was a sinner: she loved her father and her nephew more than God.

PART FOURTH.

CHAPTER I.

THE biblical tradition tells us that absence of work, idleness, constituted the first man's happiness before the fall. A love for idleness remains just the same, even in fallen man; but the curse still hangs over mankind, and it is impossible for us to be slothful and easy-going: not alone because we are required to earn our bread in the sweat of our brow, but by the very conditions of our moral nature. A secret voice warns us that to be idle is for us a sin. If it were possible for a man to find a situation where he could feel that he was of use in the world, and fulfilling his duty while still remaining idle, he would have found one of the conditions of primeval bliss. And such a condition of obligatory and irreproachable idleness is enjoyed by a whole class of society — the military. And this state of obligatory and irreproachable idleness always has been and will be the chief attraction of military service.

Nikolai Rostof had been enjoying this felicity to the full, having continued since 1807 to serve in the Pavlograd regiment: he was now commander of the squadron of which Denisof had been deprived. Rostof had grown into a rather rough but kindly young fellow, whom his Moscow acquaintances would have found sufficiently *mauvais genre*; but who was loved and respected by his comrades, his subordinates as well as his superiors, and he was well satisfied with his existence. Latterly, in 1809, in letters from home, he had found more and more frequent complaints from his mother that their pecuniary affairs were going from bad to worse, and that it would be seasonable for him to come home and give his old parents some joy and consolation.

In reading over these letters, Nikolai felt a sensation of alarm at the thought of being torn from a condition of life where he found himself so quiet and tranquil, far removed from the busy turmoil of society. He had a presentiment that, sooner or later, he should be dragged again into that

whirlpool of life: with its wasteful expenditure, and re-arrangement of affairs; with its accounts to verify; with its quarrels, intrigues, obligations; with the demands of society, and with Sonya's love, and the necessity of an explanation. All this was terribly difficult and confused; and he answered his mother's letters with cold formality, beginning, *Ma chère maman*, and concluding with *Votre obéissant fils*, and studiously refrained from setting any time for his return home.

In 1810 he received a letter from his parents, who informed him of the engagement between Natasha and Bolkonsky, and that the wedding was put off for a year, on account of the old prince refusing his sanction. This news grieved and disgusted Nikolai. In the first place, he was pained at the thought of losing Natasha from the household, for he was fonder of her than the other members of the family: in the second place, he was annoyed, from his point of view as a hussar, that he had not been on hand to make this Bolkonsky understand that this alliance was not a very great honor; and that if he loved Natasha he might have married her, even without his scatter-brained father's consent.

For a moment he almost made up his mind to ask for leave of absence, so as to see Natasha before she was married; but just then came the army manœuvres, he remembered Sonya and the various entanglements, and once more he postponed it.

But in the spring of that same year he received a letter from his mother, who wrote without the count's knowledge, and this letter prompted him to go. She wrote that if he did not come, and did not assume the management of their affairs, their whole property would have to be sold by auction, and they would all be thrown upon the world. The count was so weak, he had such confidence in Mitenka, he was so good-natured and so easily cheated by every one, that everything was going from bad to worse. "For God's sake, I beg of you, come immediately, unless you wish to make me and all the family unhappy," wrote the countess.

This letter had its effect upon Nikolai. He was possessed of the sound common sense of mediocrity, and it told him that this was his duty.

Now, it was requisite that he should go on leave of absence if not upon the retired list. He could not have explained why he had to go; but, after his siesta, he commanded his roan stallion Mars to be saddled—he had not been out for a long time, and was at any time a terribly fiery steed; and when he brought him home all in a lather, he explained to Lav-

rushika, — Denisof's man had staid on with Rostof, — and to his comrades who dropped in that afternoon, that he had obtained leave of absence, and was going home.

How hard it was for him to realize that he was going to absent himself from army life — the only thing that especially interested him — and fail to find whether he had been promoted, or granted the "Anna," for the last manœuvres! How strange it was to think that he was going away before he had sold that troika, or three span, of roans to the Polish Count Holuchowsky, which they had been negotiating about, and which Rostof had wagered would bring two thousand rubles! How impossible to realize that he should miss the ball which the hussars were going to give to the Pani Pscazdeczka, in order to pique the Uhlans, who had given a ball to their Pani Borzjozowska! He knew that he must leave, go away from all this bright, pleasant existence, and go where everything was trouble and turmoil.

At the end of a week he was granted his leave of absence. His comrades of the hussars, not only those of his regiment, but of the whole brigade, gave him a dinner which cost them fifteen rubles a head: they had two bands to play, and two choruses to sing for them. Rostof danced the *trepaká* with Major Basof; the tipsy officers "tossed" him, embraced him, and deposited him on the ground again; the soldiers of the third squadron once more "tossed" him and cried hurrah. Then they carried him to his sledge, and escorted him as far as the first station.

As is usually the case, Rostof's thoughts during the first half of his journey, from Kremenchug to Kief, were retrospective of matters connected with his squadron; but after he had passed the half-way, he began to forget about the troika of roans, his quartermaster Dozheiveik, and anxious questions began to arise in his mind as to what he should find at Otradnoye. The nearer he came to his home, the more powerfully he was affected by his forebodings: as though this mental state were based upon the same law as that of the swiftness of falling bodies being according to the square of the distance. At the Otradnoye station he gave the driver three rubles for vodka, and, all out of breath, rushed up the steps of the old home like a schoolboy.

After the first enthusiastic greetings, and after that strange sense of vague disappointment at the reality falling short of expectation, — "Everything is just the same; why, then, have I hastened so?" — Nikolai began to become wonted to the old

home life again. His father and mother were the same, except that they had grown a trifle older. He detected a peculiar restlessness about them, and sometimes a slight coldness between them, which was a new thing: and which Nikolai, as soon as he discovered it, attributed to the unfortunate condition of their affairs.

Sonya was now about twenty years old. She had reached the zenith of her beauty, and gave no promise that she would ever surpass what she already was; even thus, she was pretty enough. She simply breathed happiness and love from the moment that Nikolai came home, and this maiden's faithful, unfaltering love for him had a delightful effect upon him.

Nikolai was more than all surprised at Petya and Natasha. Petya had grown into a tall, handsome, frolicsome, but still intelligent, lad of thirteen, whose voice was already beginning to break. It was long before Nikolai could get over his amazement at Natasha, and he said, laughing, as he gazed at her, —

“You're not at all the same person!”

“What! have I changed for the worse?”

“Quite the contrary; but what dignity, princess!” * said he, in a whisper.

“Yes, yes, yes,” exclaimed Natasha gleefully.

Natasha told him her romance with Prince Andrei, and about his visit to Otradnoye, and showed him her last letter from him.

“Tell me! Are you not glad for me?” she asked. “I am so calm, so happy now.”

“Yes, very glad,” replied Nikolai. “He is a splendid man. — And are you very much in love with him?”

“How can I tell you?” replied Natasha. “I was in love with Boris, and with my teacher, and with Denisof, and — but this is not at all the same. My mind is serene and decided. I know that there is not a better man to be found, and so I feel perfectly calm and happy. It is entirely different from what it used to be — before” —

Nikolai expressed to Natasha his dissatisfaction that the wedding was to be postponed a year; but Natasha, with some show of exasperation, contended that it could not have been otherwise, that it would have been disgraceful to force her way into his family against his father's will, and that she herself had insisted upon it.

* The point of this lies in his calling her *knyaginya*, the title of a married princess, as *knyazhna* is that of one unmarried.

"You don't in the least, in the least, understand the necessities of the case," said she. Nikolai said no more, and acquiesced. He often marvelled as he looked at her. She was absolutely unlike a girl deeply in love and separated from her betrothed. Her temper was calm and even, and she was as merry as in days gone by. This was a surprise to Nikolai, and even made him look with some incredulity at her engagement with Bolkonsky. He could not make up his mind that her fate was as yet fully decided, the more from the fact that he had not seen Prince Andrei with her. It seemed to him all the time that there was something that was not as it should be in this proposed marriage.

"Why this postponement? Why are they not formally betrothed?" he asked himself. Once, when speaking with his mother about his sister, he found to his surprise, and to a certain degree his satisfaction, that his mother also did not in the depths of her heart feel any great confidence in the engagement.

"This is what he writes," said she, showing her son a letter which she had received from Prince Andrei, with that secret feeling of discontent which a mother always has toward her daughter's future married happiness. "He writes that he will not be back before December. What do you suppose can detain him so? It must be he is ill. His health is very delicate. Do not say anything to Natasha. Don't be surprised that she is happy: these are the last days of her girlhood; and I know how it affects her whenever we get a letter from him. However, it is all in God's hands, and all will be well," she concluded; adding as usual, "He is a splendid man."

CHAPTER II.

THE first days after Nikolai's return, he was grave, and even depressed. He was tormented by the present necessity of making an investigation into the stupid details of the household economy, for which his mother had begged him to come home. On the third day after his return, in order to get this burden from his shoulders as soon as possible, he went, with contracted brows, sternly, and not giving himself time to decide what he was going to do, to the wing where Mitenka lived, and demanded of him the "accounts of everything." What he meant by the "accounts of everything," he had even less of an idea

than Mitenka; who, nevertheless, was thrown into alarm and perplexity.

Mitenka's explanations about his accounts were soon finished. The *stárosta* of the estate, and the *stárosta* of the commune, who were waiting in the anteroom, listened with terror and satisfaction at first, as the young count's voice began to grow fiercer and louder; while they could distinguish terrible words of abuse, following one upon another.

"You brigand, you ungrateful wretch! — I'll whip you like a dog! — You're not dealing with my *pápenka* this time," and words of the like import.

Then these men, with no less satisfaction and terror, saw the young count, all flushed, and with bloodshot eyes, dragging Mitenka by the collar, and re-enforcing his efforts with very dexterous applications of his knees and feet, whenever the pauses between his words gave him a convenient chance; while he cried at the top of his voice, "Get out of here! you villain! Don't you ever show your face here again!"

Mitenka flew down the six steps head first, and landed in a bed of shrubbery. This shrubbery was a famous place of refuge for delinquents at Otradnoye. Mitenka himself, when he returned tipsy from town, was wont to hide in it; and many of the inhabitants of Otradnoye, trying to get out of Mitenka's way, knew the advantages of this place as a refuge.

Mitenka's wife and her sister, with terror-stricken faces, peered out of the door of the room, where a polished *samovár* was bubbling, and where the high-post bedstead affected by overseers could be seen, covered with a patchwork quilt.

The young count, all out of breath, and giving them no attention, strode by them with resolute steps, and went into the house.

The countess, who had heard from the maids all that had taken place in the wing, was, in one sense, delighted at the direction which their affairs were now evidently going to take; and in another she was disquieted at the way in which her son had taken hold of the matter.

She went several times on tiptoe to his door, and listened as he smoked one pipe after another.

The next day, the old count called Nikolai to one side, and with a timid smile, said, —

"But do you know, my dear, you wasted your fire! Mitenka has told me all about it."

"I knew," thought Nikolai, "that I should never accomplish anything here, in this idiotic world."

"You were angry with him because he did not reckon in those seven hundred rubles. But, do you know, they were carried over, and you did not look on the other page."

"Pápenka, he is a scoundrel and a thief: I know he is! And what I have done, I have done. But if you don't wish it, I won't say anything more to him about it."

"No, my dear." The count was also confused. He was conscious that he himself had been a bad administrator of his wife's estate, and that he was guilty toward their children; but he did not know how to set things right. "No, I beg of you, take charge of our affairs; I am old, I" —

"No, pápenka, forgive me if I have done anything disagreeable to you; I am less able to attend to it than you are. — The devil take these muzhiks, and accounts, and carryings over," he said to himself. "I used to know well enough what quarter stakes on a six at faro meant; but this carrying over to the next page, I don't know anything about it at all," said he to himself; and from that time forth, he gave no more attention to their pecuniary affairs. Once, however, the countess called her son to her, and told him that she had a note of hand given her by Anna Mikhailovna, for two thousand rubles, and she asked Nikolai's advice as to what ought to be done about it.

"This is what I think," replied Nikolai. "You have told me that I was to decide the question. Well, I don't like Anna Mikhailovna, and I don't like Boris; but they have been friends of ours, and are poor. This is what we will do, then!" and he took the note and tore it in two; and this action made the old countess actually sob with delight.

After this, the young Rostof entirely forswore interference with their business matters, and entered with passionate enthusiasm into the delights of hunting with the hounds, for which the old count set him an example on a large scale.

CHAPTER III.

ALREADY the wintry frosts had begun, each morning, to chain up the soil, soaked by the autumnal rains; already there was green only in patches, and these made a vivid contrast against the strips of brownish stubble-fields, trodden down by the cattle, and the patches of winter or spring wheat, or the russet lines of the buckwheat fields. The forest tree-tops, which even as early as the end of August had been green islands amid the black fields of winter wheat and the corn stubble, were now

golden and crimson islands amid the fields of bright green wheat.

The gray hare had already more than half changed his coat; the foxes were beginning to quit their holes, and young wolves were larger than dogs. It was the very height of the hunting season. The hounds belonging to that eager young huntsman, Rostof, were now in excellent training for their work; but they had been taken out so assiduously, that, by the general advice of the whippers-in, it had been decided to give them three days' rest, and to set upon the 28th of September for the hunt; at which time they would begin with a certain dense forest, where there was a litter of young wolves.

Such was the state of affairs on the 26th of September.

All that day the hunting train was at home. It had been bitter cold, but toward evening it grew warmer and began to thaw. On the morning of the twenty-seventh, when young Rostof went in his dressing-gown to his window, he looked out upon a morning which could not have been better for hunting: the very sky seemed to be melting and flooding out over the earth. There was no sign of a breeze. The only motion in the air was that faint stir of microscopic drops of mist or fog, falling from above. On the bare limbs of the park trees, transparent drops hung and fell on the leaves that carpeted the ground. The garden soil had a peculiar black and glistening appearance, like poppy, and within a short distance lost itself under the dim and moist curtain of fog.

Nikolai stepped out upon the wet doorsteps, all covered with mud. There was an odor of dying forest vegetation, and of dogs. Milka, the black-spotted bitch, with broad hind-quarters, and big black goggle eyes, got up when she saw her master, stretched herself back, and lay down like a hare; then unexpectedly leaped up and licked his face and ears. Another dog, a greyhound, seeing his master, came bounding up the garden path, arching his back, and impetuously raising his helm (that is, his tail), began to rub around Nikolai's legs.

"O hoi!" rang out at this moment that inimitable huntsman's call, which comprises in itself the deepest bass and the clearest tenor, and around the corner appeared the whipper-in and hunter, Danilo: a grizzled, wrinkled man, with his hair cropped, leaving a knob, after the fashion of the Ukraina, and carrying a long whip, with curling lash. He had that independent expression and scorn for all the world, so characteristic of huntsmen. He took off his Circassian cap in his barin's presence, and looked at him scornfully. This expres-

sion of scorn was not meant to be insulting to the barin: Nikolai knew that, scornful and superior as this Danilo seemed to be, he was, nevertheless, his devoted servant and huntsman.

"Danila!" said Nikolai, with a timid consciousness that in this perfect hunting weather, with these dogs, and this huntsman, he was seized by that indefinable passion for hunting which makes a man forget all his former good resolutions like a fond lover in the presence of his mistress.

"What do you please to require, your illustriousness?" asked a deep, antiphonal bass, hoarse with shouting at the hounds; and two bright black eyes gazed out from under the brows at the silent barin. "Well, and can't you resist?" these two eyes seemed to be asking.

"Fine day, isn't it? A chase and a race, hey?" asked Nikolai, pulling Milka's ears.

Danilo said nothing, and winked his eyes.

"I sent Uvarka out at sunrise this morning to listen," said his deep bass, after a minute's pause. "He says *she's* drawn into the Otradnensky *zakás*, and they're howling there." (He meant that a *she-wolf*, which they both knew about, had gone with her whelps into the Otradnensky forest preserves, which was a small detached property, about two versts from the house.)

"Well, we must go after them, mustn't we?" said Nikolai. "Come with Uvarka, will you?"

"Just as you order!"

"See they are fed, then."

"All right!"

In five minutes, Danilo and Uvarka were standing in Nikolai's great library. Though Danilo was not very tall, the sight of him in the room irresistibly made one think of a horse, or a bear, surrounded by furniture and the conditions of civilized life: Danilo was himself conscious of this, and, according to his habit, stood as near the door as possible, striving to talk in an unnaturally low tone, and to keep from moving, lest he should break something, and saying what he had to say as rapidly as possible, so as to get out into the open air, under the sky, instead of the ceiling.

Having asked the requisite number of questions, and elicited from Danilo—who was fully as anxious himself to go—the information that it would not hurt the dogs any, Nikolai ordered the horses to be saddled. But just as Danilo was on the point of leaving the room, Natasha came hurrying in with swift steps, not having stopped to do up her hair, or

finish dressing, but wearing her nurse's shawl. Petya came running in with her.

"Are you going?" asked Natasha. "I thought so! Sonya declared that you were not going. I knew that to-day was such a perfect day that you would have to go."

"Yes, we're going," curtly replied Nikolai, who, as he intended to make a serious business of hunting that day, had no wish to take Natasha and Petya. "We are going; but after wolves only: it wouldn't amuse you."

"You know that is just what I like best of anything," said Natasha. "It's too bad to be going yourself, and to have the horses saddled, and say never a word to us!"

"'Vain are obstacles to Russians!' come on!" cried Petya.

"Yes, but you can't go; mámenka told you that it was out of the question," said Nikolai, turning to Natasha.

"Yes, I am going; I certainly am going," insisted Natasha firmly.

"Danila, have the saddles put on for us, and have Mikhaila bring around my leash," said she, addressing the whipper-in.

It had been trying and uncomfortable for Danilo to be in the confinement of the room; but to receive an order from the young lady seemed incredible. He cast down his eyes, and made haste to go, pretending that it did not concern him, and striving not to strike against her in any way.

CHAPTER IV.

THE old count, who had always kept up an immense hunting establishment, had turned it over to his son's management; but on this day, the 27th of September, feeling particularly cheerful, he determined to be of the party.

In two hours the whole hunt was gathered at the front door-steps. Nikolai, with a grave and solemn face, which made it evident that he could not be distracted by trifles, walked right by Natasha and Petya, without heeding what they said to him. He personally inspected everything, sent forward the pack with the huntsmen, mounted his sorrel Donets; and, whistling to the dogs of his own leash, he started off through the threshing-floor into the field that stretched toward the Otradnensky preserves. The old count's steed, a dun-colored gelding, named Viflyanka, was in charge of the count's groom: he himself was to ride in his drozhsky straight to the muset which he had designated.

The whole number of hounds brought together was fifty four, together with six whippers-in and feeders. Beside the gentlemen, there were also eight greyhound-grooms, followed by more than twoscore greyhounds; so that with the master's dogs in leash, there were, all told, about one hundred and thirty dogs, and twenty mounted huntsmen.

Each dog knew who his master was, and answered to his call. Each man knew his duty, his place, and his work.

As soon as they had ridden beyond the hedge, all, without unnecessary noise or talking, galloped smoothly and evenly along the road, and then struck into the fields that led to the Otradnensky preserves.

As soon as the horses were out of the beaten track, they made their way across the field, as though it were a carpet of yielding grass, occasionally splashing through pools of water. The misty sky continued the same, and the moisture fell monotonously to the ground. The air was calm, mild, unresonant. Occasionally were heard a huntsman's whistle, the snorting of a horse, the crack of the long lash, and the whine of a dog crouching down in his place.

After they had ridden about a verst, suddenly out of the fog loomed five more riders with dogs, coming to meet the Rostofs. In front of them rode a hale and hearty old man, with heavy gray mustachios.

"Good-morning, 'little uncle,'"* cried Nikolai, as the old man rode up to him.

"Here's a how-de-do!† I was sure of it," said the old man. He was a neighbor and distant relative of the Rostofs—a landed proprietor of small means. "I knew it, you could not resist it, and it's good you came. Here's a how-de-do!" This was a favorite phrase of the old man's. "Look out for the cover, double quick, for my Girchik reports that the Ilagins, and all their train, are in at Korniki, and they might—here's a how-de-do!—might snatch the litter away from under our very noses!"

"That's where I am going. Say, shall we join packs?" asked Nikolai.

They united all the hounds into one large pack, and the old man, whom Nikolai called "little uncle," rode along by his side. Natasha, muffled up in shawls, out of which peered her eager

* *Dydāyushka*, diminutive.

† *Chistoye dyelo marsch!* An almost meaningless semi-military phrase. Literally: "Clean thing! forward!"—invented by the speaker, and characteristic of him.

face, with bright, glistening eyes, galloped up to them, followed by Petya and Mikhailo, the huntsman, who were her inseparable companions, and by a groom, who was delegated to attend her. Petya was full of glee, and kept whipping up and hauling in his horse. Natasha sat firmly and gracefully on her raven black Arabchik, and reined him in with a practised hand, though without force.

The "little uncle" looked disapprovingly at Petya and Natasha. He did not believe in combining frivolities with the serious business of hunting.

"Good-morning, 'little uncle;' we are going too," shouted Petya.

"Good-morning to you, good-morning; don't ride the dogs down!" cried the old man severely.

"Nikolenka, what a splendid dog Trunila is! He knew me!" said Natasha, pointing to her favorite greyhound.

"Trunila, in the first place, is not a dog, but a hound," mused Nikolai, and gave his sister a stern glance, trying to make her realize the immense distance that separated them at that moment. Natasha realized it.

"Don't you imagine, 'little uncle,' that we shall be in any one's way," said Natasha. "We will stay in our own places and not stir."

"An excellent idea, little countess," * said the "little uncle." "But mind you don't fall off your horse," he added. "For you see,—here's a how-de-do!—you see you've nothing to hold on by!"

The "island" of the Otradnensky preserve was now in sight, two or three hundred yards distant, and the cavalcade rode up toward it. Rostof and the "little uncle" having definitely decided where they should set in the hounds, and shown Natasha her post, a place where there was not the slightest chance of anything ever passing, crossed through a ravine into the woods.

"Well, little nephew, stand on solid ground," said the "little uncle." "Take care not to let her get by."

"That depends," replied Rostof. "Phit! Karai!" he cried; by this call answering the old man's words. Karai was an aged, deformed, ugly-faced hound, famous for having once tackled by himself a she-wolf.

All got to their posts.

The old count, knowing his son's passionate zeal for hunting, had made good time, so as not to be behindhand; and the caval-

* *Grafnyetchka.*

cade had scarcely reached the preserve, when Ilya Andreyitch, cheerful and ruddy, with shaking cheeks, came jolting across the fields, behind his three black horses, and was set down at the muset which he had selected. Smoothing out his fur shuba, and getting his hunting equipment, he mounted his glossy Vitlyanka, fat, kind, and steady, and as gray as himself. The horses and the drozhsky were sent home. Count Ilya Andreyitch, although not a keen huntsman at heart, nevertheless was well acquainted with the rules of venery; and he rode off to the edge of the forest, gathered up his reins, settled himself in the saddle, and, feeling conscious that he was all ready, glanced around, with a smile.

Near him stood his valet, an old-fashioned but heavy rider, Semyon Chekmar. Chekmar held in leash three fierce-looking wolf-hounds, not less fat and sleek than master and horse. Two dogs, old and intelligent enough to be out of leash, stretched themselves out on the ground. A hundred paces farther along the edge of the forest was stationed the count's second whipper-in, Mitka, a splendid rider, and passionate huntsman. The count, in accordance with time-honored custom, before the hunt began, drank a silver cup full of *zap-ekánotchka*, or root brandy, took a snack of lunch, and then drank a half-bottle of his favorite Bordeaux.

Ilya Andreyitch was a trifle flushed from the wine and the ride; his eyes grew moist, and had a peculiar gleam; and as he sat in his saddle, muffled in his shuba, he had the aspect of a child who has been got ready for a ride.

The lean Chekmar, with sunken cheeks, having got things settled to his satisfaction, looked up at his barin, whose inseparable companion he had been for upwards of thirty years, and perceiving that he was in good humor, waited for some pleasant talk. Just then a third person rode up cautiously — evidently the result of careful training — and, coming out from behind the woods, paused not far from the count.

This individual was an old man, with a gray beard, in a woman's capote and high collar. This was the buffoon who bore the woman's name, Nastasya Ivanovna.

"Well, Nastasya Ivanovna," said the old count to him in a whisper, and giving him a wink, "if you should dare to scare away the brute, Danila would give it to you!"

"I can defend myself," said Nastasya Ivanovna.

"Sh-sh-sh-sh-sh!" hissed the count, and, turning to Semyon, he asked, "Have you seen Natalia Ilyinitchna? — Where is she?"

"She and Piotr Ilyitch were stationed in the high grass* near Zharovo," replied Semyon, with a smile. "She's a lady, but she's going to have a great hunt all the same."

"And aren't you surprised, Semyon, to see how she rides — hey?" asked the count. "She rides as well as a man!"

"Of course, I'm surprised. Such daring! such skill!"

"And where is Nikolasha? On Lyadovo hill, I suppose?" asked the count, in a whisper.

"That's where he is. He knows well enough where the best places are. And he rides so cleverly too: Danila and I were thunderstruck at him the other day," replied Semyon, knowing what would please the count.

"He rides well, does he? Hey? Fine fellow on a horse, is he? Hey?"

"Like a picture! How he run that fox t'other day out of the steppe at Zavarzino! How he did gallop out of the woods, 'twas a caution! Horse worth a thousand, but the rider beyond price! 'Twould be a hard job to find such another young fellow."

"It would, indeed," interposed the count, regretting that Semyon did not spin his story out longer. "'Twould be a hard job, would it?" turning back the flap of his shubka, and searching for his snuff-box.

"Then the other day, coming out of mass, in all his regalia, when *Mikhail-to Sidoruitch*" —

But Semyon did not conclude his sentence, having distinctly heard, owing to the stillness of the atmosphere, the howling of a hound or two, signifying that the hunt was on: he bent down his head, and listened, and gave a warning gesture to his barin.

"They are after the whelps!" he whispered. "They are making straight for Lyadovskaya."

The count, with the smile still lingering on his lips, gazed into the distance, along the dike, and held the snuff-box in his hand, forgetting to take a pinch. Instantly following the baying of the hounds came the signal that the wolf was found, sounded on Danilo's heavy horn. Then the pack united their voices with those of the first three hounds; and then they could hear the hounds breaking in, across the ravine, with that peculiar howl which is the sign to the huntsman that they have discovered the wolf. The riders had not yet begun to egg on the dogs, but were uttering the *uliulin*; and louder than all rang out Danilo's voice, now in bass, now in piercingly

* *Buryan*, steppe-grass.

shrill notes: it seemed as though his voice filled the whole forest, and burst out beyond the forest bounds, and rang far over the fields.

After listening for a number of seconds in silence, the count and his groom were convinced that the hunt had divided into two packs. The larger half, vehemently giving tongue, were driving farther afield: the other pack were rushing along the forest past the count, while behind them was heard Danilo's *uliulin*. The sounds mingled and melted together, but seemed to be growing fainter in the distance. Semyon sighed, and stooped down to disentangle his leash, a young puppy having got the cords mixed up. The count also sighed; and, noticing that he had his snuff-box still in his hand, opened it and took out a pinch of snuff.

"Back," cried Semyon to the young hound, which was trying to make for the woods. The count was startled, and dropped his snuff-box. Nastasya Ivanovna dismounted, and was just on the point of picking it up. The count and Semyon were looking at him. Suddenly, as often happens, the sounds of the hunt came nearer, and it seemed as though the baying mouths of the dogs and Danilo's *uliulin* were directly upon them.

The count looked round, and at his right saw Mitka, who, with starting eyes, was staring at him, and, lifting his cap, directed his attention in front of him to the other side.

"Look out!" he shouted, in such a voice that it was evident that this word had been for some time painfully struggling to escape. And, letting loose his leash, he dashed in the count's direction. The count and Semyon sprang out from the cover, and saw at their left a wolf swinging easily along, and with a noiseless lope making for the very cover where they had been in hiding. The ferocious dogs yelped, and, tearing themselves free from the leash, flung themselves after the wolf, almost under the legs of the horses.

The wolf paused in his course, awkwardly, like one suffering with the quinsy, turned his head, with its wide forehead, in the direction of the dogs, and then again with the same easy, waddling gait, gave one spring, and then another, and shaking his "stump" (tail), disappeared in the cover.

At the same instant, with a roar that rather resembled a whine, from the opposite edge of the forest, appeared first one, then a second, then a third, hound, and then the whole pack came pouring out into the field, in the very track by which the wolf had sneaked away and escaped. On the heels of the

hounds, appeared Danilo's horse, all black with sweat, breaking through the hazel bushes. Over his long back, bending forward, and doubled up like a ball, sat Danilo, hatless, with his gray hair dishevelled and falling around his sweaty face.

"*Uliuliui!* *Uliui!*" he was shouting. When he saw the count, his eyes flashed fire.

"You sh" — he began, menacing the count with his upraised whip-handle. "You've lost that wolf! What hunters!"

And as though scorning to have further conversation with the confused and startled count, he gave the wet flank of his chestnut stallion the wrathful blow which had been directed against the count, and dashed after the hounds. The count, like one who had been chastised, remained motionless; and, looking around with a scared smile, was going to try to gather sympathy for his situation from Semyon. But Semyon had disappeared: he was riding in and out of the bushes, trying to start the wolf up from the thicket. The masters of the greyhounds also were beating up the brute from all sides. But the wolf had made his way into the bushes, and not a single hunter got sight of him.

CHAPTER V.

NIKOLAI ROSTOF, meantime, had not left his post, and was anxiously expecting the brute. By the nearer and more distant sounds of the hunt; by the baying of the hounds, whose voices he could distinguish; by the shouts of the whippers-in, advancing and retreating, — he had an idea of what was going on in the "island." He knew that the "island" sheltered growing and full-grown wolves; that is, old wolves and their whelps. He knew that the hounds had divided into two packs; that in one place they were on the right scent, and that elsewhere they had met with bad luck. He expected each second to see the beast making in his direction. He made a thousand different conjectures as to which side the brute would come out, and how he should attack him. His heart was filled with mingled hope and despair.

Several times he offered up a prayer to God that the wolf might come in his way: he prayed with that sense of passionate anxiety with which men are wont to pray under the influence of some powerful excitement, even though it may be due to the most trivial cause.

"Now what would it be to Thee," he said in his prayer, "to

do this for me? I know that Thou art mighty, and that it is a sin to ask Thee for such a thing; but for God's sake let an old full-grown wolf come my way, and let Karai get a death clutch on her throat, in sight of the 'little uncle' who keeps glancing over in this direction."

A thousand times during that half-hour, Rostof swept his eyes eagerly, restlessly, and with stubborn purpose, around that thicket of forest, where two mighty oaks looked down upon the aspen underbrush; and at the ravine, with its gullied banks; and at the "little uncle's" cap, just visible underneath the bushes on the right.

"No, I sha'n't have this luck," thought Rostof. "But how jolly it would be! No hope! always the same bad luck with me at cards, and in war, and everywhere."

Austerlitz and Dolokhof, in vivid but swift alternation, flashed through his mind.

"If I could only just once in my life run down a full-grown wolf, that is all that I would ask for!" he said to himself, straining his ears and his eyes, as his gaze swept the thicket from left to right, and as he tried to distinguish the slightest variation in the noise of the hunt.

Then again he glanced to the right, and beheld something swiftly moving across the open field, in his direction.

"No, it is impossible!" thought Rostof, with a heavy sigh, as a man sighs when what he has been long looking forward to is practically accomplished. And here the greatest piece of good fortune was accomplishing so simply, so noiselessly, so undemonstratively, without a sign! Rostof could not believe his eyes; and this incredulity lasted more than a second. The wolf came running forward, and leaped clumsily over the ravine that lay across his path. It was an aged brute, with a gray back, and a clearly marked russet belly. He ran along at no great speed, evidently convinced that no one could see him. Rostof, not daring to breathe, glanced at his dogs: they were lying down or standing up all around, but had not yet discovered the wolf, or realized what was going on. Old Karai, bending his head back, and showing his yellow teeth, occasionally snapping them together, was making a spiteful search for a flea, on his haunch.

"*Uliuliuli!*" whispered Rostof, thrusting out his lips. The dogs, shaking their chains, and pricking up their ears, sprang to their feet. Karai ceased his flea-hunting, and got up, cocking his ears, and slightly wagging his tail, on which still hung a few shreds of hair.

"Shall I let 'em loose yet, or not?" queried Rostof; while the wolf was making in his direction, and steadily increasing his distance from the woods. Suddenly the wolf's whole appearance underwent a change: a thrill ran over him, at the sight of what he had never probably experienced before, a pair of human eyes fixed upon him; and, slightly raising his head toward the huntsman, he paused.

"Back or forward? Eh! it's all the same! Forward: we'll see," he seemed to say to himself; and, without looking around, he dashed ahead, with occasional leaps, easy and long, but decided.

"*Uliulu!*" cried Nikolai, in a voice that sounded not his own; his good steed, of her own accord, bore him forward down the slope, leaping the ravine, to cut off the wolf; and still swifter, entirely outstripping her, rushed the hounds. Nikolai did not hear his own shout, was not conscious of the pace at which he was riding, saw neither the dogs nor the ground over which he was carried; saw only the wolf, which, quickening his speed, bounded on, without swerving, in the direction of the ravine. The black-spotted, wide-haunched Milka was the first to get close to the wild beast. Nearer, nearer, she seemed to press—there, she leaps upon him! But the wolf swerved a trifle toward her, and instead of attacking, as was usually the case with her, Milka, suddenly raising her tail, came to point.

"*Uliuliuliulu!*" cried Nikolai.

The red Liubim leaped beyond Milka, impetuously flung himself on the wolf, and gripped him by the haunch; but, at the same instant, overcome by panic, he sprang to one side. The wolf crouched down, clapped his teeth together, then sprang up again, and bounded forward: followed at an arshin's distance by all the hounds, though they avoided getting closer.

"He'll escape! No, that's impossible!" mused Nikolai, continuing to shout in a hoarse voice, —

"*Karai! Uliulu!*" he screamed, trying to make out where the old wolf-hound was; he was now his only reliance. Karai, with all the strength left him by his advanced age, bounding forward, looking at the wolf from the corner of his eyes, was running heavily side by side with the brute, trying to get in front of him. But, owing to the swiftness of the wolf, and the comparative slowness of the hound, it was evident that Karai's calculation was to be mistaken.

Nikolai now began to see the forest in front of him, which,

if the wolf succeeded in reaching it, would probably prove his safety. Just then, in front of them, a pack of dogs and a huntsman came in sight, dashing almost directly toward him. Here again was a hope. A dark brown young dog, with a long body, belonging to a kennel unknown to Rostof, was flying eagerly forward, directly toward the wolf, and quite upset him. The wolf swiftly and most unexpectedly sprang up and threw himself upon the dark brown hound, chattered his teeth, and the hound, covered with blood, from a great gash in his side, with a pitiful howl, beat his head on the ground.

"Karaiushka! Oh, heavens!" mourned Nikolai. The old hound, with the tufts of hair flying out from his haunches, had taken advantage of the pause that he had made to block the wolf's path, and was now within five paces of him. The wolf, apparently conscious of the peril, looked out of the corner of his eyes at Karai, put his stump of a tail as far as possible under his legs, and went off at a mighty bound. But, at this instant, — Nikolai simply saw that something extraordinary happened to the dog, — Karai, quick as a flash, was on the wolf's back, and the two were rolling heels over head down into the ravine in front of them.

The moment that Nikolai caught sight of the dog and the wolf rolling at the bottom of the ravine, in one indiscriminate mass, out of which could be resolved the wolf's gray hide, his hind-leg stretched out, and his face scared, and panting, with laid-back ears (Karai still held him by the gorge), — the minute that Nikolai saw this was the happiest moment of his whole life. He was just grasping the saddle-bow to dismount and give the wolf his finishing stroke, when suddenly, from out of that mass of dogs, the brute's head was extended, then his fore-paws were laid on the edge of the ravine. The wolf chattered his teeth — Karai had now let go of his gullet — gave a mighty leap with his hind-legs, and, flirting his tail, again got his distance from the dogs, and was off at full speed. Karai, with bristling hair, apparently either bruised or wounded, crawled painfully out of the ravine.

"My God! what does it mean?" cried Nikolai, in despair.

The "little uncle's" whipper-in started from the other side to cut off the wolf's course, and his dogs again brought the wolf to bay. Again they gathered round him.

Nikolai, his whipper-in, the "little uncle," and his huntsmen, circled around the wolf, crying their *uliuliu*, and screaming to the dogs; at each minute, whenever the wolf sat up on his haunches, expecting to dismount; and each time dashing

forward, whenever the wolf shook himself free, and tried to dash toward the thicket, which was his only salvation.

At the very beginning of this wolf-baiting scene, Danilo, hearing the hunters' *ululu*, came galloping along the edge of the forest. He got there in time to see Karai grapple with the wolf; and he pulled in his horse expecting to see that the game was finished. But when the huntsmen did not dismount, and the wolf shook himself and made off, Danilo spurred on his chestnut; not indeed at the wolf, but in a straight line toward the thicket, in the same way as Karai had done, so as to intercept the beast. Danilo galloped forward silently, holding an unsheathed dagger in his left hand; and like a flail fell the strokes of his whip on his chestnut's laboring sides.

Nikolai had not seen or heard Danilo, until his heavily panting steed dashed by; and then he heard the sound of a falling body, and saw that Danilo had flung himself into the midst of the dogs, back of the wolf, and was trying to clutch him by the ears. It was manifest now for the dogs, and for the huntsmen, and for the wolf, even, that all was over. The wild beast, timidly laying back his ears, was struggling to gather himself up once more; but the dogs formed a ring round him. Danilo, reaching forward, made a staggering step, and with all his weight threw himself upon the wolf, as though he were lying down to rest, and seized him by the ears. Nikolai was going to stab him, but Danilo muttered, —

"Don't do it, we'll gag him!" and, changing his position, he placed his foot on the wolf's neck. Then they put a stake into the wolf's jaws, fastened him as though they were getting him into a leash, tied his legs, and Danilo twice rolled the brute over and over.

With weary but happy faces, they lifted the live, full-grown wolf on the shying and whinnying horse; and, accompanied by the dogs, all yelping at him, they took him to the place of general rendezvous.

All came together, and began to examine the wolf, which, with his great broad-browed head hanging down, with the stake in his chops, glared from his great glassy eyes at all that throng of dogs and men surrounding him. When he was touched, he would draw together his helpless paws, and glare fiercely, and at the same time steadily, at them all. Count Ilya Andreyitch also came riding up, and had a look at the wolf.

"Oh, rather an old one," said he. "Full grown, hey?" he asked of Danilo, who stood near him.

"Indeed he is, your illustriousness," replied Danilo, respect-

fully taking off his cap. The count remembered the wolf which had got past him, and his encounter with Danilo.

"Still, my boy, you were in a bad temper," said the count.

Danilo made no reply, and merely smiled with embarrassment — a childishly sweet and pleasant smile.

CHAPTER VI.

THE old count rode off home. Natasha and Petya promised to follow immediately. The hunt went farther, as it was still early in the day. Toward noon, they sent the hounds into a dell, grown up with a dense young forest. Nikolai, taking his position on the hillside, could overlook all his huntsmen.

On the other side from Nikolai were fields; and there his whipper-in had taken his post alone, in a pit behind a hazel copse. As soon as the dogs were slipped, Nikolai heard the sharp yelp of one of his favorite dogs — Voltorn; the other hounds also gave tongue, now ceasing, and then again taking up the cry. In a minute, from the forest, the cry to fox was heard; and the whole pack rushed off pell-mell toward the open, in the direction of the field, and away from Nikolai.

He saw the dog-feeders, in their red caps, dashing off along the edge of the overgrown dell; he saw, also, the dogs, and every instant he expected the fox to show himself in that direction, on the field.

The huntsman stationed in the pit gave a start, and let loose the dogs; and then Nikolai saw a strange-looking red fox crouching down, and hurriedly making across the field, with rumpled brush. The dogs began to close in upon her. Then, as they came closer to her, lo! the fox began to dodge about among them, in circular wise, making the circles ever shorter and shorter, and sweeping her furry brush (which the hunters call *truba*, a trumpet) around her; and then, lo! one, a white dog, flies at her; and this one is followed by a black dog; and then all is mingled in confusion, and the dogs, as they stand, scarcely swerving, make a sort of star, all their tails pointing outwards. A couple of huntsmen gallop up toward the dogs. one in a red cap; the other, a stranger, in a green kaftan.

"What can that mean?" queried Nikolai. "Where did that huntsman come from? It's not one of 'little uncle's.'"

The men despatched the fox, and stood for a long time, without mounting or tying her to the straps. Near by, with pro-

jecting saddles, stood their horses, which they held by the bridle; and the dogs threw themselves down. The huntsmen were gesticulating and disputing over the fox. Then there rang out the sound of a bugle: the conventional signal of a dispute.

"That's one of Ilagin's hunters: and he's quarrelling with our Ivan about something," said Nikolai's whipper-in.

Nikolai sent the man to fetch his sister and Petya; and they rode slowly, at a footpace, to the place where the dog-feeders had collected the hounds. Several huntsmen were galloping up to the scene of the dispute.

Nikolai dismounted, and stood near the hounds, with Natasha and Petya, who had now come up; and waited till word should be brought as to the issue of the dispute.

Out from behind the skirt of the forest came the quarrelsome huntsman, with the fox at his saddle-straps, and galloped up to his young barin. While still at a distance, he took off his cap, and tried to speak respectfully; but he was pale and out of breath, and his face was distorted with rage. One of his eyes was blacked; but he was apparently unconscious of the fact.

"What was the matter with you there?" asked Nikolai.

"What do you suppose! he would be after snatching it away from among our hounds! And it was my mouse-colored bitch, too, that had grabbed her! Come now, decide! He tried to get away our fox. Now I'll have a whack at his foxes. Here she is, on the saddle-straps. Or would you like a taste of this?" pointing to his dagger, and evidently imagining that he was still talking with his enemy.

Nikolai, not stopping to discuss the matter with the huntsman, told his sister and Petya to wait for him, and rode off to the place where the rival hunt of the Ilagins was collected.

The victorious huntsman joined the throng of whippers-in; and there, surrounded by his sympathetic admirers, he related his exploit.

The truth of the matter was that Ilagin, with whom the Rostofs had, in days gone by, had some disputes, as well as lawsuits, was hunting in places usually pre-empted by the Rostofs; and, on this occasion, he had apparently given special orders to go to the "island" where the Rostofs were hunting, and allowed his whipper-in to snatch the game from his rival's dogs.

Nikolai had never seen Ilagin; but, as was always the case, knowing no half-way in his judgments and feelings, and believ-

ing certain reports of the violence and arbitrary conduct of this proprietor, he hated him with all his heart, and considered him his worst enemy. He now rode up to him, full of angry emotions, and firmly grasping his long whip, ready for the most decisive and risky proceedings against his enemy.

He had just ridden up to a jut of the forest, when he saw riding in his direction a portly gentleman, in a beaver cap, on a handsome raven-black steed, and accompanied by two huntsmen.

Instead of an enemy, Nikolai found in Ilagin a well-bred, representative barin, who manifested a special desire to make the young count's acquaintance. Riding up to Rostof, Ilagin raised his beaver cap, and declared that he was very sorry for what had taken place: that he had commanded the huntsman who had permitted himself to trespass on another's preserve to be punished. He craved the count's acquaintance, and invited him to hunt on his grounds.

Natasha, apprehensive lest her brother might do something terrible, came up in great anxiety, and drew up at a little distance behind him. When she saw that the rivals were greeting each other with friendly courtesy, she joined them. Ilagin lifted his beaver cap still higher as he saw Natasha; and with a pleasant smile, said that the countess resembled Diana, both by her passion for hunting and by her beauty, of which he had heard many reports.

Ilagin, in order to smooth over his huntsman's indiscretion, pressingy urged Rostof to go to a steep hillside of his, about a verst away, which he kept for his own private use, and which, on his word, was swarming with hares. Nikolai consented; and the hunting-party, doubled in numbers, swept on their way.

In order to reach Ilagin's preserve, they had to strike across country. The huntsmen made common cause. The gentlemen rode together. The "little uncle," Rostof, Ilagin, each stealthily examined the dogs of the other, striving not to let the others remark it, and anxiously searched for possible rivals among the dogs of the others.

Rostof was especially struck by the beauty of a small thorough-bred young slut, spotted with red, and rather slender; with muscles like steel; with a delicate little muzzle, and with prominent black eyes. She belonged to Ilagin's pack. He had heard of the rarity of Ilagin's dogs; and in this pretty little dog, he recognized a rival to his Milka. In the midst of a sedate conversation, about the crops of the current year, which

Ilagin had started, Nikolai called his attention to this little spotted slut.

"That's a lovely little slut you have!" said he, in a careless tone. "Full of mettle?"

"That one? Yes, that one's a good dog! She's a hunter," replied Ilagin, speaking with affected indifference of his red-spotted Yorza, for which he had paid a neighbor, the year before, three families of household serfs. "You didn't have much of a yield of grain, either, did you?" he asked, resuming the conversation that he had begun. And then, considering it no more than fair to mollify the young count, in the same way, Ilagin looked at his dogs, and picking out Milka, whose breadth of beam first attracted his attention, he asked, —

"That black-spotted slut of yours is a handsome one, too — well worth having!" said he.

"Yes, pretty good, full of go!" replied Nikolai. "If only an old gray hare would start across that field, I would show you what kind of a dog she is!" he thought; and, turning to one of his huntsmen, he said he would give a ruble if he would find a hare "on his form," that is, hiding in his nest.

"I cannot understand," pursued Ilagin, "how it is that other sportsmen can be jealous of other men's game and dogs. I will tell you how it is with me, count. I enjoy going out to hunt; you see, you are apt to fall in with pleasant company, like this. For what could be better" — he took off his beaver cap again to Natasha. "But as for merely counting the pelts — that's a matter of indifference to me!"

"That's a fact!"

"Or why should it trouble me that some other dog, and not mine, got on the scent first? I get just as much sport from looking on at the course; don't you, count? So I judge" —

Just at this time was heard the long halloo — "*Atoo-yeroa*," — from one of the greyhound-keepers, who had been set on the watch. He was standing half-way down the slope, on a hillock, with his whip upraised; and again he uttered the long-drawn "*A — too — yeroa*." This halloo, and the upraised whipstock, signified that he had caught sight of a couching hare.

"On the scent, I imagine," said Ilagin carelessly. "What say you, count? Shall we give him a run?"

"Yes, we must be after him; certainly! All together, shall we not?" replied Nikolai, glancing at Yorza, and the "little uncle's" red Rugai: the two rivals, against which he had never as yet had a chance to pit his own dogs. "Now what if they

get my Milka by the ears!" he thought to himself as, side by side with the "little uncle" and Ilagin, he galloped off, toward the hare.

"A full-grown fellow, isn't he?" asked Ilagin, as they came up to the hunter who had discovered him; and, not without anxiety, whistling to his Yorza. "And you, Mikhail Nikanorutch?" he asked, turning to the "little uncle."

The "little uncle" came up with a frown.

"Why should I meddle? It's your game!—here's a how-de-do!—why, your dogs cost a whole village! Thousand-ruble dogs! You two match yours, and I will look on! Rugai! Na! na!" he cried. "Rugaiushka!" he added; involuntarily expressing by this endearing diminutive, the hope that he placed upon his red hound.

Natasha could see and feel the excitement which these two old men and her brother tried vainly to conceal; and she herself was even more excited.

The hunter on the hillock still stood with upraised whipstock; the gentlemen approached him at a footpace. The harriers, coming up to the same horizon, dashed off in the direction of the hare; the hunters, but not the gentlemen, also hastened after them. The whole movement was made slowly, and in due form.

"Which way is he heading?" asked Nikolai, coming within a hundred paces of the hunter who had discovered him. But the beater had no time to reply, ere the gray hare, scenting the frost of the morning to come, was up and out. The harriers, still in leash, dashed with a howl down the slope after the hare: from all sides, the greyhounds, unleashed, dashed after the harriers and the hare. All these slowly stirring hunting attendants, shouting "stoi" (stay) to keep the dogs on the right scent, and the greyhound-keepers crying "atoo," to urge them on, swept across the field. Ilagin, with perfect coolness, Nikolai, Natasha, and the "little uncle," flew along, not heeding how or whither they were going, with only the dogs and the hare in their eyes, and fearing only lest they should for a single instant lose the course of the hunt from sight.

The hare proved to be full grown, and full of game. After springing out, he did not on the instant dash away; but cocked up his ears, listening to the shouts of the men, and the trampling of the horses, suddenly closing in upon him from all sides. He made a dozen springs, in no great haste, letting the hounds come quite close to him; and then, finally, hav-

ing chosen his course, and realized his danger. he laid back his ears, and was off like the wind. His form had been in the stubble; but the course he took was toward the meadow lands, where it was marshy. Two dogs, answering to the hunter who had discovered him, were the first to see the hare, and lay for him; but they were still a considerable distance behind when Ilagin's red-spotted Yorza outstripped them, came within a dog's length of him, sprang upon him with frightful violence, snapped at the hare's tail, and, supposing that she had him, rolled over and over.

The hare, arching his back, darted off at a sharper pace than ever. Then the black-spotted Milka, broad of beam, dashed in front of Yorza, and began swiftly to gain on the hare.

"Milushka! matushka — little mother!" — rang out Nikolai's encouraging shout. It seemed as though Milka were just going to overtake and nip the hare, but she went too far, and went beyond. The hare had stopped short. Again the pretty little Yorza came to the fore and seemed to hang over the hare's very tail, as though she were measuring the distance, so as not to be deceived again, before she should seize him by the hind-leg.

"Yorzanka! — sweet little sister!" rang out Ilagin's voice, unnaturally, and as though choked with tears. Yorza heeded not his prayer: at the very instant that she might have been expected to seize her game, he swerved off and bowled away along the ridge, between the meadow and the stubble. Again Yorza and Milka, like two little pole-horses, dashed off neck and neck after the game; but this middle ground was better running for the hare, and the dogs did not gain on him so rapidly.

"Rugai! Rugaiushka! here's a how-de-do!" cried still a third voice at this instant; and Rugai, the "little uncle's" red, crook-backed hound, stretching out and doubling up his back, was seen catching up with the two other hounds, dashing beyond them, and falling, with terrible effort of self-denial, on the hare itself. He flung him from the middle ground into the meadow, leaped upon him even more fiercely a second time, in the muddy marsh, into which he sank up to the knees; and then all that could be seen was that he rolled over and over with the hare, the mud staining his back.

The "star" of dogs clustered round them. In a minute, the party gathered in a circle around the clustering dogs. The "little uncle," radiantly happy, alone dismounted, and cut off the hare's hind-foot. Shaking the hare, so that the blood would drip off, he looked around excitedly, with wandering

eyes, unable to keep his feet and hands quiet; and spoke, not knowing what he said, or whom he addressed.

"That's the kind of a how-de-do! That's a dog for you! Worth all of your thousand-ruble hounds! Here's a how-de-do!" said he, all out of breath, and fiercely glancing around, as though he were berating some one: as though all of them were his foes, and all had insulted him, and now, at last, he had come to his chance for getting even with them. "Look at your thousand-ruble dogs! Here, Rugai, here's the foot!" he cried, flinging him the hare's paw, with the mud still clinging to it: "You've earned it—here's a how-de-do!"

"She'd run herself all out: she cornered him thrice, all by herself," said Nikolai, likewise not heeding any one, and not minding whether any one listened to him or not.

"That was a great way; he seized him by the back!" exclaimed Ilagin's groom.

"Yes, when she's run him out, of course, any house-dog could grip him!" said Ilagin at the same instant: he was flushed, and what with the mad gallop, and the excitement, could scarcely draw his breath. Natasha, so great was her excitement and enthusiasm, also was screaming at the top of her lungs, and so shrilly that it made one's ears tingle. With these shrieks of delight, she expressed what all the other sportsmen were expressing by their simultaneous exclamations. And these shrieks were so odd, that she would have been constrained to feel ashamed of herself, and all the others would have been amazed at it, if it had been at another time.

The "little uncle" himself doubled up the hare cleverly, and boldly laid him over the crupper of his horse: as though, by this action, he were defying them all, and mounted his fallow bay, and rode away, acting as though he had no wish to speak to any one.

All the rest, melancholy and disconsolate, separated; and it was only after some time had elapsed, that they recovered their former state of affected indifference. For some time, still, they gazed after the red, humped-back Rugai; who, all spattered with mud, rattling his chain, trotted after the "little uncle's" horse, with the supercilious aspect of a victor.

"You see I am like all the rest of you, as long as there is no game to be after. Yes, and you had better keep aloof!" was what the aspect of this dog seemed to Nikolai to say.

When, after some time, the "little uncle" rode back to Nikolai, and began to talk with him, Nikolai felt flattered, that, after what had taken place, the "little uncle" was condescending enough to talk with him!

CHAPTER VII.

WHEN, late in the afternoon, Ilagin courteously took his departure, Nikolai found that they were so far from home, that he was glad to accept the "little uncle's" proposition, that their hunting-party should spend the night at his little estate of Mikhailovko.

"Now if you should come to my place—here's a how-de-do!"—said the "little uncle." "it would be the best thing you could desire: you see the weather is wet," added the "little uncle." "You could get rested; and the little countess can be driven home in a drozhsky."

The proposition was accepted; a huntsman was sent to Otradnoye, after the drozhsky, while Nikolai, Natasha, and Petya, went to the "little uncle's."

Five men, big and little—the "little uncle's" house serfs—rushed out upon the front doorsteps, to welcome their barin home. A dozen women, of every age and size, thrust their heads out of the back porch to stare at the approaching cavalcade.

The appearance of Natasha—a woman, a *báruinya*—on horseback aroused their curiosity to such a pitch, that several of them, undeterred by her presence, approached her, made a close examination of everything about her, and made their observations freely in her presence; as though she were some curiosity on exhibition, and not a human being, who could hear and understand what they said.

"Arinka, just ye look; she sits sidewise! Yes, sidewise; and her skirt dangles! And see her horn!"

"Holy saints preserve us! and a knife too!"

"She's a real tatar!"

"How is it, you do not get thrown off?" asked the most audacious of them, turning directly to Natasha.

The "little uncle" dismounted from his horse at the doorsteps of his small country residence, which was built in the midst of an overgrown garden; and, glancing round on his domestics, he gave an imperative order for the supernumeraries to clear out, and for everything to be done necessary for the reception of his guests and the hunting-train.

There was a general scattering. The "little uncle" helped Natasha to dismount, and, giving her his hand, led her up the precarious deal steps. The house, which was not plastered,

and showed the rough timbers of the walls, was not remarkable for its cleanliness: it was plain to see that the inmates did not consider it the first duty of life to remove every trace of a spot; but there was no noticeable neglect. The entry was filled with the odor of fresh apples, and hung with the skins of wolves and foxes.

The "little uncle" conducted his guests through the ante-chamber into a small music-room, with a folding table and red-painted chairs; thence into the drawing-room, where there were a round pine table and a sofa; and finally into the library, where there were a ragged divan, a well-worn carpet, and portraits of Suvórof, of the proprietor's father and mother, and of himself, in military uniform. The library smelt strong of tobacco and dogs.

Here the "little uncle" begged his guests to be seated and make themselves quite at home, and he left them. Rugai, his back still covered with mud, came into the room, lay down on the divan, and began to clean himself with tongue and teeth. From the library led a corridor, in which could be seen a screen with its hangings full of rents; beyond the screen were heard the laughing and chatter of women.

Natasha, Nikolai, and Petya threw off their wraps, and sat down on the divan. Petya rested his head on his arm, and was instantly asleep. Natasha and Nikolai sat in silence. Their faces were flushed; they were very hungry, and in very good spirits. They exchanged glances: after the hunting was over and they were in the house, Nikolai no longer considered it necessary to display his masculine superiority over his sister. Natasha winked at her brother; and both, after trying to restrain themselves for a moment, burst forth in a short and hearty peal of laughter, without even taking time to think what they were laughing at.

After a short absence, the "little uncle" came in, dressed in a Cossack coat, blue trousers, and short boots. And Natasha felt that this costume, which, to her amusement and amazement, she had seen the "little uncle" wear at Otradnoye, was a perfectly proper costume, in no respect worse than frock-coat or swallow-tail. The "little uncle" was also in the best of spirits: he was not only not offended by the brother's and sister's merriment—it never entered into his head that they were laughing at his mode of life—but he even joined in with their apparently causeless laughter.

"Well, the little countess is so young—here's a how-de-do!—Never saw another like her!" he exclaimed, giving Rostof

a long-stemmed pipe, and waving another which he had chosen for himself with a carved short stem, between his three fingers. "All day riding, just like a man, and as though it were quite the ordinary thing."

Shortly after the "little uncle" rejoined them, the door was opened by a young girl, apparently barefooted, to judge by the noiselessness of her tread; and in came a portly, ruddy-faced, handsome woman of forty, with double chin, and full red lips, bearing in her hands a huge tray set out with dishes. With overpowering hospitality, dignity, and politeness beaming from her eyes, and expressed in her every motion, she contemplated the guests; and, with a flattering smile, made them a most respectful courtesy. In spite of her rather unusual portliness, which made bosom and abdomen unduly prominent, and caused her to hold her head very high, this woman, who was the "little uncle's" *ekonomka* or housekeeper, moved about with amazing agility. She walked up to the table, set down the tray, and skilfully, with her white, plump hands, removed and arranged on the table the bottles and various dishes comprising the *zakuska* or lunch. Having done this, she started away and stood by the door, with a smile on her face.

"That is the kind of a woman I am! Now, do you understand the 'little uncle'?" her attitude seemed to Rostof to imply. How could he fail to understand? Not only Rostof, but even Natasha understood the "little uncle" and the meaning of his furrowed brows, and the happy, self-satisfied smile which slightly curved his lips as Anisya Feodorovna entered the room. On the tray were *travnik* or herb brandy, liqueurs, mushrooms, wheat-flour cakes with buttermilk, fresh honeycomb, mulled wine and sparkling mead, apples, raw nuts, roasted nuts, and nuts cooked in honey. Then Anisya Feodorovna brought fruits preserved in honey and sugar, and a ham and a roast fowl just from the fire.

All this was of Anisya Feodorovna's own preparation, and selecting, and setting forth. All this was redolent of Anisya Feodorovna, and had the mark of her genius and taste. All was in character with her scrupulous neatness, and cleanness, and whiteness, and her pleasant smile.

"Have a bite of something to eat, little countess," she insisted, handing Natasha first one thing and then another. Natasha partook of everything; and it seemed to her that she had never seen and never tasted such buttermilk cakes, or mulled wine with such a flavor or nuts cooked so deliciously in honey, or such a fowl!

Anisya Feodorovna went out. Rostof and the "little uncle," while sipping their glasses of cherry liqueur, talked about hunting, past and to come; about Rugai, and Ilagin's dogs. Natasha, with shining eyes, sat up erect on the divan, and listened to them. Several times she tried to rouse Petya, to have something to eat; but he muttered incoherent words, and was evidently too sound asleep. Natasha felt so happy, she so keenly enjoyed the novel surroundings, that her only fear was that the drozhsky would come for her too soon. After one of those fortuitous silences, that are almost inevitable with people who for the first time entertain their friends at home, the "little uncle," responding to a thought that must have occurred to his guests, remarked, —

"And this is the way I shall live out my days. You die — here's a how-de-do! — and nothing is left. So what's the sin?"

The "little uncle's" face had grown very grave, and even handsome, as he made this remark. Rostof could not help thinking of the pleasant things his father and the neighbors had said of the old man. The "little uncle," throughout the whole government, had the reputation of being as noble-hearted and disinterested as he was eccentric. He was often called upon to act as arbiter in family disputes, he was chosen executor of wills, he was made the repository of secrets, he was elected judge, and called upon to fill other offices; but he stubbornly refused to enter active service: autumn and spring he rode about the country on his fallow bay stallion; in the winter he staid at home; in the summer he lounged in his overgrown garden.

"Why don't you enter the service, 'little uncle'?"

"I have served and I've given it up. It is no use — here's a how-de-do! — I can't make anything out of it. It's well enough for you youngsters, but my wits could never grasp it. But hunting! That's quite another thing! That's the how-de-do! Open that door, there!" he cried. "What did you shut it for?"

The door at the end of the corridor — which the "little uncle" called *collidor* — led into a single room occupied by the hunting-train. The bare feet swiftly slithered along, and an invisible hand pushed the door open into the "hunters' room," as this was called. The sounds of the *balalaïka*, or Ukraine guitar, were clearly heard through the corridor; some one who was a master-hand at playing it evidently had hold of the instrument. It had been a long time since Natasha had

listened to these sounds, and now she ran out into the corridor to hear more distinctly.

"That is my Mitka, the coachman. I bought a beautiful *balalaïka* for him, I'm fond of it," said the "little uncle." After coming back from his courses, the "little uncle" was in the habit of summoning Mitka into the "hunters' room" to play for him. The "little uncle" liked that kind of music.

"How good it is! It's excellent!" said Nikolai, with a slight trace of involuntary scorn, as though he were ashamed of himself for confessing that he extremely enjoyed such sounds.

"Excellent!" repeated Natasha reproachfully; she was conscious of the tone in which her brother spoke. "*Excellent* does not express it: it's charming, that's what it is!"

Just as the "little uncle's" pickled mushrooms, the hydromel, and the liqueur seemed to her the best in the world, so also did that tune on the *balalaïka* seem to her, at that moment, the very acme of all musical charm.

"Again, please, again," cried Natasha at the door, as soon as the sounds of the *balalaïka* had ceased. Mitka tuned the instrument, and once more began bravely to thrum out the *Báruinya*, or "The High-born Maid," with a clanging of strings and grappling of chords. The "little uncle" sat and listened, inclining his head to one side with an almost imperceptible smile. The theme of the *Báruinya* was repeated a hundred times. Several times the *balalaïka* had to be tuned, and then once more the same sounds trembled forth; and yet the listeners were not wearied, and wanted to hear this tune over and over again. Anisya Feodorovna came in, and leaned her portly frame against the door-lintel.

"Be kind enough to listen to him," said she to Natasha, with a smile strikingly like the "little uncle's." "He plays for us gloriously!" said she.

"That part is not done right," suddenly exclaimed the "little uncle," with an energetic gesture. "It needs to be faster there—here's a how-de-do!—let it out!"

"And do you know how to play?" asked Natasha.

The "little uncle" smiled, but made no reply.

"Just you look, Anisyushya, if the strings are all on my guitar? I have not had it in my hands for some time—here's a how-de-do!"

Anisya Feodorovna gladly went to fulfil her lord and master's command, and soon brought the guitar.

The "little uncle," not looking at any one, blew off the dust, rapped with his bony fingers on the sounding-board of the gui-

tar, tuned the strings, and straightened himself on his chair. He grasped the guitar above the finger-board, with a somewhat theatrical air, pushing back his left elbow; and, with a wink toward Anisya Feodorovna, he struck up, not the *Báruinya*, but a prelude of one clear, ringing chord; after which he began in a steady and precise, but still regularly accentuated *tempo*, to improvise variations on the well-known song, "On the pa-a-ve-ment o-of the street."

At once the theme of the song began to sing itself rhythmically in the hearts of both Nikolai and Natasha, with that peculiar sedate cheerfulness which Anisya Feodorovna's whole being exhaled. Anisya Feodorovna blushed, and, hiding her face in her handkerchief, she left the room with a laugh. The "little uncle" went on improvising on the song clearly, carefully, and with energetic steadiness, his glance, full of varying inspiration, fixed on the spot where Anisya Feodorovna had been standing. There was a barely perceptible *something*, betokening amusement, at one corner of his mouth, under his gray mustache; and this look intensified as the song went on, or as the accent grew more pronounced, and in such places as the strings almost snapped under his twanging fingers.

"Charming! charming, 'little uncle!' Some more, some more!" cried Natasha, as soon as he came to a pause. Then, springing up from her seat, she threw her arms around the "little uncle," and kissed him.

"Nikolenka! Nikolenka!" he cried, glancing at her brother, and, as it were, asking him if he appreciated it all.

Nikolai also was greatly delighted with the performance. The "little uncle" once more struck a tune. Anisya Feodorovna's smiling face again appeared in the doorway, and behind her were grouped still other faces.

"At the crystal-flowing fountain
Cries a voice, 'O maiden, wait!'"

was the tune which the "little uncle" played. Then he made one more skilful change of key, broke off, and shrugged his shoulders.

"There, there, 'little uncle!' you old darling!"* murmured Natasha, in such a tone of entreaty that one might have thought her life were dependent on its gratification. The "little uncle" stood up, and as though there were two men, — the one

* *Golubchik*.

smiling a grave smile at the merry one, while the merry one performed a *naïve* and dignified antic in anticipation of the *plyaska*, or native dance.

"Now, then, my dear niece," cried the "little uncle," waving his hand toward Natasha, after striking a chord.

Natasha threw off the shawl which she had wrapped around her, glided out in front of the "little uncle," and putting her arms akimbo, made a motion with her shoulders, and waited.

Where, how, when, had this little countess, educated as she had been by a French *émigrée*, imbibed the Russian spirit from the very atmosphere which she had breathed? Where had she learned all those characteristic motions which the *pus de châte* might long ago have been supposed entirely to efface?

But the spirit and the motions were the very ones — inimitable, untaught, intuitive, thoroughly Russian — which the "little uncle" expected of her. The moment she got to her feet, with an enthusiastic, proud, and shrewdly gay smile, the first tremor of fear which seized Nikolai and all the other spectators. — the fear that she might not be able to perform it correctly, — passed away, and gave place to sheer admiration.

Her performance was so absolutely perfect, and so entirely what was expected of her, that Anisya Feodorovna, who had immediately handed to her the handkerchief that played such an indispensable part in the dance, wept and laughed at once, as she gazed at that slender, graceful countess, from another world as it were, educated in silks and velvets, who could understand all that was in herself — Anisya; in Anisya's father, Feodor; and in her aunt, and in her mother, and in the whole Russian people.

"Well, little countess — here's a how-de-do!" exclaimed the "little uncle," with a radiant smile, when the *plyaska* was finished. "Well done, niece! Now, all we need is to pick you out a fine young husband — here's a how-de-do!"

"Already picked out," said Nikolai, smiling.

"Oho!" exclaimed the "little uncle," in surprise, with a questioning look at Natasha. Natasha, with a smile of pleasure, nodded her head in assent.

"And he's such a fine one!" said she. But the moment these words had escaped her lips, a new train of thoughts and feeling arose in her mind: what signified Nikolai's smile when he said, "Already picked out"? "Is he glad, or sorry? Possibly he thinks that my Bolkonsky would not approve, would not understand, this gayety of ours. No, he certainly would not understand it all. Where is he now, I wonder?" said

Natasha to herself, and her face grew suddenly grave. But it lasted only a single second. "You must not think about it, you must not dare to think about it," said she to herself; and, with her face wreathed in smiles, she again sat down beside the "little uncle," and urged him to play something more.

The "little uncle" played still another song and valse; then, after a short silence, he cleared his throat, and struck up his favorite hunting-song, —

" *Kak so vetchera porosha*
Vuipadala khorosha." *

The "little uncle" sang as the peasant, as the people, sings, with that full and naïve conviction that the whole meaning is to be found exclusively in the words; that the tune will go of itself, and that there is no special air, or that the air is merely for harmony's sake. The result was that this singing of the "little uncle's," so completely free from self-consciousness, like the songs of the birds, was particularly charming. Natasha was in raptures over his singing. She determined that she would not take any more lessons on the harp, but would henceforth play only on the guitar. She asked the "little uncle" to let her take the instrument, and immediately began to pick out chords for singing.

About ten o'clock a *lineika*, or long, low carriage, and a drozhsky came for Natasha and Petya, and three mounted men, who had been sent to find them. The count and countess did not know what had become of them, and, as the messenger reported, were in a great state of agitation.

Petya was picked up and deposited in the *lineika*, like a dead body; Natasha and Nikolai took their places in the drozhsky. The "little uncle" muffled Natasha all up, and bade her farewell with a new and peculiar touch of affection. He accompanied them on foot as far as the bridge, which they had to abandon for the ford, and he commanded his hunters to precede them with lanterns.

"Good-by, *prashchai*, — my dear niece," rang his voice from out the darkness — not the one which Natasha had known hitherto, but the one that had sung, "As the evening sun sank low."

The windows in the village through which they passed gleamed with ruddy lights, and there was a cheerful odor of smoke.

* "As the evening sun sank low
Fell the white and beauteous snow."

"How charming the 'little uncle' is!" exclaimed Natasha as they bowled along the highway.

"Yes," said Nikolai. "You are not cold, are you?"

"No, I'm comfortable, perfectly comfortable. Oh, I'm so happy!" replied Natasha, with a sense of perplexity. They rode for a long time in silence.

The night was dark and damp. They could not even see the horses: they could only hear them splashing through the unseen mud-puddles.

What was going on in that child's impressionable mind, which was so quick to catch and retain the most varied experiences of life? How was it possible to stow them all away in it? But she was very happy. As they drew near the house, she suddenly struck up the song, "As the evening sun sank low," the tune of which she had been trying all the way to catch, and at last succeeded in remembering.

"You've caught it, have you?" said Nikolai.

"What were you thinking about just now, Nikolenka?" asked Natasha. They were fond of asking each other this question.

"I?" exclaimed Nikolai, trying to recollect; "let me see! At first, I was thinking that Rugai, the red hound, was like the 'little uncle'; and that, if he had been a man, he would keep the 'little uncle' about him all the time: if not for hunting, at least for his music: at all events, I would have kept him. What a musician the 'little uncle' is! Isn't he? — Well, and what were your thoughts?"

"Mine? Wait! wait! At first, I was thinking how we were riding here, and that we supposed we were on our way home; whereas, in reality, it is so dark that God only knows where we are going; and we might suddenly discover that we were not at Otradnoye at all, but in some fairy realm! And then I was thinking — no, there was nothing else!"

"I know! you certainly were thinking about *him*," said Nikolai, smiling, as Natasha knew by the tone of his voice.

"No," replied Natasha, though in reality she had been thinking about Prince Andrei, and wondering how he would have liked the "little uncle." "And there's one thing I have been repeating and repeating all the way," said Natasha, "and that is, 'How superbly Anisyushka marched about!'" And Nikolai heard her clear, merry laugh, so easily excited by trifles. "But do you know," she suddenly added, "I am certain that I shall never, never again be so happy, so free from care as I am now?"

"What rubbish, nonsense, trumpery talk!" exclaimed Nikolai; and he thought in his own mind, "How charming this Natasha of mine is! I shall never find another friend like her! Why should she think of getting married? We might travel all over the world together!"

"How charming this dear Nikolai is!" thought Natasha. "Ah! there's a light in the drawing-room still," said she, pointing to the windows of the mansion, cheerfully shining out into the moist, velvety darkness of the night.

CHAPTER VIII.

COUNT ILYA ANDREYITCH had resigned his position as *predvodityel*, or marshal of the district nobility, because this office entailed too great expenses. But still his finances showed no improvement.

Often Natasha and Nikolai found their parents engaged in secret, anxious consultation; and they heard rumors about the sale of the magnificent ancestral home of the Rostofs, and their *pod-Moskornaya* estate. Now that he was relieved from this office, it was not necessary for them to entertain so extensively, and life at Otradnoye went on more quietly than in former years; but the huge mansion, and the wings, were just as full of servants as ever, and more than twenty persons habitually sat down at table. And all these were the regular household, who lived there, practically members of the family; or those who were obliged, for some reason or other, to live at the count's expense. Such, for instance, were Dimmler, the music-master, and his wife; Vogel, the dancing-master, and his whole family; then, an elderly lady of quality,* named Bielova, who had her home there; and many others of the same sort: Petya's tutors and governors, the young ladies' former "gubernantka," and men and women who simply found it better, or more to their advantage, to live at the count's than at home.

They had not quite as much company as formerly; but the scale of living was practically the same, for the count and the countess found it impossible to accommodate themselves to any other.

The hunting establishment was the same, nay, it had even been increased by Nikolai; there were still fifty horses and fifteen coachmen in the stables; rich gifts on name-days were

* *Báruinya*.

still given, and formal dinners, at which all the neighborhood were invited; the count still had his whist and Boston parties, at which, as he held his cards spread out so that every one could see them, his neighbors were enabled to go away enriched to the extent of several hundred rubles, every day: having come to regard it as an especial prerogative of theirs to make up a table at which Count Ilya Andreyitch should serve as their chief source of income.

The count marched along through the monstrous tangle of his affairs, striving not to believe that he was so involved, and at every step involving himself more and more; and feeling conscious that he had not the strength to rend the bonds that beset his feet, or the zeal and patience required to unravel them.

The countess, with her loving heart, was conscious that their fortunes were going to rack and ruin; but she felt that the count was blameless; that he could not help being what he was; that he himself was suffering,—though he tried to conceal it,—from the consciousness of the ruin that faced himself and his family, and was striving to devise means of rescue.

From her woman's point of view, the only means that presented itself was to get Nikolai married to a wealthy heiress.

She felt that this was their last hope; and that if Nikolai refused a certain match, which she proposed to arrange for him, it would be necessary to bid a final farewell to every hope of restoring their fortunes. This match was with Julie Karagina, the daughter of a most worthy and virtuous father and mother; a girl whom the Rostofs had known since she was a child, and who had lately come into a large fortune, by the fortuitous death of the last of her brothers.

The countess had written directly to Madame Karagina, in Moscow, proposing a marriage between daughter and son; and she had received a most favorable response. Karagina replied that she, for her part, was agreed; but that everything depended on her daughter's inclinations. Karagina invited Nikolai to come to Moscow.

Several times the countess, with tears in her eyes, told her son that now, since both of her daughters were provided for, her sole desire was to see him married. She declared that she would go to her grave contented, if this might be. Then she said that she happened to know of a very lovely young girl; and she wanted to know his ideas upon the subject.

On other occasions, she openly praised Julie, and advised Nikolai to go to Moscow and have a good time during the

Christmas holidays. Nikolai was sharp enough to understand his mother's covert hints; and, during one of their talks, he managed to draw her out completely.

She told him that their whole hope of bringing their affairs into order was in seeing him married to the Karagina.

"But what if I loved a girl who was poor, *maman*, would you insist upon my sacrificing my feelings and honor, for money?" he asked, not realizing the harshness of his question, and simply desiring to show his noble feelings.

"No, you don't understand me," said his mother, not knowing how to set herself straight. "You misunderstood me, entirely, Nikolinka. All I desire is your happiness," she added; and she had the consciousness that she had not spoken the truth; that she was getting beyond her depth. She burst into tears.

"Mámenka! don't cry; simply tell me that this is your real wish, and you know that I would give my whole life — everything that I have — to make you happy," said Nikolai. "I would sacrifice everything for you, even my dearest wishes."

But the countess had no desire to offer the dilemma: she had no wish to demand a sacrifice from her son; she would have preferred herself to be the one who should make the sacrifice.

"No, no, you have not understood me; we won't say anything more about it," said she, wiping away her tears.

"Yes, perhaps it is true, that I am in love with a penniless girl," said Nikolai to himself. "Why should I sacrifice my sentiments and my honor, for the sake of wealth! I am amazed, that mámenka should say such a thing to me! Is there any reason, because Sonya is poor, that I should not love her?" he asked himself. "Can I return her true, generous love? And, most certainly, I should be much happier with her, than with such a doll as Julie! I can always sacrifice my feelings for my parents' good," said he to himself. "But to command my feelings is beyond my power. If I love Sonya, then my feeling is more powerful, and rules everything for me."

Nikolai did not go to Moscow. The countess did not again revert to her conversation with him about his marriage; but it was with pain, and even with indignation, that she saw the signs of a constantly growing intimacy between her son and the dowerless Sonya. She reproached herself, but she found it impossible to resist heaping worriments upon Sonya, and finding fault with her: oftentimes stopping her short, and addressing her with the formal *vui*, you, and "*moya milaya*,"

instead of by the usual tenderer epithets. What annoyed the worthy countess most of all was that this poor, dark-eyed niece of hers was so sweet, so gentle, so humbly grateful for all her kindnesses; and so genuinely, unchangeably, and self-sacrificingly in love with Nikolai, that it was impossible to find anything really to blame her for.

Nikolai staid at home, waiting till his leave of absence should expire.

A letter was received about this time from Natasha's lover, Prince Andrei, dated at Rome: it was his fourth. In it, he wrote that he should long ere that have been on the way home to Russia, had it not been that the warmth of the climate had unexpectedly caused his wound to re-open, which obliged him to postpone his journey till the beginning of the next year.

Natasha was deeply in love with her "bridegroom:" her character had been greatly modified by this love; at the same time, her nature was thoroughly open to all the joys of life; but toward the end of the fourth month of their separation, she began to suffer from attacks of melancholy, which she found it impossible to resist. She was sick to death of herself: she grieved because all this time was slipping away so uselessly; while she felt that she was only too ready to love and to be loved.

It was far from cheerful at the Rostofs'.

CHAPTER IX.

THE Christmas holidays had come, and except for the High Mass, except for the formal and perfunctory congratulations of the neighbors and the household servants, except for the new dresses that everybody had on, there was nothing that especially signalized the season: though the perfectly still atmosphere, with the thermometer at twenty degrees * below zero, the sun shining dazzlingly all day long, and at night the wintry sky glittering with myriads of stars, seemed to imply that nature at least gave special distinction to the Christmas-tide.

After dinner on the third day of the Christmas holidays, all the household had scattered to their respective rooms. It was the most tedious time of the day. Nikolai, who had been out in the morning, making calls on the neighbors, was asleep in the divan-room. The old count was resting in his library.

* Réaumur.

Sonya was sitting at the centre-table in the drawing-room copying some designs. The countess was laying out her game of patience. Nastasya Ivanovna, the buffoon with a woe-begone countenance, was sitting at the window with two old ladies.

Natasha came into the room, and went directly up to Sonya, looked at what she was doing, then stepped across to her mother and stood by her without saying a word.

"Why are you wandering about like a homeless spirit?" asked her mother. "What do you want?"

"I want *him*, instantly! this very minute! I want *him*," said Natasha, with gleaming eyes, but without a trace of a smile.

The countess raised her head and gave her daughter a steady look.

"Don't look at me so! Don't look at me, mamma; I shall cry if you do!"

"Sit down, sit down with me here," said the countess.

"Mamma, I must have him. Why am I perishing so, mamma?" Her voice broke; the tears started to her eyes, and in order to hide them she quickly turned away and left the room.

She went into the divan-room, stood there a moment lost in thought, and went to the maids' sitting-room. There, an elderly chambermaid was scolding a young girl, who had just come in from out of doors all out of breath.

"You might play some other time," the old servant was saying. "There is a time for all things."

"Let her be, Kondratyevna," said Natasha. "Run, Mavrusha, run."

And having rescued Mavrusha, Natasha went through the ballroom into the anteroom. An old man and two young lackeys were playing cards. They stopped their game, and respectfully stood up as their young mistress came in.

"What shall I have them do?" wondered Natasha. "Yes, Nikita, please go—where shall I send him? oh, yes,—go into the barnyard and fetch me a cock; yes, and you, Misha, bring me some oats."

"Do you wish a few oats?" asked Misha, with joyous readiness.

"Go, go, make haste," said the old man imperiously.

"And you, Feodor, get me a piece of chalk."

As she went past the butler's pantry, she ordered the samovar to be got ready, although it was not anywhere near the time for it.

Foka, the *bufétchik* or butler, was the most morose man of all the household. Natasha took it into her head to try her power over him. He suspected that she was not in earnest, and began to ask her if she meant it.

"Oh, what a baruishnya she is!" said Foka, pretending to be very cross at Natasha.

No one in the house set so many feet flying, and no one gave the servants so much to do, as Natasha. She could not have any peace of mind if she saw servants, unless she sent them on some errand. It seemed as if she were making experiments whether she would not meet with angry answers or with grumbling, on the part of some of them, but the servants obeyed no one else so willingly as Natasha.

"Now, what shall I do? Where shall I go?" pondered the young countess, as she slowly passed along the corridor.

"Nastasya Ivanovna, what sort of children shall I have?" she demanded of the buffoon, who, dressed in his woman's short jacket, was coming towards her.

"Oh, you will have fleas, dragon-flies, and grasshoppers!" replied the buffoon.

"My God! my God! it's this everlasting sameness! What shall I do with myself? Where can I find something to do?" and, swiftly kicking her heels together, she ran upstairs to the quarters occupied by Vogel and his wife. Two governesses were sitting in the Vogels' room; on the table stood plates with raisins, walnuts, and almonds. The governesses were discussing the question whether it were cheaper to live in Moscow or Odessa.

Natasha sat down, listened to their conversation with a grave, thoughtful face, and then stood up.

"The Island of Madagascar!" she exclaimed. "Ma-da-gascar," she repeated, laying a special emphasis on each syllable; and then, without replying to Madame Schoss's question what she said, she hastened from the room.

Petya, her brother, was also upstairs; he and his tutor were arranging for some fireworks which they were going to set off that night.

"Petya! Petya!" she cried to him. "Carry me downstairs!"

Petya ran to her and bent his back. She jumped upon it, threw her arms around his neck, and he, with a hop, skip, and jump, started to run down with her.

"No, thank you! that will do! The Island of Madagascar!" she repeated, and jumping off, she flew downstairs.

Having made the tour of her dominions, as it were, having made trial of her power of command, and discovered that all were sufficiently obedient, but that everything was nevertheless utterly stupid, Natasha went into the ballroom, sat down in a dark corner behind a *chiffonier*, and began to thrum the bass strings of her guitar, practising a theme which she remembered from an opera she had heard at Petersburg in company with Prince Andrei.

If any one from outside had been listening to her, it would have struck him that there was something lacking in the harmonies that she managed to produce on her guitar. But in her imagination these sounds aroused from the dead past a whole series of recollections. As she sat in the shadow of the chiffonier, with her eyes fixed on the pencil of light that streamed from the door of the butler's pantry, she listened to herself, and indulged in day-dreams. She was in the mood for day-dreaming.

Sonya, with a wineglass in her hand, passed through the ballroom on her way to the butler's pantry. Natasha looked at her, at the bright chink in the door; and it seemed to her that on some occasion, long before, she had seen the light streaming through the chink in the pantry door, and Sonya crossing the room with a glass.

"Yes, and it was exactly the same!" said Natasha to herself. "What is this tune, Sonya?" cried Natasha, moving her fingers over the bass strings.

"Ah! Are you here?" cried Sonya, startled at first, and then stopping to listen. "I don't know. Isn't it 'The Storm'?" she suggested timidly, for fear that she was mistaken.

"Now, there! she gave a start in exactly the same way, she came up to me in exactly the same way, and her face wore the same timid smile when that took place," thought Natasha. "And in just the same way I felt that there was something lacking in her. — No! that is the chorus from the 'Water Carrier,'* don't you remember?" And Natasha hummed the air over to recall it to Sonya's memory. "Where were you going?" asked Natasha.

"To change the water in this glass. I am just copying a sketch."

"You are always busy; and here am I, not good for anything," said Natasha. "Where is Nikolai?"

"Asleep, I think!"

* The Peasants' Chorus, 3d Act of Cherubini's Opera "*Les Deux Journées*" (known also in Germany as "*Der Wasserträger*"), produced 1804.

"Sonya, do go and wake him up," urged Natasha. "Tell him that I want him to sing."

She remained sitting there, and wondering why it was that this had happened so; but as it did not disturb her very much that she was not able to solve this question, she once more relapsed into her recollections of the time when she was with him, and he looked at her with loving eyes.

"Akh! I wish he would come! I am so afraid that he won't come! But, worst of all, I'm growing old! that's a fact! Soon I shall not be what I am even now! But, maybe, he will come to-day. Maybe, he is here now. Maybe, he has come, and even now is sitting in the drawing-room. Maybe, he came yesterday, and I have forgotten about it."

She got up, laid down the guitar, and went into the drawing-room. All the household — tutors, governesses, and guests — were already gathered near the tea-table. The men were standing around the table; but Prince Andrei was not among them, and everything was as usual.

"Ah! there she is," said Count Ilya Andreyitch, as he saw Natasha. "Come here and sit by me!"

But Natasha remained standing near her mother, looking around as though she were in search of some one.

"Mamma!" she murmured. "Give him back to me, mamma, quick, quick!" and again she found it hard to keep from sobbing.

She sat down by the table, and listened to the conversation of her elders, and of Nikolai, who had also come in late to the tea-table.

"My God! my God! the same faces, the same small-talk! even papa holds his cup and cools it with his breath just as he always does!" said Natasha, to her horror feeling a dislike rising in her against all the household because they were always the same.

After tea, Nikolai, Sonya, and Natasha went into the divan-room, to their favorite corner, where they always held their most confidential conversations.

CHAPTER X.

"Has it ever happened to you," asked Natasha of her brother, when they were comfortably settled in the divan-room, "has it ever happened to you that it seemed as though there were nothing, just nothing at all, left in the future for

you? that all that was best was past, and that you were not so much bored as disgusted?"

"Haven't I, indeed! Many a time, when everything was going well, and all were gay, it would come into my head that it was all vanity and vexation of spirit, and that all of us would have to die. Once, at the regiment, I did not go out to promenade, though the band was playing, for everything had suddenly become so gloomy" —

"Akh! I know what you mean! I know! I know!" interposed Natasha. "When I was a tiny bit of a girl, it used to be that way with me. Do you remember I was punished once, on account of those plums, and you were all dancing, while I had to sit alone in the class-room, and sobbed? I shall never forget how melancholy I felt, and how vexed with you all and with myself! Oh, yes, vexed with you all! all of you! And the worst of it was, I was not to blame," said Natasha; "do you remember?"

"I remember," replied Nikolai; "and I remember that I went to you and wanted to comfort you; and, do you know, I was ashamed to do it! We were terribly absurd! I had at that time a kind of a toy, like a manikin, and I wanted to give it to you! Do you remember?"

"And do you remember," asked Natasha, with a thoughtful smile, "how, once, long, long time ago, when we were little tots, uncle took us into the library, — that was in the old house and it was dark, — and when we went in, suddenly there stood before us" —

"A negro!" said Nikolai, taking the word from her mouth, and laughing merrily. "Of course I remember it! And now I can't tell for the life of me that it was a negro, or whether we saw it in a dream, or whether it was something that we were told!"

"He was gray, you remember, and had white teeth, and he stood and stared at us" —

"Do you remember it, Sonya?" asked Nikolai.

"Yes, I have a dim recollection of something about it," timidly replied the young girl.

"I have asked both papa and mamma about that negro," said Natasha. "They declare that no negro was ever here. But you see *you* remember about it!"

"Certainly I do! And now I recall his teeth very distinctly."

"How strange! Just as though it were in a dream! I like it!"

"And do you remember how we were rolling eggs in the

music-room, and suddenly two little old women appeared, and began to whirl round on the carpet. That was so, wasn't it? Do you remember how fine it was?"

"Yes; and do you remember how pápenka, in a blue shuba, used to fire off his musket from the doorsteps?"

Thus, smiling with delight, they took turns in calling up, not the reminiscences of a gloomy old age, but the recollections of the poetic days of youth; impressions from the most distant past, dreams fused and confused with reality; and these happy recollections sometimes made them quietly laugh.

Sonya, as usual, sat at a little distance from the other two, though their recollections were not confined to themselves alone. Sonya did not remember much of what the others did, and what came back to her failed to arouse in her that poetic feeling which they experienced. She simply rejoiced in their enjoyment, and tried to take a part in it.

She began to feel a special interest in these reminiscences only when they came to speak of her first coming to their house. Sonya was telling how afraid she was of Nikolai, because he wore braid on his jacket; and her nurse told her that they were going to sew her up in braid.

"And I remember they told me that you were born under a cabbage," said Natasha. "And I remember, also, that I did not dare to disbelieve it, though I knew that it was a fib, and so I felt uncomfortable."

At this stage of the conversation, a chambermaid thrust her head into the divan-room, at the rear door, and said, in a whisper,—

"Báruishnya, they have brought the cock."

"I don't want it, Polya, now; tell them to carry it away again."

While they were still engaged in talking, Dimmler came into the divan-room, and went to the harp that stood in one corner. As he took off the covering, the harp gave forth a discordant sound.

"Eduard Karluteh, please play my favorite nocturne—that one by Monsieur Field,"* cried the old countess from the drawing-room.

Dimmler struck a chord, and, turning to Natasha, Nikolai, and Sonya, said, "Young people, how quiet you are sitting!"

"Yes, we are talking philosophy," said Natasha, looking up

* John Field, known as "Russian Field," born in Dublin; pupil of Clementi; went from Paris to Germany; from Germany to Russia; where he died in January, 1837.

for an instant, and then pursuing the conversation. It now turned upon dreams.

Dimmler began to play. Natasha noiselessly went on her tiptoes to the table, took the candle, and carried it out; then she came back and sat down quietly in her place.

In the room, especially that part where the divan was on which they were sitting, it was dark, but through the lofty windows the silver light of the full moon fell across the floor.

"Do you know, I think," said Natasha, drawing closer to Nikolai and Sonya, when Dimmler had now finished his nocturne, and sat lightly thrumming the strings, apparently uncertain whether to cease, or to play something else, — "I think that when you go back, remembering, and remembering, and remembering everything, you remember so far back, that at last you remember what happened even before you were born — at least I do."

"That is metempsychosis," exclaimed Sonya, who always had been distinguished for her scholarship and her good memory. "The Egyptians used to believe that our souls once inhabited the bodies of animals, and will go into animals again."

"Ah, but do you know, I don't believe that we were ever in animals," remarked Natasha, in the same low voice, though the music had ceased. "But I know for certain that we used to be angels in that other world; and, when we come here, we remember about it."

"May I join you?" asked Dimmler, coming up noiselessly, and taking a seat near them.

"If we were angels, then why have we fallen lower?" suggested Nikolai. "No, that can't be!"

"Who told you that we are lower than the angels? Because I know what I used to be," objected Natasha, with conviction. "You see the soul is immortal. It must be, if I am going to live always, that I lived before, lived a whole eternity."

"Yes, but it is hard for us to realize what eternity is," remarked Dimmler, who, when he had joined the group of young people had worn a slightly scornful smile, but now spoke in as low and serious a tone as the rest.

"Why is it hard to realize eternity?" demanded Natasha. "After to-day comes to-morrow, and then the next day, and so on forever; and, in the same way, yesterday was, and then the day before, and so on."

"Natasha! now it is your turn. Sing me something!" said the countess's voice. "Why are you all sitting there, like conspirators?"

"Mamma! I don't feel like it," said Natasha; but, nevertheless, she got up.

Not one of them, not even Dimmler, who was no longer young, wanted to break off the conversation, and leave the corner; but Natasha had arisen, and Nikolai took his place at the harpsichord. Natasha, as usual, going to the centre of the music-room, and, choosing the place where her voice sounded best, began to sing her mother's favorite piece.

She had said that she did not feel like singing; but it was long since she had sung as she sang that evening, and long before she sang so well again. Count Ilya Andreyitch listened to it from his library, where he was closeted with Mitenka; and, like a schoolboy in haste to go out to play as soon as his lessons are done, he stumbled over his words as he gave his instructions to his overseer, and finally stopped speaking; while Mitenka, also with ears attent, stood silently, in front of the count.

Nikolai did not take his eyes from his sister, and even breathed when she did. Sonya, as she listened, thought what a wide gulf there was between her and her friend, and how impossible it would be to find any one in the world so bewitchingly charming as her cousin. The old countess, with a smile of melancholy pleasure, and with tears in her eyes, sat occasionally shaking her head. She was thinking of Natasha, and of her own youthful days; and of that unnatural and terrible element that seemed to enter into this engagement of her daughter with Prince Andrei.

Dimmler, taking his seat next the countess, and covering his eyes, listened.

"No, countess," said he, finally, "this talent of hers is European; she has nothing to learn; such smoothness, sympathetic quality, power" —

"Akh! How I tremble for her; how worried I am!" said the countess, not realizing to whom she was speaking. Her maternal instinct told her that Natasha had more in her than ordinary girls, and that this would result in unhappiness for her.

Natasha had not quite finished her singing, when fourteen-year-old Petya, all excitement, came running into the room with the news that some maskers had come.

Natasha abruptly stopped.

"Durak! idiot!" she cried to her brother, and, running to a chair, flung herself into it, and sobbed so that it was long before she could recover herself.

"It's nothing, mámenka; truly it's nothing: it was only Petya startled me," said she, striving to smile; but her tears still flowed, and her throat was choked by her repressed sobs.

The house servants, who had dressed themselves up as bears, Turks, tavern-keepers, fine ladies, monsters, and ogres, bringing in with them the outside cold and hilarity, at first shyly clustered together in the anteroom; but gradually, hiding one behind the other, they ventured into the ballroom; and at first, timidly, but afterwards with ever-increasing fervor and zeal, began to perform songs, dances, and *khorovods*, and other Christmas games.

The countess, after she had recognized them, and indulged in a hearty laugh at their antics, retired into the drawing-room. Count Ilya Andreyitch, with a radiant smile, took his seat in the ballroom, with approving glances at the masqueraders. Meantime, all the young folks had mysteriously disappeared.

Within half an hour, the other masqueraders in the ballroom were joined by an elderly baruinya, in farthingale, and this was Nikolai; by a Turkish woman, and this was Petya; by a clown — this was Dimmler; by a hussar — Natasha; and by a Circassian youth — Sonya: both the girls had dark eyebrows and mustaches, contrived with the help of burnt cork.

After well-feigned surprise, and pretended lack of recognition, as well as praise from those who were not mumming, the young people decided that their costumes were too good to be wasted, and that it was incumbent upon them to go and exhibit them elsewhere.

Nikolai, who had a strong desire for a troika ride, the roads being in splendid condition, proposed that they should take with them the ten house serfs, who were disguised, and that all should go and visit the "little uncle."

"No, he is an old man; and you will merely disturb him," expostulated the countess. "Why! you couldn't all get into his house! If you must go somewhere, then go to the Melyukofs'."

Melyukova was a widow, who, with a host of children of various ages, and with tutors and governesses, lived about four versts from the Rostofs.

"There! *ma chère*, a good idea!" cried the old count, becoming greatly excited. "Wait till I can get into a costume and I will go with you. I tell you we will wake Pasheta* up!"

But the countess was not at all inclined to let the old count

* Diminutive of Pelagaya.

go; since, for several days, his leg had been troubling him. It was therefore decided that it was not best for Ilya Andreyitch to go; but that if Luiza Ivanovna, that is to say, Madame Schoss, would act as chaperone, then the young ladies might also go to Melyukova's.

Sonya, though generally very timid and shy, now was more urgent than all the others in her entreaties to Luiza Ivanovna not to leave them in the lurch.

Sonya's costume was the best of all. Her mustache and dark brows were extremely becoming to her. All assured her that she was very handsome, and she was keyed up to a state of energy and excitement quite out of her usual manner. Some inner voice told her that now or never her fate was to be decided; and now, in her masculine garb, she seemed like another person. Luiza Ivanovna consented; and in less than half an hour, four troikas, with jingling bells, on shaft arch* and harness swept, creaking and crunching over the frosty snow, up to the front steps.

Natasha was the first to catch the tone of Christmas festivity, and this jollity was perfectly infectious, growing more and more noisy, and reaching the highest pitch as they all came out into the frosty air, and with shouting and calling, and laughing and screaming, took their places in the sledges.

Two of the three spans were unmatched: the third troïka belonged to the old count, with a racer of the Orlof breed between the thills; the fourth was Nikolai's own private troïka with a low, shaggy, black shaft-horse. Nikolai, in his old-maid's costume, over which he threw his hussar's riding-cloak fastened with a belt, took his place in the middle of his sledge, and gathered up the reins. It was so light that he could see the metal of the harness-plates shining in the moonbeams, and the horses' eyes, as they turned them anxiously toward the merry group gathered under the dark roof of the *portecochère*.

In Nikolai's sledge were packed Natasha, Sonya, Madame Schoss, and two of the maid-servants; in the old count's went Dimmler, with his wife and Petya; in the others, the rest of the household serfs were disposed.

"You lead the way, Zakhar!" cried Nikolai, to his father's coachman; he wished to have the chance to "beat" him on the road.

The old count's troïka, with Dimmler and the other masqueraders, creaked as though its runners were frozen to the snow;

* Called *dugá*.

and, with a jingling of its deep-toned bell, started forward. The side horses twitched at the shafts, and kicked up the sugar-like gleaming crystals of the snow.

Nikolai followed Zakhar; behind them, with a creaking and crunching, came the others. At first they went rather gingerly along the narrow driveway. As they passed the park the shadows cast by the bare trees lay across the road and checked the moonlight; but as soon as they got beyond the park enclosure, the snowy expanse — gleaming like diamonds, with a deep blue phosphorescence, all drenched in moonlight, and motionless — opened out before them in every direction.

All at once, the foremost sledge dipped into a cradle-hole; in exactly the same way the one behind it went down and came up again, and then the next behind; and then, boldly breaking the iron-bound silence, the sledges began to speed along the road one after the other.

"There is a hare track! Ever so many of them!" rang Natasha's voice through the frost-bound air.

"How light it is, Nicolas!" said Sonya's voice.

Nikolai glanced round, and bent over so as to get a closer look into her face. The pretty face, with an odd and entirely new expression, caused by the black brows and mustache, glanced up at him from under the sables.

"That used to be Sonya," said Nikolai to himself. He gave her a closer look and smiled.

"What is the matter, Nicolas?"

"Nothing," said he, and he again gave his attention to his horses.

Having now reached the hard-trodden high-road, stretching away in the moonlight, and polished smooth by numberless runners, and all hacked up by the tracks of horse-shoe nails, the horses of their own accord began to pull on the reins, and increase their speed. The off-horse, tossing his head, galloped along, twitching on his traces. The shaft-horse shook out into a trot, laying back his ears as though asking, "Shall we begin, or is it too early as yet?"

Zakhar's troika, already a considerable distance ahead, the jingle of its deep-toned bell growing more and more distant, could be seen, like a black patch against the whiteness of the snow. Shouts and laughter, and the voices of the party in the distance, could be plainly heard.

"Now then, my darlings!" cried Nikolai, giving a firm rein with one hand, and raising his hand with the knout. And only by the increase of the wind that blew in their faces, and

by the straining of the side horses, which kept springing and galloping faster and more furiously, could it be told at what a pace the troika was flying. Nikolai glanced back. With shouts and whistling, with cracking of whips, and encouraging words to the horses, followed the other troika at a flying pace. The back of the shaft-horse rose and fell steadily under the curved *dugá*, but with no thought of breaking, and ready to give more and ever more speed, if it were required of him.

Nikolai now overtook the first troika. They glided down a little slope, and came out upon a road wide enough for several teams to drive abreast, stretching along the *intervale* by the river side.

"Where will this take us, I wonder?" queried Nikolai. "This must be the sloping *intervale*. But no, it is a place I don't recognize at all! I never saw it before! It is neither the sloping *intervale* nor the Dyomkin hill: God only knows where we are. It is certainly some new and enchanted place! Well, what difference does it make to us?" And, shouting at his horses, he began to gain on the first troika. Zakhar held his team to their work and turned round his face, white with frost even to the eyebrows.

Nikolai gave his horses rein; Zakhar, reaching out his arms, clucked his tongue, and also gave his free rein.

"Now, steady there, barin!" cried he.

Still swifter flew the two troikas, side by side; and swiftly the legs of the horses interwove as onward they sped.

Nikolai began gradually to forge ahead. Zakhar, not changing the position of his outstretched arms, kept the hand that held the reins a little higher.

"You can't come it, barin!" he cried to Nikolai. Nikolai urged all three of his horses to gallop, and sped past Zakhar. The horses kicked the fine dry snow into the faces of the party; the bells jingled together as they flew on, side by side; and the swiftly moving legs of the horses mingled together, while the shadows crossed and interlaced upon the snow. The runners whizzed along the road, and the shouts and cries of the women were heard in each of the sledges.

Once more reining in his horses, Nikolai glanced around him. Everywhere was the same magical expanse, flooded deep with the moonbeams, and with millions of stars scattered over it.

"Zakhar is shouting, 'turn to the left;' but why to the left?" queried Nikolai. "Aren't we going to the Melyukofs'?"

Is this the way to Melyukovka? God knows where we are going, and God knows what is going to become of us, and it is very strange and very pleasant, whatever becomes of us."

He looked down into the sledge.

"Oh, see there! his mustache and eyelashes are all white," said one of the handsome young strangers, with delicate mustaches and eyebrows, who sat in the sledge.

"That, I think, must have been Natasha," said Nikolai to himself, "and that other is Madame Schoss; and, perhaps I am wrong, but that Circassian with the mustache I never saw before, but I love her all the same!"

"You aren't cold, are you?" he asked. They gave no other answer than a merry laugh. Dimmler was shouting something from the hindmost sledge; it was probably funny, but he could not make out what it was. "Yes, yes," replied other voices, with a burst of laughter.

"And now here is a sort of enchanted forest, with black shadows interlacing, and the gleams of diamonds, and something like an amphitade of marble steps; and there are the silver roofs of an enchanted castle, and the piercing yells of wild beasts. — But supposing after all it were Melyukovka, then it would be still more wonderful that we should have gone, God knows how, and still have come out at Melyukovka!" said Nikolai to himself.

In point of fact it was Melyukovka, and maids and lackeys began to appear on the doorsteps of the entrance, with torches, and happy faces.

"Who is it?" asked some one from the front door.

"Masqueraders from the Count's, I can tell by the horses," replied various voices.

CHAPTER XI.

PELAGAYA DANILOVNA MELYUKOVA, a very stout and energetic woman in spectacles, and wearing a loose-flowing capote, was sitting in the drawing-room, surrounded by her daughters, whom she was doing her best to entertain. They were quietly moulding wax, and looking at the shadows cast by retreating figures, when the steps and voices of the visitors began to echo through the anteroom.

Hussars, high-born ladies, witches, clowns, bears, coughing and wiping their frost-bound faces, came into the ballroom, where the candelabras were hastily lighted. The clown —

that is, Dimmler, with the *báruinya*, that is, Nikolai, opened the dance. Surrounded by gleefully shouting children, the masqueraders, hiding their faces and disguising their voices, made low bows before the mistress of the mansion, and then scattered through the room.

"Akh! it's impossible to tell! Ah, that's Natasha! Just see whom she looks like! Truly she reminds me of some one! And there's Eduard Karluitch! How elegant! I shouldn't have known you. Akh! how elegantly he dances! Akh! Saints preserve us! and who is that Circassian? Indeed, it reminds me of Sonyushka. And who is that? Well, well! this is a kindness! Move out the tables, Nikita, Vanya. And we have been sitting here so solemnly."

"Ha! ha! ha!" — "What a hussar!" "What a hussar!" "Just like a boy, and what legs." — "I can't look at you!" — such were the remarks on every side.

Natasha, who was a great favorite with the young Melyukofs, disappeared with them into some distant room, where a burnt cork and dressing-gowns and various articles of masculine attire were immediately in requisition; and these were snatched from the lackey who brought them, through the half-open door, by girlish arms, all bare. Within ten minutes, all the young people of the Melyukof family came down, and rejoined the masqueraders.

Pelagaya Danilovna, who had seen that a sufficient place was cleared for her guests, and regalement prepared for the gentlefolk as well as the serfs, went round among the maskers with her spectacles on her nose, and a set smile, looking close into the faces of all, and not recognizing a single one. She neither recognized the Rostofs nor Dimmler, nor could she even distinguish her own daughters, or the masculine dressing-gowns and uniforms which they had put on.

"And who is that one?" she asked of the *gubernantka*, and looking straight into the face of her daughter, who represented a Kasan Tatar: "I think it must be one of the Rostofs. Well, and you, Mister Hussar, what regiment do you serve in?" she asked of Natasha. "Give that Turk, yes that Turk, some fruit cake," said she to the butler, who was serving the refreshments; "it is not forbidden by their laws."

Sometimes, looking at the strange but absurd *pas* performed by the dancers, who gave themselves up completely to the ideas that they were mumming, that no one would recognize them, and therefore felt no mock modesty, Pelagaya Danilovna would hide her face in her handkerchief, and her whole fat

body would shake with the good-natured and uncontrollable laughter of old age.

After they had performed the *plyaska*, various *khoro rods* and other Russian national dances, Pelagaya Danilovna had all the serfs and the others together form into a great circle; a ring, a rope, and a ruble were brought, and they began to play various games.

By the end of an hour the costumes began to show signs of wear and tear. The charcoal mustaches and eyebrows began to disappear from the sweaty, heated, jolly faces. Pelagaya Danilovna began to recognize the masqueraders, and congratulate them on the skill with which they had made up their costumes, and tell them how very becoming they were to the young ladies, and she thanked them all for having entertained her so well. The guests were invited into the drawing-room, and refreshments were provided in the ballroom for the serfs.

"No, but what a terrible thing to read your fortune in a bath!" exclaimed an old maid, who lived with the Melyukofs.

"Why so?" asked the oldest daughter of the family.

They were now sitting down at supper.

"No, don't think of doing such a thing, it requires so much courage."

"I would just as lief," said Sonya.

"Tell us what happened to that young lady," asked the second Melyukova girl.

"Well, this was the way of it: a certain *báruishnya*," said the old maid, "took a cock, two plates, knives, and forks, as the way is, and went and sat down. She sat there and sat there, and suddenly she hears some one coming—a sledge drives up, with harness bells jingling; she listens, some one is coming! Some one comes in, absolutely in human form, just like an officer, and sits down with her where the second plate is set."

"Oh! oh!" screamed Natasha, rolling her eyes in horror.

"And how was it—how did he speak to her?"

"Yes, just like a man, everything was just as it should have been; and he began to talk with her, and all she needed to do was to keep him talking till the cock crowed, but she got frightened; as soon as she got frightened, and hid her face in her hands, then he clasped her in his arms. Luckily, just then, some maids came running in."

"Now, what is the good of frightening them so!" protested Pelagaya Danilovna.

"Mamasha, you yourself have had your fortune told," exclaimed one of the daughters.

"How is it fortunes are told in a granary?" asked Sonya.

"Well, this is the way of it; you go into the granary and listen. It depends on what you hear: if there is any knocking or tapping, it's a bad sign; but if the wheat drops, then it's for good, and it will come out all right."

"Mamma, tell us what happened to you when you went to the granary?"

Pelagaya Danilovna smiled.

"Oh, what's the use! and I have forgotten," said she. "Besides, you wouldn't go, would you?"

"Yes, I would go, too; Pelagaya Danilovna, do let me; I certainly will go," said Sonya.

"Very well, then, if you are not afraid."

"Luiza Ivanovna, can I?" asked Sonya of Madame Schoss.

While they were playing the games with the ring, the ruble, and the rope, and now, while they were talking, Nikolai had not left Sonya's side, and looked at her from wholly new eyes. It seemed to him that this evening, thanks to that charcoal mustache, he, for the first time, knew her as she really was. In reality, Sonya, that evening, was merrier, livelier, and prettier than Nikolai had ever seen her before.

"Why! what a girl she is, and what an idiot I have been," he said to himself, as he gazed into her gleaming eyes, and saw her radiantly happy and enthusiastic smile dimpling her cheeks under her mustache, and that look which he had never seen before.

"I am not afraid of anything," said Sonya. "Can I start now?"

She got up. She was told where the granary was, and how she must stand and listen, and make no noise. The servant brought her shuba. She flung it over her head, and gave a glance at Nikolai.

"How charming that girl is!" said he to himself. "And what have I been thinking about all this time?"

Sonya stepped out into the corridor on her way to the granary. Nikolai, making the excuse that he was too warm, hurried to the front steps. It was a fact, the crowd made the air in the rooms close. Out of doors it was as cold and still as ever; the moon was shining, except that it was brighter than before. The brightness was so intense, and there were so many gleaming stars in the snow that those on high were quite effaced, and one had no desire to look for them there. That sky was

almost black and spoke of gloom : the terrestrial sky was white and gay.

"What an idiot I have been! what an idiot! Why have I waited so long?" mused Nikolai, and he sprang down the steps and turned the corner of the house by the footpath that led back to the rear entrance. He knew that Sonya would come that way. Half-way along the path stood a great wood-pile covered with snow, and casting deep shadows; across it, and beyond it, fell the shadows of the lindens, bare and old, weaving patterns on the snow and the path.

The footpath led to the granary. The timber walls of the granary and its roofs covered with snow, shone in the moonlight like a palace made of precious stone. One of the park trees cracked in the frost, and then everything became absolutely still again. It seemed to Nikolai as if his lungs breathed in not common air but the elixir of eternal youth and joy.

Feet were heard stamping on the steps of the servants' entrance. Some one was scraping the snow away from the lower step on which it had drifted, and then the voice of an old maid said, —

"Straight ahead! straight ahead! right along this path, báruishnya. Only you must not look round."

"I am not afraid," replied Sonya's voice; and then toward Nikolai came Sonya's dainty feet, sliding and squeaking in her thin slippers.

Sonya came along, all muffled up in her shuba, and it was not till she was within two paces of him that she saw him; it seemed to her also that he was different from what she had ever known him before, and that he had nothing of what always made her a bit afraid of him. He was in his feminine costume, with clustering locks, and wearing a blissful smile such as Sonya had never seen before. Sonya swiftly hurried to him.

"She's entirely different; not at all the same," thought Nikolai, as he looked into her face, all kindled by the moonlight. He put his arms under her shuba, which encircled her head, strained her to his heart, and kissed her lips, which still showed traces of the mustache, and had a faint odor of burnt cork. Sonya returned his kiss full on the lips, and putting up her slender hands laid them on both sides of his face.

"Sonya!"

"Nicolas!"

That was all they said. They ran to the granary, and then they went back into the house by the doors through which they had come.

CHAPTER XII.

WHEN they drove home from Pelagaya Danilovna's, Natasha, who had seen and observed everything, made a redistribution of forces; so that Luiza Ivanovna and Dimmler went in the sledge with her, while Sonya and Nikolai and some of the maids drove together.

Nikolai, feeling now no anxiety to take the lead, drove deliberately along the homeward road; and as he kept turning to look at Sonya, with the weird moonlight falling on her, he tried to discover in that all-transforming light, the Sonya of the past from the Sonya of the moment with her charcoal-pencilled brows and mustache, — the Sonya from whom he was determined never to be parted. As he looked at her, and remembered what she was, and what she had been; as he recalled that odor of the burnt cork — mingling so strangely in his consciousness of her kiss; and as he gazed at the ground swiftly gliding by, and at the glittering sky, — he felt that he was once more in the realm of enchantment.

"Sonya, *art thou* comfortable?" he would occasionally ask.

"Yes," would be Sonya's answer. "And *art thou*?"

When they were half-way home Nikolai told the coachman to hold the horses, and he ran back for a moment, to Natasha's sledge, and leaned over the side.

"Natasha," he whispered, in French. "Do you know, I have made up my mind in regard to Sonya."

"Have you told her yet?" asked Natasha, becoming all radiant with delight.

"Oh, how strange that mustache and those eyebrows make you look, Natasha! — Are you glad?"

"Oh, I am so glad, so glad! I was beginning to grow angry with you. I have not told you so; but you haven't been treating her fairly. She is such a true-hearted girl, Nicolas. How glad I am! I am often naughty, but I have reproached myself for being selfish in my happiness, and not sharing it with Sonya," pursued Natasha. "But now I am so glad; but you must go back to her."

"No, wait a moment. Fie! how absurd you do look!" exclaimed Nikolai, still gazing at her, and in his sister also discovering something new and unusual, and bewitchingly lovely, which he had never before noticed in her.

"Natasha! It's like enchantment, isn't it?"

"Yes," replied she. "You have done nobly."

"If ever I had seen her like this before," thought Nikolai, "I should long ago have asked her advice, and what is more should have followed it, and all would have been well. — So you are glad, and I have done right, have I?"

"Oh, yes, perfectly right. It was only a little while ago that I got vexed with mamasha about this. Mamma said that she was trying to catch you. How could she say such a thing? I almost quarrelled with mamma. And I will never allow any one to say anything mean about her, because she is goodness itself."

"All right, then, is it?" exclaimed Nikolai, giving another searching look at the expression of his sister's face, so as to be sure that she was in earnest; and then, with creaking boots, he jumped down from the runner, and ran to overtake his own sledge. And there still sat the same radiantly happy little Circassian, with mustache and gleaming eyes, under her sable hood; and this Circassian was Sonya, and this Sonya was assuredly to be his happy and loving wife in the days to come!

After they had reached home, and had told the countess how they had spent the time at the Melyukofs, the young girls went to their room. Without wiping off their burnt cork mustaches they undressed, and sat together for a long time, talking about their happiness. They had much to say about their future married lives, and what friends their husbands would be, and how happy they should be.

On Natasha's table stood dressing-glasses, placed there early that evening by her maid, Dunyasha.

"But when will all this be? Never, I fear me. It would be too great happiness to come true," said Natasha, as she got up and went over to the mirrors.

"Sit down, Natasha: maybe you will see him," said Sonya. Natasha lighted the candles and sat down.

"I see some one with a mustache," exclaimed Natasha, catching sight of her own face.

"You must not turn it into ridicule, báruishnya!" said Dunyasha.

Natasha, with the help of Sonya and her maid, got into the proper position before the glass; her face assumed a serious expression, and she remained silent. Long she sat there, looking at the row of waning candles in the mirror, wondering, as she remembered the heroines of stories she had heard, whether this mysterious "Twelfth Night" she should see her coffin, or whether she should see *him*, Prince Andrei, in

the background of the dark and confused square of glass. But, as she was not ready to mistake the smallest spot or stain on the glass for the form of coffin or of a man, she saw nothing. Her eyes began to grow heavy, and she got up and left the mirror.

"How is it other people see things, and I never see anything?" she asked. "Now you sit down, Sonya. To-day, of course, you must look for yourself; but look for me, too," said she. "I have such terrible presentiments to-night!"

Sonya sat down in front of the mirrors, arranged herself in the right position and began to look.

"Now, Sofya Aleksandrovna will surely see something," whispered Dunyasha. "But *you* are always making fun."

Sonya overheard this, and heard Natasha reply. —

"Yes, I know she will see something; she did last year, you remember."

For three minutes all sat in silence. "Of course she will" — whispered Natasha, but she did not finish her sentence. Suddenly Sonya pushed the mirror back, and covered her eyes with her hand.

"Akh! Natasha!" she cried.

"Did you see something? Did you? What did you see?" demanded Natasha, taking the mirror from her.

Sonya had seen nothing; her eyes were simply beginning to grow heavy, and she was just on the point of getting up when she heard Natasha beginning to say, "Of course she will." She had no intention of deceiving either Dunyasha or Natasha, but it was stupid sitting there! She herself did not know how or why it was that the cry had escaped from her when she covered her eyes with her hand.

"Did you see him?" demanded Natasha, seizing her by the arm.

"Yes. Wait — I — saw him," said Sonya, led by some unaccountable impulse, but not knowing which Natasha meant by *him*, Nikolai or Andrei. "But why should I not tell what I saw. Others have seen such things. And who can prove that I did or didn't see something," was the thought that flashed through Sonya's mind.

"Yes, I saw him," said she.

"How was it? was he sitting, or standing? How was it?"

"Now, I saw — At first I could not see anything, then suddenly I got a glimpse of him, and he was lying down."

"Andrei lying down? Is he ill?" demanded Natasha, gazing at her friend with horror-stricken eyes.

"No, on the contrary his face was cheerful, and he turned toward me" —

At that instant it began to seem to her that she had seen what she was telling.

"Well, and then what, Sonya?"

"Then I did not see anything more! Something blue and red" —

"Sonya! When will he come back? When shall I see him? My God! How I tremble for him and for myself; and everything fills me with alarm," cried Natasha; and, paying no heed to the words of comfort spoken by Sonya, she got into bed; and long after the candles were put out, she lay there motionless, with wide-open eyes, gazing at the frosty moonbeams flooding the icy window-panes.

CHAPTER XIII.

SHORTLY after Twelfth Night, Nikolai* confessed to his mother his love for Sonya, and announced his firm determination to make her his wife.

The countess, who had long before that remarked what was going on between the two young people, and who had been expecting this announcement, listened in silence to his words; and then coldly informed him that he might marry any one he pleased, but that neither she nor his father would countenance such a marriage.

For the first time, Nikolai felt conscious that his mother was offended with him; that, notwithstanding all her love for him, she would not yield to him in this matter. With icy coldness, and without looking at her son, she sent for her husband; and when he came, she tried, in Nikolai's presence, to tell him, in a few chilling words, of what her son proposed to do; but she had not the necessary self-control: tears of vexation sprang to her eyes, and she was compelled to leave the room.

The old count tried feebly to reason with Nikolai, and begged him to give up his intention.

Nikolai replied that he could not go back on his word; and the father, sighing, and evidently all upset in his mind, hastily put an end to the conference and went to the countess.

In all his encounters with his son, the count always had the consciousness of his own blameworthiness toward him, in regard to the squandering of his fortune; and, accordingly, he

could not show his anger against his son for refusing to wed a rich wife, and for choosing the penniless Sonya; in all this affair, he remembered with the keener sorrow that if only his estates had not been so ruined, it would be impossible for Nikolai to find a better wife; and that the only persons responsible for the wasting of this estate were himself and his Mitenka, and their incorrigible habits.

The father and mother had nothing more to say to Nikolai, in regard to this; but a few days later, the countess summoned Sonya, and with a bitterness which no one in the world would have expected of her, she reproached her niece with having decoyed her son, and accused her of the blackest ingratitude. Sonya, in silence, and with downcast eyes, listened to the countess's bitter words, and was at a loss to know what was required of her. She was ready for any sacrifice for all of them, in return for their benefits. The thought of self-sacrifice was ever a delight to her; but, in this affair, she could not comprehend what she was required to sacrifice, or for what purpose. She could not help loving the countess, and all the Rostof family: nor could she help loving Nikolai, or knowing that his happiness depended on her love for him. She therefore stood silent and sad, and had nothing to reply.

It seemed to Nikolai that he could not longer endure this state of things; and he went to his mother to have a final explanation. Nikolai first besought his mother to be reconciled to him and Sonya, and consent to their marriage; then he threatened her that if they persecuted Sonya, he would instantly marry her clandestinely.

The countess, with a coldness her son had never experienced before, replied that he was of age, that Prince Andrei was going to marry without his father's sanction, and that he might do the same; but that she would never receive this *intrigantka* as her daughter.

Angry at her use of the term *intrigantka*, Nikolai raised his voice, and told his mother that he had never thought that she would oblige him to sacrifice his noblest feelings; and that if this were so, then he would never —

But he did not finish uttering this rash vow, which, judging by the expression of his face, his mother awaited with horror, and which might have forever raised a cruel barrier between them. He did not utter it, because Natasha, with a pale and solemn face, came into the room: she had been listening at the door.

"Nikólinka, you don't know what you are saying: hush!

hush! I tell you, hush!" she almost screamed, so as to drown his words. "Mamma, darling, there's no reason in this at all, *dúshenka moyá*,— dear heart," said she, turning still paler, and going to her mother, who felt that she was on the very edge of an abyss, and looked with horror at her son; and yet, by reason of her stubbornness, and the impulse of the quarrel, she would not, and could not, give in. "Nikólinka, I beg of you, go away; go! and you, sweetheart mamma,* listen," she entreated, turning again to her mother.

Her words were incoherent; but they brought about the wished-for result.

The countess, deeply flushed, buried her face in her daughter's bosom; and Nikolai got up and, clasping his head between his hands, rushed out of the room.

Natasha acted the part of peacemaker so well, that Nikolai received a promise from his mother that Sonya should not be annoyed; and he himself swore that he would never do anything without the knowledge of his parents.

With the firm intention of retiring from the service as soon as he could wind up his connection with his regiment, and return and marry Sonya, Nikolai, melancholy and grave, still under strained relations with his parents, but, as it seemed to him, passionately in love, rejoined his regiment early in January.

After Nikolai's departure, it became sadder than ever in the house of the Rostofs. The countess, owing to her mental tribulations, was taken seriously ill.

Sonya was depressed, both on account of her separation from Nikolai, and still more on account of the unfriendly manner in which the countess, in spite of herself, treated her. The count was more than ever occupied by the wretched state of his pecuniary affairs, which demanded of him the most heroic measures. It was absolutely necessary to dispose of their mansion in Moscow, and their *podmoskornaya* estate; and in order to effectuate this sale, it was essential to go to Moscow. But the state of the countess's health caused him to postpone his departure from day to day.

Natasha, who had easily, and even cheerfully, borne the first weeks of separation from her lover, now every day grew more nervous and impatient. The thought that she was wasting the best time of her life, when she might so much better have been employing it in loving sacrifice for him, constantly tormented her.

* *Mama-golúbushka*.

His letters generally merely served to annoy her. It revolted her to think that when her life was nothing but a constant thought about him, he was living in the great world of action, seeing new places and new people, who were full of interest to him. The more fascinating his letters were, the more they annoyed her.

Her letters to him gave her no consolation: they were nothing but tedious and hypocritical exercises. She was not able to write freely, because she could not realize the possibility of correctly expressing in a letter even the thousandth part of what she was accustomed to express with her voice, her smile, and her glance. She wrote him perfunctory and monotonous letters, the stupidity of which she herself acknowledged; while her mother corrected in the rough draught the mistakes in spelling which she made.

The countess's health was still feeble: but it was now no longer possible to put off the return to Moscow. It was necessary to arrange for the marriage settlement, it was necessary to sell the mansion; and, moreover, Prince Andrei was now expected in Moscow, where his father, Prince Nikolai Andreitch, was spending the winter: indeed, Natasha was certain that he had already arrived.

The countess remained in the country; but the count, taking Sonya and Natasha with him, went to Moscow toward the end of January.

PART FIFTH.

CHAPTER I.

PIERRE, after the engagement of Prince Andrei and Natasha, suddenly, without any apparent reason, began to find it impossible to pursue his former mode of life. Firmly as he was convinced of the truths revealed by the Benefactor; delightful as had been the first period of enthusiasm for the inward labor of self-improvement, to which he had given himself up with such zeal;—all the charm of this former existence suddenly vanished after the betrothal of his friends, and after the death of Iosiph Alekseyevitch, intelligence of which he received about the same time. Nothing but the empty skeleton of life remained to him: his mansion, with that brilliant wife of his, who was still enjoying the favors of an influential personage; his acquaintance with all Petersburg; and his duties at court, with all their tedious formalities. And this life of his suddenly began to fill Pierre with unexpected loathing: he ceased to write in his diary; he shunned the society of the Brethren; he began once more to frequent the club, and to drink heavily; he became intimate with the gay young bachelor set; and his behavior became such that the Countess Elena Vasilyevna found it necessary to give him a stern admonition.

Pierre felt that she was right; and, in order not to compromise her, he decided to go to Moscow.

In Moscow, as soon as he set foot in his enormous house, with the dried-up and withered princesses, and the swarm of menials; as soon as he went out into town and saw the Iverskaya Chapel, with its innumerable tapers burning before the golden shrines, and the Square of the Kremlin, with its sheet of untrodden snow, the *izvoshchiks*, and the hovels of the Sivtsef Vrazhek; saw the old Moscovites, who, with never a desire or a quickening of the blood, lived out their days, the Moscovite dances, the Moscovite ballrooms, and the Moscovite English club;—he felt himself at home in a refuge of quiet. Life in Moscow gave him the sensation of comfort, and warmth, and cosiness, that one has in an old and dirty dressing-gown.

Pierre was welcomed by all Moscow society, young and old, as a long-expected guest, whose place was always ready for him and never given to another. In the eyes of Moscow society, Pierre was most kindly, good-natured, intelligent, and benevolent, though eccentric, absent-minded, but cordial: a thorough-going Russian barin, of the old stamp. His purse was always empty, because it was opened to all. Benefits, wretched pictures, statuary, benevolent societies, gypsies, schools, subscription dinners, drinking bouts, the Masons, churches, books.—no one and nothing ever met with a refusal from him; and if it had not been for two friends of his, who had borrowed large sums of him and now took him under their guardianship, he would have had absolutely nothing left. At the club, no dinner or reception was complete without him. As soon as he took his place on the ottoman, after a couple of bottles of Margaux, the members would gather round him and vie with each other in all sorts of gossip, discussions, and clever stories. If discussions degenerated into quarrels, he would restore peace by his kindly smile alone, or by a clever jest. The Masonic meetings were tedious and dull if he were absent.

Often after dining with his bachelor friends, he would yield with a genial and weakly smile to their entreaties, and go with them where they went, and help the hilarious young fellows wake the echoes with their wild enthusiastic shouts. At the balls he would never refuse to dance, if partners were scarce. Young matrons and young girls liked him because he was attentive, especially after dinner, to all alike, without making invidious distinctions. It was a common saying of him: "*Il est charmant ; il n'a pas de sexe.*"

Pierre had become simply a retired court chamberlain, good-naturedly vegetating in Moscow, like so many hundreds of others.

How horror-struck he would have been if, seven years before, when he was just back from abroad, some one had told him that it was idle for him to seek out or invent a career; that the ruts in which he would move were long ago made for him, determined before the foundation of the world; and that, in spite of all his struggles, he should be what every one in his position was doomed to be. He would not have been able to believe this.

Had he not, with all his heart, wished at one time that a republic should be established in Russia? then, that he might be a Napoleon? then, a philosopher? then, a general, the conqueror of Napoleon? Had he not seen the possibility, and wished

to take part in the mighty task, of regenerating depraved humanity, and of bringing himself to the highest degree of improvement? Had he not established schools and infirmaries, and emancipated his peasantry?

But instead of what he had dreamed, lo! here he was the rich husband of an unfaithful wife; a court chamberlain retired; a gourmand and winebibber, and easily inclined to criticise the government; a member of the English club; and a flattered *habitué* of Moscow society! It was long before he could reconcile himself to the thought that he himself was a court chamberlain living in Moscow, the very type of what he should have so deeply despised seven years before.

Sometimes he comforted himself with the thought that this mode of life was only temporary; but then he would be terrified by another thought of how many people, just like himself, with all their hair, and their teeth still good, had entered temporarily into this mode of life, and into this club, and were now passing from it, bald and toothless.

In moments of pride, when he thought over his position, it seemed to him that he was of an entirely different nature, distinct from these retired chamberlains, whom he used to despise; that they were insipid and stupid, contented and satisfied with their position: "While I, on the contrary, am utterly dissatisfied; my sole desire is to do something for humanity," he would say to himself, in such moments of pride.

"But perhaps all these colleagues of mine are just like myself, and have been struggling and seeking to *find* some new and original path through life; and, like myself, have, by sheer force of circumstances, by the conditions of society and birth, — that elemental force against which man is powerless, — been brought into the same condition as myself." This he would say to himself in moments of humility; and, after he had lived in Moscow for some time, he ceased to despise his colleagues, the retired courtiers, and began to like them, and to esteem them, and to pity them, as he did himself.

Pierre no longer suffered, as formerly, from moments of despair, hypochondria, and disgust of life; but the same disease, which formerly had been made manifest by occasional attacks, had struck inward, and not for a moment ceased its insidious working.

"For what end? Why? For what purpose were we created in the world?" he would ask himself in perplexity many times every day in spite of himself, beginning to reason out some explanation of life; but as he knew by experience that such

questions as these must remain unanswerable, he would strive in all haste to put them out of his mind, — taking up a book, or going over to the club, or calling on Apollon Nikolayevitch to talk over the gossip of the town.

“Elena Vasilyevna, whom no one ever cared for except for her body’s sake, and who is one of the stupidest women in the world,” said Pierre to himself, “makes people believe that she is a woman of superior wit and refinement, and they bow down before her. Napoleon Bonaparte was despised by every one until he became great; but since he has become a miserable comedian, the Emperor Franz is trying to make him take his daughter illegally for his wife. The Spaniards, through the Roman Catholic clergy, offered up prayers of thanksgiving to God for granting them a victory over the French on the 26th of June; while the French, through the medium of the same Catholic priesthood, offer up thanksgivings to the same God for having beaten the Spaniards on the 26th of June! My brethren, the Masons, solemnly swear that they will be ready to sacrifice all they possess for their neighbor; but, when the box is passed around, they do not contribute a single ruble for the poor; and the *Astrea* lodge intrigues against the “*Manna Seekers*,” and they toil and moil for the sake of getting a genuine Scotch carpet and charter, though the meaning of it is not known even by the one who copies it off, and it is necessary to no one. All of us profess the Christian law of forgiveness of injuries, and of love for our neighbor, — a law in obedience to which we have erected, here in Moscow, eighty-score churches; while yesterday a deserter was flogged with the knout, and the priest, the servant of this same law of love and forgiveness, presented the crucifix for the soldier to kiss, before he received his punishment.”

Thus mused Pierre; and this whole universal falsehood, which everybody acknowledges, amazed him every time he thought of it; just as though he were not used to it, just as though it were some new thing.

“I understand this falsehood and confusion,” he thought. “But how can I convince them of what I understand? I have made the experiment, and have always found that they, in the depths of their hearts, understand it just as I do; but they strive not to see it. Of course it must be so. But for me, what ought I to do?” Pierre asked himself. He was undergoing the unhappy experience of many people, especially Russians, who have not only the faculty of seeing and realizing the possibility of goodness and right, but of seeing too clearly

the falsity and deception of life, to feel able to take any serious part in it.

Every department of activity was, in his eyes, complicated with falsehood and deception. Whatever he had tried to be, whatever he had tried to accomplish, he always found himself jostled by this knavery and falsehood, with his path of activity completely blocked. But, meantime, it was necessary for him to live, necessary for him to find occupation. It was too terrible for him to be under the weight of these unsolvable problems of life; and so he gave himself up to the first temptation, in order to forget them. He frequented the society of all sorts and conditions of men, he drank deeply, he purchased paintings, he built houses, and, chief of all, he read.

He read, and read everything that came into his hands; and he was such an omnivorous reader that even when, on his return home, his valet came in to undress him, he continued his reading, and after reading till he was tired, he would fall asleep; and the next morning he would go to the club, or call on acquaintances, and talk gossip, and from there go to some wanton rout where wine and women served to occupy his mind; and thus, around the circle again, from spree to reading, and then his idle gossip and his wine.

Strong drink was becoming for him constantly a greater and greater physical, and even moral, necessity. Although the doctors warned him that wine was dangerous to him, on account of his corpulency, he still continued to drink heavily. He felt perfectly happy only when, without knowing or caring how, he had poured down his capacious throat several glasses of wine; and begun to experience the pleasant warmth spreading through his frame, and good will toward all the human race, and a mental readiness superficially to touch upon any question, without pretending to penetrate deeply into its inner nature. Only after he had drunk a bottle or two of wine, would he vaguely feel that this complicated, terrible coil of life, which had formerly appalled him, was now not so appalling as it had seemed. With a roaring in his ears, as he idly chatted, or listened to stories, or read his books after dinner or supper, he saw this tangle of doubts constantly facing him on every side. But it was only under the influence of wine that he could say to himself, "This is nothing; I will put it away for the present, for I have an explanation all ready. But now is no time; I will think it all out by and by."

This "by and by" never came. When his stomach was empty, the next morning, all the former questions arose, just

as unsolvable and terrible; and Pierre hastened to seize his book, and was delighted when any one came to call upon him.

Sometimes Pierre remembered what he had heard of soldiers at war: that when they are lying idle under fire, they eagerly strive to invent some diversion, so as the more easily to forget the threatening danger. And it seemed to Pierre that all men were similar soldiers, distracting themselves from life: some by ambition; others by cards; others by codifying laws; others by women, plays, horses; some by politics; others by sport, by wine, by statecraft.

"There is nothing insignificant, there is nothing of great importance; all is the same in the end: only how can I save myself from it!" thought Pierre. "Only by not seeing *it*, this terrible *it*."

CHAPTER II.

EARLY in the winter, Prince Nikolai Andreyitch Bolkonsky and his daughter took up their residence in Moscow.

The fame of his past life, the keenness of his intellect, and his bold originality, immediately caused him to be regarded by the Moscovites with special admiration and respect: and, as the popular enthusiasm for the Emperor Alexander's management of affairs had notoriously cooled down, and given place to an anti-French and nationalistic tendency, now all the vogue in Moscow, he had become the centre of the opposition to the government.

The prince had aged very considerably during the year past. He now began to manifest some of the acute symptoms of old age: unexpected naps, forgetfulness of recent events and vivid remembrance of those long past, and the childish vanity with which he accepted the *rôle* of chief of the Moscovite opposition. Nevertheless, when the old prince came down to evening tea, in his fur shubka and powdered wig, and at any one's instigation began to tell his pithy anecdotes about the days gone by, or deliver his still pithier and harsher judgments upon the present, he inspired in all his guests a single feeling of sincere respect.

In the eyes of visitors, the old-fashioned house, with its huge pier-glasses, its ante-revolutionary furniture, its powdered lackeys, presided over by this severe and intelligent old man of a past generation, with his gentle daughter, and the pretty Frenchwoman, who treated him with such deference,

presented an impressive but agreeable spectacle. But these visitors did not realize that, over and above the two or three hours when they saw the household, there were twenty-two more each day, during which the inner life of the house went on unseen.

This inner life had recently, especially during their stay in Moscow, become exceedingly trying for the Princess Mariya. In Moscow she was deprived of her dearest pleasures, — the visits from her pilgrims, and the solitude which gave her such consolation at Luisiya Gorui : she could find no comfort or joy in the crowded city. She did not go into society : everybody knew that her father would not allow her to go without him, and his health was too precarious to permit him to go out ; and, consequently, she received no invitations to dinner-parties or balls. She had renounced all hope of ever getting married. She had too often witnessed the coldness and irritability with which he received and dismissed such young men as occasionally came to their house, and who might have been her suitors.

The Princess Mariya had no friends : since her arrival in Moscow, her eyes had been opened in regard to the two who had been more intimate with her than all the rest. Mademoiselle Bourienne, in whom, even in times past, she could not feel perfect confidence, had now become positively disagreeable to her ; and for several reasons she felt obliged to hold her at a distance.

Julie, with whom she had kept up an uninterrupted correspondence for five years, was in Moscow, but she seemed like an utter stranger to her when they met again face to face. Julie, by the death of her brothers, had become one of the wealthiest girls in Moscow, and was completely absorbed in the pleasures of fashionable society. She was surrounded by young men, who, she said to herself, had suddenly awakened to the appreciation of her merits. She found herself now rapidly growing old, and felt that her last chance of finding a husband was passing, and that now or never her fate must be decided.

The Princess Mariya, with a melancholy smile, remembered, as each Thursday came round, that now she had no one to write to, since Julie, whose presence gave her no delight, was in town and she could see her every week. She, like the old French *émigré* who refused to marry the lady at whose house he had spent all his evenings for a number of years, was sorry that Julie was so near because now she should have no one to write to. She had no one in Moscow to whom she could confide her

sorrows, and since coming there these sorrows had increased and multiplied.

The time for Prince Andrei's return, and for his marriage, was drawing nigh, but his father seemed no more inclined than before to listen to his entreaties and sanction it; on the contrary, he would hear nothing to it; and the mere mention of the Countess Rostova drove the old prince beside himself. As it was, he was in a bad temper the greater part of the time.

The Princess Mariya had a new and additional trial, at this time, in the lessons which she gave her six-year-old nephew. In her treatment of Nikolushka she recognized with dismay that she was liable to fits of irritability similar to her father's. No matter how many times she reproached herself for losing her temper during his lesson hours, it happened almost every time when she sat down with the pointer to teach him his French alphabet that from her very desire to help him along as rapidly as possible, to make his tasks easy and to give the little fellow all the superfluity of her own knowledge, the slightest inattention on the part of the little boy — who was afraid, to begin with, of an outbreak of his aunt's irascibility — would make her tremble with indignation, lose her patience, grow angry and raise her voice, and sometimes even seize him by the arm and stand him in the corner. After doing this, she would begin to shed tears over her hasty temper, her ugly nature; and Nikolushka, sobbing out of sympathy, would leave his corner without permission, run up to her, and pull her tear-wet hands from her face, and try to comfort her.

But by far the greatest trial of all was caused the princess by her father's irritability, which was always vented upon his daughter, and which of late became even cruelty. If he had compelled her to do penance all night long with prayers and genuflections, if he had struck her, if he had compelled her to draw wood and water, it would have never occurred to her that her position was hard; but this loving tyrant, all the more terrible from the very fact that he loved her, and therefore tormented both himself and her, took especial pains not only to insult and humiliate her, but to make her feel that she was always and forever in the wrong.

And latterly he had discovered a new whim, which tormented the Princess Mariya more than all else put together. This was his constantly increasing friendship for Mademoiselle Bourienne. First suggested to his mind by the news of Prince Andrei's engagement, the farcical notion that, if his son were going to marry, then he would marry Bourienne, evi-

dently flattered his fancy, and of late he had stubbornly lavished especial attentions on the Frenchwoman, — for the special purpose, as it seemed to the Princess Mariya, of affronting herself, and of expressing his disapprobation of his daughter by making love to Bourienne.

In Moscow, on one occasion when the Princess Mariya was present, — it seemed to her that her father chose that time on purpose, — the old prince kissed Mademoiselle Bourienne's hand, and, drawing her to him, embraced and fondled her. The Princess Mariya flushed with anger and left the room.

After a few minutes, Mademoiselle Bourienne rejoined her, smiling, and began to tell some entertaining story in her agreeable voice. The Princess Mariya hastily wiped away her tears, went with decided steps straight to Bourienne, and, evidently not knowing what she was doing, began to shout at the Frenchwoman in furious haste, and with explosive accents: "It is shameful, contemptible, beastly, to take advantage of a man's weakness." . . . She did not conclude her sentence. "Leave my room," she fairly screamed, and then burst into tears again.

The following day, the prince said not a word to his daughter; but she observed that at dinner he ordered Mademoiselle Bourienne to be served in precedence of all others. At the end of the dinner, when the butler, according to his usual custom, handed the coffee round, serving the princess first, the old prince suddenly flew into a passion, flung his cane at Filipp, and instantly gave orders that he should be sent to serve as a soldier. "You didn't obey me! . . . Twice I told you! . . . You didn't obey me! She's the first person in this house; she is my best friend," screamed the prince. "And if you," he added in a perfect fury, for the first time addressing his daughter, "if you permit yourself, if you dare, another time, as you did this evening, to forget your duty before her, then I will show you who is master in this house. Away with you! Out of my sight! Here! beg her pardon!"

The Princess Mariya begged Amalie Bourienne's pardon, and then interceded with her father for the butler Filipp.

At such moments there arose in the Princess Mariya's soul a feeling like the pride of an immolated victim. And then, again, at such moments, this father whom she blamed would either search for his spectacles, not seeing them when they were close at hand, or would forget what had only just happened, or would stagger along on weakening limbs, glancing around lest any one should have seen his feebleness, — or, what

was worse than all, after dinner, when there were no guests to keep him awake, would suddenly fall into a doze, dropping his napkin, and nodding his head over his plate. "He is old and feeble, and do I dare to judge him?" she would think at such moments, with revulsion of feeling and disgust at herself.

CHAPTER III.

IN 1811, there was living in Moscow a French doctor, Métivier, a handsome man of gigantic frame, amiable after the manner of his nation, and, as was said by every one, a physician of extraordinary skill. He had rapidly become fashionable, and was received in the houses of the highest aristocracy not merely as a doctor but as an equal.

Prince Nikolai Andreyitch, who had always scoffed at medical science, had lately, by Mademoiselle Bourienne's advice, consulted this doctor, and soon became accustomed to him. Métivier used to visit him twice a week.

On the 6th of December (O.S.). — St. Nicholas's Day, — all Moscow called at the prince's door, but he gave orders to admit no one. He commanded, however, that a select few, whose names he handed the Princess Mariya, should be bidden to dinner.

Métivier came that morning with his congratulations, and in his capacity of physician took it upon him to violate the orders, *de forcer la consigne*, as he expressed it to the Princess Mariya, and he went in to see the prince.

It chanced that this morning the old prince was in one of his most detestable moods. The whole morning he wandered up and down the house, finding fault with every one, and pretending not to understand anything that was said to him, and that they would not understand him.

The Princess Mariya knew only too well that this mood betokened a latent and persistent querulousness, that was certain to flash out into a tempest of fury, and all that morning of the prince's name-day she expected the outbreak, which was as sure to go off as a loaded musket at full cock.

Until the doctor's arrival, the morning passed in comparative serenity. Having admitted the doctor, the Princess Mariya took her book, and sat down in the drawing-room, near a door, where she could hear all that was going on in the prince's cabinet.

At first she heard only Métivier's voice, then her father's,

then both voices speaking at once; then the door opened, and the dark-haired M^tetivier appeared on the threshold, his handsome face expressing alarm, followed by the prince in his nightcap and dressing-gown, his face distorted with passion, and the pupils of his eyes dilated.

"Haven't you any wits?" screamed the prince. "Well, I have. You slave of Bonaparte! You spy! Out of my house! Get out, I tell you!" and he slammed the door.

M^tetivier, shrugging his shoulders, went to Mademoiselle Bourienne, who, on hearing the loud voices, had rushed in from the adjoining room.

"The prince is not very well, — bilious, and a cerebral congestion. I will come in again to-morrow.* Don't be worried," said M^tetivier; and, laying his fingers on his lips, he hastened out.

The prince was heard walking up and down in his room, in his slippers, and shouting, "Spies! . . . Traitors, traitors everywhere! Not a minute's peace even in my own house!"

After M^tetivier's departure, the old prince summoned his daughter to him, and the whole brunt of his fury fell upon her. She was to blame for admitting spies into his presence. Why, he had told her, said he, that she was to write down a list, and not to admit any one who was not on the list. Why, then, had she admitted this scoundrel? It was all her fault. He could not have a moment's rest with her, not even die in peace, said he. "No, m^atushka, you might as well make up your mind to it: we must part, we must part. I can't stand this sort of thing any more," he exclaimed, and left the room. And then, as though fearing that she might not understand how thoroughly his mind was made up, he came back to her, and, endeavoring to assume an expression of calmness, he added, "And don't you for a moment imagine that I say this to you in passion; no, I am perfectly calm, and I have made up my mind after full deliberation, and it shall be. We must part. Find a home somewhere else." . . . But he could not restrain himself, and, with a flash of indignation possible only to one who loves, he, though evidently suffering himself, shook his fist in her face and screamed, "And why on earth hasn't some idiot taken her for his wife?" He slammed the door after him, had Mademoiselle Bourienne called to him, and quiet reigned in his cabinet.

At two o'clock the six persons invited to dinner arrived.

* *La bile et le transport au cerveau* Tranquillisez-vous, je repasserai demain.

These guests — the distinguished Count Rostopchin,* Prince Lopukhin and his nephew, General Chatrof, an old companion in arms of the prince's, and, for young men, Pierre and Boris Drubetskoi — were waiting for him in the drawing-room.

Having recently come to Moscow on leave of absence, Boris had been anxious to make the acquaintance of Prince Nikolai Andreyitch, and he had so far succeeded in winning his good graces that the prince made an exception in his case, and received him in spite of his being an eligible young bachelor.

The prince's house was not what one calls "fashionable," but it was the centre of a small circle, which, though it made little noise in the city, gave a more flattering distinction than any other to those who were admitted to it. This was made evident to Boris a week before, when he overheard Rostopchin tell the governor-general of the city, who invited him to dinner on St. Nicholas's Day, that it was impossible. "On that day I always go and worship the relics of Prince Nikolai Andreyitch."

"Oh, yes, yes," replied the governor-general. "How is he?"

The little company gathered before dinner in the old-fashioned, high-studded drawing-room, with its ancient furniture, was like the gathering of a solemn court of justice. No one had much to say, and if they spoke it was in low tones.

Prince Nikolai Andreyitch came in, silent and pre-occupied. The Princess Mariya seemed even more quiet and timid than usual. The guests took no pains to talk with her, for they saw that she was not attending to what they said. Count Rostopchin was the only one who kept up the thread of conversation, speaking now of the latest news in the city, and now of politics in general. Lopukhin and the old general rarely took any share in it. Prince Nikolai Andreyitch listened as a superior judge listens to a report presented to him, only by his significant silence, or by some curt monosyllable now and then, showing that he followed the drift of what was said.

The tone of the conversation made it evident that no one took any satisfaction in what was going on in the political world. They spoke of recent events as though they were convinced that everything was going from bad to worse; but in

* Count Feodor Vasilyevitch Rostopchin (1763-1826), the famous governor-general of Moscow. Wrote satires under the pseudonym of Sila Andreyevitch Bogatuirof. His bulletins (*afishi*) were masterpieces of eloquence. While living in Paris he published his denial of having set fire to Moscow (*La Vérité sur l'Incendie de Moscou*: 1823).

all their anecdotes and criticisms it was noticeable how each speaker came to a stop, or was brought to a stop, every time at that border-land where there was any possibility of personal reflections on his majesty, the Emperor.

The conversation at dinner turned on the most recent political news: the seizure by Napoleon of the possessions of the Duke of Oldenburg, and the Russian note—hostile to Napoleon—which had been despatched to all the courts throughout Europe.

"Bonaparte treats Europe as a pirate treats the ships he has captured," said Count Rostopchin, repeating an epigram that he had already got off a number of times before. "You can only marvel at the forbearance or the blindness of the sovereigns. Now it is the pope's turn; and Bonaparte is calmly proceeding to humiliate the head of the Catholic religion; and not a voice is raised in protest! Our sovereign is the only one who protests against the occupation of the Duchy of Oldenburg. But then"—

Count Rostopchin came to a pause, conscious of having reached that point where criticism was impossible.

"He was offered other possessions, instead of Oldenburg," said Prince Nikolai Andreyitch. "Just as I transfer peasants from Luisiya Gorui to Bogucharovo, or to my Riazan estates, he does with dukes."

"The Duke of Oldenburg shows great force of character, and bears his misfortune with admirable resignation,"* said Boris, modestly joining the conversation. He made this remark because on his way from Petersburg he had been honored with an introduction to the duke. Prince Nikolai Andreyitch gave the young man a look, as though he had it in mind to make some reply to this, but checked himself, feeling that Boris was too young for him to waste his sarcasm upon.

"I have read our protest in regard to the Oldenburg affair, and was amazed at the bad style in which it was written," said Count Rostopchin, in the easy-going tone of a man who knows perfectly well what he is talking about.

Pierre looked at Rostopchin in naïve amazement, unable to comprehend why he should be disturbed at the wretched style of the "note."

"What difference does it make how the note was written, count, provided the subject-matter is vigorous?" said he.

"My dear fellow, I think, with our army of five hundred

* *Le duc d'Oldenbourg supporte son malheur avec une force de caractère, et une résignation admirable.*

thousand men, it might just as well have been couched in a good style!" * said Count Rostopchin.

Pierre understood now why Count Rostopchin was disturbed by the wretched writing of the note.

"It seems to me there's a plentiful crop of penny-a-liners nowadays," said the old prince. "Yonder in Petersburg, everybody is writing not only notes, but new laws, all the time. My Andryusha has been scribbling a whole volume of laws for Russia there. To-day, everybody is scribbling." And he laughed unnaturally.

The conversation languished for a moment; then the old general called attention to himself, by a preliminary cough.

"Have you heard of what took place recently at a review at Petersburg? — How the new French ambassador acted?"

"What was that? Yes, I heard something about it. He made a very awkward remark in his majesty's presence, I believe."

"His majesty called attention to the division of grenadiers, and their splendid marching," pursued General Chatrof; "but it seems the ambassador showed absolute indifference, and permitted himself to say that at home in France they did not waste their time on such trivialities. The sovereign did not deign to give him any answer. But they say that at the subsequent review he did not say a word to him."

All were silent: it was out of the question to make any comment on this occurrence, since it concerned the monarch personally.

"Insolent wretches!" exclaimed the prince. "Do you know Métivier? I showed him out of the house to-day. He came, and was admitted, although I had given special orders to admit no one," said the prince, with an angry look at his daughter. And then he repeated his whole conversation with the French doctor, and gave the reasons that made him think Métivier a spy. Though these reasons were inconclusive and obscure, no one made any criticism.

After the roast, the champagne was handed around. The guests rose to their feet, offering the old prince their congratulations. The Princess Mariya also went round to him. He gave her a cold, angry look, and put up his wrinkled, clean-shaven cheek for her to kiss. The whole expression of his face told her that their conversation of the morning had not been forgotten, that his mind was just as fully made up, and

* *Mon cher, avec nos 500,000 hommes de troupes, il serait facile d'avoir un beau style.*

that only the presence of his guests prevented him from saying the same thing over again.

When they went into the drawing-room for coffee, the older members of the company sat down together.

Prince Nikolai Andreyitch grew more animated, and expressed his mind freely in regard to the war then just beginning. He declared that our wars with Bonaparte had hitherto been unsuccessful, and would be so long as we tried to make common cause with the Germans, and meddle with European affairs, as we were compelled to do by the peace of Tilsit. There was no sense in our battling either for or against Austria. Our policy lay in the east; and, as far as Bonaparte was concerned, we required only one thing: to protect our frontier, to have some firmness in our policy, and never to let him dare to cross the Russian frontier, as he did in 1807.

"And how is it possible for us to fight against the French, prince?" asked Count Rostopchin. "Can we take up arms against our teachers — our gods? Look at our young men! Look at our young ladies! Our gods are the French! our kingdom of heaven is Paris!"

He had raised his voice, evidently so that all might hear him.

"Our costumes are French; our ideas are French; our sentiments are French. You put out M^tetivier because he is a Frenchman, a good-for-nothing fellow; but our ladies grovel before him on their very knees. And last evening, at a party, out of five ladies, three were Roman Catholics; and these were working on canvas embroidery, on Sunday, by virtue of a dispensation from the pope! And there they sat, almost naked, for all the world like signboards for a public bath-house — if I may be allowed the expression. Ekh! when I look at our young dandies, prince, I feel inclined to take the cudgel of Peter the Great from the museum, and break their ribs for them in good old Russian style; that would put an end to all their whimsies!"

All were silent. The old prince, with a smile on his face, looked at Rostopchin, and nodded his head in assent.

"Well, *prashchaitse*, — good-by; — your illustriousness, take care of your health," said Rostopchin, rising with the abrupt motions characteristic of him, and offering his hand.

"Good-by, my dear.* You're like a lute, — I always like to hear you," said the old prince, laying his hand on his arm, and offering his cheek for a kiss.

The others also got up with Rostopchin.

* *Prashchaitse, golubchik.*

CHAPTER IV.

THE Princess Mariya, as she sat in the drawing-room and listened to the conversation and criticisms of the old men, understood nothing of what she heard: her sole pre-occupation was whether these guests had remarked the ill will that her father showed toward her. She had not even noticed the peculiar attentions and civilities showed her all through the dinner-hour by Drubetskoi, who was now making his third visit to the house.

The princess, with a strangely abstracted and questioning glance, turned to Pierre, who, hat in hand and with a smiling face, was the last of the guests to come and pay her his parting respects after the old prince had retired. Thus it happened the two were left together in the drawing-room.

"May I stay a little longer?" he asked, suiting the action to the word by depositing his corpulent frame on an easy-chair near the Princess Mariya.

"Oh, yes, certainly!" replied she. Her glance seemed to ask, "Have you remarked anything unusual?"

Pierre was now in a happy after-dinner frame of mind. He gazed musingly straight forward, and smiled gently. "Have you known that young man long, princess?" he asked.

"What young man?"

"Drubetskoi."

"No, not very long."

"Well, do you like him?"

"Yes, he is a pleasant young fellow. Why do you ask?" said the princess, her mind still on her morning's conversation with her father.

"Because I have made a discovery: the young man has come on leave of absence from Petersburg, with the sole and special purpose of marrying a rich wife."

"You have made that discovery?" exclaimed the Princess Mariya.

"Yes," pursued Pierre, with a smile; "and this young man so manages it that where the rich girls are gathered together, there he also is to be found! He is now undecided which to attack: you, or Mademoiselle Julie Karaguine. *Il est très-assidu auprès d'elle*—yes, he's very attentive to her"—

"He goes there, then?"

"Yes, very often. And do you know the new way of mak

ing love?" inquired Pierre, with a cheery smile, evidently lapsing into that jolly spirit of good-humored ridicule for which he so often had reproached himself in his diary.

"No," replied the princess.

"In these days, in order to please the young ladies of Moscow, *il faut être mélancolique. Et il est très-mélancolique auprès de Mademoiselle Karaguine.*" said Pierre.

"Really?" exclaimed the princess, gazing into Pierre's good face, and persistently thinking about her trials. "It would be so much easier," she thought, "if I could only make up my mind to confide in some one all my thoughts and feelings. And I should like especially to tell Pierre everything. He is so good and noble. It would certainly be easier for me. He would give me his advice."

"Would you marry him?" asked Pierre.

"Oh, good gracious, count! there are times when I would marry any one," suddenly exclaimed the Princess Mariya, unexpectedly to herself, and with tears in her voice. "Akh! how hard it is to love a near kinsman, and feel that—no matter, though," she went on to say with trembling voice—"you cannot do anything for him but only annoy him, and when you know that you cannot help things otherwise—then, there is one thing, only one thing, to do—to go away; but where could I go?"

"What is it? What is the matter with you, princess?"

But the princess, without being able longer to control herself, burst into tears: "I don't know what is the matter with me to-day. Do not criticise me; forget what I have said to you!"

All Pierre's gayety was gone. He anxiously questioned the princess: begged her to tell him everything,—to confide her trials in him; but her only reply was to beseech him to forget what she had said; that she herself did not remember what she had said, and that she had no trials except the one which he knew about already: that Prince Andrei's marriage threatened to bring about a quarrel between her father and brother.

"Have you heard anything about the Rostofs?" she asked, for the purpose of diverting the conversation. "I am told that they will be here soon. André, also, I am expecting any day. I should have liked for them to meet here."

"And how does *he* look upon the matter, now?" asked Pierre, meaning by the pronoun the old prince, her father. The Princess Mariya shook her head.

"But what is to be done? The year will be up now in a few

months. And this can never be. I only wish I could spare my brother the first minutes. I wish the Rostofs would come very soon. I hope to make her acquaintance. You have known them for a long time, have you not?" asked the Princess Mariya. "Tell me, with your hand on your heart, exactly the honest truth; what kind of a girl is she, and how do you like her? I want the whole truth, because Andrei, you know, takes such a tremendous risk in doing this against his father's will, that I should like to know just how it is."

A dull instinct told Pierre that in this repeated demand to hear the whole truth was betrayed the Princess Mariya's ill will toward her prospective sister-in-law, and that she had an idea that Pierre would not approve of Prince Andrei's choice; but Pierre told her not so much what he thought as felt.

"I don't know how to answer your question," said he, reddening without any reason. "I really don't know what kind of a girl she is. I can never analyze her. She is fascinating. But what makes her so, I can't tell you; that is all that I can say in regard to her."

The Princess Mariya sighed, and the expression of her face said, "Yes, this is what I expected and feared."

"Is she intellectual?" asked the princess. Pierre deliberated.

"I think not," said he, "but perhaps she is. She does not think it necessary to be intellectual. But, on the other hand, she is fascinating, no one more so." The Princess Mariya again shook her head disapprovingly.

"Akh! how I hope that I shall love her! You tell her so if you see her before I do."

"I hear that they will be here in a few days," said Pierre.

The Princess Mariya confided to Pierre her plan for making the acquaintance of her prospective sister-in-law as soon as she came to Moscow, and then trying to reconcile the old prince to her.

CHAPTER V.

BORIS had not succeeded in making a match with any of the rich Petersburg heiresses, and he had gone to Moscow with the same object in view. There he found himself undecided between two of the wealthiest girls in town, Julie and the Princess Mariya.

Although the Princess Mariya, in spite of her plain features, seemed to him more attractive than Julie Karagina, still there

were difficulties in the way of paying his addresses to Bol-konsky's daughter. At his last meeting with her, on the old prince's name-day, she had replied to all his tentative remarks on the subject of the feelings so at haphazard that it was evident she had not heard what he said.

Julie, on the other hand, received his attentions only too gladly, though in a way peculiar to herself alone. Julie was twenty-seven. After the death of her brothers she had become very rich. She was now very far from being a beauty; but she had conceived the idea that not only was she as pretty but far more captivating than she ever had been before. In this illusion she was sustained by the facts that, in the first place, she had become a very rich maiden, and, in the second place, as she grew older and older, men found her less dangerous, and were able to gather round her with more freedom, since they felt that they were not incurring any obligations in taking advantage of the suppers, receptions, and jolly society in general that frequented her house. Men who ten years before would have thought a second time about going every day to a house where there was a young girl of seventeen, lest they should compromise her and get entangled themselves, now unhesitatingly appeared there daily, and treated her not as a marriageable damsel but as an acquaintance irrespective of sex.

The Karagins, that winter, entertained more pleasantly and hospitably than any one else in Moscow. Besides the formal receptions and state dinners, they every day entertained a numerous society, especially of men, who ate supper at midnight and broke up at three o'clock in the morning. Nor was Julie willing to miss a ball, an entertainment, or a new play at the theatre. Her toilets were always in the height of the fashion. But, nevertheless, Julie pretended to be disenchanted with all life; she told everybody that she had no belief in friendship, or in love, or in any of the pleasures of this world, and hoped for peace only "yonder." She affected the tone of a maiden who has endured great disappointment, — of one, for instance, who had been disappointed in the man she loved, or cruelly deceived in him. Although nothing of the sort had ever happened to her, it began to be thought that such was the case, and she herself came to believe that her sufferings in life had been grievous. This melancholia did not stand in the way of her enjoying herself, or prevent the young men who came to her house from having a delightful time there. Every guest who went there paid his tribute to his hostess's

melancholic mood, and then fell to talking about the things of this world, and dancing, and intellectual games, and the cap-ping 'of verses, — or *bouts rimés*, — which were greatly in vogue at the Karagins'.

Some few of the young men, Boris among them, took a deeper interest in Julie's melancholy moods: and with these young men she had longer and more confidential conversations about the vanity of all things terrestrial, and she showed them her albums, filled with gloomy drawings, apothegms and couplets.

Julie treated Boris with especial favor; she mourned with him over his lost illusions; she offered him those consolations of friendship which she was so well able to offer, having herself suffered so much in life; she also showed him her album. Boris made a sketch of two trees with the legend: *Arbres rustiques, vos sombres rameaux secouent sur moi les ténèbres et la mélancolie* — "O solitary trees, your dark boughs scatter down upon me gloom and melancholy." On another page, he drew the picture of a tomb and wrote, —

*La mort est secourable et la mort est tranquille !
Ah, contre les douleurs il n'y a pas d'autre asile.*

'Tis death that gives us succor, death that gives us peace!
Alas ! 'tis then alone that earthly sorrows cease !

Julie declared that couplet to be charming! "There is something so ravishing in the smile of melancholy," said she to Boris, quoting, word for word, a passage from a book she was reading: "'Tis a ray of light falling in darkness, a shadow's difference between sorrow and despair, affording the hope of coming consolation."*

Whereupon Boris wrote for her these lines: —

*Aliment de poison d'une âme trop sensible,
Toi, sans qui le bonheur me serait impossible,
Tendre mélancolie, ah, viens me consoler,
Viens calmer les tourments de ma tendre retraite,
Et mêle une douceur secrète
À ces pleurs, que je sens couler.*

Oh! poisoned aliment of souls too sensitive,
Thou that alone doth make it sweet for me to live,
Mild melancholy, come! Thy consolation bring!
The torments of my gloomy solitude, oh, calm!
Mingle thy secret soothing balm
With tears that never cease to spring.

* *Il y a quelque chose de si ravissant dans le sourire de la mélancolie. C'est un rayon de lumière dans l'ombre, une nuance entre la douleur et le désespoir qui montre la consolation possible.*

Julie played on her harp, for Boris, her most melancholy nocturnes. Boris read aloud to her "Poor Liza,"* and more than once had to pause in his reading because of the emotion which overmastered him.

When they met in society, Julie and Boris exchanged glances to signify that they were the only people in the world capable of understanding and appreciating each other.

Anna Mikhailovna, who was a frequent visitor at the Karagins', and always managed to be a partner with Julie's mother, took especial pains to procure all possible information in regard to Julie's fortune — which consisted of two estates in the vicinity of Penza, and forest lands near Nizhni Novgorod. Anna Mikhailovna, with humble dependence on the will of Providence, and with deep emotion, looked upon the etherealized melancholy which served as a bond between her son and the wealthy Julie.

"*Toujours charmante et mélancolique, cette chère Julie,*" she would say to the daughter.

"Boris says that here in your house he finds rest for his soul. He has suffered the loss of so many illusions, and he is so sensitive," she would say to the mother.

"Akh! my dear, I cannot tell you how devoted I am to Julie of late," she would say to her son. "And who could help loving her? She is such a celestial creature! Akh! Boris! Boris!" She was silent for a minute. "And how sorry I am for her *maman!*" she went on to say. "To-day she was showing me her accounts and letters from Penza, where they have colossal estates; and it is so trying for her to have no one to help her: they cheat her so!"

Boris's face wore an almost imperceptible smile, as he listened to his mother's words. He was quietly amused at her transparent shrewdness; but he listened to her, and sometimes asked her questions in regard to these Penzensk and Nizhegorodsky properties.

Julie had for some time been looking for a proposal from her melancholy-souled adorer, and she was ready to accept him. But some secret antipathy toward her; a distaste of her evident desire to get married, and of her affectations; and a feeling of horror at thus practically repudiating the bliss of true love, still kept Boris at a distance.

* "*Byédnaya Liza*," — "Poor Liza," — a famous sentimental romance written by the great historian, Nikolái Mikhailovitch Karamzín (1766-1826) about 1792: the melancholy seduction and suicide of the fascinating heroine being responsible for countless tears shed by the sympathetic maidens of those days.

His leave of absence was now drawing to a close. He spent long hours, and every Sunday, at the Karagins'; and every day, when he came to think the matter over, he would decide that his proposal should take place on the morrow. But when he was in Julie's company, and saw her red face and chin, almost always dusted with powder, her moist eyes, and the expression of her face, which seemed ready, at a moment's notice, to fly from melancholy to the equally unnatural enthusiasm and rapture of wedded bliss, Boris could not bring himself to utter the decisive words: although, in his imagination, he had for some time looked upon himself as the prospective master of the Karagin estates, and had many times over-spent the income arising therefrom.

Julie noticed Boris's infirmity of purpose, and it sometimes occurred to her that he had an antipathy for her; but her feminine vanity quickly restored her confidence, and she would assure herself that it was merely his love that made him so bashful. Her melancholia, however, was beginning to change into vexation; and a short time before the time of Boris's departure, she was thinking of adopting some decisive plan.

Just before Boris's leave of absence drew to a close, Anatol Kuragin made his appearance in Moscow; and, as a matter of course, in the Karagins' drawing-room; and Julie, abruptly arousing from her melancholy, became very cheerful, and manifested great friendliness toward Kuragin.

"*Mon cher,*" said Anna Mikhailovna to her son, "I know on good authority that Prince Vasili has sent his son to Moscow to make a match with Julie.* I am so fond of Julie that I should be very sorry for her. What do you think about it, my dear?" asked Anna Mikhailovna.

Boris was thoroughly humiliated at the thought of being left out in the cold, and of having wasted this whole month in arduous, melancholic service of Julie, and of seeing another man — especially such an idiot as Anatol — having control of that income from the Penzensk estates, which he was already, in his imagination, enjoying and profiting by. He went to the Karagins with a full determination to offer himself. Julie met him with a gay and careless mien, gave him a merry account of what a good time she had enjoyed at the ball the evening before, and asked him when he was going back.

In spite of the fact that Boris had come with the intention of confessing his love, and had, therefore, decided to be ten-

* *Je sais de bonne source que le prince Basile envoie son fils à Moscou pour lui faire épouser Julie.*

derly sentimental, he immediately began, in a tone of irritation, to complain of woman's inconstancy: pointing out how easy it was for women to shift from gloom to glee; and that their moods depended wholly upon the one who happened to be dancing attendance upon them. Julie took offence at this, and declared that he was right: that women needed variety, and nothing was more annoying to any one than to have a perpetual sameness.

"Then, I should advise you" — began Boris, with the intention of winging a sharp retort; but at that instant came the humiliating thought that he was on the point of leaving Moscow without attaining his wished-for end, and at the cost of wasted labor, — a thing to which he was unaccustomed. He paused in the middle of his sentence, dropped his eyes to avoid seeing the look of disagreeable annoyance and indecision on her face, and said, —

"However, it was not at all for the purpose of quarrelling with you that I came here. On the contrary" — He looked at her, to see whether she would encourage him to proceed. All expression of annoyance had suddenly vanished, and her restless, imploring eyes were fixed upon him with greedy expectation. "I can always manage so as to keep out of her way," thought Boris. "Here I am in for it; might as well finish."

He flushed crimson; raised his eyes to hers, and said, —

"You know my sentiments toward you" — There was no need of saying more: Julie's face had become radiant with triumph and satisfaction; but she compelled Boris to tell her all that it is customary to say in such circumstances: to tell her that he loved her, and that he had never loved any one else so passionately. She knew that, in exchange for her Penzensk estates and Nizhegorodsky forests, she had a right to exact this; and she obtained what she wished.

The young couple, with no further thoughts of solitary trees shedding gloom and melancholy, laid their plans for the future establishment of a magnificent home in Petersburg, made calls, and got everything ready for a brilliant wedding.

CHAPTER VI.

COUNT İLYA ANDREYEVITCH, together with Natasha and Sonya, arrived in Moscow toward the end of January. The countess was still ailing, and was unable to travel; but it was out of the question to wait for her recovery: Prince Andrei was

expected in Moscow every day; and, besides, it was important to purchase Natasha's wedding outfit; it was necessary to sell the *podmoskovnaya* estate; and it was necessary to take advantage of the old prince's presence in Moscow, in order that he might become acquainted with his future daughter-in-law.

The Rostofs' Moscow house had not been warmed. Besides, they were to be in town for only a short time, and the countess was not with them; accordingly, Ilya Andreyitch decided to accept the hospitality of Marya Dmitrievna Akhrosimova, who had long ago urged them to come to her.

Late one evening, the four coaches on runners, conveying the Rostofs, drove into Marya Dmitrievna's courtyard, on the Old Konyushennaya Street.

Marya Dmitrievna lived alone. Her daughter was married. All of her sons were in the government service. She was just as erect as ever; her words were as much to the point; she always expressed her opinion to every one in a loud and decided voice, and her whole personality seemed to be a living reproach against all weaknesses, passions, and impulses, the necessity of which she utterly denied. From early morning, dressed in her jacket, she gave personal attention to the domestic arrangements, and then went out for a drive; if it were a holy day, to mass; and thence to the prisons and jails, where she had business that she never mentioned to any one.

On ordinary days, on finishing her toilet, she received applicants of every rank and condition who chanced to come to her door. Her charities having been dispensed, she dined; and this abundant and well-ordered meal was always shared by three or four guests; after dinner, she made up a table for Boston. Late in the evening, she had newspapers or some new book read aloud to her, while she sat with her knitting. She rarely accepted invitations, and if she ever made any exceptions it was only in favor of the most important personages of the city.

She had not yet retired when the Rostofs arrived; as the door into the hall creaked on its hinges, and admitted the travellers and their retinue of servants, together with a rush of cold air, Marya Dmitrievna, with her spectacles toward the end of her nose, came and stood in the doorway, her head erect, and gazed at the visitors with a stern and solemn face. One might have thought that she was really angry, and was about to turn the intruders out, if she had not been heard at that very instant to give the most urgent orders in regard to the disposition of her guests and their luggage.

"The count's? — bring them this way," said she, indicating certain trunks, and not stopping to greet any of the party. "The young ladies', this way to the left! — Well, and what are you gaping there for?" she cried to the maids. "Have the *samovár* got ready. — Plumper and prettier than ever!" she cried, taking possession of Natasha, whose face, under her hood, was all rosy with the cold. "Foo! how cold you are! There, get off your wraps as quick as ever you can," she cried to the count, who was bending over to kiss her hand. "You're frozen, most likely! have some rum put in with the tea? Sonyushka, *bon jour*?" said she to Sonya, showing by this French phrase and the pet diminutive her rather condescending and yet affectionate, relationship to the girl.

When they had taken off their wraps, and put themselves to rights after their journey, they gathered round the tea-table, and Marya Dmitrievna kissed them all in turn.

"I am right glad that you have come, and that you have put up at my house," said she. "It's high time," she went on, giving Natasha a significant look. "The old man is here, and his son is expected from day to day. You must, you certainly must, make his acquaintance. Well, we'll talk about all this by and by," she added, giving Sonya a look, as much as to say that she did not care to talk about this in her presence. "Now, listen!" said she, addressing the count. "What are your plans for to-morrow? Whom will you send for? Shinshin?" She doubled over one finger. "Then, that snivelling Anna Mikhailovna. — Two. She and her son are here. Son's to be married. Then, Bezukhoi, I suppose? And he and his wife are here. He ran away from her, but she came traipsing after him. He dined with me on Wednesday. Well, then, and these?" she indicated the young ladies. "I will take them to-morrow to the Iverskaya chapel, and then to Aubert-Chalmé's. Of course, everything will have to be got new for them. Don't judge by me! Such sleeves they wear these days! Recently, the young Princess Irena Vasilyevna came to call upon me: she was a marvel to see; she had sleeves like two barrels on her arms. You see, there's some new fashion every day. And what business have you on hand?" she asked, turning sternly upon the count.

"Everything in the quickest possible time," replied the count. "To buy the girls' duds, and to find a purchaser for my *podmoskovnaya* land and house. And so, if you will allow me, I will tear myself away for a little while, and slip off to Marinskoye for a day, and leave my girls with you."

"Very good, very good; they'll be safe with me. They couldn't be safer with the Orphans' Aid Society.* I'll take them wherever they need to go, and scold them, and spoil them with flattery," said Marya Dmitrievna, stroking with her big hand the cheek of her favorite god-daughter, Natasha.

The following morning they went to pray before the Iverskaya Virgin, and to see Mademoiselle Aubert-Chalmé, who stood in such awe of Marya Dmitrievna that, in order to get rid of her as soon as possible, she would always sell her goods at a positive loss. Marya Dmitrievna ordered there the larger part of the trousseau. On their return, she drove everybody else out of the room, and called Natasha to her arm-chair.

"Now, then, we can have a talk. I congratulate you on your choice. You have secured a fine young man. I am glad for you. I have known him ever since he was so high." She put her hand an arshin † from the floor. Natasha colored with pleasure. "I am fond of him and of all his family. Now, listen! You know very well that the old Prince Nikolai is very averse to having his son marry. A whimsical old man! However, Prince Andrei is not a child, and his permission is not necessary; still, it is not pleasant to enter a family against their will. We must act quietly and with tact. You are clever; we will manage to bring him round where he ought to be. You must accomplish it by your sweetness and cleverness. That's all it requires, and it will come out all right."

Natasha made no reply, — from shyness, Marya Dmitrievna supposed, but in reality because it was annoying to Natasha that any one should meddle with her love-affair with Prince Andrei; for it seemed to her so entirely above and beyond all ordinary human concerns, that no one else, in her opinion, could understand it. She loved and admired Prince Andrei alone; he loved her, and was coming in a few days, and would make her his. That was all-sufficient.

"You see, I have known him for a long time, and Mashenka, also, your future sister-in-law. I am fond of her, in spite of the proverb about husband's sisters.‡ She would not hurt a fly. She asked me to introduce her to you. You and your father must go there to-morrow. Be sure to be very sweet to her, for you are younger than she is. Before your friend comes you will have already become acquainted with his sister and his father, and they will have grown fond of you. Am I not right? Isn't that best?"

"Yes," replied Natasha, with little heartiness.

* *Opekunsky Sovyét.*

† 2.33 feet.

‡ *Zalorki, kalatorki, pobéi galorki:* Husbands' sisters are churn-sticks (wranglers) whereby heads are broken.

CHAPTER VII.

ON the following day, by Marya Dmitrievna's advice Count Ilya Andreyitch and Natasha went to call at Prince Bolkonsky's. The count, in anything but a happy frame of mind, made ready for this call; in fact, he felt terribly about it. He remembered too well his last encounter with the old prince, at the time of the mobilizing of the militia, when, in answer to his invitation to a dinner-party, he had received an angry reprimand for not having furnished his full quota of men.

Natasha, however, having put on her best gown, was in the most radiant spirits. "They cannot help being fond of me," she said to herself. "Every one likes me, and I am so willing to do for them all they could wish! I am so willing to love him because he is his father, and to love her because she is his sister, that they cannot fail to love me."

They drove up to the gloomy old house on Vozdvizhenka Street, and went into the entry.

"Well, God have mercy on us!" exclaimed the count, half in jest, half in earnest; but Natasha observed that her father was very much agitated as he hastened into the ante-room and asked, in a timid, faltering voice, if the prince and the princess were at home. After their names had been sent in, the prince's servants seemed to be thrown into great perplexity. The footman, who had hurried off to announce them, was stopped by another footman at the drawing-room door, and the two began to whisper together. A chambermaid came hurrying into the hall, and she also had something to say to them, in reference to the princess. Finally a stern-faced, elderly footman approached the Rostofs and announced that the old prince was unable to receive them, but the princess would be glad to see them.

Mademoiselle Bourienne first came to receive the visitors. She met them with more than ordinary politeness, and conducted them to the princess. The princess, agitated and nervous, her face covered with crimson patches, hastened forward, stepping heavily, and vainly endeavoring to appear calm and dignified.

At first sight Natasha did not please her. It seemed to her that she was too fashionably dressed, too frivolous, flighty, and conceited. The Princess Mariya did not realize that even before seeing her future sister-in-law she was prejudiced against her through an involuntary envy of her beauty, youth, and happiness, and jealousy of her brother's love for her. Over and

above these obscure feelings of antipathy, the Princess Mariya was still more agitated from the fact that when the Rostofs were announced the prince had shouted at the top of his voice that he would not have anything to do with them; that the Princess Mariya might receive them if she so desired, but that they should not come into his presence. The princess determined to receive them, but she was afraid lest at any minute the prince might perform some act of rudeness, since he seemed greatly stirred up by the Rostofs' arrival.

"I have brought a little songstress, my dear princess," said the count with a bow and a scrape, and looking round anxiously, as though he were afraid of the old prince appearing on the scene. "I am very anxious for you to become acquainted. . . . I am sorry, very sorry, that the prince is ill." And, after making a few commonplace remarks, he got up, saying, "If you will excuse me, princess, I will leave my Natasha with you for a brief quarter of an hour, while I slip out and call on Anna Semyonovna, who lives only a couple of steps from here. I will come back for her."

Ilya Andreyitch, as he afterwards told his daughter, conceived this master-stroke of subtle diplomacy for the purpose of giving the future sisters-in-law a chance to get better acquainted; but he had another reason beside, which was that he might escape the possibility of meeting the prince. This reason he did not confess to his daughter, but Natasha perceived this timidity and anxiety of her father's, and felt abused. She blushed for him, and was still more annoyed with herself for having blushed; and she looked straight at the princess with a defiant, challenging expression, that seemed to imply that there was nothing she was afraid of. The princess told the count that he was perfectly excusable, and only hoped that he would make his stay at Anna Semyonovna's as long as possible. Accordingly, Ilya Andreyitch took his departure.

Mademoiselle Bourienne, in spite of the anxious, beseeching glances given her by the Princess Mariya, who was anxious to have a confidential talk with Natasha, did not see fit to leave the room, and kept up a steady stream of chatter about the delights of Moscow, and the theatres. Natasha was piqued by the confusion that had occurred in the reception-room, by her father's cowardice, and by the unnatural tone affected by the princess, who, it seemed to her, felt that it was an act of condescension to receive her, and, consequently, everything gave her a disagreeable impression. The Princess Mariya displeased her. She thought she was very plain, stubborn, and

unsympathetic. Natasha suddenly underwent a moral shrinking, as it were, and, in spite of herself, assumed such a reckless tone that the Princess Mariya was still further alienated from her.

After five minutes of a labored and artificial conversation, slippered feet were heard rapidly approaching. Into the Princess Mariya's face came a sudden look of dismay. The door opened, and the old prince came in, dressed in a white night-cap and dressing-gown.

"Akh! *sudáruinya*," he exclaimed; "*sudáruinya*, countess — Countess Rostova, if I am not mist'aken — I beg your pardon, I beg your pardon. — I did not know, *sudáruinya*, 'fore God I did not know that you were honoring us with your presence. I was coming to see my daughter, which explains this costume. I beg you to pardon it. — 'Fore God I did not know," he said for the second time, in such an unnatural tone, laying such a special stress on the word "God," and speaking so disagreeably, that the Princess Mariya got up, and dropped her eyes, not daring to look either at her father or at Natasha. Natasha got up and then sat down again, and likewise knew not what to do. Only Mademoiselle Bourienne wore a pleasant smile.

"I beg your pardon. I beg your pardon. 'Fore God I did not know," grumbled the old prince, and, after staring at Natasha from head to foot, he left the room. Mademoiselle Bourienne was the first to recover self-possession after this apparition, and she began to talk about the prince's failing health. Natasha and the princess looked at each other without speaking, and the longer they looked at each other without expressing what they ought to have said, the more they were confirmed in their mutual dislike.

When the count returned Natasha made an ill-mannered display of relief, and immediately prepared to take her departure. At this moment she almost hated this dried-up old princess, who by her silence had put her in such an awkward position, and who, in half an hour's talk with her, had not once mentioned Prince Andrei. "Of course I can't be the first to speak of him in the presence of that Frenchwoman," said Natasha to herself.

The Princess Mariya, at the same time, was tormented by a similar compunction. She knew that it was her duty to say something to Natasha; but she found it impossible, both because Mademoiselle Bourienne's presence embarrassed her, and because she herself did not know what made it so difficult to speak on the coming marriage. After the count had already

left the room the Princess Mariya went to Natasha with hurried steps, seized her hand, and with a deep sigh said, "Wait a moment, I must" — Natasha gave the Princess Mariya a satirical glance, though she could not have told what made her do so, and listened. "My dear Nathalie," said the Princess Mariya, "you must know I am delighted my brother has found happiness." She paused with a consciousness that she was not telling the truth. Natasha noticed this pause, and suspected the cause of it.

"I think, princess, that it is not a propitious time to speak of this," said Natasha, with an appearance of outward dignity and *hauteur*, while the tears almost choked her.

"What have I said? what have I said?" she wondered, as soon as she left the room.

That day they waited for Natasha a long time at dinner. She was sitting in her room, sobbing like a child, blowing her nose, and then beginning to sob again. Sonya stood beside her, and kissed her on the hair.

"Natasha, what is there to cry about?" she asked. "Why should you care about them? It will all pass over, Natasha."

"No; if you only knew how humiliating it was! — I was just like" —

"Don't speak of it, Natasha. Of course you were not to blame, then why should you let it trouble you? Kiss me," said Sonya.

Natasha lifted her head and kissed her friend on the lips, laying her tear-wet face next hers.

"I cannot tell you. I do not know. — No one is to blame," said Natasha. "If any one is, I am. But all this is terribly painful. Ah! why does he not come?"

She went down to dinner with reddened eyes. Marya Dmitrievna, who had learned how the Rostofs had been received at the prince's, pretended to pay no attention to Natasha's disconsolate face, and jested in loud and eager tones with the count and her other guests.

CHAPTER VIII.

THAT evening the Rostofs went to the opera, Marya Dmitrievna having secured them tickets. Natasha felt no desire to go, but it was impossible for her to refuse her hostess's kindness, which had been designed expressly for her pleasure. When, after she was already dressed, and had gone into the

parlor to wait for her father, she surveyed herself in the great pier-glass, and saw how pretty, how very pretty, she was, she felt even more melancholy than before, but her melancholy was mingled with a feeling of sweet and passionate love.

"*Bozhe moi!* if he were only here I should not be so stupidly shy before him as I was before. I would throw my arms around him and cling close to him, and make him look at me with those deep, penetrating eyes of his, with which he has so often looked at me; and then I would make him laugh, as he laughed then, and his eyes — how plainly I can see his eyes even now," said Natasha to herself. "And what do I care for his father and his sister? I love him. I love him, him alone, with his dear face and eyes, with his smile, like that of a man and like that of a child too. — No, it is better not to think about it, to forget him, and to forget that time, too, absolutely. I cannot endure this suspense. I shall be crying again," — and she turned away from the mirror, exercising all her self-control not to burst into tears. "And how can Sonya be so calm and unconcerned in her love for Nikolenka, and wait so long and patiently?" she wondered, as she saw her cousin coming toward her, also in full dress, and with her fan in her hand. "No, she is entirely different from me. I cannot."

Natasha at that moment felt herself so full of passion and tenderness that it was not enough to love, and to know that she was loved. What she wanted now, at this instant, was to throw her arms around her lover's neck, and speak to him, and hear him speak those words of love of which her heart was full.

As she rode along in the carriage, sitting next to her father, and dreamily looking at the lamp-lights that flashed through the frost-covered windows, she felt still deeper in love, and still more melancholy than ever, and she quite forgot with whom and where she was going.

Their carriage fell into the long line, and the wheels slowly creaked over the snow as they drew up to the steps of the theatre. The two girls gathered up their skirts and quickly jumped out; the count clambered down, supported by the footmen, and, making their way through the throng of ladies and gentlemen and programme-venders, the three went into the corridor that led to their box. Already the sounds of music were heard through the closed doors.

"Nathalie, your hair," whispered Sonya in French. The *kapelldiener*, hastening past the ladies, politely opened their box door. The music sounded louder, the brightly lighted

rows of boxes occupied by ladies with bared shoulders and arms, and the parterre filled with brilliant uniforms, dazzled their eyes. A lady who entered the adjoining box shot a glance of feminine envy at Natasha. The curtain was still down, and the orchestra was playing the overture.

Natasha, shaking out her train, went forward with Sonya and took her seat, glancing at the brightly lighted boxes on the opposite side of the house. The sensation, which she had not experienced for a long time, of having hundreds of eyes staring at her bare arms and neck, affected her all at once with mixed pleasure and discomfort, and called up a whole swarm of recollections, desires, and emotions associated with that sensation.

Natasha and Sonya, both remarkably pretty girls, and Count Ilya Andreyitch, who had not been seen for a long time in Moscow, naturally attracted general attention. Moreover, every one had a general notion that Natasha was engaged to marry Prince Andrei, and everybody knew that ever since the engagement the Rostofs had been residing at their country estate; therefore they looked with much curiosity at the "bride" of one of the most desirable men in Russia.

Natasha's beauty, as everybody told her, had improved during their stay in the country, and that evening, owing to her excited state of mind, she was extraordinarily beautiful. No one could have failed to be struck by her exuberance of life and beauty, and her complete indifference to everything going on around her. Her dark eyes wandered over the throng, not seeking for any one in particular, and her slender arm, bare above the elbow, leaned on the velvet rim of the box, while, with evident unconsciousness of what she was doing, she crumpled her programme, folding and unfolding it in time with the orchestra.

"Look, there's Alenina," said Sonya, "with her mother, I think."

"Saints! * Mikhail Kiriluitch has grown fat, though," exclaimed the old count.

"See, there's our Anna Mikhailovna. What kind of a head-dress has she on?"

"There are the Karagins, and Boris with them. Evidently enough, an engaged couple. — Drubetskoi must have proposed."

"What! didn't you know it? 'Twas announced to-day," said Shinshin, coming into their box.

Natasha looked in the same direction that her father was

* *Bátyushki*, — literally, "little fathers."

looking, and saw Julie, who, with a string of pearls around her fat red neck, — covered with powder, as Natasha knew well, — was sitting next her mother with a radiantly happy face. Behind them could be seen Boris's handsome head, with sleekly brushed hair. He was leaning over so that his ear was close to Julie's mouth, and as he looked askance at the Rostofs he was saying something to his "bride."

"They are talking about us, — about me," thought Natasha, "and she's probably jealous of me, and he is trying to calm her. They need not worry about it. If they only knew how little I cared about them!"

Behind them sat Anna Mikhailovna, festive and blissful, and wearing her habitual expression of utter resignation to God's will. Their box was redolent of that atmosphere characteristic of a newly engaged couple, which Natasha knew and loved so well. She turned away, and suddenly all the humiliating circumstances of her morning visit recurred to her memory.

"What right has he not to be willing to receive me as a relation? Akh! I'd best not think about this, at least not till *he* comes back," said she to herself, and she began to scan the faces of strangers or acquaintances in the parterre.

In the front row, in the very middle of the house, leaning his back against the railing, stood Dolokhof in Persian costume, with his curly hair combed back into a strange and enormous ridge. He was standing in full view of the whole theatre, knowing that he was attracting the attention of everybody in the house, yet looking as unconcerned as though he were in the privacy of his own room. Around him were gathered a throng of the gilded youth of Moscow, and it was evident that he was their leader.

Count Ilya Andreyitch, with a smile, nudged the blushing Sonya, and called her attention to her former suitor.

"Did you recognize him? and where did he turn up from?" asked the count of Shinshin. "He had disappeared entirely, had he not?"

"Yes, completely," replied Shinshin. "While he was in the Caucasus he deserted, and they say he became minister to some reigning prince in Persia. After that he killed the Shah's brother, and now all the young ladies of Moscow have lost their wits over him. *Dolokhoff le Persan*, and that's the end of it. Here with us there's nothing to be done without Dolokhof. They swear by him. He is made a subject of invitation, as though he were a sterlet," said Shinshin. "Dolokhof and Anatol Kuragin have turned the heads of all our young ladies."

Just then into the next box came a tall, handsome lady with a tremendous plait of hair, and a great display of plump white shoulders and neck, around which she wore a double string of large pearls. She was a long time in settling herself, with a great rustling of her stiff silk dress.

Natasha found herself involuntarily gazing at that neck, those shoulders and pearls, and that head-dress, and she was amazed at their beauty. Just as Natasha was taking a second look at her, the lady glanced round, and, fixing her eyes on Count Ilya Andreyitch, nodded her head and smiled.

It was the Countess Bezukhaya, Pierre's wife.

Ilya Andreyitch, who knew every one in society, leaned over and spoke with her. "Have you been here long, countess?" he inquired. "I'm coming in. I'm coming in soon to kiss your hand. I'm in town on business, and have got my girls with me. They say Semyonova plays her part superbly," said Ilya Andreyitch. "I hope Count Piotr Kirillovitch has not entirely forgotten us. Is he here?"

"Yes, he was intending to come," said Ellen, and she gave Natasha a scrutinizing look.

Count Ilya Andreyitch again sat back in his place. "Isn't she pretty, though?" asked he of Natasha.

"A perfect marvel," replied the latter. "I could understand falling in love with her."

By this time the last notes of the overture were heard, and the baton of the kapellmeister rapped upon the stand. Those gentlemen who were in late slipped down to their places, and the curtain rose.

As soon as the curtain went up silence reigned in the parterre and the boxes, and all the gentlemen, young and old, whether in uniforms or in civilian's dress, and all the ladies, with precious stones glittering on their bare bosoms, with eager expectation turned their attention to the stage.

Natasha also tried to look.

CHAPTER IX.

SMOOTH boards formed the centre of the stage, on the sides stood painted canvases representing trees, in the background a cloth was stretched out on boards, in the foreground girls in red bodices and white petticoats were sitting around. One, who was exceedingly stout, wore a white silk dress. She sat by herself on a low footstool, to the back of which was

glued green cardboard. They were all singing something. After they had finished their chorus the girl in white advanced toward the prompter's box, and a man in silk tights on his stout legs, and with a feather and a dagger, joined her, and began to sing and wave his arms.

The man in the tights sang alone, then she sang, then they were both silent. The orchestra played, and the man began to turn down the fingers on the girl's hand, evidently waiting for the beat when they should begin to sing their parts together. They sang a duet, and then all in the audience began to clap and to shout, and the man and woman on the stage, who had been representing lovers, got up, smiling and letting go of hands, and bowed in all directions.

After her country life, and the serious frame of mind into which Natasha had lately fallen, all this seemed to her wild and strange. She was unable to follow the thread of the opera, and it was as much as she could do to listen to the music. She saw only painted canvas and oddly dressed men and women going through strange motions, talking and singing in a blaze of light. She knew what all this was meant to represent, but it all struck her as so affected, unnatural, and absurd that some of the time she felt ashamed for the actors, and again she felt like laughing at them.

She looked around at the faces of the spectators, to see if she could detect in them any of this feeling of ridicule and perplexity which she felt; but all these faces were absorbed in what was taking place on the stage, or, as it seemed to Natasha, expressed a hypocritical enthusiasm.

"This must be, I suppose, very life-like," said Natasha. She kept gazing now at those rows of pomaded heads in the parterre, then at the half-naked women in the boxes, and most of all at her neighbor Ellen, who, as undressed as she could well be, gazed with a faint smile of satisfaction at the stage, not dropping her eyes, conscious of the brilliant light that overflowed the auditorium, and the warm atmosphere, heated by the throng.

Natasha gradually began to enter into a state of intoxication which she had not experienced for a long time. She had no idea who she was, or where she was, or of what was going on before her. She gazed, and let her thoughts wander at will, and the strangest, most disconnected ideas flashed unexpectedly through her mind. Now she felt inclined to leap upon the edge of the box and sing the aria which the actress had just been singing, then she felt an impulse to tap with her fan

a little old man who was sitting not far off, then again to lean over to Ellen and tickle her.

At one time, when there was perfect silence on the stage just before the beginning of an aria, the door that led into the parterre near where the Rostofs were seated creaked on its hinges, and a man who came in late was heard passing down to his seat.

"There goes Kuragin," whispered Shinshin.

The Countess Bezukhaya turned her head and smiled at the new-comer. Natasha followed the direction of the Countess Bezukhaya's eyes, and saw an extraordinarily handsome adjutant, who, with an air of extreme self-confidence, but at the same time of good breeding, was just passing by their box.

This was Anatol Kuragin, whom she had seen and noticed some time before at a ball in Petersburg. He now wore his adjutant's uniform, with epaulet and shoulder-knot. He advanced with a supreme air of youthful gallantry, which would have been ludicrous had he not been so handsome, and had his handsome face not worn such an expression of cordial good humor and merriment.

Although it was during the act, he sauntered along the carpeted corridor, slightly jingling his spurs, and holding his perfumed, graceful head on high with easy grace. Glancing at Natasha, he joined his sister, laid his exquisitely gloved hand on the edge of her box, nodded to her, and bent over to ask some question in reference to Natasha.

"*Mais charmante*," said he, evidently referring to her. She understood less from hearing his words than from the motion of his lips.

Then he went forward to the front row and took his seat near Dolokhof, giving him a friendly, careless nudge with his elbow, though the others treated him with such worshipful consideration. The other, with a merry lifting of the eyebrows, gave him a smile, and put up his foot against the railing.

"How like brother and sister are!" said the count; "and how handsome they both are!"

Shinshin, in an undertone, began to tell the count some story about Kuragin's intrigues in Moscow, to which Natasha listened simply because he had spoken of her as *charmante*.

The first act was over. All in the parterre got up, mingled together, and began to go and come. Boris came to the Rostofs' box, received their congratulations very simply, and, smiling abstractedly and raising his brows, invited Natasha and Sonya, on behalf of his betrothed, to be present at their wed-

ding, and then left them. Natasha, with a bright, coquettish smile, had talked with him and congratulated him on his engagement, although it was the same Boris with whom she had been in love only a short time before. This, in her intoxicated, excited state, seemed to her perfectly simple and natural.

The bare-bosomed Ellen sat near her, and showered her smiles indiscriminately on all, and in exactly the same way Natasha smiled on Boris.

Ellen's box was crowded by the most influential and witty men of the city, who also gathered around the front of it, on the parterre side, vying with each other, apparently, in their desire to let it be known that they were acquainted with her.

Kuragin, throughout that *entr'acte*, stood with Lopukhof, with his back to the stage, in the very front row, and kept his eyes fixed on the Rostofs' box. Natasha felt certain that he was talking about her, and it afforded her gratification. She even turned her head slightly, in a way which, in her opinion, best showed off the beauty of her profile.

Before the beginning of the second act, Pierre, whom the Rostofs had not seen since their arrival, made his appearance. His face wore an expression of sadness, and he was stouter than when Natasha had last seen him. Without recognizing any one, he passed down to the front row. Anatol joined him, and began to make some remark, looking and pointing to the Rostofs' box. A flash of animation passed over Pierre's face as he caught sight of Natasha, and he hastily made his way across through the seats to where she was. Then, leaning his elbows on the edge of her box, he had a long conversation with her.

While she was talking with Pierre she heard a man's voice in the Countess Bezukhaya's box, and something told her that it was Anatol Kuragin. She glanced round, and their eyes met. She almost smiled, and he looked straight into her eyes with such an admiring, tender gaze that it seemed to her strange to be so near him, to see him, to be so sure that she pleased him, and yet not to be acquainted with him!

In the second act the stage represented a cemetery, and there was a hole in the canvas, which represented the moon, and the footlights were turned down, and the horns and contrabasses began to play in very deep tones, and the stage was invaded from both sides by a throng of men in black mantles. These men began to wave their arms, brandishing what seemed to be daggers. Then some other men rushed forward, and proceeded to drag away by main force that damsel who, in the

previous act, had been dressed in white, but was now in a blue dress. But before they dragged her away they sang with her for a long time, and at the sound of three thumps on something metallic behind the scenes all fell on their knees and began to sing a prayer. A number of times all these actions were interrupted by the enthusiastic plaudits of the spectators. Every time during this act that Natasha looked down into the parterre she saw Anatol Kuragin, with his arm carelessly thrown across the back of his seat, and gazing at her. It was pleasant for her to feel that she had so captivated him, and it never entered her head that in all this there was anything improper.

When the second act was over, the Countess Bezukhaya stood up, leaned over to the Rostofs' box, — thereby exposing her whole bosom, — beckoned the old count to come to her, and then, paying no heed to those who came to her box to pay her their homage, she began a smiling, confidential conversation with him.

"You must certainly make me acquainted with your charming girls," said she; "the whole city are talking about them, and I don't know them."

Natasha got up and made a courtesy to this magnificent countess. The flattery of this brilliant beauty was so intoxicating to her that she blushed with pleasure and gratification.

"I mean to be a Muscovite also," said Ellen. "And aren't you ashamed of yourself, to hide such pearls in the country?"

The Countess Bezukhaya, by good rights, had the reputation of being a fascinating woman. She could say the opposite of what she thought, and could flatter in the most simple and natural manner.

"Now, my dear count, you must allow me to see something of your daughter. Though I don't expect to be here very long, — you don't either, I believe. — I shall try to make them have a good time. — I heard a good deal about you in Petersburg, and I wanted to make your acquaintance," said she, turning to Natasha with her stereotyped, bewitching smile. "I heard about you from my 'page,' Drubetskoi. — Have you heard, by the way, that he was engaged? — and from my husband's friend Bolkonsky, Prince Andrei Bolkonsky," said she, with especial emphasis, signifying thereby that she knew of his relations toward Natasha. Then she proposed that, in order to become better acquainted, one of the young ladies should come over into her box for the rest of the performance, and Natasha went.

During the third act the scene represented a palace, wherein many candles were blazing, while on the walls hung paintings

representing full-bearded knights. In the centre stood, apparently, a tsar and tsaritsa. The tsar was gesticulating with his right hand, and, after singing something with evident timidity, and certainly very wretchedly, he took his seat on a crimson throne.

The damsel, who at first had been dressed in white and then in blue, was now in nothing but a shift, with dishevelled hair, and stood near the throne. She was warbling some doleful ditty addressed to the tsaritsa, but the tsar peremptorily waved his hand, and from the side scenes came a number of bare-legged men and bare-legged women, and began to dance all together.

Then the fiddles played a very dainty and merry tune. One girl, with big bare legs and thin arms, coming out from among the others, went behind the scenes, and, having adjusted her corsage, came into the centre of the stage, and began to caper about and knock her feet together.

The whole parterre clapped their hands and shouted, "Bravo!"

Then a man took his stand in one corner. The orchestra played louder than ever, with a clanging of cymbals and blare of horns, and this bare-legged man, alone by himself, began to make very high jumps and kick his feet together. This man was Duport, who earned sixty thousand rubles a year by his art. All in the parterre, in the boxes, and in the "upper paradise" began to thump and shout with all their might, and the man paused and smiled, and bowed to all sides. Then some others danced, — bare-legged men and women; then one of the royal personages shouted something with musical accompaniment, and all began to sing. But suddenly a storm arose. Chromatic scales and diminished sevenths were heard in the orchestra, and all scattered behind the scenes, carrying off with them again one of those who was present, and the curtain fell.

Once more among the audience arose a terrible roar and tumult, and all, with enthusiastic faces, shouted at once, "Duport! Duport! Duport!"

Natasha no longer looked upon this as strange or unusual. With a sense of satisfaction she looked around her, smiling joyously.

"*N'est-ce pas qu'il est admirable, — Duport?*" asked Ellen, turning to her.

"*Oh, oui!*" replied Natasha.

CHAPTER X.

DURING the *entr'acte* a draught of cold air made its way into Ellen's box, as the door was opened and Anatol came in, bowing and trying not to disturb any one.

"Allow me to present my brother," said Ellen, uneasily glancing from Natasha to Anatol.

Natasha turned her pretty, graceful head toward the handsome young man, and smiled at him over her shoulder. Anatol, who was as fine-looking near at hand as he was at a distance, sat down by her and said that he had been long wishing for the pleasure of her acquaintance, — ever since the Naruishkins' ball, where he had seen her, and never forgotten her.

Kuragin was far cleverer and less affected with women than he was in the society of men. He spoke fluently and simply, and Natasha had a strange and agreeable feeling of ease in the company of this man, about whom so many rumors were current. He was not only not terrible, but his face even wore a naïve, jolly, and good-natured smile.

Kuragin asked her how she enjoyed the play, and told her how Semyonova, at the last performance, had gotten a fall while on the stage.

"Do you know, countess," said he, suddenly addressing her as though she were an old acquaintance, "we have been arranging a fancy-dress party.* You ought to take part in it. It will be very jolly. We shall all rendezvous at the Karagins'. Please come, won't you?" he insisted.

In saying this he did not once take his smiling eyes from her face, her neck, her naked arms. Natasha was not left in doubt of the fact that he admired her. This was agreeable, but somehow she felt constrained and troubled by his presence. When she was not looking at him she was conscious that he was staring at her shoulders, and she involuntarily tried to catch his eyes, so that he might rather fix them on her face. But while she thus looked him in the eyes she had a terrified consciousness that that barrier of modesty, which, she had always felt before, kept other men at a distance, was down between him and her. Without being in the least able to explain it, she was conscious within five minutes that she was on a dangerously intimate footing with this man. She nervously turned a little, for fear he might put his hand on her bare arm, or kiss

* *Karusel f kostumakh.*

her on the neck. They talked about the simplest matters, and yet she felt that they were more intimate than she had ever been with any other man. She looked at Ellen and at her father, as though asking them what this all meant; but Ellen was busily engaged in conversation with some general, and paid no heed to her imploring look, and her father's said nothing more to her than what it always said: "Happy? Well, I am glad of it."

During one of those moments of constraint, while Anatol's prominent eyes were calmly and boldly surveying her, Natasha, in order to break the silence, asked him how he liked Moscow. Natasha asked the question and blushed. It seemed to her all the time that she was doing something unbecoming in talking with him. Anatol smiled, as though to encourage her.

"At first I was not particularly charmed with Moscow, because what a city ought to have, to be agreeable, is pretty women; isn't that so? Well, now I like it very much," said he, giving her a significant look. "Will you come to our party, countess? Please do," said he; and, stretching out his hand toward her bouquet, and lowering his voice, he added in French, "You will be the prettiest. Come, my dear countess, and, as a pledge, give me that flower." *

Natasha did not realize what he was saying any more than he did, but she had a consciousness that in his incomprehensible words there was an improper meaning. She knew not what reply to make, and turned away, pretending not to have heard him. But the instant that she turned away the thought came to her that he was there behind her, and so near.

"What is he doing now? Is he ashamed of himself? Is he angry? Is it my business to make amends?" she asked herself. She could not refrain from glancing round.

She looked straight into his eyes, and his nearness and self-possession, and the good-natured warmth of his smile, overcame her.

She gave him an answering smile, and gazed straight into his eyes, and once more she realized, with the feeling of horror, that there was no barrier between them.

The curtain again went up. Anatol left the box, calm and serene. Natasha rejoined her father in her own box, but already she was under the dominion of this world into which she had entered. Everything that passed before her eyes now seemed to her perfectly natural, while all her former thoughts concern-

* *Vous serez la plus jolie. Venez, chère comtesse, et comme gage donnez moi cette fleur.*

ing her lover, and the Princess Mariya, and her life in the country, vanished from her mind as though all that had taken place long, long ago.

In the fourth act there was a strange kind of devil, who sang and gesticulated until a trap beneath him was opened, and he disappeared. This was all that Natasha noticed during the fourth act. Something agitated and disturbed her, and the cause of this annoyance was Kuragin, at whom she could not help looking.

When they left the theatre Anatol joined them, summoned their carriage, and helped them to get seated. As he was assisting Natasha he squeezed her arm above the elbow. Startled and blushing she looked at him. His brilliant eyes returned her gaze, and he gave her a tender smile.

Not until she reached home was Natasha able clearly to realize all that had taken place, and when she suddenly remembered Prince Andrei she was horror-struck; and as they all sat drinking tea she groaned aloud, and, flushing scarlet, ran from the room.

"My God! I am lost," she said to herself. "How could I have let it go so far?" she wondered. Long she sat hiding her flushed face in her hands, striving to give herself a clear account of what had happened to her, and she could not do so, nor could she explain her feelings. Everything seemed to her dark, obscure, and terrible.

Then, in that huge, brilliant auditorium, where Duport, with his bare legs and his spangled jacket, capered about on the dampened stage to the sounds of music, and the girls and the old men and Ellen much *decolletée*, with her calm and haughty smile, were all applauding and enthusiastically shouting bravo, — there, under the protection of this same Ellen, everything was perfectly clear and simple; but now, alone by herself, it became incomprehensible.

"What does it mean? What means this fear that I experience in his presence? What mean these stings of conscience which I experience now?" she asked herself.

If only her mother had been there Natasha would have made confession of all her thoughts, before going to bed that night. She knew that Sonya, with her strict and wholesome views, would either entirely fail to understand, or would be horrified by, her confession. Natasha accordingly tried, by her own unaided efforts, to settle the question that tormented her.

"Have I really forfeited Prince Andrei's love, or not?" she

asked herself, and then, with a re-assuring smile, she replied to her own question: "What a fool I am to ask this! What is the sense of it? None! I have done nothing. I was not to blame for this. No one will know about it, and I shall not see him any more," said she to herself. "Of course it is evident no harm has been done; there's nothing to repent of, and no reason why Prince Andrei should not love me *just as I am*. But what do I mean by just as I am? O my God! my God! why is he not here?"

Natasha grew calm for an instant, but then some instinct told her that, even though nothing had happened and no harm had been done, still the first purity of her love for Prince Andrei was destroyed.

And once more she let her imagination bring up her whole conversation with Kuragin, and she recalled his face and his motions, and the tender smile that this handsome, impudent man had given her after he had squeezed her arm.

CHAPTER XI.

ANATOL KURAGIN was living in Moscow because his father had sent him from Petersburg, where he had been spending more than twenty thousand rubles a year, and had accumulated heavy debts as well, which his creditors were trying to obtain from his father.

His father explained to him that he would, for the last time, pay one-half of his debts, but only on condition of his going to Moscow as adjutant to the governor-general of the city, an appointment which he obtained for him. He advised him to make up his mind at last to try to win the hand of some rich heiress. He suggested the Princess Mariya or Julie Karagina.

Anatol consented and went to Moscow, where he took up his residence at Pierre's. At first Pierre received him with scant welcome, but at length became accustomed to him, and occasionally accompanied him on his sprees, and, under the pretence of a loan, gave him money.

Anatol, as Shinshin correctly stated the case, had instantly turned the heads of all the girls in Moscow, and particularly by the fact of his affected neglect of them and his avowed preference for gypsy girls and French actresses, with the leading light of whom, Mademoiselle Georges, it was said, he was on terms of close intimacy. He never failed of a

single drinking bout given by Danilof or the other fast men of Moscow: he could drink steadily from night till morning, out-drinking every one else; moreover, he was a constant *habitué* of all the balls and receptions in the upper circles of society. Rumors were rife of various intrigues of his with married ladies in Moscow, and at the balls he always paid particular court to several.

But from young ladies, particularly those who were rich and in the marriage market, — most of whom were excessively plain, — Anatol kept at a respectful distance, and this arose from the fact, known only to a very few of his most intimate friends, that he had been married two years before. Two years before, while his regiment had been cantoned in Poland, a Polish proprietor of a small estate had forced Anatol to marry his daughter.

Anatol had soon after abandoned his wife, and, by engaging to send money periodically, he persuaded his father-in-law to let him pass still as a bachelor.

Anatol was always satisfied with his situation, with himself, and with other people. He was instinctively, by his whole nature, convinced that it was entirely impossible for him to lead another manner of existence, and that he had never in his life done anything wrong. He was in no condition to ponder on the effect that his behavior might have on others, or what might be the result of his behaving in this, that, or the other way. He was persuaded that, just as the duck was so created as always to be in the water, in the same way he was created by God for the purpose of living with an income of thirty thousand rubles a year, and of occupying the highest pinnacle of society. He was so firmly grounded in this opinion, that other people also, when they saw him, shared in his conviction, and never thought of refusing him either the foremost place in society, or the money which he took of any one he met, without ever thinking of repaying it.

He was no gambler; at least, he never showed sordid love for gain. He was not ostentatious. It was absolutely a matter of indifference to him what men thought of him. Still less was he open to the charge of ambition. Many times he had annoyed his father by injuring his own prospects, and he always made sport of dignities. He was not stingy, and he never refused any one who asked a favor of him. All that he cared for was "a good time" and women, and as, according to his opinion, there was nothing ignoble in these tastes, and he

could not calculate the consequence for other people of the gratification of these tastes of his, he therefore considered himself irreproachable, sincerely scorned ordinary scoundrels and base men, and held his head high with a tranquil conscience.

Debauchees, those male Magdalens, have a secret feeling of blamelessness, such as is peculiar to the frail sisterhood; and it is based on the same hope of forgiveness. "She shall be forgiven much, for she hath loved much; and he shall be forgiven much, because he hath enjoyed much."

Dolokhof, back again in Moscow, after his exile and his adventures in Persia, and once more leading a dissipated and luxurious life and playing high, naturally became intimate with his old Petersburg companion, Kuragin, and made use of him for his own ends.

Anatol really liked Dolokhof for his wit, intelligence, and audacity. Dolokhof, who found the name, the notability, and the connections of Anatol Kuragin an admirable decoy for attracting rich young fellows into his clutches, made use of him and got enjoyment out of him without letting him suspect it. Besides the financial purpose for which Anatol served him, the act itself of controlling the will of another was an enjoyment, a habit, and a necessity for Dolokhof.

Natasha had made a deep impression on Kuragin. At supper after the opera, with all the enthusiasm of a *connoisseur*, he praised to Dolokhof her arms, her shoulders, her feet, and her hair, and he expressed his intention of making love to her. The possible consequences of such love-making Anatol did not stop to consider; nor was it in him to foresee them any more than in any other of his escapades.

"Yes, she's pretty, my dear fellow; but she's not for us," said Dolokhof.

"I am going to tell my sister to invite her to dinner. — How's that?" suggested Anatol.

"You had better wait till she's married" —

"You know," said Anatol, "*j'adore les petites filles*; you can turn their heads so quick."

"You have already fallen into the hands of one *petite fille*," said Dolokhof, who knew about Anatol's marriage. "See?"

"Well, can't get caught a second time, — hey?" replied Anatol, good-naturedly laughing.

CHAPTER XII.

THE next day the Rostofs staid at home, and no one came to see them. Marya Dmitrievna had a confidential conversation with her father, taking pains to keep it a secret from Natasha, who nevertheless suspected that they were discussing the old prince, and concocting some scheme. It disquieted and humiliated her. She was every moment expecting Prince Andrei to come, and twice that day she sent the *deornik* to the Bolkonskys' to learn if he had arrived. But he was still absent.

It was now more trying to her than during the first days of his absence. Her impatience and melancholy thoughts about him were intensified by an unpleasant recollection of her interview with the Princess Mariya and the scene with the old prince, as well as by a vague and undefinable fear and uneasiness. She had a notion that either he would not come at all, or that before he came something would happen. She found it impossible, as before, to have calm and collected thoughts about him when alone by herself. As soon as her thoughts turned to him her recollections of him were confused by recollections of the old prince, of the Princess Mariya, of the operatic performance, and of Kuragin. Again the question arose whether she was not to blame, whether her troth plighted to Prince Andrei were not already broken; and again she would picture to herself, even to the most trifling details, every word, every gesture, every slightest shadow in the play of expression on the face of that man who had succeeded in arousing in her such a terrible and inexplicable feeling.

In the eyes of the home circle, Natasha seemed livelier than usual, but she was far from being as calm and happy as she had been before.

On Sunday morning Marya Dmitrievna proposed to her guests to attend mass at the parish chapel of Uspénie na Mohiltsakh.

"I don't like these fashionable churches," said she, evidently priding herself on her independence. "God is everywhere One. We have an excellent pope, and deacon as well, and the service is well performed. What kind of worship is it to have concerts given in the choir? I don't like it. It's mischievous nonsense."

Marya Dmitrievna liked Sundays, and had them kept as high

festivals. Her house was thoroughly washed and cleaned on Saturday; neither she nor the people within her gates did any work; they wore their best clothes, and all went to mass. On Sunday she had prepared an extra fine dinner, and her servants were provided with vodka and a roasted goose or a sucking pig.

But nothing in the whole house gave more decided evidence of its being a holiday than Marya Dmitrievna's broad, stern face, which on this occasion wore an unchangeable expression of solemn festivity.

After mass, while they were drinking their coffee in the drawing-room, where the furniture covers had been removed, a servant announced to Marya Dmitrievna that the carriage was at the door. She drew a long face, and, putting on her best shawl, in which she always paid visits, she got up and announced that she was going to see Prince Nikolai Andreyevitch Bolkonsky, to have an understanding with him in regard to Natasha.

After Marya Dmitrievna had taken her departure, a *modiste* from Madame Chalmé's came to try on the young ladies' new dresses, and Natasha, retiring to the next room and shutting the door, was very glad of the diversion.

Just as she had put on a hastily basted and still sleeveless waist, and was standing in front of the mirror, bending her head around to see how the back fitted, she heard in the drawing-room the lively tones of her father's voice, mingled with those of a woman, and it made her blush. It was Ellen's voice.

Natasha had not time to take off the experimental waist before the door opened, and into the room came the Countess Bezukhaya, beaming with a good-natured and flattering smile, and wearing a dark purple velvet dress, with a high collar.

"*Ah, ma délicieuse!*" she exclaimed to the blushing Natasha. "*Charmante!*" No, she is quite unlike any one else, my dear count," said she, turning to the count, who followed her in. "The idea of living in Moscow and not going anywhere! No, I shall not let you off. This evening Mademoiselle Georges is going to recite for me, and we shall have a crowd, and if you don't bring your beauties, who are far better than Mademoiselle Georges, I shall never forgive you. My husband is away, he is gone to Tver; otherwise I should send him for you. Do not fail to come. Don't fail — at ten o'clock."

She nodded to the dressmaker, whom she knew, and received a most respectful courtesy, and then sat down in an arm-chair near the mirror, picturesquely disposing the folds of her velvet dress. She did not cease to chatter with good-natured and

merry volubility, constantly saying pleasant, flattering things about Natasha's beauty. She examined her dresses and praised them, and also managed to say a good word for a new dress of her own, *en gaze métallique* — metallic gauze — which she had just received from Paris, and advised Natasha to get one like it.

"Besides, it would be extremely becoming to you, my charmer," said she.

Natasha's face fairly beamed with pleasure. She felt happy and exhilarated by the praise of this gracious Countess Bezukhaya, who had heretofore seemed to her such an inaccessible, grand lady, and was now so cordial toward her. Natasha's spirits rose, and she felt almost in love with this woman, who was so beautiful and so good-natured.

Ellen, on her part, was sincerely enchanted by Natasha, and wanted her to have a good time. Anatol had urged her to help on his acquaintance with her, and it was for this purpose that she called on the Rostofs. The idea of helping her brother in such a flirtation was amusing to her.

Although that winter in Petersburg she had felt a grudge against Natasha for alienating Boris from her, it had now entirely passed from her mind; and, with all her heart, she felt kindly disposed toward Natasha. As she was taking her departure, she called her *protégée* aside: —

"Last evening my brother dined with me — we almost died of laughing — he eats just nothing at all, and can only sigh for you, my charmer! *Il est fou, mais fou amoureux de vous, ma chère.*"

Natasha flushed crimson on hearing those words.

"How she blushes! How she blushes, *ma délicieuse*," pursued Ellen. "Don't fail to come. Even if you are in love, that is no reason for making a nun of yourself. Even if you are engaged, I am sure that your future husband would prefer to have you go into society, rather than die of tedium in his absence." *

"Of course she knows that I am engaged; of course she and her husband, she and Pierre, that good, honest Pierre, have talked and laughed about this. Of course there is no harm in it." — And again under Ellen's influence, all that hitherto seemed terrible to her seemed simple and natural. "And she

* *Si vous aimez quelqu'un, ma délicieuse, ce n'est pas une raison pour se cloîtrer. Si même vous êtes promise, je suis sûre que votre promis aurait désiré que vous alliez dans le monde en son absence plutôt que de dépérir d'ennui.*

is such a *grande dame*, and so kind, and she seems to like me so heartily!" said Natasha to herself. "And why shouldn't I have a good time?" queried Natasha, looking at Ellen with wide eyes full of amazement.

Marya Dmitrievna returned in time for dinner, silent and solemn, having evidently suffered a rebuff at the old prince's. She was still laboring under too much excitement from her encounter to be able to give a calm account of it. To the count's question, she replied that everything would be all right, and she would tell him about it the next day.

When she was informed of the Countess Bezukhaya's visit, and the invitation for the evening, she said.—

"I don't like the idea of your going to Bezukhaya's, and I should advise you not to: however, if you have already promised, go; perhaps you will have some amusement," she added, addressing Natasha.

CHAPTER XIII.

COUNT ILYA ANDREYITCH took his young ladies to the Countess Bezukhaya's.

The reception was fairly well attended, but the most of the company were strangers to Natasha. Count Ilya Andreyitch saw with dissatisfaction that the larger majority of those present consisted of men and women noted for their free and easy behavior.

Mademoiselle Georges stood in one corner of the drawing-room surrounded by young men. There were a number of Frenchmen, and among them M^tétivier, who since Ellen's arrival had become an intimate at her house. Count Ilya Andreyitch decided not to take a hand at the card-table, or to leave the girls, but to take his departure as soon as Mademoiselle Georges had finished her recitation.

Anatol was at the door, evidently on the lookout for the Rostofs. As soon as he had exchanged greetings with the count, he joined Natasha, and followed her into the room. The moment she saw him, she was assailed, just as she had been at the theatre, by a mixed sense of gratified vanity that she pleased him, and of fear, because of the absence of moral barriers between her and him.

Ellen received Natasha effusively, and was loud in praise of her beauty and her toilet.

Soon after their arrival, Mademoiselle Georges retired from

the room to change her costume. In the mean time, chairs were disposed in the drawing-room, and the guests began to take their seats. Anatol procured a chair for Natasha, and was just going to sit next her; but the count, keeping a sharp eye on his daughter, took the seat next her. Anatol sat behind.

Mademoiselle Georges, with plump and dimpled arms all bare, and with a red shawl flung across one shoulder, came out into the space around which the chairs were ranged, and assumed an unnatural pose. A murmur of admiration was heard.

Mademoiselle Georges threw a stern and gloomy glance around, and began to recite certain lines in French, in which the guilty love of a mother for her son is delineated. In places she raised her voice; then, again, she spoke in a whisper, triumphantly tossing her head; and in other places she broke short off, or spoke in deep, hoarse tones, rolling her eyes.

"Adorable!" . . . "Divin!" . . . "Délicieux!" were the encomiums heard on all sides.

Natasha's eyes were fastened on the stout actress, but she heard nothing, saw nothing, understood nothing of what was going on before her; she felt that she was irrevocably drawn again into that strange, mad world, so far removed from the past world, where it was impossible to know what was right and what was wrong, what was reasonable and what was foolish. Behind her sat Anatol, and she was conscious of his nearness, and with terror awaited some development.

After the first monologue, the whole company arose and crowded around Mademoiselle Georges, expressing their delight and enthusiasm.

"How beautiful she is!" said Natasha to her father, who had got up with the rest, and was starting to push his way through the throng toward the actress.

"I cannot think so when I look at you," said Anatol, sitting down next Natasha. He spoke so that no one else could hear what he said: "You are charming. . . . Since the first moment that I saw you, I have not ceased" —

"Come, let us go, Natasha," interrupted the count, returning to his daughter. "How pretty she is!" Natasha, making no reply, followed her father, but gave Anatol a look of wondering amazement.

After several more recitations, Mademoiselle Georges took her departure, and the Countess Bezukhaya invited her guests into the ballroom.

The count wanted to go home, but Ellen begged him not to spoil her improvised ball. The Rostofs remained. Anatol took Natasha out for a valse; and while they were on the floor, and he clasped her waist and hand, he told her that she was *ravissante*, and that he loved her.

During the *Écossaise*, which she danced with Kuragin also, Anatol said nothing to her while they were by themselves, but merely gazed at her. Natasha was in doubt whether she had not dreamed what he said to her during the valse.

At the end of the first figure he again pressed her hand. Natasha lifted startled eyes to his; but his look and his smile had such an expression of self-confidence and flattering tenderness that she found it impossible to look at him and say to him what was on her tongue to say. She dropped her eyes.

"Do not say such things to me; I am betrothed — I love another," she hurriedly whispered.

She glanced at him. Anatol was not in the least confused or chagrined at what she said.

"Don't speak to me about that. What difference does it make to me?" he asked. "I tell you I am madly, madly in love with you. Am I to blame because you are bewitching? . . . It's our turn to lead."

Natasha, excited and anxious, looked around with wide, frightened eyes, and gave the impression of being gayer than usual. She remembered almost nothing of what took place that evening. While they were dancing the *Écossaise* and the *Grossvater*, her father came and urged her to go home with him, but she begged to stay a little longer.

Wherever she was, whoever engaged her in conversation, she was conscious all the time of *his* eyes upon her. Afterwards she remembered asking her father's permission to go to the dressing-room to adjust her dress, and how Ellen followed her, and told her with a laugh that her brother was in love with her. She remembered how, in the little divan-room, she had again met Anatol, how Ellen had suddenly disappeared, leaving her alone with him, and how Anatol, seizing her hand, had said, in a tender voice: —

"I cannot call upon you, but must I never see you? I love you madly, desperately! Can I not see you?" And then blocking her way, he had bent down his face close to her face.

His great, gleaming, masculine eyes were so near to her face that she could see nothing else except those eyes of his.

"Nathalie?" she heard his voice whisper, with a questioning inflection, and her hand was squeezed almost painfully.

"Nathalie?"

"I do not understand at all; I have nothing to say," said her glance.

His glowing lips approached her lips — but at that instant she felt that her deliverance had come. for the sound of Ellen's footsteps and rustle of her dress were heard in the room.

Natasha glanced at Ellen; then, blushing and trembling, she gave him a terrified, questioning look, and started for the door.

"*Un mot, un seul, au nom de Dieu.*" said Anatol. She paused. She felt that it was a necessity for her to hear that "single word," which would afford her an explanation of what had happened, and allow her something tangible to answer.

"Nathalie, *un mot, un seul.*" he kept repeating, evidently not knowing what to say; and he repeated it until Ellen came close to him. Ellen and Natasha returned together to the drawing-room. Declining the invitation to stay to supper the Rostofs went home.

That night Natasha could not sleep at all. She was tormented by the question, which she could not answer, which she loved, Anatol or Prince Andrei? She loved Prince Andrei, — she had a very distinct remembrance of how warmly she loved him.

But she loved Anatol also, there could be no doubt about that. "Otherwise, how could all this have taken place?" she asked herself. "If it was possible for me, on saying good-by to him, to answer his smiles with smiles; if I could permit myself to go so far, then of course I was in love with him at first sight. He certainly is good and noble and handsome, and it is impossible not to be in love with him. What can I do when I love him and love the other too?" she asked herself, and found no solution to the vexing problem.

CHAPTER XIV.

MORNING came, with its usual occupations and bustle. All arose, stirred about, engaged in talk; once more the *modistes* came; again Marya Dmitrievna appeared and summoned them down to tea.

Natasha, with wide-open eyes, as though trying to anticipate

and intercept every glance fixed upon her, looked anxiously about, and struggled to seem the same as usual.

After breakfast, which was her favorite time, Marya Dmitrievna sat down in her easy-chair, and called Natasha and the old count to her.

"Well," — with strong emphasis on the word, — "well, my friends, now I have thought the whole matter over, and this is my advice," she began. "Yesterday, as you know, I went to see Prince Nikolai. Well," again with strong emphasis, "I had an interview with him. He thought to shout me down, but I am not to be shouted down so easily. I had it all out with him."

"Well, what did he do?" asked the count.

"What did he do?" He is a raving maniac — won't listen to anything. Well, what's the use of talking? And, meanwhile, we are tormenting this poor girl so!" said Marya Dmitrievna. "And my advice to you is to transact your business, and go home — to Otradnoye — and there wait till" —

"Oh, no!" — cried Natasha.

"Yes, you must go," maintained Marya Dmitrievna, "and wait there. If your betrothed should come here now, there would infallibly be a quarrel; but if he is left alone with the old man they will talk the whole thing over calmly, and then he will come for you."

Ilya Andreyitch approved of this plan, which instantly appealed to his good judgment. If the old prince was appeased, then they could rejoin him at Moscow or Luisiya Gorui; if not, as it would be contrary to his wishes, then the wedding could take place at Otradnoye.

"That is true as gospel," said he. "Only I am sorry that I went there and took her," said the old count.

"There's nothing to be sorry for. As long as you were here you couldn't help paying him that mark of respect. Well, if he does not approve, it is his affair," said Marya Dmitrievna, making search for something in her reticule. "Besides, the *trousseau* is all ready, so what have you to wait for; and what isn't ready I will send to you. Indeed, I am sorry about it, but you would be much better off to return — and God be with you!" Having succeeded in finding what she was searching for, she handed it to Natasha. It was a letter from the Princess Mariya. "She's written to you. How she torments herself, poor soul! She is afraid you will imagine she does not like you."

"Well, and she doesn't like me," said Natasha.

"Nonsense! Don't say such a thing," cried Marya Dmitrievna.

"I take no one's opinion. I know she does not like me," said Natasha boldly, snatching the letter, and her face assumed such an expression of hard and angry determination that it caused Marya Dmitrievna to look at her more closely and frown.

"Don't you contradict me that way, *mátushka*," said she. "What I tell you is the truth. Go and reply to her letter."

Natasha made no rejoinder, and retired to her own room to read the Princess Mariya's letter.

The princess wrote that she was in despair, owing to the misunderstanding that had arisen between them. Whatever were her father's feelings, she wrote, she besought Natasha to be assured that it was impossible for her not to love her, as the choice of her brother, for whose happiness she was ready to sacrifice everything.

"Moreover," she wrote, "do not imagine that my father was unkindly disposed toward you. He is old and feeble, and you must excuse him; but he is good and generous, and will not fail to love the one who can make his son happy."

The princess further asked Natasha to appoint a time when they could have another meeting.

After reading the letter through, Natasha sat down at the writing-desk to pen a reply.

"*Chère princesse*," she wrote, hastily and mechanically, and paused. What more could she write, after all that had taken place the evening before?

"Yes, yes, all that is past, and now, already, everything is different," she said to herself, as she pondered over the letter that refused to be written. "Ought I to reject him? Is it really my duty? It is frightful!" And, to escape from these terrible thoughts, she went to Sonya, and began to help her pick out her embroidery patterns.

After dinner Natasha again retired to her room, and took up the Princess Mariya's letter.

"Can it be that all is really over between us?" she mused. "Can it be that this has happened so quickly, and that all that is past is completely annihilated?"

She recalled, in all its intensity, her love for Prince Andrei, and yet, at the same time, she felt that she was in love with Kuragin. She vividly pictured herself as Prince Andrei's wife, and recalled those dreams of happiness with him which she had so many times enjoyed in imagination, and at the same

time, fired with passionate emotions, she recalled every detail of her last meeting with Anatol.

"Why, could it be possible to love them both at once?" she more than once asked herself, in the depths of perplexity. "Then only could I be perfectly happy; but now I must choose, and I cannot be happy to be deprived of either of them. One thing is certain," she thought, "to tell Prince Andrei what has happened, or to hide it from him, is impossible. But as far as *he* is concerned no harm has been done. Can I break off forever, though, with that delicious love for Prince Andrei, to whom my life has been devoted so long?"

"Báruishnya," said a maid, in a whisper, and coming into the room with a mysterious face, "a nice little man told me to give you this." The maid handed her a note. "Only for Christ's sake" — she exclaimed, as Natasha, without thinking, mechanically broke the seal and began to read. It was a love-letter from Anatol, and, while she did not comprehend a word of it, she comprehended enough to know that it was from him, from the man she loved. Yes, she loved him, else how could happen what had happened? How could she have in her hand a love-letter from him?

With trembling hands Natasha held this passionate love-letter, composed for Anatol by Dolokhof, and in reading it she found it contained what corresponded to everything which it seemed to her she herself felt.

"Last evening decided my fate; you must love me, or I die. I have no other alternative." So the letter began. Then he proceeded to say that he knew her parents would not consent to her marriage to him for various secret reasons which he could reveal to her alone, but that if she loved him, it was enough for her to say the little word *yes*, and no mortal power could suffice to destroy their bliss. Love conquers all. He would spirit her away, and fly with her to the ends of the earth.

"Yes, yes, I love him," mused Natasha, as she read the letter over for the twentieth time, and tried to discover some peculiarly deep meaning in every word.

That evening Marya Dmitrievna was going to the Arkharofs', and she invited the young ladies to accompany her. Natasha, under the pretext of a headache, remained at home.

CHAPTER XV.

SONYA, on her return late that evening, went to Natasha's room, and, to her amazement, found her still dressed, and asleep on the sofa. On the table near her lay Anatol's letter, wide open. Sonya picked the letter up, and proceeded to read it.

She read it through, and gazed at the sleeping Natasha, trying to discover in her face some key to the mystery of what she had read, and finding none. The expression of Natasha's face was calm and sweet and happy.

Sonya, pale, and trembling with fright and emotion, clutching her breast lest she should choke, sat down in an easy-chair and melted into tears.

"How is it I have seen nothing of this? How can this have gone so far? Is it possible she has ceased to love Prince Andrei? And how can she tolerate this Kuragin? He is a deceiver and a scoundrel—that is evident. What will Nicolas do, dear, noble Nicolas, when he learns of this? So this is what caused her agitation and unnatural behavior for the last three days," said Sonya to herself. "But it is impossible that she is in love with him. Most likely she opened the letter without knowing from whom it came. In all probability she was offended. She couldn't have done such a thing knowingly."

Sonya wiped away her tears, and went close to Natasha, and scrutinized her face.

"Natasha!" she murmured, almost inaudibly.

Natasha awoke and looked at Sonya.

"Ah, are you back already?" And in the impulse of the sudden awakening she gave her friend a warm and affectionate hug, but instantly noticing that Sonya's face was troubled, her face also became troubled and suspicious.

"Sonya, have you been reading that letter?" she asked.

"Yes," murmured Sonya.

Natasha smiled triumphantly. "No, Sonya, it is impossible to hold out any longer," said she. "I cannot hide it from you any more. You know, we love each other. — Sonya, my darling, he has written me — Sonya" —

Sonya, not believing her own ears, stared at Natasha with open eyes.

"But Bolkonsky!" she exclaimed.

"Akh! Sonya — akh! if you could only know how happy I am!" cried Natasha. "You can't imagine what such love is" —

"But, Natasha, do you mean to say that *the other* is all at an end?"

Natasha gazed at Sonya with wide-open eyes, as though she did not understand her question.

"What, have you broken with Prince Andrei?" demanded Sonya.

"Akh! you can't comprehend it; don't talk nonsense. Listen to me," said Natasha, with a flash of ill temper.

"No, I cannot believe this," insisted Sonya. "I cannot understand it. How can you have loved one man a whole year, and then suddenly — Why, you have only seen him three times! Natasha, I don't believe you. You are joking! In three days to forget everything? and so" —

"Three days!" interrupted Natasha. "It seems to me as if I had loved him for a hundred years. It seems to me as if I had never loved any one else before him. You cannot comprehend it, Sonya, wait; sit down!" Natasha threw her arms around her, and kissed her. "I have been told, and you have probably heard, that such love as this existed; but now for the first time I experience it. It is not like the one before. The moment I set eyes on him, I felt that he was my master, that I was his slave, and that I could not help loving him. Yes, his slave! Whatever he commands me, I obey him. You can't understand that. What can I do? What can I do, Sonya?" pleaded Natasha, with a happy, frightened face.

"But just think what you are doing," insisted Sonya. "I cannot let this go on. This clandestine correspondence! How could you permit him to go so far?" asked she, with a horror and aversion which she tried in vain to hide.

"I have told you," replied Natasha, "that I have no will about it! Why can't you understand? I love him!"

"Then I will not let it go any farther. I shall tell the whole story," cried Sonya, with a burst of tears.

"For God's sake — I beg of you — if you tell, you are not my friend!" exclaimed Natasha. "Do you wish me to be unhappy? Do you wish to separate us?" —

Seeing how passionately excited Natasha was, Sonya shed tears of shame and regret for her friend.

"But what has passed between you?" she asked. "What has he said to you? Why doesn't he come to the house?"

Natasha made no reply to this question.

"For God's sake, Sonya, don't tell any one, don't torment me," entreated Natasha. "Remember it's never right to interfere in such matters. I have trusted you" —

"But why all this secrecy? Why doesn't he come to the house?" insisted Sonya. "Why doesn't he openly ask for your hand? You know Prince Andrei gave you absolute freedom, if such were the case; but I don't believe in this man. Natasha, have you considered what his *secret reasons* may be?"

Natasha gazed at Sonya with wondering eyes. Evidently this question had not occurred to her before, and she knew not what answer to make.

"What reasons? I don't know. But of course there must be reasons."

Sonya sighed, and shook her head incredulously.

"If there were reasons" — she began; but Natasha, foreseeing her objections, with frightened eagerness interrupted her, —

"Sonya, it is impossible to doubt him, impossible, wholly impossible, do you understand?" she cried.

"Does he love you?"

"Love me!" repeated Natasha, with a smile of contemptuous pity for her friend's incredulity. "You have read his letter, you have seen him, haven't you?"

"But if he were a dishonorable man?"

"*He!* a dishonorable man! If you knew him!" exclaimed Natasha.

"If he were an honorable man, then he ought either to explain his intentions, or else cease to see you; and if you are not willing to do this, then I shall. I shall write him, I shall tell your papa," said Sonya, decidedly.

"But I cannot live without him," cried Natasha.

"Natasha, I don't understand you! What are you saying? Think of your father, think of Nicolas."

"I want no one, I love no one but him! How do you dare to assert that he is dishonorable? Don't you know that I love him?" cried Natasha. "Sonya, go. I don't wish to quarrel with you! go away, for God's sake, go away! you see how tormented I am," screamed Natasha, in a voice of repressed anger and despair. Sonya began to sob, and rushed from the room.

Natasha went to her writing-table, and without pausing a moment wrote the letter to the Princess Mariya which she had not been able to write the morning before. In this letter,

she laconically informed the princess that all misunderstandings were at an end, that taking advantage of Prince Andrei's generosity in giving her perfect freedom, she begged her to forget all that had happened, and to forgive her if she had been to blame in respect to her; but that she could never be his wife. At that moment all seemed to her so easy, simple, and clear!

The Rostofs were to start for the country on Friday, and on Wednesday the count went with an intending purchaser to his Pod-Moskovnaya estate.

On the day of the count's trip, Sonya and Natasha were invited to a great dinner at the Kuragins, and Marya Dmitrievna went as their chaperone.

At this dinner, Natasha again met Anatol, and Sonya observed that Natasha had some mysterious conversation with him, which she evidently wished not to be overheard; and during all the dinner-time she seemed to be more agitated than ever. On their return home, Natasha was the first to begin the explanation which her friend was anxious for.

"There, Sonya, you have said all sorts of foolish things about him," Natasha began, in a cajoling tone, such as children use when they want to be flattered. "He and I came to a clear understanding to-day."

"Now, what do you mean? What did he say, Natasha? How glad I am that you are not vexed with me! Tell me all, tell me the whole story. What did he say to you?"

Natasha pondered, —

"Akh! Sonya, if you only knew him as I do — He said — he asked me what sort of an engagement I had with Bolkonsky. He was delighted that it depended on me to break it off."

Sonya sighed mournfully, —

"But you haven't broken your engagement with Bolkonsky, have you?"

"Well, perhaps I *have* broken my engagement with Bolkonsky! Perhaps it is all at an end! What makes you have such hard thoughts of me?"

"I have no hard thoughts of you; only I can't understand this" —

"Wait, Sonya, and you will understand the whole thing. You will learn what a man he is! But don't harbor hard thoughts of me, or of him either."

"I harbor no hard thoughts of any one: I love you and I am sorry for you all. But what am I to do?"

Sonya, however, was not blinded by the affectionate manner in which Natasha treated her. The more gentle and insinuating Natasha's face grew, the more stern and serious became Sonya's face.

"Natasha," said she, "you yourself begged me not to say any more about this to you, and I have not; and now you re-open it yourself. Natasha, I don't have any faith in him. Why all this mystery?"

"There, you begin again!" interposed Natasha.

"Natasha, I am afraid for you."

"Why should you be afraid for me?"

"I am afraid that you are going to your ruin," said Sonya, in a resolute voice, frightened herself at what she said.

An angry look again came into Natasha's face.

"I will go to my ruin. I certainly will, and the faster the better. It's no affair of yours. It won't hurt you, even if it does hurt me. Leave me, leave! I hate you!"

"Natasha!" expostulated Sonya, in dismay.

"I hate you! I hate you! We can never be friends any more!"

Natasha rushed out of the room.

Natasha had nothing more to say to Sonya, and avoided her. With that peculiar expression of nervous pre-occupation and guilt, she wandered up and down the rooms, trying one occupation after another, and instantly abandoning them.

Hard as this was for Sonya, she did not let her out of her sight for a single moment, but followed her everywhere she went.

On the day before the count's return, Sonya observed that Natasha spent the whole morning at the parlor window, as though in expectation of some one; and that she made some sort of a signal to an officer who drove by, and who Sonya thought must have been Anatol.

Sonya began to observe her friend still more closely, and remarked that during all dinner-time and throughout the evening, Natasha was in a strange and unnatural state of excitement, answering at random the questions that were asked her, beginning and not finishing sentences, and laughing at everything.

After tea, Sonya saw a timid chambermaid watching for her at Natasha's door. She let her pass in, and listening at the keyhole discovered that she was the bearer of another letter.

And suddenly it became clear to Sonya that Natasha had

some terrible plan on foot for that evening. Sonya knocked loudly at her door. Natasha refused to admit her.

"She is going to elope with him!" said Sonya to herself. "She is quite ready for anything. Her face to-day had a peculiarly pitiful and determined expression. She wept when she said good-by to her father yesterday," Sonya remembered. "Yes, it is evident that she is going to elope with him! What can I do about it?" mused Sonya, now recalling all the circumstances that now made her think Natasha had adopted some terrible resolution. "The count is away. What can I do? Write to Kuragin and demand of him an explanation? But who would make him reply to it? Write to Pierre, as Prince Andrei told me to do in case of misfortune — But perhaps she has already broken with Bolkonsky! Certainly Natasha sent her letter to the princess last evening — If her father were only here!"

It seemed terrible to tell Marya Dmitrievna, who had such confidence in Natasha. "But what else can I do?" mused Sonya, as she stood in the dark corridor. "Now or never is the time to show that I am grateful to this dear family, and that I love Nicolas. No! even if I have to stay awake for three nights, I will not leave this corridor, and I will detain her by main force; and I will not allow any scandal to happen to this family," she said to herself.

CHAPTER XVI.

ANATOL had recently transferred his lodgings to Dolokhof's house. The plan of abducting the young countess had been suggested and arranged by Dolokhof some days before, and on that day when Sonya, listening at Natasha's door, had determined to protect her, this scheme was all ready to be carried into execution.

Natasha had agreed to meet Kuragin at ten o'clock that evening, at the rear entrance. Kuragin was to place her in a troika which should be in waiting, and carry her sixty versts to the village of Kamienko, where an unfrocked pope would be in readiness to perform a mock marriage ceremony. At Kamienko a relay would be ready to take them toward Warsaw, and thence by regular stages they would make their escape abroad.

Anatol had his passport and his *padorozhnaya*, or order for

post-horses, and ten thousand rubles obtained from his sister and ten thousand obtained through Dolokhof's mediation.

Two witnesses — Khvostikof, formerly a law clerk, who was now a creature of Dolokhof's, and Makarin, a hussar on the retired list, a weak and good-natured fellow who had an inordinate affection for Kuragin — were sitting in the front room over their tea.

In Dolokhof's large cabinet, the walls of which were hung from floor to ceiling with Persian rugs, bear skins, and weapons, sat Dolokhof himself, in a travelling beshmet and top-boots, before an open desk, on which lay bills and packages of money. Anatol, in his uniform, unbuttoned, came in from the room where the two witnesses were sitting, and was passing through the cabinet into the adjoining room, where his French valet and another servant were packing up the last remaining effects.

Dolokhof was making out the accounts and writing the amounts on a sheet of paper.

"Well!" said he, "you will have to give two thousand to Khvostikof."

"All right, give it to him!" said Anatol.

"Makarka" — this was an affectionate nickname for Makarin — "is so disinterested that he would go through fire and water for you. There now, the accounts are all made out," said Dolokhof, calling his attention to the paper. "Is that right?"

"Yes, of course it is," said Anatol, evidently not heeding what was said, and looking into vacancy with a dreamy expression, and a smile that did not leave his face.

Dolokhof shut the desk with a slam, and turned to Kuragin with an amused smile:—

"But see here, now! you'd better give this up; there's still time," said he.

"Fool! durak!" said Anatol, "stop talking nonsense. If you only knew! But only the devil knows what this is to me!"

"Honestly! Throw it up!" said Dolokhof. "I'll tell you the honest truth. Do you imagine that this is a joke that you are going into?"

"There you are stirring me up again. Go to the devil," exclaimed Anatol, scowling: "I have no time to listen to your idiotic twaddle!" And he started to leave the room.

Dolokhof smiled scornfully and condescendingly as Anatol turned away.

"Wait," he cried after him, "I am not joking, I am telling you the truth; come here, come here, I say!"

Anatol came back into the room again, and trying to concentrate his attention, gazed at Dolokhof, apparently quite under the influence of his will.

"Listen to me, I speak for the last time. Why should I jest with you? Have I done anything to thwart you? Who is it that has made all the arrangements for you, who found your pope for you, who procured your passport, who got the money for you? Haven't I done the whole thing?"

"Yes, and I thank you. Do you imagine I am not grateful?"

Anatol sighed and embraced his friend.

"I have been helping you; but it is my place to tell you the truth: it is a dangerous game, and if it misses fire, a stupid one. Suppose you elope with her—well and good. What will be the next step? It will be discovered that you are married. You will be prosecuted as a criminal"—

"Akh! what nonsense! what stupid nonsense!" cried Anatol, frowning again. "Haven't I told you again and again? Hey?" And Anatol, with that peculiar passion for argument characteristic of men of small intellects, when they want to show their wit, reiterated the considerations which he had laid before Dolokhof a hundred times. "I have told you again and again: my mind is made up: if this marriage is invalid," said he, doubling over his finger, "of course I am not responsible for it; well, then, suppose it is valid; it's just the same, and, when we are abroad, no one will know the difference; that's a fact, is it not? So say no more, say no more, say no more!"

"But, really, give it up! You will only get yourself into a scrape"—

"Go to the devil!" screamed Anatol, and, tearing his hair, he rushed into the next room; then he came right back, and sat down a-straddle of a chair in front of Dolokhof. "The devil only knows what this is to me! Hey? Just see, how it beats!" He took Dolokhof's hand and put it on his heart. "*Ah! quel pied! mon cher, quel regard! une déesse!* Hey?"

Dolokhof, smiling unsympathetically, looked at him out of his handsome, impudent eyes, evidently feeling inclined to have a little more sport out of him.

"Well, but when your money is gone, what then?"

"What then? Hey?" repeated Anatol, with a touch of genuine distress at the thought of the future. "What then?"

I am sure I don't know. But what is the use of talking nonsense." He looked at his watch. "It's time."

Anatol went into the next room. "Hurry up, there! Aren't you almost ready? What are you dawdling so for?" he cried, addressing the servants.

Dolokhof put up the money, and, shouting to his man to have a lunch of eatables and drinkables prepared for the travellers for their journey, he went into the room where Khvostikof and Makarin were waiting.

Anatol had flung himself down on the ottoman in the cabinet, and, with his head resting on his hand, was dreamily smiling and whispering low and tender words.

"Come and have something to eat. Have a drink, then!" cried Dolokhof from the next room.

"I don't wish anything," replied Anatol, still with the smile on his handsome lips.

"Come, Balaga is here!"

Anatol got up and went into the dining-room. Balaga was a famous troika driver, who, for half a dozen years, had known Dolokhof and Anatol, and had furnished them with teams. More than once, when Anatol's regiment had been at Tver, he had started at nightfall from Tver, set him down in Moscow before daybreak, and brought him back by the following morning. More than once he had taken Dolokhof out of the reach of pursuers. More than once he had taken them out to drive with gypsies and *damotchki*,—nice little dames,—as Balaga called fast women. More than once at their instigation he had run down pedestrians and *izroshechiks* in the Moscow streets, and always his "gentlemen," as he called them, had rescued him from the penalty. More than one horse he had broken down in their service. More than once he had been thrashed by them; many times had they given him champagne and Madeira, which he specially affected, and he knew of escapades of theirs which would have condemned any ordinary man to Siberia.

During their orgies, they had often invited Balaga to take part, and made him drink and dance with the gypsies, and more than one thousand rubles of theirs had passed through his hands.

In service for them, he had twenty times a year risked life and limb, and in accomplishing their deviltry he had almost killed more horses than their money would ever pay for. But he was fond of them; he was fond of that mad pace of eighteen versts an hour; he was fond of upsetting some harmless

izroshechik from his box, or running down some pedestrian on the street-crossings, and of dashing at full tilt down the Moscow highways. He was fond of hearing behind him that wild cry of drunken voices, "Pashól! pashól!" when it was already a physical impossibility for his horses to carry them a step farther; he was fond of winding his whiplash around a peasant's neck, who shrunk back more dead than alive as he passed by. "Real gentlemen" he called them!

Anatol and Dolokhof also were fond of Balaga because of his masterly skill in handling the lines, and because his tastes were similar to theirs. With others he drove hard bargains, charging twenty-five rubles for a two hours' outing, and he rarely condescended to drive others himself, but more frequently sent one of his subordinates. But with his "gentlemen," as he called them, he always went himself, and never charged for his extra labor. Only when he learned through the valets that money was plentiful, he would come, after an interval of many months, and, very soberly and obsequiously, bowing low, asked to be helped out of his difficulties.

His "gentlemen" always made him take a seat.

"You will excuse me, bátyushka Feodor Ivanuitch," or "your Illustriousness," he would say, "I am entirely out of horses; I pray you to advance me enough to go to get more at the Yarmanka."* And Anatol and Dolokhof, if they happened to be flush of funds, would give him a thousand or so of rubles. Balaga was twenty-seven years old, a stubbed, red-haired, snub-nosed muzhik, with fiery red complexion, and still more fiery red neck, with glittering little eyes, and a scrubby beard. He wore a fine, blue, silk-lined kaftan, and over that a sheepskin polushubka.

He crossed himself, turning to the shrine corner, as he came in, and advanced toward Dolokhof, holding out a small, black hand.

"Feodor Ivanovitch, your good health," he exclaimed, with a low bow.

"How are you, brother! — There he is!"

"Good health, your illustriousness," said he, addressing Anatol, who came in at that moment, and offered him also his dirty hand.

"I ask you, Balaga," said Anatol, clapping his hand on his shoulder, "do you love me, or not, hey? Now there's a chance for you to prove it. What horses have you come with, hey?"

"Those your man ordered, your own wild ones," said Balaga.

* *Yarmanka* for *Yarmarka*, *Jahrmarkt*, Annual market.

"Now see here, Balaga. No matter if you slaughter all three of your horses, provided you get us there within three hours. Hey?"

"If we slaughter them, how shall we get there?" replied Balaga with a wink.

"I'll smash your snout for you! A truce to joking," cried Anatol suddenly, with glaring eyes.

"Who's joking?" exclaimed the driver, with a laugh. "Do I ever grudge anything for my 'gentlemen'? Whatever my horses can show in the way of speed, that we will do."

"Ah!" grunted Anatol. "Sit down, then."

"Yes, why not sit down?" said Dolokhof.

"I will stand, Feodor Ivanovitch."

"Sit down, no nonsense. Have a drink," said Anatol, and poured him out a great glass of Madeira. The driver's eyes flashed at the sight of the wine. Refusing at first, for manners' sake, he drank it down, and wiped his mouth with a red silk handkerchief which he kept in the top of his cap.

"Well, when shall we start, your illustriousness?"

"Let me see," Anatol glanced at his watch: "start pretty soon now. See here, Balaga, hey! You will get there on time?"

"Well, it depends on the start. If we get off luckily, then we'll be there in good time. I got you to Tver once, — went there in seven hours. Don't you remember, your illustriousness?"

"Do you know, one Christmas we started from Tver," said Anatol, smiling at the remembrance, and turning to Makarin, who was gazing affectionately at Kuragin with all his eyes. "You wouldn't believe it, Makarka, we flew so that it quite took away my breath. We came upon one file of carts, and jumped right over two of them. Hey?"

"What horses those were!" interposed Balaga, taking up the thread of the story. "At that time I put in two young side horses with the bay shaft horse," he said, turning to Dolokhof. "You would hardly believe it, Feodor Ivanovitch, those wild creatures actually flew for sixty versts. It was impossible to hold them. My hands were numb, it was so cold. I threw down the lines. 'Look out for yourself, your illustriousness,' said I, and I rolled over backward into the sledge. It was hopeless to control 'em, or even to stick to my seat. The devils got us there in three hours. Only the left off one was winded."

CHAPTER XVII.

ANATOL left the room, and at the end of a few minutes came back in a sable shubka, girdled with a silver-buckled leather belt, and wearing a sable cap, jauntily set on one side, and very becoming to his handsome face. Glancing into the mirror, and then taking the same posture before Dolokhof which the mirror had told him was most effective, he seized a glass of wine.

"Well, Fedya, good-by — *prashchâi*. Thank you for everything, *prashchâi*," said Anatol. "Well, comrades, friends" — he pondered a moment — "friends — of my — youth, *prashchâite*," he said, turning to Makarin and the others.

Although they were all going with him, Anatol evidently wanted to do something affecting and solemn on the occasion of this farewell. He spoke in a low, slow, deep voice, and, throwing out his chest, he swayed a little as he rested his weight on one leg. "All of you take your glasses, you too, Balaga. Well, comrades, — friends of my youth, — we have had jolly good times together, we have enjoyed life, we have been on many spree, hey? Now, when shall we meet again? I am going abroad, farewell, — *prashchâi*, my boys. To your health! Hurrah!" he cried, draining his glass and smashing it on the ground.

"To your good health!" exclaimed Balaga, also draining his glass and wiping it with his handkerchief. Makarin, with tears in his eyes, embraced Anatol.

"Ekh! prince, how sad that we should have to part!" he exclaimed.

"Come, let us be off," cried Anatol.

Balaga was on the point of leaving the room.

"Hold on there, wait," said Anatol. "Shut the door. We must sit down first, — there, that's the way."

They closed the door and sat down, for the sake of the superstition.

"Well, now be off with you, boys," said Anatol, getting up.

Anatol's valet, Joseph, gave him his purse and sabre, and all locked into the anteroom.

"But where is the shuba?" demanded Dolokhof. "Hey, Ignatka, go to Matriona Matveyevna, and ask her for the shuba — the sable cloak. I know how girls go off on such occasions," explained Dolokhof, with a wink. "She will come running out more dead than alive, dressed for staying in the house, and

if you delay a moment too long there will be tears, and 'O papasha!' and 'O mamasha!' and she'll be cold, and back she'll go. So be sure you take this shuba with you, and have it all ready in the sledge."

The valet brought a woman's cloak, lined with fox.

"You fool! I told you to get the sable. Hey, Matrioshka, bring the sable," he shouted, his voice ringing down through the rooms.

A handsome gypsy girl, though thin and pale, with brilliant black eyes and curly, purplish black hair, with a red shawl over her shoulders, came hurrying out with the sable cloak over her arm.

"Why, I don't care; take it," said she, evidently afraid of her master, and yet regretting the cloak.

Dolokhof, without heeding her, took the fox-skin shuba, threw it over Matriosha, and wrapped it round her.

"So," said Dolokhof; "and so," he repeated, as he pulled the collar up above her head, leaving only a small opening for her face.

"That's the way, do you see?" and he moved Anatol's head towards the opening left by the collar, where Matriosha's brilliant smile could alone be seen.

"Well, good-by, Matriosha, *prashchâi*," said Anatol, kissing her. "Ek! my follies here are ended. Give my regards to Stioshka. Well, *prashchâi*, Matrioshka. Wish me good luck."

"Well, then, prince, God grant you the best of luck," said Matriosha, in her gypsy accent.

At the doorstep two troikas were waiting, with two jaunty *yamschchiks* in attendance. Balaga was on the box of the first sledge and, with his elbows held high, was deliberately sorting the reins. Anatol and Dolokhof got in behind him: Makarin, Khvostikof, and the valet took their places in the other troika.

"All ready?" inquired Balaga. "Let her go," he cried, twisting the reins round his wrists, and the three horses flew like the wind down the Nikitsky Boulevard.

The groom leaped down to hold the horses' heads by the curb, while Anatol and Dolokhof strode along the pavement. Coming to the gate, Dolokhof gave a low whistle. The whistle was returned, and immediately after a chambermaid came running out.

"Come into the court, else you will be seen; she'll be down presently," said she.

Dolokhof remained by the gate. Anatol followed the chambermaid into the dvor, turned the corner, and ran up the steps.

Suddenly Gavriilo, Marya Dmitrievna's colossal footman, met Anatol.

"Be good enough to go to my mistress," said the footman, in a deep, bass voice, as he blocked all retreat from the door.

"Who's your mistress? Who are you?" demanded Anatol, in a breathless whisper.

"If you please, I was ordered to show you" —

"Kuragin! back!" cried Dolokhof. "You are betrayed! back!"

Dolokhof, who had been left at the outside gate, was engaged in a tussle with the dvornik, who was trying to shut it, and prevent Anatol from returning through it. Dolokhof, with a final output of force, overturned the dvornik, seized Anatol by the arm, pulled him through the gate, and ran together with him back to their troika.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MARYA DMITRIEVNA, finding the weeping Sonya in the corridor, had obliged her to confess the whole. Having got possession of Natasha's letter, and read it, Marya Dmitrievna took it and confronted Natasha with it.

"Wretched girl! Shameless hussy!" said she to her. "I will not listen to a single word!"

Pushing away Natasha, who looked at her with wondering but tearless eyes, she shut her in under lock and key; then she had ordered the dvornik to admit into the courtyard any who might come that evening, but not to let them out again, and she had ordered the footman to show such persons into her presence. Having made these arrangements, she took up her position in the drawing-room and waited for developments.

When Gavriilo came to inform Marya Dmitrievna that the abductors had escaped, she was very indignant; she got up, and for a long time paced up and down the room, with her hands clasped behind her back, deliberating on what she ought to do. At midnight, she got the key out from her pocket, and went to Natasha's room.

Sonya was still sitting in the corridor sobbing. "Marya Dmitrievna, let me go to her for God's sake," said she.

Marya Dmitrievna, giving her no reply, opened the door, and went in. "Disgusting! abominable! — In my house! —

Indecent, shameless hussy! — Only I'm sorry for her father," said Marya Dmitrievna, trying to master her indignation. "Hard as it will be, I will bid them all hold their tongues, and I'll keep it from the count."

Marya Dmitrievna entered the chamber with a firm step. Natasha was lying on the sofa, with her face hid in her hands; she did not stir, but lay in the same position in which Marya Dmitrievna had left her.

"Pretty conduct; pretty conduct, indeed!" exclaimed Marya Dmitrievna. "To make assignations with your lovers in my house! None of your hypocrisy! Listen when I speak to you!"

Marya Dmitrievna shook her by the arm. "Listen, when I speak to you! You have disgraced yourself, like any common wench! I'd settle this with you, but I have some pity for your father. I shall keep it from him."

Natasha did not change her position, but her whole body began to shake with the noiseless convulsive sobs that choked her. Marya Dmitrievna glanced at Sonya, and sat down on the sofa near Natasha.

"Lucky for him he escaped me; but I'll find him," said she, in her harsh voice. "Do you hear what I am saying?" She put her big hand under Natasha's face, and turned it toward her. Both Marya Dmitrievna and Sonya were amazed when they saw her face. Her eyes were dry and glittering; her lips compressed, her cheeks hollow.

"Let — me — be! — What — do — I — care? — I — shall die!" she murmured, turning away from Marya Dmitrievna with angry petulance, and hiding her face in her hands again.

"Natasha!" exclaimed Marya Dmitrievna. "I wish you well. Lie there — lie there if you wish; I won't touch you; but listen to me! — I am not going to show you how blame-worthy you have been. You know. But, don't you see, your father will be back to-morrow: what shall I say to him?"

Again Natasha's form was shaken by sobs.

"He will hear of it; and so will your brother, and so will your betrothed!"

"I have no betrothed; I have refused him!" cried Natasha.

"That's immaterial," pursued Marya Dmitrievna. "Well, they will learn of it; do you think they will forgive it? There's your father, I know him, if he should challenge him, would it be a good thing? Ha?"

"Akh! leave me! why should you have interfered at all? Why? Why? Who asked you to?" screamed Natasha,

sitting up straight on the sofa, and glaring angrily at Marya Dmitrievna.

"But what idea had you?" demanded Marya Dmitrievna, again losing her patience. "Were you kept locked up? Who on earth prevented him from coming to the house? Why must he needs carry you off like a gypsy wench? — Well, now, suppose he had carried you off, do you suppose we shouldn't have found him? Either your father, or your brother, or your betrothed? Well, he's a scoundrel! a knave! that's what he is!"

"He's better than all of you put together," cried Natasha, sitting up very straight. "If you had not meddled! — Ah! my God, has it come to this, has it come to this? Sonya, what made you? — Go away!" And she burst into a passion of tears, sobbing with the desperation such as only those feel who know that they are responsible for their own woes.

Marya Dmitrievna began to speak once more, but Natasha cried: "Go away, go away! you all hate me! you all despise me!" And she threw herself on the sofa again.

Marya Dmitrievna continued for some time to give her advice, and assure her that this whole affair ought to be kept a secret from the count; that no one would know anything about it, if only Natasha would try to let it all go, and not betray in any one's presence that anything had happened.

Natasha made no reply. She ceased to sob, but a fit of shivering and trembling came upon her. Marya Dmitrievna put a pillow under her head, covered her up with a couple of comforters, and herself brought her some linden flower, but Natasha had nothing to say to her. "Now, let her go to sleep," said Marya Dmitrievna, and left the room, thinking that she would soon sleep. But Natasha did not go to sleep, and with wide, staring eyes gazed into vacancy. She slept none that night, and she did not weep, and she did not speak to Sonya, who several times got up and went to her.

On the following day Count Ilya Andreyitch returned from his *podmoskovnaya* in time for breakfast, as he had promised. He was in a most genial frame of mind. He had come to a satisfactory arrangement with his purchaser, and now there was nothing to detain him in Moscow, and away from his countess, whom he was very anxious to see.

Marya Dmitrievna met him, and informed him that Natasha had been ill the day before, that they had sent for the doctor, and now she was better.

Natasha that morning did not leave her room. With set,

cracked lips, with wide, dry eyes, she kept her place by the window, and anxiously gazed at the passers-by in the street, and turned anxiously towards those who entered her room. She was evidently expecting news from him, — expecting that either he would himself come, or send her a letter.

When the count went to her she heard the sound of his heavy steps, and turned round nervously, and then her face assumed its former expression of hauteur, and even anger. She did not get up to meet him.

"What is the matter with thee, my angel? Are you ill?" asked the count.

Natasha hesitated. "Yes, I am ill," said she.

In reply to the count's anxious questions why she was so cast down, and whether anything had happened to her lover, she assured him that nothing had happened, and begged him not to be disturbed.

Marya Dmitrievna confirmed Natasha's statement that nothing had happened, but the count, judging from the imaginary illness, and by his daughter's absent-mindedness, by the troubled faces of Sonya and Marya Dmitrievna, saw clearly that during his absence something must have happened. It was so terrible, however, for him to think that anything disgraceful had happened to his beloved daughter, he was so happy in his buoyant good spirits, that he avoided asking any pointed questions, and tried hard to assure himself that nothing out of the way could have happened, and his only regret was that, on account of Natasha's indisposition, he was obliged to postpone their return to his country-seat.

CHAPTER XIX.

PIERRE, on the day of his wife's arrival at Moscow, had made up his mind to take a journey somewhere, so as to avoid being with her. Then, when the Rostofs came to Moscow the impression produced upon him by Natasha made him hasten to carry out his intention. He went to Tver to see Iosiph Alekseyevitch's widow, who had some time since promised to put into his hands her husband's papers.

On Pierre's return to Moscow a letter was handed him from Marya Dmitrievna, who urged him to come and consult with her on some highly important business concerning Andrei Bolkonsky and his betrothed.

Pierre had avoided Natasha. It seemed to him that he felt

for her a sentiment stronger than it was justifiable for a married man to harbor for his friend's mistress, and some perverse fate was constantly throwing them together.

"What can have happened? and what can it have to do with me?" he wondered, while dressing to go to Marya Dmitrievna's. "It's high time for Prince Andrei to be back and marry her," thought Pierre, as he set out for Mrs. Akhrasimova's.

On the Tversky Boulevard some one hailed him.

"Pierre, been back long?" cried a well-known voice.

Pierre raised his head. It was Anatol and his inseparable companion, Makarin, dashing by in a double sledge, drawn by two gray trotters, that sent the snow flinging over the dasher. Anatol sat bolt upright, in the classic pose of dashing warriors, with his neck muffled in a beaver collar, and bending his head a little. His face was fresh and ruddy: his hat, with a white plume, was set jauntily on one side, exposing his curled and pomaded hair, dusted with fine snow.

"Indeed, he's a real philosopher!" thought Pierre. "He sees nothing beyond the enjoyment of the actual moment; nothing annoys him, and consequently he is always jolly, self-satisfied, and calm. What would I not give to be like him!" thought Pierre, with a feeling of envy.

In the anteroom of the Akhrasimova's, a footman, who relieved Pierre of his shuba, told him that Marya Dmitrievna would receive him in her own room. As he passed through the music-room Pierre caught sight of Natasha sitting by the window, with a strange expression of disdain on her pale, thin face. She gave him a glance, and frowned, and, with an expression of chilling dignity, left the room.

"What has happened?" asked Pierre, on entering Marya Dmitrievna's room.

"Pretty state of affairs!" replied Marya Dmitrievna. "Fifty-eight years have I lived in this world, and I never saw anything so shameful." And then, receiving Pierre's word of honor that he would keep secret what he should hear, Marya Dmitrievna confided to him that Natasha had broken her engagement with Prince Andrei without the knowledge of her parents; that the cause of this break was Anatol Kuragin, whom Pierre's wife had introduced to her, and with whom she had promised to elope during her father's absence, in order to enter into a clandestine marriage.

Pierre, with shoulders raised and mouth open, listened to Marya Dmitrievna's story, not believing his own ears. That Prince Andrei's betrothed, that hitherto lovely Natasha Ros-

tova, so passionately beloved, should give up Bolkonsky for that fool of an Anatol, who was a married man. — for Pierre was in the secret of his marriage, — and be so enamoured of him as to consent to elope with him, Pierre could not comprehend and could not imagine.

Natasha's sweetness of character — he had known her since childhood — could not, in his mind, be associated with this new suggestion of baseness, folly, and cruelty in her. He remembered his own wife. "They are all alike," said he to himself, thinking that he was not the only one who had the misfortune to be in the toils of an unworthy woman; and at the same time he could have wept for his friend, Prince Andrei, to whose pride it would be such a grievous blow. And the more he grieved for his friend, the greater scorn, and even aversion, he felt for this Natasha, who had just passed by him with such an expression of haughty dignity in the music-room. He could not know that Natasha's soul was full to overflowing of despair, shame, humiliation; and that she was not to blame for her face expressing, from very despair, that cold dignity and disdain.

"But how could he marry her?" exclaimed Pierre, catching at Marya Dmitrievna's last word. "He could not marry her: he already has a wife."

"Worse and worse!" exclaimed Marya Dmitrievna. "Fine young man! What a dastard he is! And she has been waiting here these two days for him to come! At any rate, she must cease expecting him; we must tell her."

When she learned from Pierre all the details of Anatol's marriage, and had poured out the vials of her wrath against him in abusive words, Marya Dmitrievna explained to Pierre why she had asked him to call upon her. She was afraid that the count or Bolkonsky — who was liable to return at any moment — might learn of the affair, in spite of all her efforts to keep it a profound secret, and might challenge Kuragin to a duel; and, therefore, she besought him to add his influence to hers in getting him to leave town and never show himself in her presence again.

Pierre willingly agreed to fulfil her wishes, since now he for the first time realized the danger threatening the old count and Nikolai and Prince Andrei.

Having preferred her request in short and precise terms, she took him back into the drawing-room: —

"Mind you! the count knows nothing of this. You must pretend that you also know nothing about it," said she. "And

I am going this instant to tell her that she is to cease expecting him. And stay to dinner if you will," shouted back Marya Dmitrievna to Pierre.

Pierre met the old count. He was disturbed and annoyed. That morning Natasha had told him that she had broken her engagement with Bolkonsky.

"Too bad, too bad, *mon cher*," said he to Pierre. "Too bad for these girls to be away from their mother: how sorry I am that I ever came at all. I am going to be frank with you, she has already broken her engagement, without telling any one of us about it. Now I will admit I have never been over-pleased at this engagement; I will agree he's a fine man, and all that; but what would you have? there would not be much happiness if the father was opposed; and Natasha would not lack chances of getting married. Still, the affair has gone on so long, and to have such a step taken without consulting father or mother! And now she's sick, and God knows what's the matter. It's a bad thing, count, a bad thing, for daughters to be without their mother!"

Pierre perceived that the count was very much disconcerted, and he tried to bring the conversation round to other topics; but the count kept returning to his grievance.

Sonya, with anxious face, came into the drawing-room.

"Natasha is not very well to-day; she is in her room; but she would like to see you. Marya Dmitrievna is with her, and would also like you to come."

"Yes, certainly, you and Bolkonsky were good friends; she probably wants to send some message," said the count. "Akh! my God! my God! How good it all was!" And tearing at his thin locks, the count left the room.

Marya Dmitrievna had been explaining to Natasha how Anatol was married. Natasha refused to believe her, and demanded to have confirmation of it from Pierre himself. Sonya confided this to Pierre, as they passed along the corridor toward Natasha's room.

Natasha, pale and stern, was sitting next Marya Dmitrievna. The moment Pierre entered the doorway, she met him with feverishly glittering, wildly imploring eyes. She did not smile, she did not even greet him with a nod, she only looked at him eagerly, and her eyes merely demanded if he came as her friend, or, like all the rest, as her enemy, in reference to Anatol. Pierre, in his own personality as Pierre, did not exist for her.

"He knows all about it," said Marya Dmitrievna, indicating

Pierre, and addressing Natasha. "Let him tell you if I am not speaking the truth."

Natasha, as a wounded animal at bay glares at the dogs and huntsmen approaching, looked first at the one and then at the other.

"Natalya Ilyinitchna," Pierre began, dropping his eyes, and experiencing a feeling of compunction for her, and of aversion to the operation which he was obliged to perform, "it is true; but whether this is true or not true, as far as you are concerned, it cannot matter, because" —

"Then it is not true that he is married?"

"Nay, it is true."

"Has he been married for some time?" she asked. "On your word of honor!"

Pierre gave her his solemn word of honor.

"Is he still in town?" she asked hurriedly.

"Yes: I have just seen him."

The effort to say more was evidently too much for her, and she made them a sign with her hand to leave her alone.

CHAPTER XX.

PIERRE did not remain for dinner, but immediately took his leave. He went out for the purpose of finding Anatol Kuragin, the mere thought of whom now made all the blood rush to his heart, and almost choked him. He sought him everywhere: at the ice hills, among the gypsies, at Comoneno's; but he was nowhere to be found.

Pierre went to the club. There everything was going in its usual train: the members, who were assembling for dinner, formed little groups, and, greeting Pierre, spoke of various items of city gossip. A servant, who knew his habits and his particular friends, accosted him politely, and informed him that a place was ready for him at the little table, that Prince N. N. was in the library, but that T. T. had not yet come.

One of Pierre's acquaintances, during some talk of the weather, asked him if he had heard of Kuragin's elopement with Rostova, about which the whole city were talking, and if it were true.

Pierre, with a laugh, said that it was all nonsense, because he had just come from the Rostofs. He inquired of every one if they had seen Anatol; one said that he had not yet come; another that he would be there to dinner. It was strange

for Pierre to look at this tranquil, indifferent throng of men, who had not the slightest inkling of what was passing in his mind. He then sauntered through the hall till all had gone in to dinner; and then, giving up expecting Anatol, he did not wait for dinner, but went home.

Anatol, whom he was so anxious to find, dined that day with Dolokhof; and was discussing with him some plan of still carrying out their ill-fated enterprise. It seemed to him absolutely necessary to have an interview with Natasha. In the evening, he went to his sister's, in order to arrange with her some means of procuring this interview.

When Pierre, who had vainly ransacked all Moscow, returned home, the footman informed him that Prince Anatol Vasilitch was with the countess. The countess's drawing-room was crowded with company.

Pierre, not even greeting his wife, whom he had not seen since his return (never had she seemed to him more utterly detestable than at that moment), went into the drawing-room, and catching sight of Anatol, went straight up to him.

"Ah, Pierre!" cried the countess, approaching her husband. "You don't know in what a position our Anatol" — She paused, when she saw in the forward thrust of her husband's head, in his flashing eyes, and his resolute gait, the same strange, terrible expression of frenzy and might which she had known and experienced after his duel with Dolokhof.

"Sin and lewdness are with you everywhere," said Pierre to his wife. "Anatol, come with me, I want a few words with you," he said, in French.

Anatol glanced at his sister, and boldly rose, ready to follow Pierre.

Pierre took him by the arm and hurried him out of the room.

"*Si vous vous permettez dans mon salon,*" exclaimed Ellen, in a whisper; but Pierre made her no reply, and left the room.

Anatol followed him with his usual jaunty gait, but there was a trace of anxiety on his face.

When they reached Pierre's cabinet, he shut the door, and addressed Anatol without looking at him. "You promised to marry the Countess Rostova, and planned to elope with her?"

"My dear," replied Anatol, in French, in which language indeed the whole conversation was carried on, "I consider myself under no obligation to answer questions asked in such a tone."

Pierre's face, white to begin with, became perfectly distorted with rage. With his huge hand he seized Anatol by the collar of his uniform coat, and proceeded to shake him from side to side until the young man's face expressed a sufficient degree of terror. "When I tell you that *I must* have an answer from you?"

"Now, look here, this is stupid! Ha?" exclaimed Anatol, looking for the button that had been torn off from his collar.

"You are a scoundrel and a blackguard, and I don't know what restrains me from the satisfaction of smashing your head with this," said Pierre, expressing himself with easy fluency, because he spoke in French. He had taken into his hand a heavy paper-weight, and he held it up menacingly, and then slowly laid it back in its place again.

"Did you promise to marry her?"

"I — I — I don't think so; besides, I couldn't have promised any such thing, be — because" —

Pierre interrupted him. "Have you any of her letters?" he demanded, coming close to him.

Anatol gave him one look, and instantly put his hand into his pocket, and took out a pocket-book.

Pierre seized the letter which he handed to him, and, violently pushing aside a chair that was in his way, he went to the sofa, and flung himself upon it.

"I will not hurt you; have no fear," said he, in reply to Anatol's terrified gesture. "The letters — one thing," said Pierre, as though repeating a lesson for his own edification. "Secondly," he continued, after a moment's silence, getting to his feet again, and beginning to pace up and down the room, "you must leave Moscow to-morrow."

"But how can I" —

"Thirdly," pursued Pierre, not heeding him, "you must never breathe a word about what has taken place between you and the countess. This, I know, I cannot oblige you to do, but if you have a single spark of conscience" —

Pierre walked in silence several times from one end of the room to the other. Anatol had sat down by the table, and was scowling and chewing his lips.

"You must learn some time that above and beyond your own pleasure the happiness and peace of others are to be considered; that you are ruining a whole life for the sake of having a little amusement. Trifle with women like my wife as much as you please — with such you have fair game; they know what you want of them. They are armed against you

by their very experience in lust; but to promise a young girl to marry her—to deceive her—to rob her—why, don't you know that it is as cowardly as to strike an old man or a child?"

Pierre stopped speaking, and looked at Anatol inquiringly; his anger had vanished.

"I don't know, I'm sure; ha?" said Anatol, gaining confidence in proportion as Pierre's anger subsided. "I know nothing about it, and I don't want to know," said he, not looking at Pierre, while at the same time his lower jaw trembled slightly. "But you have spoken to me words so insulting that I as a man of honor cannot think of permitting them."

Pierre looked at him in amazement, perfectly unable to understand what was wanted of him.

"Though we have had no witnesses," continued Anatol, "still I cannot"—

"What! you wish satisfaction?" asked Pierre scornfully.

"At least, you can retract what you said. Ha? That is, if you expect me to carry out your wishes. Ha?"

"I will! I'll take it back!" exclaimed Pierre. "And I beg you to forgive me." Pierre could not help looking at the torn button. "And money, if you need it for your journey."

Anatol smiled.

This contemptible, villanous smile, which he knew so well in his wife, stirred Pierre's indignation. "Oh! contemptible, heartless race!" he exclaimed, and left the room.

The next day Anatol started for Petersburg.

CHAPTER XXI.

PIERRE went to Marya Dmitrievna's to inform her how he had accomplished her wishes in regard to Anatol's expulsion from Moscow.

He found the whole house in terror and commotion. Natasha was very ill; and, as Marya Dmitrievna informed him, under seal of secrecy, the night after she had learned that Anatol Kuragin was married, she had poisoned herself with arsenic that she had managed surreptitiously to procure. Having swallowed a considerable quantity, she awakened Sonya and confessed what she had done. The proper antidotes to the poison had been given in time, and she was now out of danger, but she was still so weak that it was out of the question to think of taking her to the country, and the

countess had been sent for. Pierre saw the troubled count and the weeping Sonya, but he was not allowed to see Natasha.

Pierre had that day dined at the club, and had heard on all sides gossip about the frustrated elopement, but he strenuously denied these rumors, assuring every one that there was nothing in it, except that his brother-in-law had offered himself to Rostova, and been refused. It seemed plain to Pierre that it was his bounden duty to conceal the whole affair, and save Natasha's reputation.

In a real panic he waited for Prince Andrei's return, and each day he went to the old prince's to inquire for news of him.

Prince Nikolai Andrevitch had learned through Mademoiselle Bourienne of all this gossip flying through the city, and he had read the letter to the Princess Mariya, in which Natasha broke off her engagement with Prince Andrei. This letter also he had obtained through Mademoiselle Bourienne, who had fetched it from the princess.

He seemed in better spirits than usual, and awaited his son's return with the greatest impatience. When the latter finally reached Moscow, the old prince first thing handed him Natasha's letter to his sister, announcing her discontinuance of the engagement, and told him, with additions of his own invention, the various rumors current concerning the elopement.

A few days after Anatol's departure, Pierre received a note from Prince Andrei announcing his arrival, and begging Pierre to come to see him.

Prince Andrei's arrival had been in the evening. Pierre went to see him the following morning. He expected to find him in almost the same state of mind as Natasha was, and therefore great was his amazement when, on being shown into the drawing-room, he heard Prince Andrei, in the adjoining cabinet, telling in a loud, animated manner of some Petersburg intrigue. He was occasionally interrupted by the old prince, and by a third person present.

The Princess Mariya came in to greet Pierre. She sighed as she turned her eyes toward the door of the room where her brother was, evidently anxious to give expression to her sympathy for his affliction, but Pierre detected on her face evidences of her inward gratification at the turn affairs had taken, and at the manner in which her brother had received the news of Natasha's fickleness.

"He told me that he expected this," said she. "I know that his pride would not let him make any show of his feelings, but

nevertheless he bears up under it better, far better, than I had any reason to expect. Of course, since it had to be so" —

"But do you mean to say it is all over between them?"

The Princess Mariya looked at him in amazement. She could not understand how any one should even ask such a question.

Pierre went into the cabinet. Prince Andrei, much altered, and evidently restored to perfect health, but with a new and perpendicular wrinkle between his brows, was standing, in civil dress, in front of his father and Prince Meshchersky, and was arguing eagerly, making forceful gestures.

The topic was Speransky, news of whose unexpected banishment and reported treason had only just reached Moscow. "Now," Prince Andrei was saying, "the very men who a month ago were extolling him, and who are wholly incapable of comprehending his aims, are criticising him, and condemning him. To criticise a man in disfavor is very easy, and so it is to make him responsible for the blunders of others; but I tell you, if any one has done any good during this present reign it has been done by him, by him alone" —

He caught sight of Pierre, and paused. A spasm passed over his face, and immediately his expression became stern. "But posterity will do him justice," said he, and with that he turned to greet Pierre.

"Well, how are you? Stout as ever!" he said in a lively tone, but the newly furrowed frown grew still deeper. "Yes, I am well," he replied, in answer to Pierre's question, and laughed. Pierre saw clearly that this laugh was affected, and was simply equivalent to saying, "Well, but who cares whether I am well, or ill?"

After exchanging a few words with Pierre in regard to the frightful travelling from the Polish frontier, and how he met in Switzerland a number of men who had known Pierre, and about Mr. Dessalles, whom he had brought from abroad as his son's tutor, Prince Andrei again, with feverish eagerness, returned to the topic of Speransky, which the two old men still kept on the *tapis*.

"If there had been any treason, and if there had been any proofs of his correspondence with Napoleon, then they would surely have been published broadcast," said he, speaking excitedly and fluently. "Personally I do not like Speransky, and I have not liked him in the past, but I do like justice."

Pierre was aware that his friend was now laboring under that necessity, which he himself had only too often experienced, of

getting thoroughly stirred up and excited over some alien topic, simply for the purpose of dispelling thoughts too heavy to be endured.

When Prince Meshchersky had taken his departure, Prince Andrei took Pierre's arm, and drew him into the room which had been prepared for his occupancy. In this room a bed had been hastily set up: trunks and boxes, opened, were scattered about. Prince Andrei went to one of these and took out a casket, and from the casket a packet wrapped in a paper. All this he did silently and very swiftly. He straightened himself up and cleared his throat. His face was gloomy and his lips compressed.

"Forgive me if I trouble you" —

Pierre perceived that Prince Andrei was going to speak about Natasha, and his broad countenance expressed pity and sympathy. This expression on Pierre's face nettled Prince Andrei. He went on in a loud, decided, and disagreeable voice. —

"I have received my dismissal from the Countess Rostova; and rumors have reached my ears of your brother-in-law having offered himself to her, or something to that effect, — is that true?"

"Whether true or false" — Pierre began, but Prince Andrei interrupted him.

"Here are her letters and her miniature." He took the packet from the table and handed them to Pierre.

"Give this to the countess — if you happen to see her."

"She is very ill," said Pierre.

"So she is still here?" inquired Prince Andrei. "And Prince Kuragin?" he asked hastily.

"He went away some time ago. She almost died" —

"I am very sorry for her illness," said Prince Andrei. He smiled coldly, evilly, disagreeably, like his father.

"But Mr. Kuragin did not, then, honor the Countess Rostova with the offer of his hand?" asked Prince Andrei. He snorted several times.

"It is impossible for him to marry, for the reason that he is already married," said Pierre.

Prince Andrei gave a disagreeable laugh, again suggestive of his father.

"And where, pray, is he now to be found — this precious brother-in-law of yours, may I ask?" said he.

"He has gone to Peter — However, I don't really know," said Pierre.

"Well, it's all the same to me," said Prince Andrei. "As

sure the Countess Rostova that she has been, and is, perfectly free, and that I wish her all happiness."

Pierre took the package of letters. Prince Andrei, as though trying to make up his mind whether it were not necessary for him to say something, or expecting Pierre to say something, looked at him keenly.

"See here, do you remember a discussion we once had in Petersburg? Do you remember?" —

"Yes, I remember," said Prince Andrei hurriedly. "I said that a fallen woman ought to be forgiven; but I did not say that in my own case I should forgive her. I cannot."

"But wherein is the comparison?" asked Pierre.

Prince Andrei interrupted him. His voice was loud and shrill: —

"Yes, ask her hand again. Be magnanimous, and all that. — Yes, that would be very noble, but I am not capable of following in this gentleman's footsteps. — If you wish to continue my friend, never mention this to me again — not a word about it. Now, good-by. You will give this to her, will you?"

Pierre left the room, and went to the old prince and the Princess Mariya.

The old prince seemed more animated than usual. The princess was her ordinary self, but back of her sympathy for her brother, Pierre could see that she was delighted at having the engagement broken. As Pierre looked at them, he realized how deep were the scorn and dislike which they all felt toward the Rostofs; he realized that it was wholly hopeless even to mention her name, though she might have had any one else in the world in Prince Andrei's place.

At dinner the conversation turned on the war which was unquestionably imminent. Prince Andrei kept up an unceasing stream of talk and discussion with his father, or with Mr. Des-salles, his son's Swiss tutor, and he displayed more excitement than usual, and Pierre knew only too well the moral cause of this excitement.

CHAPTER XXII.

THAT same evening Pierre went to call upon the Rostofs, to fulfil his commission.

Natasha was in bed, the count had gone to the club, and Pierre, having intrusted the letters into Sonya's hands, went to Marya Dmitrievna, who was greatly interested to know how Prince Andrei had received the news.

Ten minutes later, Sonya appeared.

"Natasha is determined to see Count Piotr Kirillovitch," said she.

"But how can he go to her room? Everything is in disorder there," said Marya Dmitrievna.

"But she is dressed, and has come down into the drawing-room," said Sonya.

Marya Dmitrievna merely shrugged her shoulders.

"If only the countess would come; this is a perfect torture to me. Now be careful, and don't tell her everything," she added, warningly. "It would break my heart if anything were said to hurt her; she is so to be pitied, so to be pitied!"

Natasha, grown decidedly thin, and with pale, smileless face — though not at all confused, as Pierre supposed she would be — stood in the middle of the drawing-room. When Pierre made his appearance in the door, she hesitated, evidently undecided whether to go to him or wait for him.

Pierre hastened forward. He supposed that she would, as usual, give him her hand. But she stood motionless, sighing deeply, and with her arms hanging lifelessly, in exactly the same pose that she always took when she went into the middle of the music-room to sing, only with an entirely different expression.

"Piotr Kirillovitch," she began, speaking very swiftly, "Prince Bolkonsky was your friend, and is still your friend," she added, by an afterthought; for it seemed to her that everything was past, and all things had become new. "He told me once to turn to you if" —

Pierre quietly blew his nose as he looked at her. Till that moment, he had, in his heart, blamed her, and tried to despise her; but now she seemed to him so eminently deserving of pity, that there was no room in his heart for reproach.

"He is here now; please ask him to for — forgive" — she paused, and breathed still faster, but she did not weep.

"Yes, I will tell him," said Pierre. He knew not what to say.

Natasha was evidently terrified by what Pierre might have thought she meant.

"Yes, I know that all is over between us," said she, hurriedly. "No, it can never be. All that tortures me is the wrong that I have done him. Only ask him to forgive, forgive, forgive me for all" — Her whole frame trembled, and she sat down in a chair.

Never before had Pierre experienced such a feeling of compassion as now came over him.

"I will tell him, I will certainly tell him all," said Pierre. "But I should like to know one thing."

"What?" asked Natasha.

"I should like to ask if you loved" — Pierre did not know what term to use in speaking of Anatol. "Did you *love* that vile man?"

"Don't call him vile," exclaimed Natasha. "But I — I don't know; I don't know at all." Then the tears came again.

And a still more intense feeling of pity, affectionate compassion, and love, came over Pierre. He was conscious of the tears welling out from under his spectacles and dropping, and he hoped that they would not be seen.

"Let us say no more about it, my dear," said Pierre. Strange indeed suddenly seemed to Natasha the sound of his voice, so sweet, so tender, so sincere. "Let us say no more about it, my dear, I will tell him all; but one thing I want to ask you: consider me your friend, and if you need any help or advice, or simply if you need some one in whom you can confide — not now, but by and by, when everything is clear to your own mind, remember me." He took her hand and kissed it. "I should be happy, if I were in the position to" — Pierre grew confused.

"Do not speak to me so, I do not deserve it!" cried Natasha, and she started to leave the room; but Pierre detained her by the hand. He knew that there was something more he must tell her. But when he had spoken it, he was amazed at his own words.

"Wait, wait! all life is before you," said he.

"Before me!" she exclaimed. "Before me is only ruin!" she exclaimed, in the depths of shame and self-reproach.

"Ruin!" he repeated; "if I were not myself, but the handsomest, wisest, and best man in the world, and were free, I would this very instant, on my knees, sue for your hand and your love."

Natasha, for the first time in many days, wept tears of gratitude and emotion; and, giving Pierre one look, she fled from the room.

Pierre followed her, almost running, and restraining the tears of tenderness and happiness that choked him. Throwing his shuba over his shoulders, but without putting his arms through the sleeves, he went out and got into his sledge.

"Where now?" asked the driver.

"Where?" repeated Pierre to himself. "Where can I go now? To the club, or to make some calls?" All men, at this

moment, seemed to him so contemptible, so mean, in comparison with that feeling of emotion and love which overmastered him; in comparison with that softened glance of gratitude which she had given him just now through her tears.

"Home," said Pierre, throwing back his bearskin shuba, and exposing his broad, joyfully throbbing chest, though the mercury marked ten degrees of frost.

It was cold and clear. Above the dirty, half-lighted streets, above the black roofs of the houses, stretched the dark, starry heavens. Only as Pierre gazed at the heavens above, he ceased to feel the humiliating pettiness of everything earthly in comparison with the height to which his soul aspired. As he drove out on the Arbat'skaya Square, the mighty expanse of the dark, starry sky spread out before Pierre's eyes. Almost in the zenith of this sky—above the Prechistensky Boulevard,—convoyed and surrounded on every side by stars, but distinguished from all the rest by its nearness to the earth, and by its white light, and by its long, curling tail, stood the tremendous brilliant comet of 1812.—the same which men thought presaged all manner of woes and the end of the world.

But in Pierre, this brilliant luminary, with its long train of light, awoke no terror. On the contrary, rapturously, his eyes wet with tears, he contemplated this glorious star which seemed to him to have come flying with inconceivable swiftness through measureless space, straight toward the earth, there to strike like an enormous arrow, and remain in that one fate-designated spot upon the dark sky; and, pausing, raise aloft with monstrous force its curling tail, flashing and playing with white light, amid the countless other stars doomed to perish. It seemed to Pierre that this star was the complete reply to all that was in his soul flowing into new life, and filled with tenderness and love.

WAR AND PEACE.

VOL. III.—PART FIRST.

CHAPTER I.

TOWARD the end of the year 1811, a tremendous armament and concentration of forces took place in Western Europe; and in 1812, these forces—millions of men, counting those who were concerned in the transport and victualling of the armies—were moved from west to east toward the borders of Russia, where the Russian forces were drawn up just as they had been the year before.

On the 24th of June, the forces of Western Europe crossed the Russian frontier, and war began: in other words, an event took place opposed to human reason and human nature.

Millions of men committed against one another an infinite number of crimes: deception, treachery, robbery, forgery, issues of false assignats, depredations, incendiary fires, murders, such as the annals of all the courts in all the world could not equal in the aggregate of centuries; and yet which, at that period, the perpetrators did not even regard as crimes.

What brought about this extraordinary event?

What were its causes?

The historians, with *naïve* credulity, assure us that the causes of this event are to be found in the affront offered to the Duke of Oldenbourg, in the disregard of the "Continental System," in Napoleon's ambition, Alexander's firmness, the mistakes of diplomatists, and what not.

Of course, in that case, to put a stop to the war, it would have merely required Metternich, Rumyantsef, or Talleyrand, between a levee and a rout, to have made a little effort and skilfully composed a state paper; or, Napoleon to have written to Alexander: *Monsieur, mon Frère, je consens à rendre le duché au Duc d'Oldenbourg.*

It is easily understood that the matter presented itself in that light to the men of that day. It is easily understood

that Napoleon attributed the cause of the war to England's intrigues (indeed, he said so on the island of St. Helena); it is easily understood that the members of the British Parliament attributed the cause of the war to Napoleon's ambition; that Prince Oldenbourg considered the war to have been caused by the insult which he had received; that the merchants regarded the "Continental System," which was ruining European trade, as responsible for it; that old veterans and generals saw the chief cause for it in the necessity to find them something to do; the legitimists of that day, in the necessity of upholding *les bon principes*; and the diplomatists in the fact that they had not been skilful enough to hoodwink Napoleon in regard to the Russian alliance with Austria in 1809, or that it had been awkward to draw up memorandum No. 178.

It is easily understood that these, and an endless number of other reasons—the diversity of which is simply proportioned to the infinite diversity of standpoints—satisfied the men who were living at that time; but for us, Posterity, who are far enough removed to contemplate the magnitude of the event from a wider perspective, and who seek to fathom its simple and terrible meaning, such reasons appear insufficient. To us it is incomprehensible that millions of Christian men killed and tortured each other because Napoleon was ambitious, Alexander firm; English policy, astute; and Duke Oldenbourg, affronted. It is impossible to comprehend what connection these circumstances have with the fact itself of murder and violence: why, in consequence of the affront put upon the duke, thousands of men from the other end of Europe should have killed and plundered the people of the governments of Smolensk and Moscow, and have been killed by them.

For us, Posterity, who are not historians, and not carried away by any far-fetched processes of reasoning, and who can, therefore, contemplate the phenomena with unclouded and healthy vision, the causes thereof arise before us in all their innumerable quantity. The deeper we delve into the investigation of causes, the more numerous do they open up before us; and every separately considered cause, or whole series of causes, appears equally efficient in its own nature, and equally fallacious by reason of its utter insignificance in comparison with the prodigiousness of the events; and equally fallacious also by reason of its inability, without the co-operation of all the other causes combined, to produce the events in question.

Such a cause as the refusal of the Napoleon to draw his

army back within the Vistula, and to restore the duchy of Oldenbourg, has as much weight in this consideration as the willingness or unwillingness of a single French corporal to take part in the campaign; whereas, if he had refused, and a second, and a third, and a thousand corporals and soldiers had likewise refused, Napoleon's army would have been so greatly reduced that the war could not have occurred.

If Napoleon had not been offended by the demand to retire his troops beyond the Vistula, and had not issued orders for them to give battle, there would have been no war; but if all the sergeants had refused to go into action, there also would have been no war. And there would also have been no war if there had been no English intrigues, and no Prince Oldenbourg; and if Alexander had not felt himself aggrieved; and if there had been no autocratic power in Russia; and if there had been no French Revolution, and no Dictatorship, and Empire following it; and nothing of all that led up to the Revolution, and so on. Had any one of these causes been missing, war could have taken place. Consequently, all of them — millions of causes — must have co-operated to bring about what resulted.

And, as a corollary, there could have been no exclusive final cause for these events; and the great event was accomplished simply because it had to be accomplished. And so millions of men, renouncing all their human feelings, and their reason, had to march from west to east, and kill their fellows; exactly the same as, several centuries before, swarms of men had swept from east to west, likewise killing their fellows.

The deeds of Napoleon and Alexander, on whose fiat apparently depended this or that occurrence, were just as far from being spontaneous and free as the actions of the merest soldier taking part in the expedition, either as a conscript or as recruit. This was inevitably the case, because, in order that Napoleon's or Alexander's will should be executed — they being apparently the men on whom the event depended — the co-operation of countless factors was requisite, one of which failing, the event could not have occurred. It was indispensable that millions of men, in whose hands was really all the power, soldiers who fought, and men who transported munitions of war and cannon, should consent to carry out the will of these two feeble human units; and they were brought to this by an endless number of complicated and varied causes.

Fatalism in history is inevitable, if we would explain its il-

logical phenomena (that is to say, those events the reason for which is beyond our comprehension). The more we strive by our reason to explain these phenomena in history, the more illogical and incomprehensible to us they become.

Every man lives for himself, and enjoys sufficient freedom for the attainment of his own personal ends, and is conscious in his whole being that he can instantly perform or refuse to perform any action: but as soon as he has done it, this action, accomplished in a definite period of time, becomes irrevocable and forms an element in history, in which it takes its place with a fully pre-ordained and no longer capricious significance.

Every man has a twofold life: on one side is his personal life, which is free in proportion as its interests are abstract; the other is life as an element, as one bee in the swarm; and here a man has no chance of disregarding the laws imposed upon him.

Man consciously lives for himself; but, at the same time, he serves as an unconscious instrument for the accomplishment of historical and social ends. An action once accomplished is fixed; and when a man's activity coincides with others, with the millions of actions of other men, it acquires historical significance. The higher a man stands on the social ladder, the more men he is connected with, the greater the influence he exerts over others, — the more evident is the predestined and unavoidable necessity of his every action.

“The king's heart is in the hand of the Lord.”

The king is the slave of history.

History, that is to say, the unconscious, universal life of humanity, in the aggregate, every moment profits by the life of kings for itself, as an instrument for the accomplishment of its own ends.

Napoleon, though never before had it seemed so evident to him as now in this year 1809, that it depended upon him whether he should shed or not shed the blood of his people — *verser le sang de ses peuples*, as Alexander expressed it in his last letter to him — was in reality never before so subordinated to the inevitable laws which compelled him — even while, as it seemed to him, working in accordance with his own free will — to accomplish for the world in general, for history, what was destined to be accomplished.

The men of the West moved toward the East so as to kill each other. And, by the law of co-ordination, thousands of trifling causes made themselves into the guise of final

causes, and coinciding with this event, apparently explained this movement and this war: the dissatisfaction with the "Continental System;" and the Duke of Oldenbourg; and the invasion of Prussia, undertaken (as it seemed to Napoleon) simply for the purpose of bringing about an armed neutrality; and the French Emperor's love and habit of war coinciding with the disposition of his people; the attraction of grander preparations, and the outlays for such preparations, and the necessity for indemnities for meeting these outlays; and the intoxicating honors paid at Dresden; and the diplomatic negotiations which, in the opinion of contemporaries, were conducted with a sincere desire to preserve peace, but which merely offended the pride of either side; and millions and millions of other causes, serving as specious reasons for this event which had taken place, and coinciding with it.

When an apple is ripe and falls, what makes it fall? Is it the attraction of gravitation? or is it because its stem withers? or because the sun dries it up? or because it is heavy? or because the wind shakes it? or because the small boy standing underneath is hungry for it?

There is no such proximate cause. The whole thing is the result of all those conditions, in accordance with which every vital, organic, complex event occurs. And the botanist who argues that the apple fell from the effect of decomposing vegetable tissue, or the like, is just as much in the right as the boy who, standing below, declares that the apple fell because he wanted to eat it, and prayed for it.

Equally right and equally wrong would be the one who should say that Napoleon went to Moscow because he wanted to go, and was ruined because Alexander wished him to be ruined; equally right and equally wrong would be the man who should declare that a mountain, weighing millions of tons and undermined, fell in consequence of the last blow of the mattock dealt by the last laborer. In the events of history, so-called great men are merely tags that supply a name to the event, and have quite as little connection with the event itself as the tag.

Every one of their actions, though apparently performed by their own free will, is, in its historical significance, out of the scope of volition, and is correlated with the whole trend of history; and is, consequently, pre-ordained from all eternity.

CHAPTER II.

ON the 10th of June, Napoleon started from Dresden, where he had been for three weeks the centre of a court composed of princes, dukes, kings, and at least one emperor.

Before his departure, Napoleon showed his favor to the princes, kings, and the emperor, who deserved it: he turned a cold shoulder on the kings and princes who had incurred his displeasure; he gave the Empress of Austria pearls and diamonds, which he called his own, though they had been stolen from other kings, and then tenderly embracing the *Empress* Maria Louisa, as the historian terms her, left her heart-broken by his absence, which it seemed to her, now that she considered herself his consort, although he had another consort left behind in Paris, was too hard to be endured.

Although the diplomats stoutly maintained their belief in the possibility of peace, and were working heartily for this end; although Napoleon himself wrote a letter to the Emperor Alexander, calling him *Monsieur, mon Frère*, and sincerely assuring him that he had no desire for war, and that he should always love and respect him; — still, he was off for the army, and at every station was issuing new rescripts having in view to expedite the movement of the troops from west to east.

He travelled in a calash drawn by six horses, and accompanied by his pages, aides, and an escort, and took the route through Posen, Thorn, Dantzic, and Königsberg. The army was moving from the west to the east, and relays of fresh horses bore him in the same direction. On the 22d of June, he overtook the army, and spent the night in the Wilkowsky forest, on the estate of a Polish count, where quarters had been made ready for him.

On the following day Napoleon, outstripping the army, drove to the Niemen in his calash; and, for the purpose of reconnoitring the spot where the army was to cross, he put on a Polish uniform, and went down to the banks of the river.

When he saw on the other side the Cossacks, and the wide-stretching steppes, in the centre of which was *Moscou, la ville sainte*, the capital of that empire, which reminded him of the Scythian one, against which Alexander of Macedon had marched, Napoleon, unexpectedly and contrary to all strategical as well as diplomatic considerations, gave orders for the

advance, and on the next day the troops began to cross the Niemen.

Early on the morning of the twenty-fourth, he emerged from his tent, which had been pitched on the steep left bank of the river, and looked through his field-glass at the torrents of his troops pouring forth from the Wilkowsky forest, and streaming across the three bridges thrown over the Niemen.

The troops were aware of the presence of the emperor; they searched for him with their eyes, and when they discovered him on the cliff, standing in front of his tent, and distinguished from his suite by his figure, in an overcoat and cocked hat, they flung their caps in the air, and shouted, "*Vive l'empereur!*" and then, rank after rank, a never-ceasing stream, they poured forth and still poured forth from the mighty forest that till now had concealed them, and, dividing into three currents, crossed over the bridges to the other side.

"Something'll be done this time! Oh, when he takes a hand, he makes things hot! — God — save us. — There he is! Hurrah for the emperor!"

"So these are the Steppes of Asia? Beastly country all the same!"

"Good-by! Beauché, I'll save the best palace in Moscow for you. Good-by! Luck to you!"

"Have you seen him? The emperor? — Hurrah for the emperor — ror — ror!"

"If I am made Governor of India, Gérard, I'll appoint you minister at Cashmir; that's a settled thing."

"Hurrah for the emperor! Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!"

"Those rascally Cossacks! how they run! Hurrah for the emperor!"

"There he is! Do you see him? Twice I've seen him as plain as I see you, — the 'Little Corporal!'"

"I saw him give the cross to one of our vets. — Hurrah for the emperor!"*

Such were the remarks and shouts made by men, both young and old, of the most widely differing characters and

* "*On fera du chemin cette fois-ci. Oh! quand il s'en mêle lui même ça chauffe. Nom — de Dieu! — Le voilà! — Vive l'empereur! — Les voilà donc les Steppes de l'Asie! Villain pays, tout de même! — A revoir, Beauché; je te réserve le plus beau palais de Moscou. A revoir! Bonne chance. — L'as tu vu, l'empereur? — Vive l'empereur — preur! — Si on me fait gouverneur aux Indes, Gérard, je te fais ministre de Cachemir; c'est arrêté. — Vive l'empereur! Vive! Vive! Vive! — Ces gredins de Cosaques, comme ils filent! Vive l'empereur! — Le voilà! Le vois tu? je l'ai vu deux fois comme je te vois! Le petit caporal! — Je l'ai vu donner la croix à l'un des vieux. — Vive l'empereur!*"

positions in the world. The faces of all these men bore one universal expression of delight at the beginning of the long expected campaign, and of enthusiasm and devotion for the man in the gray overcoat, standing on the hill.

On the twenty-fifth of June a small thoroughbred Arab steed was brought to Napoleon, and he mounted and set off at a gallop down to one of the three bridges over the Niemen, greeted all the way by enthusiastic acclamations, which he evidently endured for the reason that it was impossible to prevent the men from expressing by these shouts their love for him; but these acclamations, which accompanied him wherever he went, fatigued him, and distracted his attention from the military task that met him at the moment that he reached the army.

He rode across the bridge that shook under his horse's hoofs, and, on reaching the farther side, turned abruptly to the left, and galloped off in the direction of Kovno, preceded by his mounted guards, who, crazy with delight and enthusiasm, cleared the way for him through the troops pressing on ahead. On reaching the broad river Vistula, he reined in his horse near a regiment of Polish Uhlans, that was halted on the bank.

"Hurrah!" shouted the Polyaks, no less enthusiastically, as they fell out of line, elbowing each other, in their efforts to get a sight of him. Napoleon contemplated the river; then dismounted and sat down on a log that happened to be lying on the bank. At a mute signal, his telescope was handed him; he rested it on the shoulder of one of his pages, who came forward beaming with delight, and began to reconnoitre the other shore. Then he remained lost in study of a map spread out over the driftwood. Without lifting his head he said something, and two of his aides galloped off toward the Polish Uhlans.

"What was it? What did he say?" was heard in the ranks of the Uhlans, as one of the aides came hurrying toward them.

The order was that they should find a ford, and cross to the other side.

The Polish colonel, who commanded the Uhlans, a handsome old man, flushing and stumbling in his speech from excitement, asked the aide-de-camp whether he might be permitted to swim the river with his men, instead of trying to find the ford. He was evidently as apprehensive of receiving a refusal as a schoolboy who asks permission to ride on horse-

back; and what he craved was the chance to swim the river under his emperor's eyes.

The aide-de-camp replied that in all probability the emperor would not be displeased with this superfluity of zeal.

As soon as the aide-de-camp had said this, the old mustachioed officer, with beaming face and gleaming eyes, waved his sword and cried *Vivat!* And ordering his Uhlans to follow him, he plunged spurs into his horse and dashed down to the river. He angrily struck the horse, that shied at the task, and forced him into the water, striking out boldly into the swift current where it was deepest. The water was cold, and the swiftness of the current made the passage difficult. The Uhlans clung to one another, in case they were dismounted from their horses. Several of the horses were drowned, and some of the men; the others endeavored to swim, one clinging to his saddle, another to his horse's mane. Their endeavor was to swim to the farther side, and, although there was a ford only half a verst below, they were proud of swimming and drowning in that river under the eye of the man sitting on the log, and not even noticing what they were doing!

When the aide-de-camp on his return found a favorable moment, he allowed himself to call the emperor's attention to the devotion of these Polyaks to his person. The little man in the gray great-coat got up, and, calling Berthier, began to walk with him back and forth on the river bank, giving him orders, and occasionally casting a dissatisfied glance at the drowning Uhlans, who distracted his attention.

It was nothing new in his experience that his presence anywhere, in the deserts of Africa as well as in the Moscovite steppes, was sufficient to stimulate and drive men into the most senseless self-sacrifice. He commanded a horse to be brought, and rode back to his bivouac.

Forty Uhlans were drowned in the river, although boats were sent to their aid. The majority gave up the task, and returned to the hither side. The colonel and a few of the men swam across the river, and with great difficulty crept up on the farther shore. But as soon as they were on the land, though their garments were streaming with water, they shouted *Vivat*, gazing with rapture at the spot where Napoleon had been, but from which he had vanished, and counting themselves fortunate.

In the afternoon, after making arrangements for procuring

with all possible despatch the counterfeit Russian assignats, that had been prepared for use in Russia; and after issuing an order to shoot a certain Saxon, who, in a letter that had been intercepted, gave information in regard to the disposition of the French forces:—Napoleon, in still a third order, caused the Polish colonel who had quite needlessly flung himself into the river, to be enrolled in the *Légion d'Honneur*,* of which he himself was the head.

Quos vult perdere — dementat.†

CHAPTER III.

THE Russian emperor, meantime, had been now for more than a month at Vilno, superintending reviews and manœuvres.

Nothing was ready for the war, though all had foreseen that it was coming, and though the emperor had left Petersburg to prepare for it. The vacillation as to what plan, from among the many that had been prepared, was to be selected, was still more pronounced after the emperor had been for a month at headquarters.

Each of the three divisions of the army had a separate commander; but there was no *nachalnik*, or responsible chief, over all the forces; and the emperor did not see fit to assume this position.

The longer the emperor staid at Vilna, the less ready for the war were they who had grown weary of expecting it. The whole purpose of those who surrounded the sovereign seemed directed toward making him pass the time agreeably, and forget about the impending conflict.

After a series of balls and festivities, given by Polish magnates, and by the courtiers, and by the emperor himself, a Polish adjutant proposed one fine June day, that the imperial staff should give a banquet and ball, in his majesty's honor.

The suggestion was gladly adopted by all. The sovereign granted his sanction. The imperial adjutants collected the necessary funds by a subscription. A lady, who it was thought would be most acceptable to the emperor, was invited to do the honors. Count Benigsen, a landed proprietor of the Vilno

* Instituted by Napoleon, May 19, 1802; carried out, July 14, 1814.

† Those whom God wishes to destroy, he first makes mad.

government, tendered the use of his country house for the festivity, which was set for the 25th of June; and it was decided that the ball and banquet, together with a regatta and fireworks, should take place at Zakreto, Count Benigsen's country place.

On that very day on which Napoleon gave orders to cross the Niemen, and the vanguard of his army drove back the Cossacks and set foot on Russian soil, Alexander was spending the evening at Count Benigsen's villa, at a ball given by his staff!

It was a gay, brilliant occasion. Connoisseurs in such matters declared that never before had so many pretty women been gathered in one place. The Countess Bezukhaya, who, with other Russian ladies, had followed the sovereign from Petersburg to Vilno, was at this ball; by her overwhelming so-called Russian beauty quite putting into the shade the more refined and delicate Polish ladies. She attracted much attention, and the sovereign did her the honor of dancing with her.

Boris Drubetskoi, having left his wife at Moscow, was also present at this ball *en garçon*, as he expressed it; and, although not on his majesty's staff, was a participant in the festivities in virtue of having subscribed a large sum toward the expenses. Boris was now a rich man, who had already arrived at high honors, and now no longer required patronage; but stood on an equal footing with any of his own age, no matter how lofty their rank might be.

He had met Ellen at Vilno, not having seen her for some time; but he made no reference to the past. But as Ellen was "enjoying the favor" of a very influential individual, and Boris had not long been married, it suited their purposes to meet as good old friends.

At midnight, they were still dancing. Ellen, finding no partner to her taste, had herself proposed to Boris to dance the mazurka. They were in the third set. Boris, with cool indifference glancing at Ellen's dazzling, bare shoulders, set off by a dark gauze dress, shot with gold, was talking about old acquaintances; and, at the same time, neither he nor any one else observed that, not for a single second, did he cease to watch the emperor, who was in the same hall.

The emperor was not dancing: he was standing in the doorway, and addressing, now to one and now to another, those gracious words which he, of all men alone, had the art of speaking.

Just before the beginning of the mazurka, Boris noticed that the General-Adjutant Balashof, who stood on terms of special intimacy with the sovereign, approached him as he was talking with a Polish lady, and, contrary to court etiquette, stood waiting at a short distance from him. While still talking, the sovereign looked up inquiringly, and, evidently perceiving that only weighty considerations would have caused Balashof to act thus, he gave the lady a slight bow, and turned to the adjutant.

At Balashof's very first words, an expression like amazement came over the sovereign's face. He took Balashof's arm, and, together with him, crossed the ballroom, so absorbed that he did not notice how the company parted, making a sort of lane, three sazhen wide, through which he passed.

Boris observed Arakcheyef's agitated face, as the sovereign walked out with Balashof. Arakcheyef, looking askance at the emperor, and snuffing through his red nose, moved out from the throng, as though expecting that the sovereign would address him. It was clear to Boris that Arakcheyef hated Balashof, and was much dissatisfied that any news of importance should be brought to the sovereign otherwise than through him.

But the sovereign, not heeding Arakcheyef, passed out, together with Balashof, through the open door, into the brilliantly illuminated garden. Arakcheyef, grasping the hilt of his sword, and viciously glancing around, followed them, twenty steps in the rear.

While Boris continued to perform the proper figures of the mazurka, he was continually tortured by the thought of what news Balashof had brought, and how he might get hold of it before the others.

In the figure, when he had to choose a lady, he whispered to Ellen that he wanted to get the Countess Potocka, who, he believed, had gone out on the balcony. Hastily crossing the marquetry floor, he slipped out of the open door into the garden; and there, perceiving the sovereign walking along the terrace in company with Balashof, he stepped to one side. The sovereign and Balashof were directing their steps toward the door. Boris, pretending that in spite of all his efforts he had not time to get out of the way, respectfully crowded up against the lintel and bowed.

The sovereign, with the agitated face of a man personally offended, uttered these words:—

“To make war against Russia without any declaration! I

will never consent to peace so long as a single armed foe remains in my land!" said he. It seemed to Boris that the sovereign took a delight in uttering these words; he was satisfied with the form in which his thought was couched, but he was annoyed that Boris had overheard him. "Let not a word of this be known," he added, with a frown. Boris understood that this was a hint to him, and, closing his eyes, he again bowed slightly. The sovereign returned to the ballroom, and remained for about half an hour longer.

Boris was the first to learn the news of the French army having crossed the Niemen, and, turning his luck to good use, made several important personages think that many things concealed from the others were known to him, and thereby he succeeded in rising still higher in their estimation.

The news of the French crossing the Niemen, unexpected as it was, was peculiarly unexpected after a long month of strained expectancy, and by reason of being announced at a ball! The sovereign, at the first instant of receiving the news, under the influence of inner revolt and indignation, made use of that bold sentiment which gave him such satisfaction, and so exactly expressed his feeling, at the time, and afterwards became famous.

On his return to his residence after the ball, the sovereign sent, at two o'clock in the morning, for his secretary, Shishkin; and dictated a general order to his troops, and a rescript to Field-Marshal Prince Saltuikof, strictly charging him to use the words about his refusal to make peace so long as a single armed Frenchman remained on Russian soil. On the next day, the following note was written to Napoleon:—

MY BROTHER: I learned yesterday that, notwithstanding the fidelity with which I have adhered to my engagements towards your majesty, your troops have crossed the Russian frontier; and I have this moment received from Petersburg a note wherein Count Lauriston, in order to explain this aggression, announces that your majesty considered himself at war with me from the time that Prince Kurakin demanded his passports. The grounds on which the Duke of Bassano refused to grant it would never have allowed me to suppose that this step could serve as a pretext for the aggression. In fact, my ambassador was never authorized to take this step, as he himself explicitly declared; and, as soon as I was informed of it, I manifested the extent of my disapproval by ordering him to remain at his post. If your majesty is not obstinately bent upon shedding the blood of our peoples through a misunderstanding of this sort, and will consent to withdraw your troops from the Russian territory, I will regard what has passed as non-existent, and we may arrive at some

accommodation. In the opposite case, your majesty, I shall be compelled to repulse an attack which I have done nothing to provoke. There is still a chance for your majesty to avoid the calamities of a new war.

I am, etc.,

(Signed) ALEXANDER.*

CHAPTER IV.

On the twenty-fifth of June, at two o'clock in the morning, the sovereign, having summoned Balashof, and read over to him his letter to Napoleon, ordered him to take it and deliver it to the French emperor in person. In despatching Balashof, the sovereign once more repeated what he had said about not making peace so long as a single armed foe remained on Russian soil, and he ordered him to quote these exact words to Napoleon. The sovereign did not incorporate this threat in his letter to Napoleon, because his tact made him feel that they were inappropriate at a moment when the last efforts were making for reconciliation: but he strenuously commanded Balashof to repeat them to Napoleon verbally.

Setting off that very same night, Balashof, accompanied by a bugler and two Cossacks, by daybreak reached the village of Rykonty, on the Russian side of the Niemen, where the French vanguard were stationed. He was brought to a halt by the French videttes. A non-commissioned officer of hussars, in a crimson uniform and shaggy cap, challenged the approaching envoy, and ordered him to halt. Balashof did not come in-

** Monsieur mon Frère : J'ai appris hier que malgré la loyauté, avec laquelle j'ai maintenu mes engagements envers votre majesté, ses troupes ont franchi les frontières de la Russie, et je reçois à l'instant de Petersbourg une note par laquelle le Comte Lauriston, pour cause de cette agression, annonce que votre majesté s'est considérée comme en état de guerre avec moi dès le moment où le prince Kourakine a fait la demande de ses passeports. Les motifs sur lesquelles le duc de Bassano fondait son refus de les lui délivrer, n'auraient jamais pu me faire supposer que cette démarche servirait jamais de prétexte à l'agression. En effet cet ambassadeur n'y a jamais été autorisé comme il l'a déclaré lui même, et aussitôt que j'en fus informé, je lui ai fait connaître combien je le désapprouverais en lui donnant l'ordre de rester à son poste. Si votre majesté n'est pas intentionnée de verser le sang de nos peuples pour un malentendu de ce genre et qu'elle consente à retirer ses troupes du territoire russe, je regarderai ce qui s'est passé comme non avenu et un accommodement entre nous sera possible. Dans le cas contraire, votre majesté, je me verrai forcé de repousser une attaque que rien n'a provoquée de ma part. Il dépend encore de votre majesté, d'éviter à l'humanité les calamités d'une nouvelle guerre.*

Je suis, etc.,

(Signé)

ALEXANDRE.

stantly to a pause, but continued to advance at a footpace along the road.

The subaltern, scowling and muttering some abusive epithet, blocked Balashof's way with his horse, and rudely shouted to the Russian general, demanding if he were deaf, that he paid no attention to what was said to him. Balashof gave his name. The subaltern sent a soldier to the officer in command.

Paying no further heed to Balashof, the non-commissioned officer began to talk with his comrades concerning their private affairs, and did not even look at the Russian general.

It was an absolutely new experience for Balashof, after being so accustomed to proximity to the very fountain head of power and might, after just coming from a three hours' conversation with his sovereign, and having been universally treated with respect, to find this, here on Russian soil, hostile and peculiarly disrespectful display of brutal insolence.

The sun was just beginning to break through the clouds; the air was cool and fresh with dew. Along the road from the village they were driving the cattle to pasture. Over the fields, one after another, like bubbles in the water, soared the larks with their matin songs.

Balashof looked about him while waiting for the officer to arrive from the village. The Russian Cossacks and the bugler and the French hussars occasionally exchanged glances, but no one spoke.

A French colonel of hussars, evidently just out of bed, came riding up from the village on a handsome, well fed, gray horse, accompanied by two hussars. The officer, the soldiers, and their horses had an appearance of content and jauntiness.

It was the first period of the campaign, while the army was still in the very best order, almost fit for a review in time of peace, with just a shade of martial smartness in their attire, and with their minds a trifle stirred up to that gayety and cheerfulness and spirit of enterprise that always characterize the beginning of an expedition.

The French colonel with difficulty overcame a fit of yawning, but he was courteous, and evidently appreciated Balashof's high dignity. He conducted him past his soldiers inside the lines, and informed him that his desire to have a personal interview with the emperor would in all probability be immediately granted, since the imperial headquarters, he believed, were not far distant.

They approached the village of Rykonty, riding by pickets,

sentinels, and soldiery, who saluted their colonel, and gazed with curiosity at the Russian uniforms, and finally came to the other side of the village. According to the colonel, the chief of division, who would receive Balashof and arrange the interview, would be found two kilometers distant.

The sun was now mounting high, and shone bright and beautiful over the vivid green of the fields.

They had just passed a pot-house on a hillside, when they saw, coming to meet them up the hill, a little band of horsemen, led by a tall man in a red cloak and in a plumed hat, under which long dark locks rolled down upon his shoulders. He rode a coal-black horse, whose housings glittered in the sun, and his long legs were thrust forward in the fashion affected by French riders. This man came at a gallop toward Balashof, flashing and waving in the bright June sun, with his plumes and precious stones and gold gallions.

Balashof was within the length of two horses from this enthusiastically theatrical-looking individual, who was galloping to meet him in all his bravery of bracelets, plumes, necklaces, and gold, when Iulner, the French colonel, respectfully said, in a deferential whisper, "*Le roi de Naples.*"

This was indeed Murat, who was still called the King of Naples. Although it was wholly incomprehensible in what respect he was the king of Naples, still he bore that title; and he himself was convinced of its validity, and consequently he assumed a more majestic and important aspect than ever before. He was so convinced that he was, actually King of Naples that when, on the day before his departure from that city, as he was walking with his wife through the streets of Naples, and a few Italians acclaimed him with *Viva il re* — Hurrah for the king — he turned to his consort and said, with a melancholy smile, "Oh, poor creatures, they do not know that I am going to leave them to-morrow."

But though he firmly believed that he was King of Naples, and was grieved for the sorrow that was coming upon his faithful subjects in losing him, still when he was commanded to enter the military service again, and especially since his meeting with Napoleon at Danzig, when his august brother-in-law had said to him, "I made you king to reign in my way, not in yours,"* he had cheerfully taken up the business which he understood so well, and, like a carriage horse, driven but not overworked, feeling himself in harness, he was frisky even between the thills, and, decked out in the most gorgeous

* *Je vous ai fait roi pour regner à ma manière, mais pas à la vôtre.*

and costly manner possible, galloped gayly and contentedly along the Polish highway, not knowing whither or wherefore.

As soon as he approached the Russian general, he threw his head back in royal fashion, and solemnly, with his black curls flowing down over his shoulders, looked inquiringly at the French colonel. The colonel respectfully explained to his Majesty Balashof's errand, though he could not pronounce his name.

"*De Bal-ma-cheve*," said the king, his self-confidence helping him to overcome the difficulty that had floored the colonel. "*Charmé de faire votre connaissance, général*," he added, with a royally gracious gesture.

The moment the king began to speak loud and rapidly all the kingly dignity instantly deserted him, and, without his suspecting such a thing himself, changed into a tone of good-natured familiarity. He laid his hand on the withers of Balashof's horse.

"Well, general, everything looks like war, it seems," said he, as though he regretted a state of things concerning which he was in no position to judge.

"*Your majesty*," replied Balashof, "the Russian emperor, my sovereign, has no desire for war, and, as *your majesty* sees," . . . said Balashof, and thus he went on, with unavoidable affectation, repeating the title *votre majesté* at every opportunity during his conversation with this individual, for whom it was still a novelty.

Murat's face glowed with dull satisfaction while he listened to Monsieur de Balachoff. But *royauté oblige*; and he felt that it was indispensable for him, as king and ally, to converse with Alexander's envoy, on matters of state. He dismounted, and, taking Balashof's arm, and drawing him a few paces aside from his suite, waiting respectfully, he began to walk up and down with him, trying to speak with all authority. He informed him that the Emperor Napoleon was offended by the demand made upon him to withdraw his forces from Prussia: especially as this demand was made publicly, and, therefore, was an insult to the dignity of France.

Balashof said that there was nothing insulting in this demand, "because" —

Murat interrupted him, —

"So then you do not consider the Emperor Alexander as the instigator of the war?" he asked, suddenly, with a stupidly good-natured smile.

Balashof explained why he really supposed that Napoleon was the aggressor.

"Ah, my dear general," again exclaimed Murat, interrupting him, "I desire, with all my heart, that the emperors should come to a mutual understanding, and that the war, begun in spite of me, should be brought to a termination as soon as possible," * said he, in the tone of servants who wish to remain good friends, though their masters may quarrel. And he proceeded to make inquiries about the grand duke, and the state of his health, and recalled the jolly good times which they had enjoyed together at Naples. Then, suddenly, as though remembering his kingly dignity, Murat drew himself up haughtily, struck the same attitude in which he had stood during his coronation, and, waving his right hand, said, —

"I will not detain you longer, general: I wish you all success in your mission;" and then, with his embroidered red mantle, and his plumes gayly waving, and his precious trinkets glittering in the sun, he rejoined his suite, which had been respectfully waiting for him.

Balashof went on his way, expecting, from what Murat said, to be very speedily presented to Napoleon himself. But, instead of any such speedy meeting with Napoleon, the sentinels of Davoust's infantry corps detained him again at the next village — just as he had been halted at the outposts — until an aide of the corps commander, who was sent for, conducted him to Marshal Davoust, in the village.

CHAPTER V.

DAVOUST was the Emperor Napoleon's Arakcheyef — Arakcheyef except in cowardice: just the same, punctilious and cruel; and knowing no other way of manifesting his devotion except by cruelty.

In the mechanism of imperial organism, such men are necessary, just as wolves are necessary in the organism of nature; and they always exist and manifest themselves and maintain themselves, however incompatible their presence and proximity to the chief power may seem. Only by this indispensable-ness can it be explained how Arakcheyef — a cruel man, who personally pulled the mustache of a grenadier, and who by reason of weakness of nerves could not endure any danger, and

* *Eh, mon cher général, je désire de tout mon cœur, que les empereurs s'ar-rangent entre eux, et que la guerre commencée malgré moi se termine le plus tôt possible.*

was ill-bred and ungentlemanly — could maintain power and influence with a character so chivalrous, noble, and affectionate as Alexander's.

In the barn attached to a peasant's cottage, Balashof found Marshal Davoust, sitting on a keg, and busily engaged in clerk's business (he was verifying accounts). An aide stood near him. He might have found better accommodations; but Marshal Davoust was one of those men who purposely make the conditions of life as disagreeable as possible for themselves, in order to have an excuse for being themselves disagreeable. Consequently, they are always hurried and obstinate. "How can I think of the happy side of life when, as you see, I am sitting on a keg, in a dirty barn, and working?" the expression of his face seemed to say. The chief satisfaction and requirement of such men are that they should be brought into contact with men of another stamp, and to make before them an enormous display of disagreeable and obstinate activity. This gratification was granted Davoust when Balashof was ushered into his presence. He buried himself more deeply than ever in his work when the Russian general appeared. He glanced over his spectacles at Balashof's face, animated by the spirit of the beautiful morning and the meeting with Murat, but he did not get up or even stir. He put on a still more portentous frown, and smiled sardonically.

Noticing the impression produced on Balashof by this reception, Davoust raised his head, and chillingly demanded what he wanted.

Supposing that this insulting reception was given him because Davoust did not know that he was the Emperor Alexander's general-adjutant, and, what was more, his envoy to Napoleon, Balashof hastened to inform him of his name and mission. Contrary to his expectation, Davoust, after listening to Balashof's communication, became still more gruff and rude.

"Where is your packet?" he demanded. "Give it to me; I will send it to the emperor."

Balashof replied that he was ordered to give the package personally to the emperor.

"Your emperor's orders are carried out in *your* army; but here," said Davoust, "you must do as you are told." And, as though to make the Russian general feel still more keenly how completely he was at the mercy of brute force, Davoust sent an aide for the officer of the day.

Balashof took out the packet containing the sovereign's note, and laid it on the table — a table improvised of a door, with

the torn hinges still protruding, and laid on a couple of barrels. Davoust took the packet and read the superscription.

"You have a perfect right to treat me with respect, or not to treat me with respect," said Balashof. "But permit me to remark that I have the honor of being one of his Majesty's aides" —

Davoust gazed at him without saying a word; but a trace of annoyance and confusion, betrayed in Balashof's face, evidently afforded him gratification.

"All due respect will be showed you," said he; and, placing the envelope in his pocket, he left the barn.

A moment later, the marshal's aide, Monsieur de Castrier, made his appearance, and conducted Balashof to the lodgings made ready for him; Balashof dined that same day with the marshal, in the barn, the boards on the barrels serving as the table; early in the morning of the following day, Davoust came, and, taking Balashof to one side, told him confidentially that he was requested to stay where he was; though, if the baggage train received orders to advance, he was to advance with it, and not to communicate with any one except with Monsieur de Castrier.

At the end of four days of solitude, of tedium, of bitter consciousness of his helplessness and insignificance all the more palpable through contrast with the atmosphere of autocracy to which he had so recently been accustomed, after a number of transfers with the marshal's baggage and the French forces which occupied the whole region, Balashof was brought back to Vilno now in possession of the French: he re-entered the town by the same gate by which he had left it four days before.

On the following day the Imperial Chamberlain, Monsieur de Turenne, came to Balashof and announced that the Emperor Napoleon would be pleased to grant him an audience.

Four days previously sentinels from the Preobrazhensky regiment had been standing in front of the mansion into which Balashof was conducted: now two French grenadiers in blue uniforms opened over the chest, and in shaggy caps, an escort of hussars and Uhlans and a brilliant suite of aides, pages, and generals, were standing at the steps near his saddle horse and his Mameluke Rustan, waiting for him to make his appearance.

Napoleon received Balashof in the same house in Vilno from which Alexander had despatched him.

CHAPTER VI.

THOUGH Balashof was accustomed to court magnificence, the sumptuousness and display of Napoleon's court surprised him. Count Turenne conducted him into the great drawing-room, where a throng of generals, chamberlains, and Polish magnates, many of whom Balashof had seen at court during the sojourn of the Russian emperor, were in waiting. Duroc told the Russian general, that the Emperor Napoleon would receive him before going out to ride.

At the end of some moments of expectation the chamberlain on duty came into the great drawing-room, and, bowing courteously, invited Balashof to follow him.

Balashof passed into a small drawing-room which opened into the cabinet, — into the very same cabinet where the Russian Emperor had given him his directions. Balashof stood a couple of minutes waiting. Then hasty steps were heard in the other room. The folding doors were hastily flung open. All was silent, and then firm, resolute steps were heard coming from the cabinet: it was Napoleon. He had only just completed his toilet for riding on horseback. He was in a blue uniform coat thrown open over a white waistcoat that covered the rotundity of his abdomen; he wore white chamois-skin small-clothes that fitted tightly over the stout thighs of his short legs, and Hessian boots. His short hair had evidently only just been brushed, but one lock of hair hung down over the centre of his broad brow. His white, puffy neck was in sharp contrast with the dark collar of his uniform coat; he exhaled a strong odor of eau-de-Cologne. His plump and youthful-looking face with its prominent chin wore an expression of benevolence entirely compatible with his imperial majesty.

He came in, giving little quick jerks as he walked along, and holding his head rather high. His whole figure, thick-set and short, with his broad, stout shoulders and with the abdomen and breast involuntarily thrust forward, had that portly, stately carriage which men of forty who have lived in comfort are apt to have. Moreover it was evident that on this particular day he was in the most enviable frame of mind. He inclined his head in response to Balashof's low and respectful bow, and, approaching him, began immediately to speak like a man who values every moment of his time, and does not condescend to make set speeches, but is con-

vinced in his own mind that he always speaks well and to the point.

"How are you, general?" said he. "I have received the Emperor Alexander's letter which you brought, and I am very glad to see you."

He scrutinized Balashof's face with his large eyes, and then immediately looked past him. It was evident that Balashof's personality did not interest him in the least. It was evident that only what came into his own mind had any interest for him. Everything outside of him had no consequence, because, as it seemed to him, everything in the world depended on his will alone.

"I have not desired war, and I do not desire it now," said he. "But I have been driven to it. Even *now*" — he laid a strong stress on the word — "I am ready to accept any explanation which you can offer."

And he began clearly and explicitly to state the grounds for his dissatisfaction with the Russian Government. Judging by the calm, moderate, and even friendly tone in which the French Emperor spoke, Balashof was firmly convinced that he was anxious for peace and intended to enter into negotiations.

"*Sire, l'Empereur, mon maître*" — Balashof began his long prepared speech when Napoleon, having finished what he had to say, looked inquiringly at the Russian envoy: but the look in the Emperor's eyes, fastened upon him, confused him. "You are confused, — regain your self-possession," Napoleon seemed to say as he glanced with a hardly perceptible smile at Balashof's uniform and sword. Balashof recovered his self-possession and began to speak. He declared that the Emperor Alexander did not consider Kurakin's demand for his passport a sufficient ground for war, that Kurakin had proceeded on his own responsibility and without the sovereign's sanction, that the Emperor Alexander did not wish for war and that he had no understanding with England.

"None as yet," suggested Napoleon, and, as though fearing to commit himself, he scowled and slightly inclined his head, giving Balashof to understand that he might go on.

Having said all that he had been empowered to say, Balashof declared that the Emperor Alexander desired peace, but that he would not enter into negotiations except on condition that — Here Balashof stopped short. He recollected the words which the Emperor Alexander had not incorporated in the letter, but which he had strenuously insisted should be inserted in the rescript to Saltuikof, and which he had com-

manded Balashof to repeat to Napoleon. Balashof remembered these words. "so long as an armed foe remains on Russian soil," but some strange and complicated feeling restrained him. He found it impossible to repeat these words, although his desire to do so was great. He hesitated and said, "On condition that the French troops retire beyond the Niemen."

Napoleon remarked Balashof's confusion as he said those last words. His face twitched; the calf of his left leg began to tremble nervously. Not stirring from the place where he was standing, he began to speak in a higher key, and more rapidly than before. All the time that he was speaking, Balashof, not once shifting his eyes, involuntarily watched the twitching of Napoleon's left calf, which increased in violence in proportion as he raised his voice.

"I desire peace no less than the Emperor Alexander," said he. "Have I not for eighteen months done everything to preserve it? I have been waiting eighteen months for an explanation. But what is demanded of me before negotiations can begin?" he asked, with a frown, and emphasizing his question with an energetic gesture of his little, white, plump hand.

"The withdrawal of the troops beyond the Niemen, sire," replied Balashof.

"Beyond the Niemen," repeated Napoleon. "So that is all that is wanted now, is it, — 'beyond the Niemen,' merely beyond the Niemen," insisted Napoleon, looking straight at Balashof.

Balashof respectfully inclined his head.

"Four months ago the demand was to evacuate Pomerania, but now all that is required is to retire beyond the Niemen." — Napoleon abruptly turned away and began to pace up and down the room. "You say that it is demanded of me to retire beyond the Niemen before there can be any attempt at negotiations, but in exactly the same way two months ago all that was required of me was to retire beyond the Oder and the Vistula, and yet you can still think of negotiating?"

He walked in silence from one corner of the room to the other, and then stopped in front of Balashof. Balashof noticed that his left leg trembled even faster than before, and his face seemed petrified in its sternness of expression. This trembling Napoleon himself was aware of. He afterwards said, "*La vibration de mon mollet gauche est un grand signe chez moi.*"

"Any such propositions as to abandon the Oder or the

Vistula may be made to the Prince of Baden, but not to me." Napoleon almost screamed, the words seeming to take him by surprise. "If you were to give me Petersburg and Moscow, I would not accept such conditions. You declare that I began this war. But who went to his army first? The Emperor Alexander, and not I. And you propose negotiations when I have spent millions, when you have made an alliance with England, and when your position is critical — you propose negotiations with me! But what was the object of your alliance with England? What has she given you?" he asked, hurriedly, evidently now making no effort to show the advantages of concluding peace, and deciding upon the possibilities of it, but simply to prove his own probity and power, and Alexander's lack of probity and blundering statecraft.

At first he was evidently anxious to show what an advantageous position he held, and to prove that, nevertheless, he would be willing to have negotiations opened again. But he was now fairly launched in his declaration, and the longer he spoke the less able he was to control the current of his discourse. The whole aim of his words now seemed to exalt himself and to humiliate Alexander, which was precisely what he least of all wished to do at the beginning of the interview.

"It is said you have concluded peace with the Turks?"

Balashof bent his head affirmatively. "Peace has been dec —" he began; but Napoleon gave him no chance to speak. It was plain that he wished to have the floor to himself, and he went on talking with that eloquence and excess of irritability to which men who have been spoiled are so prone.

"Yes, I know that you have concluded peace with the Turks, and without securing Moldavia and Valakhia. But I would have given your sovereign these provinces just as I gave him Finland! Yes," he went on to say, "I promised the Emperor Alexander the provinces of Moldavia and Valakhia, and I would have given them to him; but now he shall not have those beautiful provinces. He might, however, have united them to his empire, and, in his reign alone, he would have made Russia spread from the Gulf of Bothnia to the mouths of the Danube. Catherine the Great could not have done more," exclaimed Napoleon, growing more and more excited, as he strode up and down the room, and saying to Balashof almost the same words which he had said to Alexander himself at Tilsit. "All that my friendship would have

brought to him ! Oh, what a glorious reign ! what a glorious reign !” he repeated several times. He paused and took out a gold snuff-box, and greedily sniffed at it. “What a glorious reign the Emperor Alexander’s *might have been* !” *

He gave Balashof a compassionate look, but as soon as the general started to make some remark, Napoleon hastened to interrupt him again.

“What could he have wished or sought for that he would not have secured by being my friend ?” Napoleon asked, shrugging his shoulders in perplexity. “No, he preferred to surround himself with my enemies, and what enemies ?” pursued Napoleon. “He has attached to himself Steins, Armfeldts, Benignsens, Winzengerodes ! Stein, a traitor banished from his own country ; Armfeldt, a scoundrel and intriguer ; Winzengerode, a fugitive French subject ; Benigsen, a rather better soldier than the others, but still incapable, who had no idea how to act in 1807, and who ought to arouse horrible recollections in the emperor’s mind. We will grant that he might make some use of them, if they had any capacity,” pursued Napoleon, scarcely able in his speech to keep up with the arguments that kept rising in his mind in support of his right or might — the two things being one in his view. “But there is nothing of the sort : they are of no use either for war or peace ! Barclay, they say, is better than all the rest of them ; but I should not say so, judging by his first movements. But what are they doing ? What are all these courtiers doing ? Pfuhl proposes ; Armfeldt argues ; Benigsen considers ; and Barclay, when called upon to act, knows not what plan of action to decide upon, and time slips away, and nothing is accomplished. Bagration alone is a soldier. He is stupid, but he has experience, a quick eye, and decision. And what sort of a part is your young sovereign playing in this hopeless throng ? They are compromising him, and making him responsible for everything that takes place. A sovereign has no right to be with his army unless he is a general,” said he, evidently intending these words to be taken as a direct challenge to the Russian emperor. Napoleon was well aware how desirous the Emperor Alexander was to be a military commander.

“The campaign has not been begun a week, and you could not defend Vilno. You are cut in two, and driven out of the Polish provinces. Your army is already grumbling.”

* *Tout cela il l'aurait du à mon amitié. Ah ! quel beau regne ! quel beau regne ! — Quel beau regne aurait pu celui de l'empereur Alexandre.*

"On the contrary, your majesty," said Balashof, scarcely remembering what had been said to him, and finding it hard to follow this pyrotechnic of words, "the troops are full of zeal" —

"I know all about it," said Napoleon, interrupting him. "I know the whole story; and I know the contingent of your battalions as well as that of my own. You have not two hundred thousand men; and I have three times as many. I give you my word of honor," said Napoleon, who forgot that his word of honor might have very little weight, — "I give you my word of honor that I have five hundred and thirty thousand men on this side of the Vistula. The Turks will be no help to you: they are never of any use; and they have proved this by making peace with you. The Swedes — it is their fate to be ruled by madmen. Their king was crazy: they got rid of him, and chose another — Bernadotte, who instantly lost his wits: because it is sure proof of madness that a Swede should enter into alliance with Russia."

Napoleon uttered this with a vicious sneer, and again carried the snuff-box to his nose.

To each of Napoleon's propositions, Balashof was ready and willing to give an answer; he kept making the gestures of a man who has somewhat to say; but Napoleon gave him no chance to speak. In refutation of the Swedes being mad, Balashof was anxious to state that Sweden was isolated if Russia were against her; but Napoleon interrupted him, shouting at the top of his voice, so as to drown his words. Napoleon had worked himself up into that state of irritation in which a man must talk, and talk, and talk, if for nothing else but to convince himself that he is in the right of a question.

Balashof began to grow uncomfortable: as an envoy he began to fear that he was compromising his dignity; and he felt it incumbent upon him to reply; but, as a man, he had a moral shrinking before the assault of such unreasonable fury as had evidently come upon Napoleon. He was aware that anything Napoleon might say in such circumstances had no special significance; that he himself, when he came to think it over, would be ashamed. Balashof stood with eyes cast down, looking at Napoleon's restless stout legs, and tried to avoid meeting his eyes.

"But what do I care for your allies?" demanded Napoleon. "I too have allies — these Poles, eighty thousand of them;

they fight like lions, and there will be two hundred thousand of them."

And, probably, still more excited by the fact that in making this statement he was uttering a palpable falsehood, and by Balashof standing there, in silent submission to his fate, he abruptly turned back, came close to Balashof, and, making rapid and energetic gestures with his white hands, he almost screamed, —

"Understand! If you incite Prussia against me, I assure you, I will wipe her off from the map of Europe," said he, his face pale and distorted with rage, and energetically striking one white hand against the other. "Yes, and I will drive you beyond the Dwina and the Dnieper; and I will erect against you that barrier which Europe was stupid and blind enough to permit to be overthrown. That is what will become of you, that is what you will have lost in alienating me," said he, and once more began to pace the room in silence, a number of times jerking his stout shoulders.

He replaced his snuff-box in his waistcoat pocket, took it out again, carried it to his nose several times, and halted directly in front of Balashof. He stood thus without speaking, and gazed directly into Balashof's eyes, with a satirical expression; then he said, in a low tone, —

"*Et cependant quel beau regne aurait pu avoir votre maître* — what a glorious reign your master might have had!"

Balashof, feeling it absolutely indispensable to make some answer, declared that affairs did not present themselves to the eyes of the Russians in such a gloomy aspect. Napoleon said nothing, but continued to look at him with the same satirical expression, and apparently had not heard what he said. Balashof declared that in Russia the highest hopes were entertained of the issue of the war. Napoleon tossed his head condescendingly, as much as to say, "I know it is your duty to say so, but you do not believe it; my arguments have convinced you."

When Balashof had finished what he had to say, Napoleon once more raised his snuff-box, took a sniff from it, and then stamped twice on the floor, as a signal. The door was flung open: a chamberlain, respectfully approaching, handed the emperor his hat and gloves; another brought him his handkerchief. Napoleon, not even looking at them, addressed Balashof, —

"Assure the Emperor Alexander, in my name," said he, as he took his hat, "that I esteem him as warmly as before: I

know him thoroughly, and I highly appreciate his lofty qualities. *Je ne vous retiens plus, général : vous recevrez ma lettre à l'empereur.*"

And Napoleon swiftly disappeared through the door. All in the reception-room hurried forward and down the stairs.

CHAPTER VII.

AFTER all that Napoleon had said to him, after those explosions of wrath, and after those last words spoken so coldly, "*Je ne vous retiens plus, général : vous recevrez ma lettre.*" Balashof was convinced that Napoleon would not only have no further desire to see him, but would rather avoid seeing him, a humiliated envoy, and, what was more, a witness of his undignified heat. But, to his amazement, he received through Duroc an invitation to dine that day with the emperor.

The guests were Bessières, Caulaincourt, and Berthier.

Napoleon met Balashof with a cheerful face and affably. There was not the slightest sign of awkwardness or self-reproach for his outburst of the morning, but, on the contrary, he tried to put Balashof at his ease. It was plain to see that Napoleon was perfectly persuaded that there was no possibility of his making any mistakes and that in his understanding of things all that he did was well, not because it was brought into comparison with the standards of right and wrong, but simply because *he* did it.

The emperor was in excellent spirits after his ride through Vilno, where he was received and followed by the acclamations of a throng of people. In all the windows along the streets where he passed were displayed tapestries, flags, and decorations ornamented with his monogram, while Polish ladies saluted him and waved their handkerchiefs.

At dinner he had Balashof seated next himself and treated him not only cordially but as though he considered him one of his own courtiers, one of those who sympathized in his plan and rejoiced in his success. Among other topics of conversation he brought up Moscow and began to ask Balashof about the Russian capital, not merely as an inquisitive traveller asks about a new place which he has in mind to visit, but as though he were convinced that Balashof, as a Russian, must be flattered by his curiosity.

"How many inhabitants are there in Moscow? How many

houses? Is it a fact that Moscow is called *Moscou la Sainte*? How many churches are there in Moscow?" he asked.

And when told that there were upwards of two hundred he asked, "What is the good of such a host of churches?"

"The Russians are very religious," replied Balashof.

"Nevertheless a great number of monasteries and churches is always a sign that a people are backward," said Napoleon, glancing at Caulaincourt for confirmation in this opinion.

Balashof respectfully begged leave to differ from the French emperor's opinion.

"Every country has its own customs," said he.

"But nowhere else in Europe is there anything like it," remarked Napoleon.

"I beg your majesty's pardon," replied Balashof. "There is Spain as well as Russia where monasteries and churches abound."

This reply of Balashof's, which had a subtle hint at the recent defeat of the French in Spain, was considered very clever when Balashof repeated it at the Emperor Alexander's court; but it was not appreciated at Napoleon's table, and passed unnoticed.

The indifferent and perplexed faces of the marshals plainly betrayed the fact that they did not understand where the point of the remark came in, or realize Balashof's insinuation. "If that had been witty, then we should have understood it; consequently it could not have been witty," the marshals' faces seemed to say. So little was this remark appreciated that even Napoleon did not notice it, and *naïvely* asked Balashof the names of the cities through which the direct road to Moscow led.

Balashof, who throughout the dinner was on the alert, replied, "Just as all roads lead to Rome, so all roads lead to Moscow;" that there were many roads, and that among these different routes was the one that passed through Pultava, which Charles XII. had chosen. Thus replied Balashof, involuntarily flushing with delight at the cleverness of this answer. Balashof had hardly pronounced the word "Pultava" when Caulaincourt began to complain of the difficulties of the route from Petersburg to Moscow and to recall his Petersburg experiences.

After dinner they went into Napoleon's cabinet to drink their coffee; four days before it had been the Emperor Alexander's cabinet; Napoleon sat down, stirring his coffee in a Sèvres cup and pointed Balashof to a chair near him.

There is a familiar state of mind that comes over a man

after a dinner, and, acting with greater force than all the dictates of mere reason, compels him to be satisfied with himself and to consider all men his friends. Napoleon was now in this comfortable mental condition. It seemed to him that he was surrounded by men who adored him. He was persuaded that even Balashof, after having eaten dinner with him, was his friend and worshipper. Napoleon addressed him with a pleasant and slightly satirical smile. —

“This is the very room, I am informed, which the Emperor Alexander used. Strange, isn’t it, general?” he asked, evidently not having any idea that such a remark could fail to be agreeable to his guest, as it insinuated that he, Napoleon, was superior to Alexander.

Balashof could have nothing to reply to this, and merely inclined his head.

“Yes, in this room, four days ago, Winzengerode and Stein were holding council,” pursued Napoleon with the same self-confident, satirical smile. “What I cannot understand is that the Emperor Alexander has taken to himself all my personal enemies. I do not — understand it. Has it never occurred to him that I might do the same thing?” And this question directed to Balashof evidently aroused his recollection of the cause of his morning’s fury, which was still fresh in his mind.

“And have him know that I will do so,” said Napoleon, getting up and pushing away his cup. “I will drive all his kindred out of Germany. — those of Würtemberg, Weimar, Baden — yes, I will drive them all out. Let him be getting ready for them an asylum in Russia!”

Balashof bowed, and signified that he was anxious to withdraw, and that he listened simply because he could not help listening to what Napoleon said. But Napoleon paid no heed to this motion; he addressed Balashof not as his enemy’s envoy, but as a man who was for the time being entirely devoted to him and must needs rejoice in the humiliation of his former master.

“And why has the Emperor Alexander assumed the command of his forces? What is the reason of it? War is my trade, and his is to rule and not to command armies. Why has he taken upon him such responsibilities?”

Napoleon again took his snuff-box, silently strode several times from one end of the room to the other, and then suddenly and unexpectedly went straight up to Balashof and with a slight smile he unhesitatingly, swiftly, simply, — as though he were doing something not only important, but rather even agreeable

to Balashof, — put his hand into his face and, taking hold of his ear, gave it a little pull, the smile being on his lips alone. To have one's ear pulled by the Emperor was considered the greatest honor and favor at the French court.

“*Eh bien, vous ne dites rien, admirateur et courtisan de l'Empereur Alexandre?*” asked Napoleon, as though it were an absurdity in his presence to be an admirer and courtier of any one besides himself. “Are the horses ready for the general?” he added, slightly bending his head in answer to Balashof's bow. “Give him mine, he has *far to go*.”

The letter which was intrusted to Balashof was the last that Napoleon ever wrote to Alexander. All the particulars of the interview were communicated to the Russian emperor, and the war began.

CHAPTER VIII.

AFTER his interview with Pierre, Prince Andrei went to Petersburg on business, as he told his relatives, but in reality to find Prince Anatol Kuragin there, since he considered it his bounden duty to fight him. But Kuragin, whom he inquired after as soon as he reached Petersburg, was no longer there. Pierre had sent word to his brother-in-law that Prince Andrei was in search of him. Anatol Kuragin had immediately secured an appointment from the minister of war, and gone to the Moldavian army.

During this visit to Petersburg Prince Andrei met Kutuzof, his former general, who was always well disposed to him, and Kutuzof proposed that he should go with him to the Moldavian army, of which the old general had been appointed commander-in-chief. Prince Andrei, having thereupon received his appointment as one of the commander's staff, started for Turkey.

Prince Andrei felt that it would not be becoming to write Kuragin and challenge him. Having no new pretext for a duel, he felt that a challenge from him would compromise the Countess Rostova, and therefore he sought for a personal interview with Kuragin, when he hoped he should be able to invent some new pretext for the duel. But in Turkey also he failed of finding Kuragin, who had returned to Russia as soon as he learned of Prince Andrei's arrival.

In a new country, and under new conditions, life began to seem easier to Prince Andrei. After the faithlessness of his

betrothed, which had affected him all the more seriously from his very endeavor to conceal from all the grief that it had really caused him, the conditions of life in which he had found so much happiness had grown painful to him, and still more painful the very freedom and independence which he had in times gone by prized so highly. He not only ceased to harbor those thoughts which had for the first time occurred to him as he looked at the heavens on the field of Austerlitz, which he so loved to develop with Pierre, and which were the consolations of his solitude at Bogucharovo, and afterwards in Switzerland and Rome, but he even feared to bring up the recollection of these thoughts, which opened up such infinite and bright horizons. He now concerned himself solely with the narrowest and most practical interests, entirely disconnected with the past, and busied himself with these with all the greater avidity because the things that were past were kept from his remembrance. That infinite, ever-retreating vault of the heavens which at that former time had arched above him had, as it were, suddenly changed into one low and finite oppression, where all was clear, but there was nothing eternal and mysterious.

Of all the activities that offered themselves to his choice, the military service was the simplest and best known to him. Accepting the duties of general inspector on Kutuzof's staff, he entered into his work so doggedly and perseveringly that Kutuzof was amazed at his zeal and punctuality. Not finding Kuragin in Turkey, he did not think it worth his while to follow him back to Russia; but still he was well aware that, no matter how long a time should elapse, it would be impossible for him, in spite of all the scorn which he felt for him, in spite of all the arguments which he used in his own mind to prove that he ought not to stoop to any encounter with him, he was aware, I say, that if ever he met him he would be obliged to challenge him, just as a starving man throws himself on food. And this consciousness that the insult had not yet been avenged, that his anger had not been vented, but still lay on his heart, poisoned that artificial serenity which Prince Andrei by his apparently indefatigable and somewhat ambitious and ostentatious activity procured for himself in Turkey.

When, in 1812, the news of the war with Napoleon reached Bukharest, — where for two months Kutuzof had been living, spending his days and nights with his Wallachian mistress, — Prince Andrei asked his permission to be transferred to the western army. Kutuzof, who had already grown weary of the

excess of Bolkonsky's activity, which was a constant reproach to his own indolence, willingly granted his request, and gave him a commission to Barclay de Tolly.

Before joining the army, which, during the month of May, was encamped at Drissa, Prince Andrei drove to Luisiya Gorui, which was directly in his route, being only three versts from the Smolensk highway.

During the last three years of Prince Andrei's life, there had been so many changes, he had thought so much, felt so much, seen so much, — for he had travelled through both the east and the west, — that he felt a sense of strangeness, of unexpected amazement, to find at Luisiya Gorui exactly the same manner of life even to the smallest details. As he entered the driveway, and passed the stone gates that guarded his paternal home, it seemed as though it were an enchanted castle, where everything was fast asleep. The same sobriety, the same neatness, the same quietude reigned in the house; the same furniture, the same walls, the same sounds, the same odor, and the same timid faces, only grown a little older.

The Princess Mariya was the same timid, plain body, only grown into an old maid, and living out the best years of her life in fear and eternal moral sufferings, without profit and without happiness. Bourienne was the same coquettish, self-satisfied person, cheerfully getting profit out of every moment of her life, and consoling herself with the most exuberant hopes; only it seemed to Prince Andrei that she showed an increase of assurance.

The tutor, Dessalles, whom Prince Andrei had brought from Switzerland, wore an overcoat of Russian cut; his unmanageable tongue involved itself in Russian speech with the servants, but otherwise he was the same pious and pedantical tutor of somewhat limited intelligence.

The only physical change in the old prince was a gap left by the loss of a tooth, from one corner of his mouth; morally, he was just the same as before, only with an accentuation of his ugly temper, and his distrust in the genuineness of everything that was done in the world.

Nikolushka, with his rosy cheeks and dark, curly hair, had been the one person to grow and change; and, unconsciously, gay and merry, he lifted the upper lip of his pretty little mouth, just as the lamented princess, his mother, had done. He, alone, refused to obey the laws of immutability in this enchanted, sleeping castle. But, though externally everything remained as it had always been, the internal relations

of all these people had altered since Prince Andrei had seen them.

The members of the household were divided into two alien and hostile camps, which made common cause now simply because he was there, — for his sake changing the ordinary course of their lives. To the one party belonged the old prince, Bourienne, and the architect: to the other, the Princess Mariya, Dessalles, Nikolushka, and all the women of the establishment.

During his brief stay at Luisiya Gorui, all the family dined together; but it was awkward for them all, and Prince Andrei felt that he was a guest for whose sake an exception was made, and that his presence was a constraint upon them. At dinner, the first day, Prince Andrei, having this consciousness, was involuntarily taciturn; and the old prince, remarking the unnaturalness of his behavior, also relapsed into a moody silence, and, immediately after dinner, retired to his room. When, later, Prince Andrei joined him there, and, with the desire of entertaining him, began to tell him about the young Count Kamiensky's campaign, the old prince unexpectedly broke out into a tirade against the Princess Mariya, blaming her for her superstition, and her dislike of Mademoiselle Bourienne, who, according to him, was the only person truly devoted to him.

The old prince laid the cause of his feeble health entirely to the Princess Mariya, insisting that she all the time annoyed and exasperated him; and that, by her injudicious coddling, and foolish talk, she was spoiling the little Prince Nikolai. The old prince was perfectly well aware that it was he who tormented his daughter, and that her life was rendered exceedingly trying; but he was also aware that he could not help tormenting her, and that she deserved it.

"Why does not Prince Andrei, who sees how things are, say anything to me about his sister?" wondered the old prince. "He thinks, I suppose, that I am a wicked monster, or an old idiot, who has unreasonably estranged himself from his daughter, and taken a Frenchwoman in her place. He does not understand; and so I must explain to him, and he must listen to me," thought the old prince. And he began to expound the reasons that made it impossible to endure his daughter's absurd character.

"Since you ask my opinion," said Prince Andrei, not looking at his father — for he was condemning him for the first time in his life — "but I did not wish to talk about it; since you ask me, however, I will tell you frankly my opinion, in

regard to this matter. If there is any misunderstanding and discord between you and Masha, I could never blame her for it, for I know how she loves and reveres you. And if you ask me further," pursued Prince Andrei, giving way to his irritation, because he had become of late exceedingly prone to fits of irritation, "then I must have one thing to say: if there is any such misunderstanding, the cause of it is that vulgar woman, who is unworthy to be my sister's companion."

The old man at first gazed at his son with staring eyes, and, by his forced smile, uncovered the new gap caused by the loss of the tooth, to which Prince Andrei could not accustom himself.

"What companion, my dear? Ha! Have you already been talking that over? Ha!"

"Bátyushka, I do not wish to judge you," said Prince Andrei, in a sharp and choleric voice; "but you have driven me to it; and I have said, and always shall say, that the Princess Mariya is not to blame; but they are to blame—the little Frenchwoman is to blame"—

"Ha! you condemn me! you condemn me!" cried the old man, in a subdued voice, and with what seemed confusion to Prince Andrei; but then suddenly he sprang up, and screamed,—

"Away! away with you! Don't dare to come here again!"

Prince Andrei intended to take his departure immediately; but the Princess Mariya begged him to stay another day. He did not meet his father that day: the old prince kept in his room, and admitted no one except Mademoiselle Bourienne and Tikhon; but he inquired several times whether his son had yet gone. On the following day, just before dinner, Prince Andrei went to his little son's apartment. The blooming lad, with his curly hair, just like his mother's, sat on his knee. Prince Andrei began to tell him the story of Bluebeard; but, right in the midst of it, he lost the thread, and fell into a brown study. He did not give a thought to this pretty little lad, his son, while he held him on his knee, but he was thinking about himself. With a sense of horror, he sought, and failed to find, any remorse in the fact that he had exasperated his father; and no regret that he was about to leave him—after the first quarrel that they had ever had in their lives. More serious than all else was his discovery that he did not feel the affection for his son which he hoped to arouse, as of old, by caressing the lad and taking him on his knee.

"Well, go on, papa!" said the boy. Prince Andrei, without responding, set him down from his knees, and left the room. The moment Prince Andrei suspended his daily occupations, and especially the moment he encountered the former conditions of his life, in which he had been engaged in the old, happy days, the anguish of life took possession of him with fresh force; and he made all haste to leave the scene of these recollections, and to find occupation as soon as possible.

"Are you really going, André?" asked his sister.

"Thank God, I can go," replied Prince Andrei. "I am very sorry that you cannot also."

"What makes you say so?" exclaimed his sister. "Why do you say so, now that you are going to this terrible war? and he is so old! Mademoiselle Bourienne told me that he had asked after you." As soon as she recalled this subject, her lips trembled, and the tears rained down her cheeks. Prince Andrei turned away, and began to pace up and down the room.

"Oh! my God! my God!"* he cried. "And how do you conceive that any one — that such a contemptible creature can bring unhappiness to others!" he exclaimed, with such an outburst of anger that it frightened the Princess Mariya. She understood that, in speaking of "such contemptible creatures," he had reference not alone to Mademoiselle Bourienne, who had caused him misery, but also to that man who had destroyed his happiness.

"André! one thing I want to ask you; I beg of you," said she, lightly touching his elbow and gazing at him with her eyes shining through her tears. — "I understand you." — The Princess Mariya dropped her eyes. — "Do not think that sorrow is caused by men. Men are *His* instruments." She gazed somewhat above her brother's head, with that confident look that people have who are accustomed to look at the place where they know a portrait hangs. "Sorrow is sent by Him, and comes not from men. Men are His instruments; they are not accountable. If it seem to you that any one is culpable toward you, forget it and forgive. We have no right to punish. And you will find happiness in forgiving."

"If I were a woman I would, Marie! Forgiveness is a woman's virtue. But a man has no right and no power to forgive and forget," said he, and, although he was not at that instant thinking of Kuragin, all his unsatisfied vengeance suddenly surged up in his heart. "If the Princess Mariya at

* *Akh! Bozhe moi! Bozhe moi!*

this late day urges me to forgive, it is proof positive that I ought long ago to have punished," he said to himself. And, not stopping to argue with his sister, he began to dream of that joyful moment of revenge when he should meet Kuragin, who (as he knew) had gone to the army.

The Princess Mariya urged her brother to delay his journey yet another day, assuring him how unhappy her father would be if Andrei went off without a reconciliation with him; but Prince Andrei replied that in all probability he should soon return from the army, that he would certainly write to his father, and that now the longer he staid the more bitter this quarrel would become.

"Adieu, André! remember that sorrows come from God, and that men are never accountable for them;" those were the last words that his sister said as they bade each other farewell.

"Such is our fate!" said Prince Andrei to himself as he turned out of the avenue of the Luisogorsky mansion. "She, poor innocent creature, is left to be devoured by this crazy old man. The old man is conscious that he is doing wrong, but he cannot change his nature. My little lad is growing up and enjoying life, though he will become like all the rest of us, deceivers or deceived. I am going to the army—for what purpose I myself do not know, and I am anxious to meet a man, whom I despise, so as to give him a chance to kill me and exult over me."

In days gone by the same conditions of life had existed, but then there was a single purpose ramifying through them and connecting them, but now everything was in confusion. Isolated, illogical thoughts, devoid of connection, arose one after another in Prince Andrei's mind.

CHAPTER IX.

PRINCE ANDREI reached the army headquarters toward the first of July. The troops of the first division, commanded by the sovereign in person, were intrenched in a fortified camp on the Drissa; the troops of the second division were in retreat though they were endeavoring to join the first, from which, as the report went, they had been cut off by a strong force of the French. All were dissatisfied with the general conduct of military affairs in the Russian army; but no one ever dreamed of any of the Russian provinces being invaded, and no one had

supposed that the war would be carried beyond the western government of Poland.

Prince Andrei found Barclay de Tolly on the bank of the Drissa. As there was no large town or village within easy reach of the camp, all this enormous throng of generals and courtiers who were present with the army were scattered in the best houses of the little villages for a distance of ten versts from the camp, on both sides of the river.

Barclay de Tolly was stationed about four versts from the sovereign.

He gave Bolkonsky a dry and chilling welcome, and, speaking in his strong German accent, told him that he should have to send in his name to the sovereign for any definite employment, but proposed that for the time being he should remain on his staff. Anatol Kuragin, whom Prince Andrei hoped to find at the army, was no longer there; he had gone to Petersburg, and this news was agreeable to Bolkonsky. He was absorbed in the interest of being at the very centre of a mighty war just beginning, and he was glad to be, for a short time, freed from the provocation which the thought of Kuragin produced in him.

During the first four days, as no special duties were required of him, Prince Andrei made the circuit of the whole fortified camp, and by the aid of his natural intelligence and by making inquiries of men who were well informed he managed to acquire a very definite comprehension of the position. But the question whether this camp were advantageous or not remained undecided in his mind. He had already come to the conclusion, founded on his own military experience, that even those plans laid with the profoundest deliberation are of little consequence in battle—how plainly he had seen this on the field of Austerlitz!—that everything depends on what was done to meet the unexpected and impossible-to-be-foreseen tactics of the enemy, that all depended on how and by whom the affair was conducted.

Therefore in order to settle this last question in his own mind Prince Andrei, taking advantage of his position and his acquaintances, tried to penetrate the character of the administration of the armies, and of the persons and parties that took part in it, and he drew up for his own benefit the following digest of the position of affairs.

While the sovereign was still at Vilno, the troops had been divided into three armies: the first was placed under command of Barclay de Tolly; the second under the command of

Bagration; the third under command of Tormasof. The emperor was present with the first division, but not in his quality of commander-in-chief. In the orders of the day it was simply announced that the sovereign would — not take command, but would simply be present with the army. Moreover the sovereign had no personal staff, as would have been the case had he been commander-in-chief, but only a staff appropriate to the imperial headquarters. Attached to him were the chief of the imperial staff, the General-Quartermaster Prince Volkonsky, generals, flügeladjutants, diplomatic *chinnorniks* and a great throng of foreigners; but these did not form a military staff. Besides these there were attached to his person, but without special functions, Arakcheyef, the ex-minister of war; Count Benigsen, with the rank of senior general; the grand duke, the Tsesarevitch Konstantin Pavlovitch, Count Rumyantsef; the Chancellor Stein, who had been Minister in Prussia; Arnfeldt, a Swedish general; Pfuhl, the principal originator of the plan of the campaign; Paulucci, general-adjutant and a Sardinian refugee; Woltzogen, and many others.

Although these individuals were present without any special military function, still by their peculiar position they wielded a powerful influence, and oftentimes the chief of the corps, and even the commander-in-chief, did not know in what capacity Benigsen or the Grand Duke or Arakcheyef or Prince Volkonsky asked questions or proffered advice, and could not tell whether such and such an order, couched in the form of a piece of advice, emanated from the speaker or the sovereign, and whether it was incumbent upon him or not incumbent upon him to carry it out. But these were merely a stage accessory; the essential idea why the emperor was present and all these men were present was perfectly palpable to all from the point of view of courtiers, and in the presence of the sovereign all were courtiers.

This idea was as follows: The monarch did not assume the title of commander-in-chief, but he exercised control over all the troops; the men who surrounded him were his aids; Arakcheyef was the faithful guardian of law and order, and the sovereign's body guard. Benigsen was a landowner in the Vilno government, who, as it were, did *les honneurs* of the region, and in reality was an excellent general, useful in council, and ready, in case he were needed, to take Barclay's place. The Grand Duke was there because it was a pleasure for him to be. Ex-Minister Stein was there because he was needed to give advice, and because

the Emperor Alexander had a very high opinion of his personal qualities. Armfeldt was Napoleon's bitter enemy, and a general possessed of great confidence in his own ability, which always had an influence upon Alexander. Paulucci was there because he was bold and resolute in speech. The general-adjutants were there because they were always attendant on the sovereign's movements; and, last and not least, Pfuhl was there because he had conceived a plan for the campaign against Napoleon, and had induced Alexander to place his confidence in the expedience of this plan, thereby directing the entire action of the war. Pfuhl was attended by Woltzogen, a keen, self-conceited cabinet theorist, who scorned all things, and had the skill to dress Pfuhl's schemes in a more pleasing form than Pfuhl himself could.

In addition to these individuals already mentioned, Russians and foreigners, — especially foreigners, who each day proposed new and unexpected plans with that boldness characteristic of men engaged in activities in a land not their own, — there were a throng of subordinates who were present with the army because their principals were there.

Amid all the plans and voices in this tremendous, restless, brilliant, and haughty world, Prince Andrei distinguished the following sharply outlined subdivisions of tendencies and parties.

The first party consisted of Pfuhl and his followers, military theorists, who believed that there was such a thing as a science of war, and that this science had its immutable laws — the laws for oblique movements, for outflanking, and so on. Pfuhl and his followers insisted on retreating into the interior of the country, according to definite principles prescribed by the so-styled science of war, and in every departure from this theory they saw nothing but barbarism, ignorance, or evil intentions. To this party belonged the German princes, and Woltzogen, Winzengerode, and others; notably the Germans.

The second party was diametrically opposed to the first. And, as always happens, they went to quite opposite extremes. The men of this party were those who insisted on making Vilno the base of a diversion into Poland, and demanded to be freed from all preconceived plans. Not only were the leaders of this party the representatives of the boldest activity, but at the same time they were also the representatives of nationalism, in consequence of which they showed all the more urgency in maintaining their side of the dispute. Such were the Russians Bagration, Yermolof, — who was just beginning

to come into prominence, — and many others. It was at this time that Yermolof's famous jest was quoted extensively: it was said that he asked the emperor to grant him the favor of promoting him to be a German! The men of this party recalled Suvórof, and declared that there was no need of making plans or marking the map up with pins, but to fight, to beat the foe, not to let him enter Russia, and not to let the army lose heart.

The third party, in which the sovereign placed the greatest confidence, consisted of those courtiers who tried to find a happy mean between the two previous tendencies. These men — for the most part civilians, and Arakcheyef was in their number — thought and talked as men usually talk who have no convictions, and do not wish to show their lack of them. They declared that unquestionably the war, especially with such a genius as Bonaparte, — for they now called him Bonaparte again, — demanded the profoundest consideration, and a thorough knowledge of the science, and, in this respect, Pfuhl was endowed with genius; but, at the same time, it was impossible not to acknowledge that theorists were apt to be one-sided, and, therefore, it was impossible to have perfect confidence in them; it was necessary to heed also what Pfuhl's opposers had to say, and also what was said by men who had had practical experience in military affairs, and then to balance the two. The men of this party insisted on retaining the camp along the Drissa, according to Pfuhl's plan, but in changing the movements of the other divisions.

The fourth decided tendency was the one of which the ostensible representative was the Grand Duke, the Tsesaré-vitch * Konstantin, heir-apparent to the throne, who could not forget his disappointment at the battle of Austerlitz, when he rode out at the head of his guards, dressed in casque and jacket as for a parade, expecting to drive the French gallantly before him, and, unexpectedly finding himself within range of the enemy's guns, was by main force involved in the general confusion. The men of this party showed in their opinions both sincerity and lack of sincerity. They were afraid of Napoleon; they saw that he was strong while they were weak, and they had no hesitation in saying so. They said, "Nothing but misfortune, ignominy, and defeat will come out of all this. Here we have abandoned Vilno; we have abandoned

* Any son of the Tsar is properly *tsarévitch*, but the crown prince bears the distinctive title *tsesaré-vitch* (literally, son of the Cæsar). Count Tolstoi emphasizes his position by using also the term *naslyédnik*, successor, heir.

Vitebsk ; we shall abandon the Drissa in like manner. The only thing left for us to do in all reason is to conclude peace, and as speedily as possible, before we are driven out of Petersburg."

This opinion, widely current in the upper spheres of the army, found acceptance also in Petersburg, and was supported by the Chancellor Rumyantsef, who for other reasons of state was also anxious for peace.

A fifth party was formed by those who were partisans of Barclay de Tolly not as a man, but simply because he was minister of war and commander-in-chief. These said, "Whatever he is,"—and that was the way they always began,— "he is an honest, capable man, and he has no superior. Give him actual power because the war can never come to any successful issue without some one in sole control, and then he will show what he can do, just as he proved it in Finland. We owe it to this Barclay, and to him alone, that our forces are well organized and powerful, and made the retreat to the Drissa without suffering any loss. If now Barclay is replaced by Benigsen all will go to rack and ruin, because Benigsen made an exhibition of his incapacity in 1807," said the men of this party.

A sixth party—the Benigsenists—claimed the contrary; that there was no one more capable and experienced than Benigsen, "and, however far they go out of his way, they'll have to return to him." "Let them make their mistakes now!" And the men of this party argued that our whole retreat to the Drissa was a disgraceful defeat and an uninterrupted series of blunders. "The more blunders they make now the better, or, at least, the sooner they will discover that things cannot go on in this way," said they. "Such a man as Barclay is not needed, but a man like Benigsen, who showed what he was in 1807. Napoleon himself has done him justice, and he is a man whose authority all would gladly recognize, and such a man is Benigsen and no one else."

The seventh party consisted of individuals such as are always found especially around young monarchs—and Alexander the emperor had a remarkable number of such—namely, generals and flügel-adjutants who were passionately devoted to their sovereign, not in his quality as emperor, but worshipped him as a man, heartily and disinterestedly, just as Rostof had worshipped him in 1805, and saw in him not only all virtues but all human qualities. These individuals, although they praised their sovereign's modesty in declining to assume

the duties of commander-in-chief, still criticised this excess of modesty, and had only one desire which they insisted upon, that their adored monarch, overcoming his excessive lack of confidence in himself, should openly announce that he would take his place at the head of his armies, gather around him the appropriate staff of a commander-in-chief, and, while consulting in cases of necessity with theorists and practical men of experience, himself lead his troops, who by this mere fact would be roused to the highest pitch of enthusiasm.

The eighth and by all odds the largest group of individuals, which in comparison with the others all put together would rank as ninety-nine to one, consisted of men who desired neither peace nor war nor offensive operations, nor a defensive camp on the Drissa or anywhere else, nor Barclay, nor the sovereign, nor Pfuhl, nor Benigsen, but simply wished one and the same essential thing:—the utmost possible advantages and enjoyments for themselves. In these troubled waters of intertangled and complicated intrigues such as abounded at the sovereign's headquarters, it became possible to succeed in many things which would have been infeasible at any other time. One whose sole desire was not to lose his advantageous position was to-day on Pfuhl's side, to-morrow allied with his opponent, on the day following, for the sake merely of shirking responsibility and pleasing the sovereign, would declare that he had no opinion in regard to some well-known matter.

A second, anxious to curry favor, would attract the sovereign's attention by boisterously advocating at the top of his voice something which the sovereign had merely hinted at the day before, by arguing and yelling at the council meeting, pounding himself in the chest and challenging to a duel any one who took the other side, and thereby show how ready he was to be a martyr for the public weal.

A third would simply demand between two meetings of the council and while his enemies were out of sight a definitive subvention in return for his faithful service of the state, knowing very well that they would never be able to refuse him. A fourth would forever by the merest chance let the sovereign see how overwhelmed with work he was! A fifth, in order to attain his long cherished ambition of being invited to dine at the sovereign's table, would stubbornly argue the right or wrong of some newly conceived opinion and bring up for this purpose more or less powerful and well founded arguments.

All the men of this party were hungry for rubles, honorary

crosses, promotions, and in their pursuit of these things they watched the direction of the weathercock of the sovereign's favor, and just as soon as it was seen that the weathercock pointed in any one direction all this population of military drones would begin to blow in the same direction so that it was sometimes all the harder for the sovereign to change about to the other side. In this uncertainty of position, in presence of the real danger that was threatening and which impressed upon everything a peculiarly disquieting character, amid this vortex of intrigues, selfish ambitions, collisions, diverse opinions and feelings, with all the variety of nationalities represented by all these men, this eighth and by far the largest party of men, occupied with private interests, gave great complication and confusion to affairs in general. Whatever question came up, instantly this swarm of drones, before they had finished their buzzing over the previous theme, would fly off to the new one and deafen every one and entirely drown out the genuine voices who had something of worth to say.

Just about the time that Prince Andrei arrived at the army, still a ninth party was forming out of all these others, and beginning to let its voice be heard. This was the party of veteran statesmen, men of sound wisdom and experience, who, sharing in none of all these contradictory opinions, were able to look impartially upon all that was going on at headquarters and to devise means for escaping from this vagueness, indecision, confusion, and weakness.

The men of this party said and thought that nothing but mischief resulted pre-eminently from the presence of the sovereign with a military court at the front, introducing into the army that indeterminate, conditional, and fluctuating irregularity of relations which, however useful at court, were ruinous to the troops; that it was the monarch's business to govern, and not to direct the army; that the only cure for all these troubles was for the sovereign and his court to take their departure; that the mere fact of the emperor being with the army paralyzed the movements of fifty thousand men who were required to protect him from personal peril; that the most incompetent general-in-chief, if he were independent, would be better than the best, hampered by the sovereign's presence.

While Prince Andrei was at Drissa, without stated position, Shishkof, the imperial secretary, who was one of the chief members of this faction, wrote the sovereign a letter which Balashof and Arakcheyef agreed to sign. Taking advantage

of the permission accorded him by the sovereign to make suggestions concerning the general course of events, he respectfully, and under the pretext that it was necessary for the sovereign to stir the people of the capital to fresh enthusiasm for this war, in this letter proposed that he should leave the army.

The fanning of the enthusiasm of the people by the sovereign and his summons to defend the fatherland—the very thing which led to the ultimate triumph of Russia and to which so largely his personal presence in Moscow contributed—was therefore offered to the emperor and accepted by him as a pretext for quitting the army.

CHAPTER X.

THIS letter had not as yet been placed in the sovereign's hands, when Barclay at dinner informed Bolkonsky that his majesty would be pleased to have a personal interview with him, in order to make some inquiries concerning Turkey, and that he, Prince Andrei, was to present himself at Benigsen's lodgings at six o'clock that evening.

On that day a report had been brought to the sovereign's residence concerning a new movement on the part of Napoleon which might prove dangerous for the army—a report which afterward proved to be false, however. And on that very same morning, Colonel Michaud, in company with the emperor, had ridden around the fortifications on the Drissa and had proved conclusively to the sovereign that this fortified camp, which had been laid out under Pfuhl's direction and had been up to that time considered a *chef d'œuvre* of tactical skill destined to be the ruin of Napoleon,—that this camp was a piece of folly and a source of danger for the Russian army.

Prince Andrei proceeded to the lodging of General Benigsen, who had established himself in a small villa on the very bank of the river. Neither Benigsen nor the sovereign was there; but Chernuishef, the emperor's flügel-adjutant, received Bolkonsky and explained that the sovereign had gone with General Benigsen and the Marchese Paulucci for a second time that day on a tour of inspection of the fortified camp of the Drissa, as to the utility of which serious doubts had begun to be conceived.

Chernuishef was sitting with a French novel at one of the

windows of the front room. This room had at one time probably been a ballroom; there still stood in it an organ on which were piled a number of rugs, and in one corner stood the folding bed belonging to Benigsen's adjutant. This adjutant was there. Apparently overcome by some merry-making or perhaps by work he lay stretched out on the bed and was fast asleep.

Two doors led from this hall; one directly into the former drawing-room, the other to the right into the library. Through the first voices were heard conversing in German and occasionally in French. Yonder, in that former drawing-room were gathered together at the sovereign's request not a council of war—for the sovereign was fond of indefiniteness—but a meeting of a number of individuals whose opinions concerning the existing difficulties he was anxious of ascertaining. It was not a council of war but a sort of committee of gentlemen convened to explain certain questions for the sovereign's personal gratification. To this semi-council were invited the Swedish general Armfeldt, General-adjutant Woltzogen, Winzengerode, whom Napoleon had called a fugitive French subject, Michaud, Toll, who was also not at all a military man, Count Stein, and finally Pfuhl himself, who, as Prince Andrei had already heard, was *la cheville ouvrière*—the mainspring—of the whole affair. Prince Andrei had an opportunity of getting a good look at him, as Pfuhl arrived shortly after he did and came into the drawing-room, where he stood for a minute or two talking with Chernuishef.

Pfuhl, dressed like a Russian general in a uniform that was clumsily constructed and set on him without the slightest attempt at a graceful fit, seemed to Prince Andrei at first glance like an old acquaintance, although he had never seen him before. He was of the same type as Weirother and Mack and Schmidt and many other German theorist-generals whom Prince Andrei had seen in 1805; but he was more characteristic of the type than all the rest. Never in his life had Prince Andrei seen a German theorist who so completely united in himself all that was typical of those Germans.

Pfuhl was short and very thin, but big-boned, of coarse, healthy build, with a broad pelvis and prominent shoulder-blades. His face was full of wrinkles, and he had deep-set eyes. His hair had been evidently brushed in some haste forward by the temples, but behind it stuck out in droll little tufts. Looking round sternly and nervously, he came into the room as though he were afraid of every one. With awkward

gesture grasping his sword, he turned to Chernuishef and asked in German where the emperor was. It was evident that he was anxious to make the round of the room as speedily as possible, to put an end to the salutations and greetings and to seat himself before the map, where alone he felt that he was quite at home. He abruptly tossed his head in reply to Chernuishef's answer and smiled ironically at the report that the sovereign had gone to inspect the fortifications which Pfuhl himself had constructed in accordance with his theory. In a deep, gruff voice characteristic of all self-conceited Germans he grumbled to himself, "Stupid blockhead! — Ruin the whole business; pretty state of things will be the result."*

Prince Andrei did not listen to him and was about to go, but Chernuishef introduced him to Pfuhl, remarking that he had just come from Turkey, where the war had been brought to a successful termination. Pfuhl gave a fleeting glance not so much at Prince Andrei as through him, and muttered with a smile, "That must have been a fine tactical campaign."† And, scornfully smiling, he went into the room where the voices were heard.

Evidently Pfuhl, who was always disposed to be ironical and irritable, was on this day especially stirred up because they had dared without him to inspect his camp and criticise him.

Prince Andrei, simply by this brief interview with Pfuhl, re-enforced by his experiences at Austerlitz, had gained a sufficiently clear insight into the character of this man. Pfuhl was one of those hopelessly, unalterably self-conceited men who would suffer martyrdom rather than yield his opinion, a genuine German, for the very reason that Germans alone are absolutely certain, in their own minds, of the solid foundation of that abstract idea, — Science; that is to say, the assumed knowledge of absolute truth.

The Frenchman is self-conceited because he considers himself individually, both as regards mind and body, irresistibly captivating to either men or women. The Englishman is conceited through his absolute conviction that he is a citizen of the most fortunately constituted kingdom in the world, and because, as an Englishman, he knows always and in all circumstances what it is requisite for him to do, and also knows that all that he does as an Englishman is correct beyond cavil. The Italian is conceited because he is excitable, and easily for-

* *Dummkopf!* — Zum Grunde die ganze Geschichte — 's wird was gescheites draus werden.

† *Da muss ein schöner tactischer Krieg gewesen sein.*

gets himself and others. The Russian is conceited for the precise reason that he knows nothing, and wishes to know nothing, because he believes that it is impossible to know anything. But the German is conceited in a worse way than all the rest, because he imagines that he knows the truth,—the science which he has himself invented, but which for him is absolute truth!

Evidently such a man was Pfuhl. He had his science,—the theory of oblique movements, which he had deduced from the history of the wars of Friedrich the Great,—and everything that he saw in the warfare of more recent date seemed to him nonsense, barbarism, ignorant collisions in which, on both sides, so many errors were committed that these wars had no right to be called wars. They did not come under his theory, and could not be judged as a subject for science.

In 1806 Pfuhl had been one of those who elaborated the plan of the campaign that culminated at Jena and Auerstadt, but the unfortunate issue of that campaign did not open his eyes to see the slightest fault in his theory. On the contrary, the fact that his theory had been, to a certain extent, abandoned, was in his mind the sole cause of the whole failure; and he said, in the tone of self-satisfied irony characteristic of him, "*Ich sagte ja dass die ganze Geschichte zum Teufel gehen werde.*"—I predicted that the whole thing would go to the deuce."

Pfuhl was one of those theorists who are so in love with their theory that they forget the object of the theory, its relation to practice. In his fanatic devotion to his theory he hated everything practical, and could not listen to it. He even delighted in the failure of any enterprise, because this failure, resulting from the abandonment of theory for practice, was proof positive to him of how correct his theory was.

He spoke a few words with Prince Andrei and Chernushkin about the existing war with the expression of a man who knew in advance that all was going to the dogs, and that he, for one, did not much regret the fact. The little tufts of unkempt hair that stuck out on his occiput, and the hastily brushed love-locks around his temples, spoke eloquently of this.

He went into the adjoining room, and instantly they heard the deep-set and querulous sounds of his voice.

CHAPTER XI.

PRINCE ANDREI had no time to let his eyes follow Pfuhl, as Count Benigsen just at that moment came hastily into the room, and, inclining his head to Bolkonsky, but not pausing, went directly into the library, giving his adjutant some order as he went. Benigsen had hurried home in advance of the sovereign in order to make some preparations, and to be there to receive him.

Chernuichef and Prince Andrei went out on the steps. The emperor, with an expression of fatigue, was dismounting from his horse. The Marchese Paulucci was making some remark. The sovereign, with his head bent over to the left, was listening with a discontented air to Paulucci, who was speaking with his usual vehemence. The sovereign started forward, evidently desirous of cutting short this harangue; but the flushed and excited Italian, forgetting the proprieties, followed him, still talking, —

“As for the man who advised this camp, the camp of Drissa,” Paulucci was saying just as the sovereign, mounting the steps and perceiving Prince Andrei, glanced into his face, though he did not recognize him. “As to him, Sire,” pursued Paulucci, in a state of desperation, as though quite unable to control himself, — “as for the man who advised this camp of Drissa, I see no other alternative for him than the insane asylum or the gallows.” *

The sovereign, not waiting for the Italian to finish what he had to say, and as though not even hearing his words, came closer to Bolkonsky, and, recognizing him, addressed him graciously, —

“Very glad to see you. Come in where the gentlemen are, and wait for me.”

The sovereign went into the library. He was followed by Prince Piotr Mikhailovitch Volkonsky and Baron Stein, and the door was shut. Prince Andrei, taking advantage of the sovereign's permission, joined Paulucci, whom he had known in Turkey, and went into the drawing-room where the council was held.

Prince Piotr Mikhailovitch Volkonsky held the position of *nachalnik*, or chief of the sovereign's staff. Volkonsky came

* Quant à celui, Sire, qui a conseillé le camp de Drissa, je ne vois pas d'autre alternative que la maison jaune ou le gibet.

out of the cabinet and carried into the drawing-room a quantity of maps and papers, and as he deposited them upon the table he communicated the questions in regard to which he was anxious to have the opinions of the gentlemen present. The questions arose from the fact that news, afterwards proved to be false, had been received the night before concerning a movement of the French toward outflanking the camp on the Drissa.

General Armfeldt was the first to begin the debate, and he unexpectedly proposed, as an escape from the impending difficulty, that they should choose an entirely new position at a little distance from the highways leading to Moscow and Petersburg; and there, as he expressed it, let the army be increased to its full strength, and await the enemy. No one could see any reason for his advocating such a scheme, unless it came from his desire to show that he, as well as the rest, had ideas of his own.

It was evident that Armfeldt had long ago evolved this scheme, and that he proposed it now not so much with the design of responding to the questions laid before the meeting — questions which this scheme of his entirely failed to answer — as it was with the design of using his chance to enunciate it. This was only one of the millions of proposals which, not having any reference to the character which the war was likely to assume, had equally as good foundations as others of the same sort for successful accomplishment.

Some of those present attacked his suggestions, others defended them. The young Colonel Toll attacked the opinions of the Swedish general more fiercely than the others, and during the discussion took out of his side pocket a manuscript note-book, which he begged permission to read. In this diffusely elaborated manuscript Toll proposed still another plan of campaign, diametrically the opposite of those suggested by Armfeldt and Pfuhl.

Paulucci, combating Toll, proposed the plan of an advance and attack, which, according to his views, was the only possible way to extricate us from the present suspense, and from the "trap," as he called the camp on the Drissa, in which we now found ourselves.

During the course of these discussions and criticisms Pfuhl and Woltzogen, his interpreter (his "bridge," in Court parlance), maintained silence. Pfuhl merely snorted scornfully and turned away, signifying that he would never sink so low as to reply to all this rubbish to which he was now listening.

So when Prince Volkonsky, as chairman of the meeting, called upon him to express his opinion, he merely said, —

“Why do you ask me? General Armfeldt has proposed a beautiful position, with the rear exposed, and you have heard about the offensive operations proposed by this Italian gentleman. *Sehr schön!* Or the retreat. *Auch gut!* So why do you ask me?” he replied; “for, you see, you yourselves know more about all this than I do.”

But when Volkonsky frowned, and said that he asked his opinion in the name of the sovereign, then Pfuhl got up, and, growing suddenly excited, began to speak: —

“You have spoiled everything, you have thrown everything into confusion. You pretend to know more about the whole thing than I do, but here you are coming to me now. How can things be remedied? There’s no possibility of remedying them. It is necessary to carry out to the letter my design, on the lines which I have laid down,” said he, pounding the table with his bony knuckles. “Where is the difficulty? Rubbish! *Kinderspiel!*” He stepped up to the table and began to talk rapidly, scratching with his finger-nail on the map, and demonstrating that no contingency could alter the effectiveness of the camp on the Drissa; that everything had been foreseen, and that if the enemy were actually to outflank them, then the enemy would be inevitably annihilated.

Paulucci, who did not understand German, began to question him in French. Woltzogen came to the aid of his leader, who spoke French but badly, and began to translate his words, though he could hardly keep up with Pfuhl, who rapidly demonstrated that everything, everything, not only what had happened but whatever could possibly happen, had been provided for in his plan, and that if there were any complications the whole blame lay simply in the fact that his plan had not been accurately carried out. He kept smiling ironically as he made his demonstration, and finally he scornfully stopped aducing arguments, just as a mathematician ceases to verify the various steps of a problem which has once been found correctly solved. Woltzogen took his place, proceeding to explain in French his ideas, and occasionally turning to Pfuhl with a “*Nicht wahr, Excellenz?*” for confirmation.

Pfuhl, like a man so excited in a battle that he attacks his own side, cried testily to his own faithful follower, to Woltzogen, “Why, of course; it’s as plain as daylight.” *

Paulucci and Michaud both at once fell on Woltzogen in

* *Nun ja! was soll denn da noch expliziert werden!*

French, Armfeldt addressed a question to Pfuhl in German, Toll explained the matter in Russian to Prince Volkonsky. Prince Andrei listened without speaking, and watched the proceedings.

Of all these individuals the exasperated, earnest, and absurdly self-conceited Pfuhl awoke the most sympathy in Prince Andrei. He alone, of all present, evidently had no taint of self-seeking, nor had he any hatred of any one, but simply desired that his plan, elaborated from his theory which had been deduced from his studies during long years, should be carried into execution. He was ridiculous, his use of sarcasm made him disagreeable; but at the same time he awakened involuntary respect by his boundless devotion to an idea.

Besides, in all the remarks made by those who were present, with the sole exception of Pfuhl's, there was one common feature which had never been manifested in the council of war in the year 1805, and this was a panic fear.—even though sophisticated,—in presence of the genius of Napoleon, which showed itself in every argument. They took it for granted that Napoleon could do anything. They looked for him on every side, and by the magic of his terrible name each one of them demolished the proposals of the other. Pfuhl alone, it seemed, regarded even Napoleon as a barbarian, like all the other opponents of his theory.

Over and above his feeling of respect for Pfuhl, Prince Andrei was conscious also of a feeling of pity for the man. By the tone in which he was addressed by the courtiers, by the way in which Paulucci had permitted himself to speak of him to the emperor, and, above all, by a certain desperate expression manifested by Pfuhl himself, it was plain to see that the others knew, and he himself felt, that his fall was at hand. And, aside from his self-conceit and his grumbling German irony, he was pitiable by reason of his hair brushed forward into little love-locks on his temples, and the little tufts standing out on his occiput. Although he did his best to dissimulate it under the guise of exasperation and scorn, he was in despair because his only chance of showing his theory on a tremendous scale, and proving it before all the world, was slipping from him.

The discussion lasted a long time, and the longer it lasted the more heated grew the arguments, which were like quarrels by reason of the raised voices and personalities; and the less possible was it to come to any general conclusion from all that was said. Prince Andrei, listening to this polyglot debate and these propositions, plans, and counter-plans, and shouts, was

simply astonished at what they all said. The idea which had early and often suggested itself to him during the time of his former military service, — that there was not, and could not be, any such thing as a military science, and consequently could not be any so-called military genius, — now seemed to him a truth beyond a peradventure.

“How can there be any theory and science in a matter the conditions and circumstances of which are unknown and cannot be determined. — in which the force employed by those who make the war is still less capable of measurement? No one can possibly know what will be the position of our army and that of the enemy’s a day from now, and no one can know what is the force of this or that division. Sometimes when there is no coward in the front to cry, ‘We are cut off,’ and to start the panic, and there is a jovial, audacious man there to shout, ‘Hurrah!’ a division of five thousand is worth thirty thousand, as was the case at Schönggraben; and sometimes fifty thousand will fly before eight, as happened at Austerlitz. What science, then, can there be in such a business, where nothing can be pre-determined, as in any practical business, and where everything depends on numberless conditions, the resolving of which is defined at some one moment, but *when* — no one can possibly foretell. Armfeldt says that our army is cut off, and Paulucci declares that we have got the French army between two fires. Michaud says that the uselessness of the camp on the Drissa consists in this, that the river is back of it, while Pfuhl declares that therein consists its strength. Toll proposes one plan, Armfeldt proposes another, and all are good and all are bad, and the advantages of each and every proposition can be proven only at the moment when the event occurs. And why do they all use the term, ‘military genius’? Is that man a genius who manages to keep his army well supplied with biscuits, and commands them to go, some to the left and some to the right? Merely because military men are clothed with glory and power, and crowds of sycophants are always ready to flatter Power, ascribing to it the inappropriate attributes of genius. On the other hand, the best generals whom I have ever known were stupid or absent-minded men. The best was Bagration; Napoleon himself called him so. And Bonaparte himself! I remember his self-satisfied and narrow-minded face on the field of Austerlitz. A good leader on the field of battle needs not genius or any of the special qualities so much as he needs the exact opposite, or the lack of these highest human qualities — love,

poetry, affection, a philosophical, investigating scepticism. He must be narrow-minded, firmly convinced that what he is doing is absolutely essential (otherwise he will not have patience), and then only will he be a brave leader. God pity him if he is a man who has any love for any one, or any pity, or has any scruples about right or wrong. It is perfectly comprehensible that in old times they invented a theory of geniuses because they held power. Credit for success in battle depends not upon them but upon that man in the ranks who cries, 'They are on us,' or who shouts, 'Hurrah.' And only in the ranks can you serve with any assurance that you are of any service."

Thus mused Prince Andrei as he listened to the arguments, and he came out of his brown study only when Paulucci called him and the meeting was already adjourned.

On the following day, during a review, the sovereign asked Prince Andrei where he preferred to serve, and Prince Andrei forever lost caste in the eyes of the courtiers because he did not ask for a place near the sovereign's person, but asked permission to enter active service.

CHAPTER XII.

ROSTOV, before the opening of the campaign, received a letter from his parents, in which, after briefly announcing Natasha's illness and the rupture of the engagement with Prince Andrei, — this rupture, they explained, was Natasha's own work, — they again urged him to retire from the service and come home.

Nikolai, on receipt of this letter, made no attempt to secure either a furlough or permission to go upon the retired list, but wrote his parents that he was very sorry for Natasha's illness and breach with her lover, and that he would do all that he possibly could in order to fulfil their desires. He wrote a separate letter to Sonya.

"Adored friend of my heart," he wrote, "nothing except honor could keep me from returning home. But just now, at the opening of the campaign, I should consider myself disgraced not only before all my comrades but in my own eyes if I were to prefer my pleasure to my duty, and my love to my country. But this is our last separation. Be assured that immediately after the war, if I am alive and you still love me, I

will give up everything and fly to thee to clasp thee forever to my ardent heart!"

He was telling the truth: — it was only the opening of the campaign that detained Nikolai, and prevented him from fulfilling his promise by at once returning home and marrying Sonya. The autumn at Otradnoye, with its sport, and the winter with the Christmas holidays, and his love for Sonya, had opened up before him a whole perspective of the pleasures of a country nobleman, and of domestic contentment, which he had never known before and which now beckoned to him with their sweet allurements.

"A glorious wife, children, a good pack of hunting dogs, a leash of ten or twenty spirited greyhounds, the management of the estate, the neighbors and service at the elections," he said to himself. But now there was a war in prospect, and he was obliged to remain with his regiment. And since this was a matter of necessity, Nikolai Rostof, in accordance with his character, was content with the life which he led in the regiment, and had the skill to arrange it so that it was agreeable.

On his return from his furlough, having met with a cordial reception from his comrades, Nikolai was sent out to secure fresh horses, and he brought back with him from Little Russia an excellent remount, such as gladdened his own heart, and procured for him the praise of his superiors. During his absence, he had been promoted to the rank of *rótmistr*, or captain of cavalry, and, when the regiment was restored to a war footing, with increased complement, he was put in charge of his former squadron.

The campaign had begun; the regiment was moved into Poland, double pay was granted; there were new officers present, new men and horses, and, above all, there was an increase of that excitement and bustle which always accompanies the beginning of a campaign; and Rostof, recognizing his advantageous position in the regiment, gave himself up, heart and soul, to the pleasures and interests of military service, although he knew well that, sooner or later, he would have to leave it.

The troops evacuated Vilno for various complicated reasons, — imperial, political, and tactical. For there, at headquarters, every step of the retreat was accompanied by a complicated play of interests, arguments, and passions. For the hussars of the Pavlogradsky regiment, all this backward movement, in the best part of the summer, with abundance of provisions, was a most simple and enjoyable affair. At headquarters,

men might lose heart, and grow nervous, and indulge in intrigues to their hearts' content, but in the ranks no one thought of asking where or wherefore they were moving. If they indulged in regrets at the retreat, it was simply because they were compelled to leave pleasant quarters and the pretty Polish *pami*. If it occurred to any one that affairs were going badly, then, as became a good soldier, the man who had such a thought would try to be jovial, and not think at all of the general course of events, but only of what nearest concerned himself.

At first, they were agreeably situated near Vilno, having jolly acquaintances among the Polish landed proprietors, and constantly expecting the sovereign, and other commanders highest in station, to review them, and as constantly being disappointed.

Then came the order to retire to Swienciany, and to destroy all provisions that they could not carry away with them. Swienciany was memorable to the hussars simply because it was the "drunken camp," as the entire army called it, from their stay at the place, and because many complaints had been made of the troops having taken unfair advantage of the order to forage for provisions, and had included under this head horses and carriages and rugs stolen from the Polish *pans*, or nobles.

Rostof had a vivid remembrance of Swienciany, because on the first day of their arrival at the place he had dismissed a quartermaster, and had not been able to do anything with the men of his squadron, all of whom were tipsy, having, without his knowledge, brought away five barrels of old beer.

From Swienciany, they had retired farther, and then farther still, until they reached the Drissa: and then they had retired from the Drissa, all the time approaching the Russian frontier.

On the 25th of July, the Pavlogradsui, for the first time, took part in a serious engagement.

On the 24th of July, the evening before the engagement, there was a severe thunder-storm, with rain and hail. That summer of the year 1812 was throughout remarkable for its tempests.

Two squadrons of the Pavlogradsui had bivouacked in a field of rye, already eared, but completely trampled down by the horses and cattle. It was raining in torrents, and Rostof, with a young officer named Ilyin, who was his *protégé*, was sitting under the shelter of a sort of wigwam, extemporized

at short notice. An officer of their regiment, with long mustaches bristling forth and hiding his cheeks, came along, on his way to headquarters, and, being overtaken by the rain, asked shelter of Rostof.

"Count, I have just come from headquarters. Have you heard of Rayevsky's great exploit?" And the officer proceeded to relate the particulars of the battle of Saltanovo, which he had learned about at headquarters.

Rostof, hunching his shoulders as the water trickled down his neck, lighted his pipe, and listened negligently, now and then giving a look at the young officer Ilyin, who was squeezed in close to him. This officer, a lad of only sixteen, had not been very long connected with the regiment, and was now in the same relation to Rostof that Rostof had borne toward Denisof seven years before. Ilyin had taken Rostof as his pattern in every respect, and loved him as a woman might.

The officer with the long mustaches, Zdrzhinsky by name, declared emphatically that the dike at Saltanovo was the Thermopylæ of the Russians, and that the exploit performed by General Rayevsky was worthy of the deeds of antiquity. Zdrzhinsky described how Rayevsky went out on the dike, with his two sons, under a deadly fire, and, side by side with them, rushed to the attack.

Rostof listened to the story, and not only had nothing to say in response to the narrator's enthusiasm, but, on the contrary, had the air of a man ashamed of what is told him, although he has no intention of rebutting it.

Rostof, after the battle of Austerlitz, and the campaign of 1807, knew, from his own personal experience, that those who talk of military deeds always lie; just as he himself had lied in relating such things. In the second place, his experience had taught him that, in a battle, every event is quite the reverse of what we might imagine and relate it. And, therefore, he took no stock in Zdrzhinsky's story, and was not pleased with Zdrzhinsky himself; who, with his cheeks hidden by those long mustaches, had the habit of leaning over close to the face of the person to whom he was talking; and then, besides, he was in the way in the narrow hut.

Rostof looked at him without speaking. "In the first place, there must have been such a crush and confusion on the dike which they were charging that even if Rayevsky had led his sons upon it, it could not have had any effect upon any one save perhaps a dozen men who were in his immediate

vicinity," thought Rostof. "The rest could not have seen at all how or with whom Rayevsky was rushing upon the dike. And then those who did see it could not have been very greatly stimulated, because what would they have cared for Rayevsky's affectionate paternal feeling, when the only thing of interest to them was the caring for their own skin! Then again, the fate of the country in no wise depended on whether they took the dike at Saltanovo or not, as is supposed to have been the case at Thermopylæ. And therefore what was the use of risking such a sacrifice? And, then, why should he have exposed his children in the affair? I should not have exposed my brother Petya to it, no, nor even this Ilyin here, though he is no relation to me — but a good fellow all the same — but I should have tried to put them safe out of harm's way somewhere," pursued Rostof, in his thoughts, all the while listening to Zdrzhinsky. But he did not speak his thoughts aloud; in regard to this also he had learned wisdom by experience. He knew that this story redounded to the glory of our arms, and therefore it was requisite to make believe that he had no doubt of it. And so he did.

"Well, there's one thing. I can't stand this," exclaimed Ilyin, perceiving that Rostof was not pleased with Zdrzhinsky's chatter; "my stockings and my shirt are wet through, and it is running under me here. I am going in search of shelter. It seems to me it is slacking up."

Ilyin went out and Zdrzhinsky mounted and rode off.

At the end of five minutes Ilyin, slopping through the mud, came hurrying up to the wigwam.

"Hurrah! Rostof, come on quick! There's a tavern a couple of hundred paces from here, and a lot of our men are there already. We can get dry there, and Marie Heinrichovna is there too."

Marie Heinrichovna was the regimental doctor's wife, a pretty young German girl whom the doctor had married in Poland. Either because the doctor had no means or because he did not wish to be separated from his bride during the early period of his married life, he took her wherever he went in his travels with the hussars, and his jealousy became a constant source of amusement and jest among the officers of the regiment.

Rostof flung his cloak over him, called Lavrushka to follow with the luggage, and went with Ilyin, ploughing through the mud, plodding straight onward amid the now rapidly dimin-

ishing shower, into the darkness of the evening, occasionally interrupted by flashes of distant lightning.

"Rostof, where are you?"

"Here I am! what lightning!" was what they said as they marched along.

CHAPTER XIII.

AT the tavern before which stood the doctor's kibitka or travelling carriage, five officers were already gathered. Marie Heinrichovna, a plump, light-haired German, in jacket and night-cap, was sitting in the front room on a wide bench. Her spouse, the doctor, was asleep behind her. Rostof and Ilyin, welcomed by acclamations and roars of laughter, walked into the room.

"Ee! you have something very jolly going on," said Rostof, with a laugh.

"And what brings you here so late!"

"You are fine specimens! Look at the way they are streaming! Don't drown out our parlor floor!"

"Be careful how you daub Marie Heinrichovna's dress," cried the voices.

Rostof and Ilyin made haste to find a corner where, without shocking Marie Heinrichovna's modesty, they might change their wet garments. They had gone behind the partition to make the change, but the little room, which was scarcely more than a closet, was entirely filled by three officers, sitting on an empty chest, and playing cards by the light of a single candle; and nothing would induce them to evacuate the place.

Accordingly, Marie Heinrichovna surrendered her petticoat to them, and they hung it up in place of a screen; and behind this, Rostof and Ilyin, with Lavrushka's aid, who had brought their saddle-bags, exchanged their wet clothing for dry.

A fire had been started in a broken-down stove. They procured a board, laid it across a pair of saddles, covered it with a caparison; the samovar was set up, a bottle-case unpacked, and half a bottle of rum got out, and Marie Heinrichovna was requested to do the honors; all gathered around her. One offered her a clean handkerchief to wipe her lovely little hands; another spread his overcoat under her feet, to keep them from the dampness; a third hung his cloak in the window, to keep away the draught; a fourth waved the flies away from her husband's face, so that he would not wake up.

"Never mind him," said Marie Heinrichovna, smiling timidly and happily. "He always sleeps sound and well after he has been up all night."

"Oh, that is all right, Marie Heinrichovna!" exclaimed the officer. "We must take good care of the doctor. All things are possible; and he would have pity on me, if ever he came to saw off an arm or a leg for me."

There were only three glasses; the water was so muddy that it was impossible to tell whether the tea were too strong or too weak; and the *samovar* held only water enough for six glasses; but it was all the more fun to take turns, and to receive, in order of seniority, each his glass from Marie Heinrichovna's plump little hands, though her short nails were not perfectly clean!

All the officers seemed to be, and were, in love that evening with Marie Heinrichovna. Even the three who had been playing cards in the little room made haste to throw up their hands, and came out to the *samovar*, giving way to the common feeling of worship for Marie Heinrichovna's charms.

Marie Heinrichovna, seeing herself surrounded by these brilliant and courteous young men, fairly beamed with delight, in spite of all her efforts to hide it, and her manifest alarm every time her husband, on the bench back of her, moved in his sleep.

There was only one spoon, while there was a superfluity of sugar; but, as it was slow in melting, it was decided that she should stir each glass of tea in turn. Rostof, having received his glass and seasoned it with rum, asked Marie Heinrichovna to stir it for him.

"But you haven't put the sugar in, have you?" said she, constantly smiling, as though all that she said, and all that the others said, was as funny as it could be, and concealed some deep hidden meaning.

"No, I haven't any sugar yet; all it needs is for you to stir it with your little hand."

Marie Heinrichovna consented, and began to look for the spoon, which some one had meanwhile appropriated.

"Stir it with your dainty little finger, Marie Heinrichovna," said Rostof. "It will make it all the sweeter!"

"It's hot!" exclaimed Marie Heinrichovna, blushing with gratification.

Ilyin took a pail of water, and, throwing a little rum into it, came to Marie Heinrichovna, begging her to stir it with her finger.

"This is my cup," said he. "Just dip your finger in it, and I will drink it all up."

When the samovar had been entirely emptied, Rostof took a pack of cards, and proposed to play *koroli** with Marie Heinrichovna. Lots were cast as to who should be first to play with her.

At Rostof's suggestion, the game was so arranged that the one who became "king" should have the privilege of kissing Marie Heinrichovna's little hand; while he who came out *prokhorost*, or provost, as they called the loser, should have to start the samovar afresh for the doctor, when he awoke.

"Well, but supposing Marie Heinrichovna should be king?" asked Ilyin.

"She's our queen anyway. And her word shall be our law!"

The game had hardly begun, before the doctor's dishevelled head appeared behind Marie Heinrichovna. He had been awake for some time, and had overheard all that had been said; and it was perfectly evident that he found nothing very jolly, amusing, or diverting in all that had been said and done. His face was glum and sour. He exchanged no greeting with the officers, but scratched his head, and asked them to make way, so that he could get out. As soon as he had left the room, all the officers burst into a roar of laughter, while Marie Heinrichovna blushed till the tears came, and thereby became all the more fascinating in the eyes of all those young men.

On his return from out-of-doors, the doctor told his wife, who had now ceased to smile that happy smile, and was looking at him in timid expectation of a scolding, that the storm had passed, and they must go and camp out in their kибитка, otherwise all their effects would be stolen.

"But I will send a soldier to stand on guard — two of them," said Rostof. "What nonsense, doctor!"

"I'll stand guard myself," said Ilyin.

"No, gentlemen; you have had your rest, but I have not had any sleep for two nights," said the doctor, and sat down gloomily next his wife, to wait for the end of the game.

As they saw the doctor's lowering face bent angrily on his wife, the officers became more jovial still, and many of them could not refrain from bursts of merriment, plausible pretexts for which they kept striving to invent. When the doctor went

* *Koroli*, Kings, is a South Russian game at cards, somewhat like the French games of *écarté* and *trionphe*. The winner is called *koról*, king, and can make the other pay a forfeit.

out, taking his wife with him, and ensconced themselves in the snug little kибитка for the night. the officers wrapped themselves up in their damp cloaks and lay down anywhere in the tavern; but it was long before they could go to sleep, because of the talk that still went on: some of them recalling the doctor's jealous fear, and the *doktorsha's* jollity; while others went out on the steps, and came back to report what was going on in the kибитка.

Several times, Rostof, muffling up his ears, tried to go to sleep; but then some one would make a remark, and arouse his attention; and again the conversation would go on, and again they would break out into nonsensical, merry laughter, as though they were children.

CHAPTER XIV.

It was three o'clock in the morning, and no one had caught a wink of sleep, when the quartermaster made his appearance with the orders to proceed to the little village of Ostrovno.

Still chattering and laughing as before, the officers made haste to get ready; they again set up the samovar, with the same dirty water. But Rostof, not waiting for tea, started off for his squadron.

It was already growing light; the rain had ceased; the clouds were scattering. It was damp and cold especially in well-soaked clothes. As they came out of the tavern, Rostof and Ilyin looked at the doctor's leathered kибитка, the leathered cover of which, wet with the rain, gleamed in the early morning twilight, while the doctor's long legs protruded from under the apron; and, in the interior, among the cushions, the *doktorsha's* nightcap could be dimly seen, and heard the measured breathing, as she slept.

"Fact, she's very pretty!" said Rostof to Ilyin, who accompanied him.

"Yes, what a charming woman she is!" replied the other, with all the seriousness of sixteen.

Within half an hour, the squadron was drawn up on the road. The command was heard: "To saddle." The men crossed themselves, and proceeded to mount. Rostof, taking the lead, gave the command, "Marsch!" and, filing off four abreast, the hussars, with the sound of hoofs splashing in the pools, the clinking of sabres, and subdued conversation, started

along the broad road, lined with birch-trees, and following the infantry and artillery, which had gone on ahead.

Scattered purplish blue clouds, growing into crimson in the east, were swiftly fleeing before the wind. It was growing lighter and lighter. More distinguishable became the crisp grass which always grows on country cross-roads; it was still wet with the evening's rain. The pendulous foliage of the birches, also dripping with moisture, shook in the wind, and tossed aside the sparkling drops. Clearer and clearer grew the faces of the soldiers. Rostof rode along with Ilyin, who was his inseparable companion; they kept to one side of the road, which led between a double row of trees.

Rostof, during this campaign, had permitted himself to ride a Cossack horse, instead of his regular horse of the line. Being both a connoisseur and a huntsman, he had recently selected a strong, mettlesome, dun-colored pony, from the Don, which no one could think of matching in a race. It was a perfect delight for Rostof to ride on this steed. His thoughts now ran on horses, the beauty of the morning, the doctor's wife, and not once did he let the possibility of serious danger occur to him.

In days gone by, Rostof, on approaching an engagement, would have felt a pang of dismay; now he experienced not the slightest sensation of timidity. He was devoid of all fear, not because he was wonted to fire — it is impossible to become wonted to danger — but rather because he had learned to control his heart in the presence of danger. On going into an engagement, he had accustomed himself to think about everything except the one thing which would have been most absorbing of all — the impending peril. In spite of all his efforts, in spite of all his self-reproaches for his cowardice, during the first term of his service, he had not been able to reach this point; but, in the course of years, it had come of itself. He rode now with Ilyin, side by side, between the birch-trees, occasionally tearing off a leaf from a down-hanging branch, occasionally prodding the horse in the groin, occasionally, not even turning round, handing his exhausted pipe to the hussar just behind him, with such a calm and unconcerned appearance that one would have thought he was riding for pleasure.

He felt a pang of pity to look at Ilyin's excited face, as he rode along, talking fast and nervously. He knew from experience that painful state of mind at the expectation of danger and death, which the young cornet was now experiencing, and he knew that nothing but time could cure him.

As soon as the sun came into sight, in the clear strip of sky below the clouds, the wind died down, as though it dared not mar in the slightest degree the perfect beauty of the summer morning after the storm: the drops still fell from the trees, but it was now broad daylight—and all was calm and still.

The sun came up full and round, poised on the horizon, and then mounted and disappeared behind a long, narrow cloud. But, in the course of a few minutes, it burst forth brighter than ever on the upper edge of the cloud, cutting its edge.

The world was full of light and brilliancy. And simultaneously with this burst of light, and as though saluting it, rang out the heavy booming of cannon at the front.

Rostof had no time to ponder and make up his mind how far distant these cannon-shots were, when an adjutant from Count Ostermann-Tolstoi came galloping up from Vitebsk, with the order to advance with all speed.

The squadron outstripped the infantry and artillery, which were also hurrying forward, plunged down a hill, and, dashing through a village deserted of its inhabitants, galloped up a slope at the other side. The horses were all of a lather with sweat, the men flushed and breathless.

“Halt! Dress ranks,” rang out the command of the division leader, at the front. “Guide left! *Shagom marsch!*” (that is, forward at a foot-pace) again rang the command. And the hussars rode along the line of the troops toward the left flank of the position, and drew rein just behind our uhlans, who were in the front rank. At the right stood our infantry, in a solid mass: they were the reserves: higher up on the slope could be seen in the clear, clear atmosphere, our cannon shining in the slanting rays of the bright morning sun, on the very horizon.

Forward, beyond a ravine, were heard our infantry, already involved in the action, and merrily exchanging shots with the enemy.

Rostof’s heart beat high with joy, as he heard these sounds which he had not heard for many a long day, and now seemed like the notes of the jolliest music. *Trap-ta-ta-tap*, several shots cracked, sometimes together, suddenly, then rapidly, one after another.

The hussars stood for about an hour in one place. The cannonade had also begun. Count Ostermann and his suite came riding up behind the squadron, and, drawing rein, had a short conversation with the commander of the regiment, and then rode off toward the cannon at the height.

As soon as Ostermann rode away, the uhlans heard the command: "*V kolónnu, k atákye stróisya!*" (In column: ready to charge!)

The infantry in front of them parted their ranks to let the cavalry through. The uhlans started away, the pennons on their lances waving gayly, and down the slope they dashed at a trot, toward the French cavalry, which began to appear at the foot of the slope at the left.

As soon as the uhlans started down the slope, the hussars were ordered to move forward and protect the battery on the height. While the hussars were stationed in the position before occupied by the uhlans, bullets flew high over their heads, buzzing and humming through the air.

These sounds, which had not been heard by Rostof for long years, had a more pleasing and stimulating influence than the roar of musketry before. Straightening himself up in the saddle, he scrutinized the battle-field spread full before his eyes from the height where he was stationed, and his whole heart followed the uhlans into the charge.

They had now flown almost down to the French dragoons; there was a scene of confusion and collision in the smoke, and, at the end of five minutes, the uhlans were being pressed back; not in the same place, indeed, but farther to the left. Mixed in with the orange-uniformed uhlans, on their chestnut horses, and behind them, in a compact mass, could be seen the blue French dragoons, on their gray horses.

CHAPTER XV.

ROSTOF, with his keen huntsman's eye, was one of the first to notice these French dragoons in blue pressing back our uhlans. Nearer, nearer, in disorderly masses, came the uhlans, and the French dragoons in pursuit of them.

It was plain to all how these men, dwarfed by the distance, were jostling each other, driving each other, and brandishing their arms and their sabres, at the foot of the hill.

Rostof looked on at the fight, as though he were present at some mighty tournament. His instinct told him that if the hussars could now add their impetus to that of the uhlans, the French dragoons could not stand it; but if the blow was to be struck, it was to be done immediately, on the instant, else it would be too late. He glanced around: a captain stationed

near him had likewise his eyes fixed steadfastly on the cavalry contest below.

"Andrei Sevastyanuitch!" said Rostof. "We might crush them down."

"'Twould be a dashing piece of work, but still" —

Rostof, not waiting to hear him through, gave spurs to his horse, dashed along in front of his squadron, and before he had even given the word for the advance, the whole squadron to a man, experiencing exactly what he had, scoured after him.

Rostof himself did not know how and why he did this thing. The whole action was as instinctive, as unpremeditated, as though he were out hunting. He saw that the dragoons were near at hand, that they were galloping forward, in disorderly ranks. He knew that they would not withstand a sudden attack; he knew that it was the matter of a single moment, which would not return if he let it have the go-by. The bullets whizzed and whistled around him so stimulatingly, his horse dashed on ahead so hotly, that he could not but yield. He plunged the spurs still deeper in his horse's side, shouted his command, and, at that same instant, hearing behind him the hoof-clatter of his squadron, breaking into the charge, at full trot, he gave his horse his head down the hill, at the dragoons. No sooner had they reached the bottom of the slope, than their gait changed involuntarily from trot to gallop, growing ever swifter and swifter in proportion as they approached the uhlans and the French dragoons who were driving them back.

The dragoons were close to them. The foremost, seeing the hussars, started to turn; those in the rear paused. Feeling as though he were galloping to cut off an escaping wolf, Rostof, urging his Don pony to his utmost, dashed on toward the disconcerted French dragoons. One of the uhlans reined in his horse; one, who had been dismounted, threw himself on the ground to escape being crushed; a riderless steed dashed in among the hussars. Almost all the French dragoons were now in full retreat.

Rostof, selecting one of them, mounted on a gray steed, started in pursuit of him. On the way, he found himself rushing at a bush; his good steed, without hesitating, took it at a leap; and, almost before Rostof had settled himself in his saddle again, he saw that he should within a few seconds have overtaken the man whom he had selected as his objective point. This Frenchman, evidently an officer by his uniform, bending forward, was urging on his gray horse, striking him

with his sabre. A second later, Rostof's horse hit the other's rear with his chest, almost knocking him over; and, at the same instant, Rostof, not knowing why, raised his sabre and struck at the Frenchman.

The instant he did so, all Rostof's eager excitement suddenly vanished. The officer fell, not so much from the effect of the sabre-stroke, which had only scratched him slightly above the elbow, as it was from the collision of the horses, and from panic. Rostof pulled up to look for his enemy, and see whom he had vanquished. The French officer of dragoons was hopping along, with one foot on the ground and the other entangled in the stirrup. With his eyes squinting with fear, as though he expected each instant to be struck down again, he was looking up at Rostof, with an expression of horror. His pale face, covered with mud, fair and young, with dimpled chin and bright blue eyes, was one not made for the battle-field, not the face of an enemy, but a simple home face.

Even before Rostof had made up his mind what to do with him, the officer cried: "*Je me rends.*" In spite of all his efforts, he could not extricate his foot from the stirrup; and still, with frightened eyes, he kept gazing at Rostof. Some of the hussars, who had come galloping up, freed his foot for him, and helped him to mount. The hussars were coming back in all directions with dragoons as prisoners: one was wounded; but, with his face all covered with blood, would not surrender his horse; another was seated on the crupper of a hussar's horse, with his arm around the man's waist; a third, assisted by a hussar, was clambering upon the horse's back.

In front the French infantry were in full retreat, firing as they went.

The hussars swiftly returned to their position with their prisoners. Rostof spurred back with the rest, a prey to a peculiarly disagreeable feeling which oppressed his heart. A certain vague perplexity, which he found it utterly impossible to account for, overcame him at the capture of that young officer, and the blow which he had given him.

Count Ostermann-Tolstoi met the hussars on their return, summoned Rostof, and thanked him, saying that he should report to the sovereign his gallant exploit, and recommend him for the cross of the George. When the summons to Count Ostermann came, Rostof remembered that the charge had been made without orders; and he was therefore fully persuaded that the commander called for him to punish him for his presumptuous action. Consequently, Ostermann's flattering words,

and his promise of a reward, ought to have been all the more agreeable to Rostof; but that same vague, disagreeable feeling still tortured his mind.

"What can it be that troubles me so. I wonder?" he asked himself, as he rode away from the interview. "Ilyin? No, he is safe and sound. Have I anything to be ashamed of? No, nothing of the sort at all."—It was an entirely different feeling, like remorse.—"Yes, yes, that French officer with the dimple. And how distinctly I remember hesitating before I struck him."

Rostof saw the prisoners about to be conducted away, and he galloped up to them, in order to have another look at the officer with the dimpled chin. He was sitting, in his foreign uniform, on a hussar's stallion, and was glancing around uneasily. The wound on his arm was scarcely deserving of the name. He gave Rostof a hypocritical smile, and waved his hand at him, as a sort of salute. Rostof had still the same feeling of awkwardness, and something seemed to weigh on his conscience.

All that day, and the day following, Rostof's friends and comrades noticed that he was — not exactly gloomy or surly, but taciturn, thoughtful, and concentrated. He drank, as it were, under protest, tried to be alone, and evidently had something on his mind.

Rostof was, all the time, thinking about his brilliant exploit, which, much to his amazement, had given him the cross of the George, and had even given him the reputation of being a hero; and he found it utterly incomprehensible.

"And so they are still more afraid of us than we are of them!" he said to himself. "Is this all there is of what is called heroism? Did I do that for my country's sake? And wherein was he to blame, with his dimple and his blue eyes? And how frightened he was! He thought I was going to kill him! My hand trembled; but still they have given me the Georgievsky cross. I don't understand it at all, not at all!"

But while Nikolai was working over these questions in his own mind, and still failed to find any adequate solution of what was so confusing to him, the wheel of fortune, as so often happens in the military service, had been given a turn in his favor. He was promoted after the engagement at Ostrovno, and given command of a battalion; and when there was any necessity of employing a brave officer, he was given the chance.

CHAPTER XVI.

ON learning of Natasha's illness, the countess, still very far herself from well, and suffering from weakness, went to Moscow, taking Petya and the whole household; and all the Rostofs left Marya Dmitrievna's, and went to their own house, and settled down in the city for good.

Natasha's illness was so serious that, fortunately for her happiness, and for the happiness of her relations, the thought of all that had been the cause of her illness, — her misconduct, and the breach with her betrothed, were relegated to the background. She was so ill that it was impossible to take up the consideration of how far she had been blameworthy in the matter; for she had no appetite, and she could not sleep, she lost flesh, and had a cough, and was, as the doctors gave them to understand, in a decidedly critical state.

There was nothing else to be thought of than to give her all the aid they could devise: the doctors came to see her, both singly and in consultation; talked abundantly in French, in German, and Latin; criticised one another; prescribed the most varied remedies adapted to cure all the diseases known to their science; but it did not occur to one of them, simple as it might seem, that the disease from which Natasha was suffering might be unknown to them, just as every ailment which attacks mortal man is beyond their power of understanding: since each mortal man has his own distinguishing characteristics, and whatever disease he has must, necessarily, be peculiar and new, and unknown to medicine; not a disease of the lungs, of the liver, of the skin, of the heart, of the nerves, and so on, as described in works on medicine, but an ailment produced from any one of endless complications connected with diseases of these organs.

This simple idea could not occur to the doctors (any more than it could ever occur to a warlock that his incantations were idle); because it is their life work to practise medicine, because it is their way of earning money; and because they spend the best years of their lives at this business.

But the chief reason why this thought could not occur to the doctors was because they saw that they were unquestionably of service; and, in deed and truth, they were of service to all the Rostof household. They were of service not because they made the sick girl swallow drugs, for the most part harm-

ful — though the harmfulness was of little moment, because the noxious drugs were given in small quantities, — but they were of service, they were needful, they were indispensable — and this is the reason that there are, and always will be, alleged “curers” — quacks, homœopaths and allopaths — because they satisfied the moral demands of the sick girl, and those who loved her. They satisfied that eternal human demand for hope and consolation; that demand for sympathy and activity which a man experiences at a time of suffering.

They satisfied that eternal human demand — noticeable in a child in its simplest and most primitive form — to have the bruised place rubbed. The child tumbles down, and immediately runs to its mother or its nurse to be kissed, and have the sore place rubbed, and its pains are alleviated as soon as the sore place is rubbed or kissed. The child cannot help believing that those who are stronger and wiser than he must have the means of giving him aid for his sufferings. And this hope of alleviation and expression of sympathy at the time when the mother rubs the bump are a comfort.

The doctors in Natasha's case were of service, because they kissed and rubbed the *bobo*, assuring her that it would go away if the coachman would only hurry down to the Arbatskaya apothecary shop and get a ruble and seventy kopeks' worth of powders and pellets in a neat little box, and if the sick girl would take these powders, dissolved in boiling water, regularly every two hours, not a moment more or a moment less.

What would Sonya and the count and the countess have done if they had merely looked on without taking any part; if there had been no little pellets every two hours, no tepid drinks, no chicken cutlets to prepare, and none of all those little necessary things prescribed by the doctor, the observance of which gave occupation and consolation to the friends?

How would the count have borne his beloved daughter's illness if he had not known that it was going to cost him some thousands of rubles, and that he would not grudge thousands more to do her any good; if he had not known that in case she did not recover speedily, he should not grudge still other thousands in taking her abroad, and then going to the expense of consultations; if he had not been able to tell in all its details how Métivier and Teller had not understood the case, while Friese had and Mudrof had still more successfully predicated the disease?

What would the countess have done if she could not have

occasionally scolded Natasha because she did not fully conform to the doctor's orders?

"You will never get well," she would say, "if you don't obey the doctor, and if you don't take your medicine regularly. You must not treat it lightly, because, if you do, it may go into pneumonia," the countess would say; and she found a great consolation in repeating this one word, which was something incomprehensible for her and others beside.

What would Sonya have done if she had not had the joyful consciousness that, during the first part of the time, she had not undressed for three nights, so that she might be ready to carry out to the least detail all the doctor's prescriptions; and that even now she lay awake all night, lest she should sleep over the hours when it was necessary to administer the not very hurtful pellets from the little gilt box?

Even Natasha herself, who, although she declared that no medicine could cure her, and that this was all nonsense, could not help a feeling of gratification that they were making so many sacrifices for her, and so willingly consented to take the medicine at the hours prescribed. And likewise she felt glad to show by her neglect to carry out the doctor's orders that she did not believe in medicine, and did not value her life.

The doctor came every day, felt of her pulse, looked at her tongue, and, paying no attention to her dejected face, laughed and joked with her. But then, when he had gone into the next room, and the countess hastily followed him, he would pull a serious face and shake his head dubiously, saying that, though the patient was in a critical state, still he had good hopes for the efficacy of the medicine he had just prescribed, and that they must wait and see; that the ailment was more mental — but —

The countess, who tried as far as possible to shut her own eyes, and the doctor's, to Natasha's behavior, thrust the gold piece into his hand, and each time, with a relieved heart, went back to her little invalid.

The symptoms of Natasha's illness were loss of appetite, sleeplessness, a cough, and a constant state of apathy. The doctors declared that it was impossible for her to dispense with medical treatment, and, consequently, she was kept a prisoner in the sultry air of the city. And, during the summer of 1812, the Rostofs did not go to their country place.

In spite of the immense quantity of pellets, drops, and powders swallowed by Natasha, out of glass jars and gilt boxes, of which Madame Schoss, who was a great lover of such things,

had made a large collection, in spite of being deprived of her customary life in the country, youth at last got the upper hand: Natasha's sorrow began to disappear under the impressions of every-day life; it ceased to lie so painfully on her heart, it began to appear past and distant, and Natasha's physical health showed signs of improvement.

CHAPTER XVII.

NATASHA was more calm, but not more cheerful. She not only avoided all the external scenes of gayety. — balls, driving, concerts, the theatre; but, even when she laughed, it seemed as though the tears were audible back of her laughter. She could not sing. As soon as she started to laugh, or essayed, when all alone by herself, to sing, the tears choked her: tears of repentance, tears of remembrance, of regret, of the irrevocable, happy days; tears of vexation that she had thus idly wasted her young life, which might have been so happy. Laughter and song seemed to her like sacrilege toward her sorrow.

She never once thought of coquetry; and that she kept from such a thing was not by any conscious effort of the will. She declared, and she felt, that, at this time, all men were for her no more than the buffoon Nastasya Ivanovna. An inward monitor strenuously interdicted every pleasure. Moreover, she showed no interest, as of old, in that girlish round of existence, so free of care and full of hope. She recalled more frequently, and with keener pain than aught else, those autumn months with the hunting, and the "little uncle," and the holidays with Nikolai at Otradnoye. What would she not have given for the return of even a single day of that vanished time! But it was past forever! She had not been mistaken in that presentiment that she had felt at that time that that condition of careless freedom and susceptibility to every pleasant influence would never more return. But to live was a necessity.

It was a consolation for her to think not that she was better, as she had formerly thought, but that she was worse, vastly worse, than anybody else in the world. But this was a little thing. She knew it, and asked herself: "What more is there?" But there was nothing more in store for her. There was no further joy in life; and yet life went on. Natasha's sole idea evidently was not to be a burden to any one.

and not to interfere with any one, while, for her own personal gratification, she asked for nothing at all. She kept aloof from the other members of the household, and only with her brother Petya did she feel at all at ease. She liked to be with him more than with the others, and sometimes, when they were alone together, she would laugh. She scarcely ever went out of the house, and of those who came to call, there was only one man whom she was glad to see, and that was Pierre.

It could not have been possible for any one to have shown more tenderness and discretion, and, at the same time, more seriousness, in his treatment of her, than did Count Bezukhoi. Natasha unconsciously fell under the spell of this affectionate tenderness, and, accordingly, she took great delight in his society. But she was not even thankful to him for the way in which he treated her. Nothing that Pierre did of good seemed to her other than spontaneous. It seemed to her that it was so perfectly natural for Pierre to be kind to every one, that he deserved no credit for his acts of kindness to her. Sometimes Natasha noticed his confusion and awkwardness in her presence, especially when he was desirous of doing her some favor, or when he was apprehensive lest something in their talk might suggest disagreeable recollections. She noticed this, and ascribed it to his natural kindness and shyness, which, in her opinion, so far as she knew, must be shown to all, just as it was to her.

Since those ambiguous words, "if he were free, he should, on his knees, sue for her heart and her hand," spoken at a moment of such painful excitement on her part, Pierre had never made any allusion whatever to his feelings for Natasha; and, as far as she was concerned, it was evident that those words, so consoling to her at the time, had had no more meaning to her than most thoughtless, unconsidered words, spoken for the consolation of a heart-broken child. It never entered her head that her relations with Pierre might lead to love on either side — much less on his — or even to that form of tender, self-acknowledged, poetic friendship between a man and a woman, of which she had known several examples; and this, not because Pierre was a married man, but because Natasha was conscious that between him and her, in all its reality, existed that barrier of moral obstacles, the absence of which she had been conscious of in Kuragin.

Toward the end of the mid-summer's fast* of Saint Peter, Agrafena Ivanovna Bielova, one of the Rostofs' neighbors at

* Saint Peter's day is June 29, O. S., July 11, N. S.

Otradnoye, came to Moscow to worship at the shrines of the saints there. She proposed to Natasha to join in her devotions, and Natasha gladly entertained the suggestion. Notwithstanding the doctor's prohibition of her going out early in the morning, Natasha insisted on preparing for the sacrament, and doing so not as it was usually managed at the Rostofs', by listening to three services in the house, but rather to prepare for it as Agravna Ivanovna did, that is, taking the whole week, without missing a single vespers, mass, or matins.

The countess was pleased with this zeal of Natasha's. After all the failure of the physicians' remedies, she hoped in the depths of her heart that prayer might prove to be a more powerful medicament; and though she did it with some apprehension, and concealed it from the knowledge of the doctors, she yielded to Natasha's desire, and let her go with Bielova.

Agravna Ivanovna came at three o'clock in the morning to arouse Natasha; and yet generally she found her already wide awake. Natasha was afraid of sleeping over the hour of matins. Making hasty ablutions, and humbly dressing in her shabbiest gown and an old mantle, shivering with the chill of morning, Natasha would venture out into the empty streets, dimly lighted by the diaphanous light of early dawn.

In accordance with the pious Agravna Ivanovna's advice, Natasha performed her devotions not in her own parish, but at a church where, according to her, there was a priest of very blameless and austere life. At this church there were always very few people. Natasha would take her usual place with Bielova before the ikon of the Mother of God, enshrined at the back of the choir, at the left; and a new feeling of calmness came over her before the vast and incomprehensible mystery, when, at that unprecedentedly early hour of the morning, she gazed at the darkened face of the Virgin's picture, lighted by the tapers burning before it, as well as by the morning light that came in through the windows, as she listened to the sounds of the service, which she tried to follow understandingly.

When she understood it, her personal feeling entered into and tinged the meaning of the prayer; but when she could not understand it, it was all the more delicious for her to think that the very desire to comprehend everything was in itself a form of pride, that it is impossible to comprehend, and that all that is requisite and necessary is to have faith and trust in God, who at that moment, she was conscious, reigned in her heart. She would cross herself and bow low; and when the

service was too deep for her comprehension, then only, horror-stricken at her own baseness, she would beseech God to pardon her for everything, for everything, and have mercy upon her.

The prayers which she followed with the most fervor were those expressing remorse. Returning home in the early hours of the morning, when the only men she met were masons going to their work, and dvorniks sweeping the streets, and everybody in all the houses was still asleep, Natasha experienced a new sense of the possibility of being purged of her sins, and the possibility of a new, pure life and happiness.

During all that week, while she was leading this new life, this feeling grew stronger every day. And the happy thought of taking the communion — or, as Agraфena, playing on the word, called it, the communication * — seemed to her so majestic that it seemed to her she should never live till that blessed Sunday.

But the happy day came, and when Natasha, on this memorable Sunday, returned home in her white muslin dress, from communion, she, for the first time after many months, felt tranquil and not burdened by the thought of living.

When the doctor came that day to see Natasha, he ordered her to continue taking the last prescription of powders which he had begun a fortnight before.

“Don’t fail to take them morning and evening,” said he, evidently feeling honestly satisfied and even elated at the success of his treatment. “Only be more regular, please.—Rest quite easy, countess,” said the doctor, in a jovial tone, skillfully clutching the gold piece in his plump hands. “She will soon be singing and enjoying herself. The last medicine has been very, very efficacious. She has already begun to gain.”

The countess looked at her finger-nails, and spat † as she returned to the drawing-room with a radiant face.

CHAPTER XVIII.

DURING the first weeks of July, more and more disquieting rumors about the progress of the war began to be circulated in Moscow: much was said about the sovereign’s appeal to his people, and about the sovereign’s leaving the army and coming to Moscow. And as the manifesto and summons were not received in Moscow until the twenty-third of July, exaggerated reports about them and about the position of Russia were

* *Sodbschitsa*, instead of *priobshchitsa*. † For the omen’s sake.

current. It was said that the sovereign was coming because the army was in a critical position; it was said that Smolensk had surrendered, that Napoleon had a million men, and that only a miracle could save Russia.

The manifesto was received on the twenty-third of July, on a Saturday, but as yet it had not been published, and Pierre, who was at the Rostofs', promised to come to dinner the next day, Sunday, and bring the manifesto and the proclamation, which he would get of Count Rostopchin.

On that Sunday the Rostofs, as usual, went to mass at the private chapel of the Razumovskys. It was a sultry July day. Even at ten o'clock, when the Rostofs' carriage drew up in front of the church, the heated atmosphere, the shouts of peddlers, the bright, light-colored, summer dresses of the ladies, the dust-covered leaves of the trees along the boulevard, the sounds of music, and the white trousers of a regiment marching by on its way to parade, the rattle of carriages over the pavement, and the dazzling radiance of the July sun, all spoke of that summer languor and content as well as discontent with the present which is always felt with especial keenness on a bright, sultry day in the city.

The chapel of the Razumovskys was a gathering-place for all the *élite* of Moscow, all the acquaintances of the Rostofs — for that year very many of the wealthy families who usually went off to their country estates had remained in town.

Preceded by a liveried lackey, who cleared a way through the throng, Natasha, as she walked in with her mother, overheard a young man making a remark about her in a whisper, that was too loud.

"That is the Rostova — the very one!"

"How thin she has grown! but still she is pretty."

She heard or thought she heard the names of Kuragin and Bolkonsky mentioned. This, however, was a common experience of hers. It always seemed to her that those who looked at her immediately began to recall what had happened.

With pain and sinking at heart, as always was the case in a throng, Natasha walked on in her lilac silk dress trimmed with black lace, and giving the appearance, as women can so easily do, of being calm and dignified, for the very reason that her heart was full of pain and shame. She knew that she was pretty, and she was not mistaken; but the knowledge did not now give her the same pleasure as before. On the contrary, it annoyed her above everything of late, and especially on that bright hot day in the city.

"Still another Sunday, still another week gone," she said to herself, as she remembered for what purpose she was there that day. "And forever the same life that is not life, and the same conditions in which it used to be so easy to live in days gone by. I am pretty, I am young, and I know that now I am good whereas before I was naughty; but now I am good I know it," she said to herself; "but it's all for nothing that the best, best years of my life have gone and are going."

She took her place with her mother, and exchanged greetings with the acquaintances around her. Out of old habit she noticed the toilets of the ladies; she criticised the *tenue* of one lady who happened to be standing near her, and the indecorous manner in which she hastily crossed herself; then she thought with inward vexation that the others were probably criticising her just as she was criticising them, and then suddenly, as she heard the sounds of the service, she was horror-struck at her depravity; she was horror-struck at the thought that she had again sullied that purity with which she had begun the service.

A lovely-looking, clean, and venerable priest officiated with that honeyed unction which has such a majestic and sanctifying influence upon the hearts of worshippers. The "Holy Gate" was closed, the curtain was slowly drawn, a mysterious, solemn voice murmured undistinguishable words. Natasha's bosom heaved with tears too deep for comprehension, and she was agitated by a feeling of joy and tormenting pain.

"Teach me what I must do, how to direct my life, how to do right for ever and ever," she prayed in her heart.

The deacon came out to the ambon, used his thumb to pull his long hair out from under his surplice, and, pressing his cross to his heart, began to read in a loud and solemn voice the words of the prayer.

"Let all the people pray unto the Lord!"

"Let the community, all united, without distinctions of rank, but joined together in brotherly love—let us pray," was Natasha's thought.

"For the heavenly peace and the salvation of our souls!"

"For all the angels and the spirits of all incorporeal existences, which dwell above us," prayed Natasha.

During the prayer for the army, she remembered her brother and Denisof.

During the prayer for those who were travelling on sea or on land, she thought of Prince Andrei, and prayed for him, and prayed that God would pardon the wrong that she had done him.

During the prayer for those who love us, she prayed for those of her household: her father, her mother, Sonya, and now, for the first time, she realized all the wrong that she had done them, and felt how deep and strong was her love toward them.

When the prayer for those who hate us was read, she tried to think of her enemies, and those who hated her, in order to pray for them. Among her enemies she reckoned her father's creditors, and all those who had dealings with him, and every time, at the thoughts of her enemies and those who hated her, she remembered Anatol, who had done her such injury, and, although he had not hated her, she prayed gladly for him as for an enemy.

It was only during the prayer that she was able to think calmly and clearly about Prince Andrei and about Anatol, as about men toward whom her feelings had been entirely swallowed up in her fear and worship of God.

When the prayer was read for the imperial family, and for the Synod, she made a very low bow and crossed herself, with the thought that if she could not understand, she at least could not doubt, and consequently must love, the directing Synod, and pray for it.

Having finished the liturgy,* the deacon crossed himself on the front of his stole, and exclaimed: —

“Let us give ourselves and our bodies to Christ our God.”

“Let us give ourselves to God,” repeated Natasha, in her own heart. “My God, I give myself up to thy will,” said she to herself. “I have no wishes, I have no desires! Teach me what to do, how to fulfil thy will! Yea, take me, take me!” cried Natasha, in her heart, with touching impatience, forgetting to cross herself, but letting her slender arms drop by her side, and as though expecting that instantly some viewless Power would take her and bear her up, and free her from her sorrows, desires, short-comings, hopes, and faults.

The countess many times during the service glanced at her daughter's pathetic face and glistening eyes, and besought God to give her his aid.

Unexpectedly, in the middle of the service, and out of the usual order of things, which Natasha knew so well, a *diachók* brought out the wooden stool on which the priest kneels when he reads the prayers on Trinity Sunday, and placed it in front of the “Holy Gates.”

The priest made his appearance in his lilac velvet calotte,

* The *yektenyá*, or liturgical prayer for the Imperial family.

rubbed his hand over his hair, and with some effort got upon his knees.

All followed his example, looking with perplexity at each other. This was the prayer which had only just been received from the Synod, the prayer for the salvation of Russia from the invasion of her enemies.

"Lord God our strength! God our salvation!" began the priest, in that clear, undemonstrative, sweet voice, which is characteristic of the reading of no other clergy except the Slavonic, and which has such an irresistible effect upon the Russian heart.

"Lord God our Strength! God our salvation! Protect in thy infinite mercy and bounty thy humble people, and charitably hear us and spare us and have mercy upon us. The enemy are bringing destruction upon thy land, and would fain make the universe a wilderness. Rise thou up against him. This lawless multitude have gathered themselves together to destroy thy inheritance, to lay waste thy holy Jerusalem, thy beloved Russia: to desecrate thy temples, to overturn thy altars, and to profane our sanctuary. How long, oh, Lord, how long shall sinners triumph? How long shall they be permitted to transgress thy laws?"

"Sovereign Lord! hear thou us that cry unto thee! By thy might strengthen thou our most devout autocrat and ruler, our great sovereign the Emperor Alexander Pavlovitch! remember his equity and meekness! Requite him for his virtues, and let them be the safeguard of us, thy beloved Israel. Bless his counsels, his undertakings, and his deeds. Establish by thy almighty right hand his realm, and grant him victory over his enemies, as thou didst to Moses over Amalek, Gideon over Midian, and David over Goliath. Protect thou his armies. Uphold with the brazen bow the arms of those who have gone forth to battle in thy name, and gird them with strength for the war. Take thy sword and thy buckler, and arise and help us, and put to shame and confusion those who have plotted evil against us, so that they may fly before the faces of those who trust in thee as chaff is driven before the wind, and give thy angels power to confound them and pursue them. May the net come upon them without their knowing it, and may the draught of fish which they meant to take surround them on all sides, and may they fall under the feet of thy slaves, and may they be trampled under the feet of our warriors. Oh, Lord! thou art able to save in great things and in small. Thou art God, and no man can do aught against thee."

"God of our fathers! Let thy bounty and thy mercy guard us as from everlasting to everlasting. Hide not thy face from us; let not thy wrath be kindled against our iniquities; but in the magnitude of thy mercy and the abundance of thy grace pardon our lawlessness and our sin. Create a clean heart within us, and renew a right spirit in our inner parts; strengthen thou our faith in thee; inspire hope; kindle true love among us; arm us with a single impulse to the righteous defence of the inheritance which thou hast given to us and to our fathers, and let not the sceptre of the ungodly decide the destiny of those whom thou hast consecrated."

"Oh, Lord, our God, in thee do we put our trust, and our hopes are set on thee. Let us not despair of thy mercy, and give a sign, in order

that those who hate us and our orthodox faith may be confounded and destroyed, and that all nations may see that thy name is the Lord, and we are thy people. Show us thy mercy, oh, Lord, this day, and vouchsafe to us thy salvation. Rejoice the heart of thy slaves by thy grace; strike our enemies, and crush them under the feet of those that believe in thee. For thou art the defence, the succor, and the victory to them that trust in thee, and to thee be the glory — to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Spirit, as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen."

In that condition of rapt excitement to which Natasha had attained, this prayer* had a very powerful effect upon her. She listened to every word about "the victory of Moses over Amalek, of Gideon over Midian, and David over Goliath, and the laying waste of thy Jerusalem," and she prayed to God with that tenderness of spirit and melting of the heart which she now felt. But she was somewhat confused in her mind as to what she should pray God for. With all her heart she could join in the petition for a right spirit, for fortifying the zeal with faith and hope, and stimulating their love.

But she could not pray that the enemy might be crushed under their feet, because only a few moments before her only regret was that she had no more of them, so that she might pray for them.

But at the same time she could not doubt the rightfulness of the prayer which the kneeling priest had read. She felt in her heart a genuine and anxious terror at the thought of the punishment which must befall men on account of their sins, and especially for her own sins, and she besought God to forgive them all, and her as well, and to give them all and her tranquillity and happiness in life.

And it seemed to her that God heard her prayer.

CHAPTER XIX.

FROM the day when Pierre, as he left the Rostofs' with Natasha's grateful looks still fresh in his mind, and looked at the comet stretched across the sky, and felt that he had made a new discovery, the eternally tormenting question as to the vanity and folly of all things earthly had ceased to occupy his thoughts. This terrible question, *Why? Wherefore?* which before had come up before him amid every occupation, had

* The effect of this prayer is enhanced in the original by the dignified Slavonic, the church language, in which it is couched.

now merged itself for him not into another problem, and not into any answer to his question, but into *her* image.

Whether he listened or took the lead himself in trivial conversations, whether he read or heard about the baseness and absurdity of men, he no longer felt that sense of horror as before; he did not ask himself what caused them to struggle so, when life was so short and incomprehensible, but he recalled how she looked when he saw her the last time, and all his doubts vanished, not because she had given the answer to his questions, but because her image instantly lifted him into another world, serene and full of spiritual activity, where there could be no question of right or wrong, — the world of beauty and love which alone accounts for life. Whatever baseness in life might be brought to his attention, he would say to himself: —

“ Well, then, let N. N. plunder the government and the Tsar, and let the government and the Tsar load him with honors; but *she* smiled on me last evening, and asked me to come again, and I love her, and no one shall ever know it ! ”

And his soul became calm and clear.

Pierre continued as before to go into gay society, and drank heavily, and led the same idle and dissipated life, for the reason that at such times as he was not able to spend at the Rostofs', there were still many hours every day that he had to spend in some manner, and his habits and acquaintances at Moscow invariably allured him to this mode of existence, which had such a firm hold upon him.

But of late, now that the news from the theatre of the war became constantly more and more disquieting, and now that Natasha's health had fairly begun to improve, and she ceased to arouse in him that former feeling of anxiety and pity, he began to become the prey of a restlessness that was wholly incomprehensible, and grew more and more so. He was conscious that the position in which he found himself could not last very long, that some catastrophe was at hand, which was destined to change his whole life, and he impatiently sought to find in everything the presages of this imminent catastrophe.

One of the brotherhood of Freemasons had called his attention to the following prophecy concerning Napoleon, which was derived from the revelation of Saint John. In the eighteenth verse of the thirteenth chapter of the Apocalypse it is written, “ *Here is wisdom. He that hath understanding, let him count the number of the beast ; for it is the number of a*

man : and his number is six hundred and sixty and six." And the fifth verse of the same chapter says, " And there was given unto him a mouth speaking great things and blasphemies. And there was given unto him authority to do his works during forty and two months."

The letters of the French alphabet when disposed in accordance with the Hebrew enumeration, which gives the first nine letters the value of units, and the rest that of tens, have the following significance :—

a	b	c	d	e	f	g	h	i	k	l	m	n	o	p	q	r	s	t	u	v	w	x	y	z
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	20	30	40	50	60	70	80	90	100	110	120	130	140	150	160

If the words *l'Empereur Napoléon* are written letter for letter with this cipher, the result is that the sum of these letters amounts to six hundred and sixty-six, and that therefore Napoleon is the beast described in the Apocalypse. Moreover, if you apply to this same alphabetic cipher the words *Quarante deux*, that is the time, forty-two months, during which authority was given to the beast to speak great things and blaspheme, the sum of these letters according to the same scheme will amount to six hundred and sixty-six, whence it results that Napoleon's power was to be allowed to last until the year 1812, when he would have reached the age of forty-two.

Pierre was greatly amazed by this method of divination, and he frequently asked himself what could possibly put an end to the power of the beast, that is to say, Napoleon ; and he made use of the same cipher and mode of reckoning, in order to find an answer to the question that he had propounded. Thus he wrote, as an experiment, *l'Empereur Alexandre*, and *La nation russe*, but the sum of the letters came out either greater or less than six hundred and sixty-six.

One time, while occupying himself with this enumeration, he wrote his own name, Comte Pierre Besouhoff ;* the sum of the figures did not agree. Then changing the spelling, substituting *z* for *s*, he added the particule " de," he added the article " le," and still he failed to attain the desired result.

Then it occurred to him that if the answer desired for the

* In the course of " War and Peace," Pierre's family name appears under at least three different forms of spelling : Bezukhoi, — which the translator has retained throughout, — Bezukhi, and Bezukhof; the Russian character *kh* corresponds to *ch* in German, and is often represented in French by *h*. It may be here remarked also *à propos* of the " particule " *de* that the French and German way of representing titled Russians' names with a *de* or a *von* is incorrect ; the Russian nobility is dependent upon neither titles nor particles.

question was included in his name, it would certainly have also to include his nationality. He wrote *Le Russe Besuhof*, and, reckoning up the figures, he made six hundred and seventy-one. Only five too much! Five corresponds to *e*, the very same *e* which was elided in the article before the word "Empereur." Eliding this *e*, though it was contrary to the rule, Pierre found the wished-for answer, *l'Russe Besuhof*, equal to six hundred and sixty-six.

This discovery excited him. How, by what bond, he was united to this mighty event foreshadowed in the Apocalypse he knew not; but not for an instant did he have any doubt of the bond. His love for Natasha, the Antichrist, Napoleon's invasion, the comet, six hundred and sixty-six, *l'Empereur Napoléon*, and *l'Russe Besuhof* — all taken together, could not fail to ripen and burst and bring him forth from that enchanted, do-nothing world of Moscovite habits, in which he felt himself a prisoner, and carry him to some mighty exploit and some mighty happiness.

Pierre, on the evening before the Sunday when the prayer was read, had promised the Rostofs to bring them from Count Rostopchin, whose very good friend he was, the proclamation to the Russians and the last news from the army. That morning, on his arrival at Count Rostopchin's, Pierre found a courier, who had just come from the army. This courier was an acquaintance of Pierre's, a regular *habitué* of the Moscow ballrooms.

"For God's sake, couldn't you help me out?" asked the courier. "I have a whole bagful of letters for friends and relatives."

Among these letters was one from Nikolai Rostof to his father. Pierre took charge of it. Besides this, Count Rostopchin gave Pierre a copy of the sovereign's appeal to Moscow, which had just come from the press, the last orders to the army, and his own "placard." Glancing over the army orders, Pierre found in one of them, which mentioned the names of the killed, wounded, or rewarded, that Nikolai Rostof had been decorated with a "George" of the fourth class on account of his gallantry in the affair at Ostrovno; and in the same "general order," the nomination of Prince Andrei Bolkonsky as commander of a regiment of Jägers. Although he had no wish to remind the Rostofs of Bolkonsky, still he could not restrain the desire to rejoice their hearts by the news of the reward granted their son, and so, keeping in his

own possession the proclamation, the "placard," and the other orders, with which to entertain them during dinner, he immediately sent them the printed order and Nikolai's letter.

His conversation with Count Rostopchin, whose tone of anxiety and nervousness struck him, his meeting with the courier, who had some careless story to tell of things going ill in the army, the rumors of spies found in Moscow, and of a paper circulating in the city which declared that Napoleon by autumn had promised to occupy both of the Russian capitals, the talk about the expected arrival of the sovereign on the morrow, — all this gave new strength to that feeling of excitement and expectation which had not left him since the night when the comet had first appeared, and especially since the outbreak of the war.

The notion of entering the active military service had, for some time, been much in his mind: and he would assuredly have done so if, in the first place, he had not been deterred by the fact that he belonged to that Masonic fraternity, to which he had bound himself by a solemn pledge, and which preached eternal peace and the cessation of war: and, in the second place, because, as he beheld the great numbers of the inhabitants of Moscow who had donned uniforms and were preaching patriotism, it would have seemed, somehow, ridiculous for him to do so. But the chief reason which deterred him from carrying out the idea of entering the military service was to be found in that obscure conception that he, *l'Asses-Besuhof*, who carried with him the number of the Beast, — 666, — was destined to take some great part in putting bounds to the power of the Beast that spoke great things and blasphemies; and that, therefore, he ought not to undertake anything, but to await and see what was meant for him to accomplish.

CHAPTER XX.

THE Rostofs, as usual on Sundays, had some of their intimate friends to dine with them.

Pierre went early, so as to find them alone.

Pierre had grown so stout this year that he would have seemed monstrous had he not been so tall, so broad-shouldered, and so strong, that he carried his weight with evident ease.

Panting, and muttering something to himself, he hurried upstairs. His coachman no longer thought of asking him whether he should wait for him. He knew, by this time, that

when the count was at the Rostofs', he would stay till midnight. The Rostofs' lackeys cheerfully hastened forward to take his cloak, and receive his hat and cane. Pierre, from club habit, left his cane and hat in the ante-room.

The first person whom he saw was Natasha. Even before he had caught sight of her, and while he was taking off his cloak in the ante-room, he heard her singing solfeggios in the music-room.

He knew that she had not sung a note since her illness, and, therefore, the sounds of her voice surprised and delighted him. He gently opened the door, and saw Natasha in the lilac-colored dress, in which she had been to mass, pacing up and down the room and singing. She was walking with her back toward him when he opened the door, but when she turned short about, and recognized his stout, amazed face, she blushed and came swiftly toward him.

"I want to get into the habit of singing again," said she. "It is quite an undertaking," she added, as though to excuse herself.

"And it is splendid!"

"How glad I am that you have come! I am so happy to-day," she cried with something of that old vivacity, which Pierre had so long missed in her. "You know Nicolas has received the Georgievsky cross. I am so proud of him!"

"Certainly: I sent you the 'order of the day.' Well, I will not interrupt you," he added, "but I'll go into the drawing-room."

Natasha called him back:—

"Count, tell me, is it wrong in me to be singing?" she asked, with a blush, but looking inquiringly into Pierre's face, without dropping her eyes.

"No! why?—On the contrary—But why did you ask me?"

"I am sure I don't know," replied Natasha, quickly; "but I did not wish to do anything that you would not approve. I have such perfect confidence in you! You don't know what you are to me, how much you have done for me!" She spoke rapidly, and noticed not how Pierre reddened at these words. "I saw that *he*—I mean Bolkonsky"—she spoke this name in a hurried whisper—"was mentioned in the same order, so then he is serving in Russia again. What do you think?" she asked, still speaking rapidly, evidently in haste to finish what she had to say, lest she should not have the strength necessary to do so—"Will he ever forgive me? Will he not always

bear me ill will? What do you think about it? What *do* you think about it?"

"I think," Pierre began, — "I think he has nothing to forgive. If I were in his place" —

By the force of recollection. Pierre was, in an instant, carried back, in his imagination, to that moment when, in order to comfort her, he had said that if he were the best man in the world, and free, he would, on his knees, ask for her hand; and now the same feeling of pity, tenderness, and love, seized upon him, and the same words were on his lips. But she did not give him time to say them.

"Yes, you, *you*," said she with a peculiar solemnity, repeating and dwelling on the pronoun — "you — that is another thing. I know no man who is kinder, nobler, better; and there could not be. If it had not been for you then, and now too, I don't know what would have become of me, for" — the tears suddenly filled her eyes; she turned around, hid her face behind her music, and began to sing her scales, and walk up and down the room once more.

At this moment, Petya came running in from the drawing-room. Petya was now a handsome, ruddy lad of fifteen, with thick, red lips, and the image of Natasha. He was preparing for the university, but lately he and his comrade, Obolyensky, had secretly resolved that they would enter the hussars.

He sprang forward to his namesake, in order to speak with him about a matter of importance. He had been begging him to find out whether he could be admitted to the hussars. Pierre went into the drawing-room, not heeding the lad. Petya gave his arm a twitch, in order to attract his attention.

"Now tell me, Piotr Kiriluitch, for Heaven's sake, how is my business getting on? Is there any hope for us?" asked Petya.

"Oh, yes, your business. The hussars, is it? I will inquire about it; I will inquire about it, I will this very day."

"Well now, *mon cher*, have you brought the manifesto?" asked the old count. "The 'little countess' was at mass at the Razumovskys' and heard the new prayer. Very fine, they say!"

"Yes, I have brought it," replied Pierre. "The sovereign will be here to-morrow. A special meeting of the nobility has been called, and they say there is to be a levy of ten out of every thousand. And I congratulate you!"

"Yes, yes, glory to God. Now tell me what is the news from the army?"

"Ours are still retreating. They are at Smolensk by this time, so they say," replied Pierre.

"My God! My God!" exclaimed the count. "Where is the manifesto?"

"The proclamation? Oh, yes!"

Pierre began to search in all his pockets for the papers, but could not find them. While still rummaging through his pockets, he kissed the countess's hand, who, at that moment, came in, and he looked around uneasily, evidently expecting to see Natasha, who had ceased to sing, but had not as yet rejoined the others.

"*Ma parole*, I don't know what I have done with them!" he exclaimed.

"Well, you're always losing things," exclaimed the countess.

Natasha came in with a softened, agitated expression of countenance, and sat down, looking at Pierre, without speaking. As soon as she appeared, Pierre's face, till then darkened with a frown, grew bright, and though he was still searching for the papers, he kept looking at her.

"By Heavens! * I must have left them at home. I will go after them. Most certainly" —

"But you will be late to dinner."

"Akh! and my coachman has gone, too!"

Sonya, however, who had gone into the ante-room to look for the missing papers, found them in Pierre's hat, where he had carefully stuck them under the lining. Pierre wanted to read them immediately.

"No, not till after dinner," said the old count, evidently anticipating the greatest treat in this reading.

At dinner, during which they drank the health of the new knight of St. George in champagne, Shinskin related all the gossip of the town: about the illness of the old Princess of Gruzia, and how Métivier had disappeared from Moscow, and how some German had been arrested and brought to Rostopchin, and represented to be a *shampinion*.† Count Rostopchin had himself told the story, and how Rostopchin had commanded them to let the shampinion go, assuring the people that he was not a shampinion, but simply a German toadstool!

"They'll catch it! they'll catch it!" said the count; "I have been telling the countess that she mustn't talk French so much. It is not the time to do it now."

* *Yéi Bogu*.

† French *champignon*, a mushroom.— Slang term, meaning a Frenchman

"And have you heard?" proceeded Shinshin. "Prince Goltitsuin has taken a Russian tutor—to teach him Russian—*il commence à devenir dangereux de parler français dans les rues.*"

"Well, Count Piotr Kiriluitch, if they are going to mobilize the landwehr, you'll have to get on horseback, won't you?" asked the old count, addressing Pierre.

Pierre was taciturn and thoughtful all dinner-time. As though not comprehending, he gazed at the old count when thus addressed.

"Yes, yes, about the war," said he. "No! what kind of a soldier should I be? But, after all, how strange everything is! how strange! I can't understand it myself. I don't know; my tastes are so far from being military, but as things are now no one can tell what he may do."

After dinner the count seated himself comfortably in his chair, and, with a grave face, asked Sonya, who was an accomplished reader, to read.

"To Moscow our chief capital:

"The enemy has come with overwhelming force to invade the boundaries of Russia. He is here to destroy our beloved fatherland," read Sonya, in her clear voice. The count listened with his eyes shut, sighing heavily at certain passages.

Natasha, with strained attention, sat looking inquiringly now at her father and now at Pierre.

Pierre was conscious of her glance fastened upon him, and strove not to look round. The countess shook her head sternly and disapprovingly at each enthusiastic expression contained in the manifesto, for everything made her see that the danger threatening her son would not soon pass by.

Shinshin, with his lips formed to a satiric smile, was evidently making ready to turn into ridicule whatever first gave him a good opportunity: whether Sonya's reading, or what the count should say, or even the proclamation itself, if that offered him a suitable pretext.

Having read about the perils threatening Russia, the hopes which the sovereign placed in Moscow, and especially in its illustrious nobility, Sonya, with a trembling voice, which was caused principally by the fact that they were following her so closely, read the following words:—

"We shall not be slow to take our place amidst our people in this capital, and in other cities of our empire, so as to lead in deliberations and to take the direction of all our troops, not

only those which are at the present time blocking the way of the foe, but also those that are gathering to cause his defeat wherever he may show himself. And may the destruction in which he thinks to involve us react upon his own head, and may Europe, delivered from servitude, magnify the name of Russia!"

"That's the talk!" cried the count, opening his moist eyes, and several times catching his breath with a noise as though a bottle of strong-smelling salts had been put to his nose: he went on to say, "Only say the word, sire, and we will sacrifice everything without a regret!"

Shinshin had no time to utter the little joke which he had ready at the expense of the count's patriotism before Natasha sprang up from her place and ran to her father.

"How lovely he is — this papa of mine!" she exclaimed, giving him a kiss; and then she glanced at Pierre again with the same unconscious coquetry which had come back to her together with her animation.

"What a little *patriotka* * she is!" cried Shinshin.

"Not a *patriotka* at all, but simply" — began Natasha, offended. "You turn everything into ridicule, but this is no laughing matter" —

"Laughing matter!" exclaimed the count. "Let him only say the word, and we will all follow — we are not Germans or" —

"And did you notice," said Pierre, "that it spoke about deliberations?"

"Well, whatever he is here for" —

At that moment Petya, to whom no one had been paying any attention, came up to his father, and, all flushed, said, in that voice of his, which was now breaking, and was sometimes bass and sometimes treble, "Now, then, *pápenka*, my mind is perfectly made up — and, *mámenka*, too, if you please — I tell you both my mind is made up: you must let me go into the military service, because I cannot — and that's the end of it" —

The countess raised her eyes in dismay, and clasped her hands, and, turning severely to her husband, said, "Just think what he has said!"

But the count instantly recovered from his emotion.

"Well, well!" said he. "A fine soldier you are! A truce to such folly! You must study!"

"It is not folly, *pápenka*. Fedya Obolyensky is younger

* The feminine of patriot.

than I am, and he is going; but, even if he weren't, I could never think of studying now when" —

Petya hesitated, and flushed so that the sweat stood out on his forehead, but still finished. — "When the country is in danger."

"There! there! enough of this nonsense!" —

"But you yourself just said that we would sacrifice everything!"

"Petya! I tell you hold your tongue!" cried the count, glancing at his wife, who had turned white, and was gazing with fixed eyes at her youngest son.

"But I tell you — and here is Piotr Kirillovitch will speak about it" —

"And I tell you it is all rubbish! the milk isn't dry on your lips yet; and here you are wanting to go into the army! Nonsense, I tell you!" and the count, gathering up the papers, which he evidently intended to read over again in his cabinet before going to bed, started to leave the room.

"Piotr Kirillovitch, come and have a smoke."

Pierre was in a state of confusion and uncertainty. Natasha's unnaturally brilliant and animated eyes fixed upon him steadily rather than affectionately had brought him into this state.

"No, I think I will go home."

"What? Go home? I thought you were going to spend the evening with us. And, besides, we don't see so much of you as we did. And this girl of mine," said the count, gayly indicating Natasha, "is merry only when you are here."

"Yes, but I had forgotten something. I must certainly go home. — Some business," said Pierre, hastily.

"Well, then, good-by," * said the count, and he left the room.

"Why must you go? Why are you so out of spirits? What is it?" asked Natasha, looking inquiringly into Pierre's eyes.

"Because I love thee!" was what was on his lips to say, but he did not say it; he reddened till the tears came, and dropped his eyes.

"Because it is better for me not to be here so much — because — No, simply because I have some business."

"What is it? No! Tell me." Natasha began resolutely, but suddenly stopped. The two looked at each other in dismay and confusion. He tried to smile, but it was a vain

* *Do svidanya, like au revoir, auf wiedersehen.*

attempt : his smile expressed his suffering ; and he kissed her hand without speaking, and left the house.

Pierre solemnly made up his mind not to visit at the Rostofs' any more.

CHAPTER XXI.

PETYA, after the decided repulse which he had received, went to his room and there, apart from every one, wept bitterly. All pretended, however, not to remark his red eyes, when he came down to tea, silent and gloomy.

On the following day, the sovereign arrived. Several of the Rostofs' household serfs asked permission to go and see the tsar.

That morning it took Petya a long time to dress, comb his hair, and arrange his collar, so as to make it look as full-grown men wore theirs. He stood scowling before the mirror, making gestures, lifting his shoulders, and, at last, saying nothing to any one, he put on his cap and left the house by the back door, so as not to be observed.

Petya had made up his mind to go straight to the place where the sovereign would be, and to give a perfectly straightforward explanation to one of the chamberlains — he supposed the sovereign was always surrounded by chamberlains — and tell him that he, Count Rostof, in spite of his youth, wished to serve his country, that his youth could not be an obstacle in the way of devotion, and that he was ready —

Petya, by the time he was all dressed, was well fortified with fine words which he should say to the chamberlain.

Petya relied for the success of his application to the sovereign on the very fact that he was a mere child — he thought even that they would all be amazed at his youth — and, at the same time, by the arrangement of his nice little collar, and the combing of his hair, and his slow and dignified gait, he was anxious to give the impression of being a full-grown man.

But the farther he went, and the more he was involved in the throngs and throngs of people gathering around the Kreml, the more he forgot to keep up that appearance of dignity and moderation which marks the full-grown man.

As he approached the Kreml, he had a hard struggle to keep from being jostled ; and this he did by putting on a decidedly threatening face, and resolutely applying his elbows to opposing ribs. But at Trinity Gate, in spite of all his resolution, the

people, who evidently had no idea what patriotic object brought him to the Kreml, crushed him up against the wall in such a way that he had to make a virtue of the necessity, and pause, while through the gateway rolled the equipages, thundering by under the vaulted arch.

Near Petya stood a peasant woman and a lackey, two merchants, and a retired soldier. After waiting some time at the Gate, Petya determined not to wait until all the carriages had passed, but to push farther on in advance of the others: and he began to work his elbows vigorously: but the peasant woman, who stood next him, and was the first to feel the application of his elbows, screamed at him angrily. —

"Here, my little *bárchuk*,* what are you poking me for? Don't you see every one is standing still? Where are you trying to get to?"

"That's a game more than one can work," said the lackey, and also vigorously plying his elbows, he sent Petya into the ill-smelling corner of the gateway.

Petya wiped the sweat from his face with his hands, and tried to straighten up his collar, which had collapsed with the moisture — that collar which, when he had left home, so well satisfied him with the effect of maturity that it gave him. He felt that he now was in an unrepresentable state, and he was afraid that if he went to the chamberlain in such a plight, he would not be allowed to approach the sovereign. But to put himself to rights, or to get from where he was to another place, was an impossibility, owing to the throng. A general, who happened to be passing at that moment, was an acquaintance of the Rostofs. It occurred to Petya to shout to him for help: but he came to the conclusion that that would not be compatible with manliness.

After all the equipages had passed, the throng burst through, and carried Petya along with it into the square, which was also full of the populace. Not the square alone, but the slopes and the housetops, every available place, was full of people. As soon as Petya got fairly into the square, the sounds of the bells filling all the Kreml, and the joyous shouts of the people, made themselves manifest to his ears.

At one time there was more room on the square, but suddenly every head was bared, and the whole mass of people rushed forward. Petya was so crushed that he could hardly breathe, and still the acclamations rent the air: Hurrah! hur-

* *Bárchénok*, *bárchuk*, is the popular diminutive of *báritch*, that is to say, the son of a *barin*, or nobleman, gentleman.

rah ! hurrah ! Petya got upon his tiptoes, pushed and pinched, but still he could see nothing except the people around him.

All faces wore one and the same expression of emotion and enthusiasm. One woman, a merchant's wife, standing near Petya, sobbed, and the tears streamed from her eyes. —

"Father ! angel ! bátyushka !" she cried, rubbing the tears away with her fingers.

The huzzas resounded on every side.

The throng, for a single instant, stood still in one place; then it rushed onward again.

Petya, entirely forgetting himself, set his teeth together like a wild beast, and, with his eyes starting from his head, plunged forward, using his elbows, and shouting "Hurrah" at the top of his voice, as though he were ready and willing that moment to kill himself and every one else; while on every side of him there were ever the same wild faces uttering the same huzzas.

"So, then, that's the kind of a man the sovereign is !" thought Petya. "No, it would be impossible for me to deliver my petition in person; it would be quite too audacious."

Nevertheless, he still struggled desperately forward, and, just beyond the backs in front of him, he could see an empty space, with a lane covered with red cloth; but at this instant the throng ebbed back; the police in front were driving them away from the path of the procession, which they were incommoding; the sovereign was on his way from the palace to the Uspiensky Cathedral, and Petya unexpectedly received such a blow in the ribs, and was so crushed, that suddenly everything grew confused before his eyes, and he lost consciousness.

When he came to himself, some strange priest, — apparently a diachók, — in a well-worn, blue cassock, and with a long mane of gray hair, was supporting him with one arm, and with the other defending him from the pressure of the throng.

"You have crushed a young nobleman !" * cried the diachók. "Look out, there ! Easy ! — You have crushed him ! You have crushed him !"

The sovereign entered the Uspiensky Cathedral. The crowd again thinned out a little, and the priest took Petya, pale and hardly able to breathe, to the *Tsar-pushka*, or King of Guns. Several individuals had pity on Petya, but then suddenly the

* *Bárenchok*, nobleman's son.

throng surged up against him again, and he was already involved in the billows of the mob. But those who stood nearest to him gave him a helping hand, while others unbuttoned his coat, and got him up to the top of the cannon, and reviled some of those who had abused him so.

"Would you crush him to death that way!" — "What do you mean?" — "Why, it's downright murder!" — "See the poor fellow, he's as white as a sheet!" said various voices.

Petya quickly recovered himself, the color returned to his cheek, his pain passed off, and, as a compensation for this momentary discomfort, he had his place on the cannon, from which he hoped to see the sovereign pass by on his way back. Petya no longer even thought of preferring his request. If he could only see him, then he should consider himself perfectly happy!

During the time of the service in the Uspiensky Cathedral, which consisted of a Te Deum in honor of the sovereign's arrival, and a thanksgiving for the conclusion of peace with Turkey, the throng thinned out, pedlers of kvas, gingerbread, and poppy seeds — which Petya specially affected — made their appearance proclaiming their wares, and the ordinary chatter of a crowd was heard.

A merchant's wife was lamenting her torn shawl, and telling how dear it had cost her. Another made the remark that at the present time all sorts of silk stuffs were costly. The diachók, Petya's rescuer, was disputing with an official as to who and who were assisting His Eminence in the service. The priest several times repeated the word *sobornye*,* which Petya did not understand. Two young fellows were jesting with some servant girls, who were munching nuts.

All these conversations, especially the jokes with the girls, which ordinarily would have been extremely fascinating to Petya at his age, now failed entirely to attract his attention. He sat on his coign of vantage — the cannon — just as much excited as ever at the thought of his sovereign and of his love for him. The coincidence of his feeling of pain and terror when they were crushing him, and his feeling of enthusiasm still more strengthened in him the consciousness of the importance of this moment. Suddenly, from the embankment were heard the sounds of cannon-shots, — they were fired in commemoration of the peace with the Turks, — and the throng rushed eagerly toward the embankment to see them fire the cannon.

* A Slavonic word signifying that all the clergy of the cathedral (*sobor*) assisted.

Petya wanted to go, too, but the priest who had taken the young nobleman under his protection would not permit him. These guns were still firing when from the Uspensky Cathedral came a number of officers, generals, and chamberlains; then, more deliberately, came still others; again heads were uncovered, and those who had rushed to see the firing came running back. Last of all there emerged from the portal of the cathedral four men in uniforms and ribbons. "Hurrah! hurrah!" shouted the throng.

"Which is he? Which one?" asked Petya, in a tearful voice, of those around him, but no one gave him any answer; all were too much pre-occupied, and Petya, selecting one of these four personages, which he had some difficulty in doing, owing to the tears of joy that blinded his eyes, concentrated on him all his enthusiasm — although it happened not to be the monarch! — and shouted "Hurrah" in a frenzied voice, and made up his mind that, the very next day, cost what it might, he would become a soldier.

The throng rushed after the sovereign, accompanied him to the palace, and then began to disperse. It was already late, and Petya had eaten nothing, and the sweat streamed from him; still he had no idea of going home yet, and he stood in front of the palace with the diminished but still enormous throng all through the time that the sovereign was eating his dinner, gazing at the windows of the palace, still expecting something, and envying the dignitaries who came up to the doorway to take part in the dinner, and even the footmen, who were serving the tables, and passing swiftly in front of the windows.

During the dinner Valuyef, glancing out of the window, remarked to the sovereign, "The people are still hoping to have another glimpse of your majesty."

When the banquet was over, the sovereign arose, still eating the last of a biscuit, and went out on the balcony. The throng, Petya in the number, rushed toward the balcony, shouting, "Angel! bătushka! hurrah!"

"Father!" cried the people, and Petya also, and again the women and some of the men of weaker mould — Petya among the number — wept for joy.

A pretty good-sized piece of the biscuit, which the sovereign held in his hand, crumbled and dropped upon the railing of the balcony, and from the railing to the ground. A coachman in a sleeveless coat, standing nearer than any one else, sprang forward and seized this crumb. Several of the throng flung

themselves on the coachman. The sovereign, perceiving this, commanded a plate of biscuits to be handed to him, and began to toss them from the balcony.

Petya's eyes were bloodshot; the danger of being crushed to death again threatened him, but he rushed for the biscuits. He knew not why, but his happiness depended on having one of those biscuits from the tsar's hand, and he was bound he would not give in. He sprang forward and upset an old woman who was just grasping a biscuit. But the old woman had no idea of considering herself vanquished, although she was flat on the ground, for she held the biscuit clutched in her fist, and had not dropped it. Petya knocked it out of her hand with his knee, and seized it, and, as though fearing that he should be too late, he shouted "Hurrah," with his hoarse voice.

The sovereign retired, and after this the larger part of the crowd began to separate. "I said there'd be something more to see, and so it turned out," said various voices, joyously, amid the throng.

Happy as Petya was, it was, nevertheless, a gloomy prospect for him to go home, and know that all the happiness of the day was done. Instead, therefore, of going home, he left the Kreml, and went to find his comrade, Obolyensky, who was also fifteen years old, and who also was bent upon going into the army.

When, at last, he reached his home, he clearly and definitely declared that, if they would not give him their permission, he would run away. And, on the next day, Count Ilya Andreych, though not fully decided to give his assent, went to learn in what way some place might be found for Petya, where he would be least exposed to danger.

CHAPTER XXII.

ON the morning of the 27th, three days later, a countless throng of equipages were drawn up in the vicinity of the Slobodsky palace.

The halls were all crowded. In the front room were the nobles in their uniforms; in the second room were the merchants, wearing medals, beards, and blue kaftans.

There was a bustle and movement in the room where the nobles were gathered. Around a great table, over which hung a portrait of the sovereign, sat the most distinguished digni-

taries, in high-backed chairs; but the majority of the nobles were walking up and down.

All the nobles — the very men whom Pierre was accustomed to see every day at the club or at their own homes — were in uniforms, some dating from Catherine's time, some from Paul's, some in the newer-fashioned ones that had come in with Alexander, some in the ordinary uniform of the Russian nobility; and this universality of uniform gave a certain strange and fantastic character to these individuals, of such varying ages and types, well known as they were to Pierre. Especially noticeable were the old men, dull-eyed, toothless, bald, with flesh turning to yellow fat, or wrinkled and thin. These, for the most part, sat in their places and had nothing to say; and, if they walked about and talked, they addressed themselves to men their juniors. Likewise, as in the faces of the throng which Petya had seen on the Kreml square, so here these faces wore a most astounding contrariety of expressions: the general expectation of some solemn event, as opposed to what usually happened: the party of boston, Petrusha the cook's dinner, the exchange of greetings with Zinaida Dmitrievna and things of the sort.

Pierre, who since early morning had been pinched into a court uniform that was awkward for him, because it was too tight in its fit, was present. He was in a high state of excitement: a meeting extraordinary, not only of the nobility, but also of the merchant class — a legislative assembly, *états généraux* — had awakened in him a whole throng of ideas about the *Contrat social*, and the French Revolution — ideas which he had long ago ceased to entertain, but were, nevertheless, deeply engraven in his mind. The words of the proclamation which said that the sovereign was coming to his capital, for the purpose of *deliberating* with his people, confirmed him in this opinion. And thus supposing that the important reform which he had been long waiting to see introduced would now be tried, he walked about, looked on, listened to the conversations, but nowhere found any one expressing the ideas that occupied him.

The sovereign's manifesto was read, arousing great enthusiasm; and then the assembly broke up into groups, discussing affairs. Pierre heard men talking not only about matters of universal interest, but also about such things as where the marshals of the nobility should stand when the sovereign came, when the ball should be given to his majesty, whether the division should be made by districts or taking the whole

government, and other questions of the sort. But as soon as the war became a topic of conversation, or the object of calling the meeting of the nobility was mentioned, the discussions became vague and irresolute. All preferred to listen rather than to talk.

One middle-aged man of strikingly gallant bearing, and wearing the uniform of a retired officer of the navy, was talking in one room, and a group was gathered around him. Pierre joined it, and began to listen. Count Ilya Andreyitch, in his Voevode's kaftan of Catherine's time, after making his way through the crowd, with a pleasant greeting for every one, also approached this same group, and began to listen, as he always listened, with his good-natured smile, and nodding his head to signify that his sentiments were in accord with the speaker's.

The retired naval man spoke very boldly — as could be judged by the faces of his listeners, and because certain of Pierre's acquaintances, well known for their submissive and gentle natures, turned away from him, or disagreed with what he said. Pierre forced his way into the centre of this group, and gave good heed, and came to the conclusion that the speaker was genuinely liberal, but in a very different sense from what Pierre understood by liberality. The naval man spoke in that peculiar, ringing, singsong baritone characteristic of the Russian nobility, with an agreeable slurring of the r's and shortening of consonants — a voice, too, fitted to issue a command.

"Suppose the people of Smolensk have offered to raise militia for the sove'n. Can the Smolenskites lay down the law for us? If the ge'm'en of the Muscovite nobility find it neces'y, they can show their devotion to their sove'n and emp'r in some other way. We haven't forgotten the calling out of the landwehr in 1807, have we? Only rase'ly priests' sons and plund'r's got any good from it."

Count Ilya Andreyitch, with a shadow of a smile, nodded his head approvingly.

"And I should like to know if our militia have ever done the empire any good? Not the least. They have merely ruined our farming int'rests. A levy is much better — for the militia man comes back to you neither a soldier nor a muzhik, but simply spoiled and good for nothing. The nobles don't grudge their lives; we are perfectly willing to take the field ourselves and bring along recruits with us; the sove'n * has only to speak the word and we will all die for him," added the orator, growing excited.

* "He pronounced *Gosudar*, *gusaï*:" parenthesis in text.

Ilya Andreyitch swallowed down the spittle in his mouth with gratification at hearing such sentiments, and nudged Pierre, but Pierre also had a strong desire to speak. He pushed still farther forward; he felt that he was excited, but he had no idea what should cause him to speak, and as yet he had still less idea of what he was going to say. He had just opened his mouth to speak when a senator, who had absolutely no teeth at all, but who had a stern, intelligent face, suddenly interrupted Pierre. He had been standing near the naval orator. Evidently used to leading in debate, and holding his own in argument, he spoke in a low but audible voice:—

“I suppose, my dear sir,” said the senator—the words sounding thick, owing to his toothless mouth—“I suppose that we have been summoned here not for the purpose of deciding whether at the present moment enlistment of soldiers or levies of militia will be most beneficial for the empire, but we have been summoned here to respond to the proclamation which the emperor our sovereign has deigned to address to us. And the decision of the question which is the more advantageous—recruits or militia—we may safely leave to his supreme autho”—

Pierre suddenly found an outlet for his excitement. He was indignant with the senator for taking such a strict and narrow view of the functions of the nobility. Pierre took a step forward and interrupted the senator. He himself knew not what he was going to say, but he began hotly, occasionally breaking out into French expressions, and when he spoke in Russian “talking like a book.”

“Excuse me, your excellency,” he began. Pierre was well acquainted with this senator, but now he felt that it was incumbent upon him to address him with perfunctory formality. “Although I cannot agree with the gentleman”—Pierre hesitated. He wanted to say *Mon très-honorable préopinant*—“with the gentleman—*que je n’ai pas l’honneur de connaître*—still I suppose that the nobility have been called together now not alone to express their sympathy and enthusiasm, but likewise to decide on the measures by which we may aid the fatherland. I suppose,” said he, growing still more animated, “I suppose that the sovereign himself would have been sorry if he saw in us nothing but owners of peasants whom we should give him as meat for—as *chair à canon*—but rather as co—counsellors”—

Several moved away from this group as they noticed the

senator's scornful smile and the excitement under which Pierre was laboring; only Ilya Andreyitch was content with Pierre's deliverance, just as he had been with the naval man's speech and the senator's, and, as a general rule, with the last one which he ever happened to hear.

"I suppose that before we decide these questions," pursued Pierre, "we ought to ask the sovereign, we ought most respectfully to ask his majesty to give us a full and definite account of how many troops we have, in what condition they are, and then" —

But Pierre was not allowed to finish his sentence; he was attacked from three sides at once. More violently than by any one else he was assailed by an acquaintance of his of very long standing, always well disposed to him and frequently his partner at boston, Stepán Stepánovitch Adraksin. Stepán Stepánovitch was in uniform, and either it was the uniform or some other reason that made Pierre see himself opposed by an entirely different man from what he had ever known. Stepán Stepánovitch, with an expression of senile wrath suddenly flushing his face, screamed out at Pierre: —

"In the first place I would have you understand that we have no right to ask the sovereign any such thing, and in the second place even if the Russian nobility had such a right, even then the sovereign could not answer us. The movements of our troops depend upon those of the enemy — the troops increase and decrease" —

Another man, of medium height, forty years old, whom Pierre had seen in days gone by at the Gypsies' and knew as a wretched card player, and who now like the rest had a wholly changed aspect in his uniform, interrupted Adraksin: — "Yes, and besides it is not the time to criticise," said the voice of this noble, "but we must act; the war is in Russia. The enemy are coming to destroy Russia, to desecrate the tombs of our sires, to lead into captivity our wives and our children." — The nobleman struck his chest a ringing blow. — "Let us all arise, let us all go as one man in defence of our bátyushka, the tsar!" he cried, wildly rolling his bloodshot eyes.

Several approving voices were heard in the throng.

"We Russians will never begrudge our lives for the defence of the faith, the throne, and the fatherland; but we must renounce day dreams if we are the true sons of the country. Let us show Europe how Russia can defend Russia!" cried a nobleman.

Pierre wanted to make a reply, but he could not say a word. He was conscious that even the sound of his voice—independent of the meaning of what he would say—was less audible than the sound of the nobleman's voice.

Ilya Andreyitch stood just behind the circle, looking on approvingly; several applauded the speaker when he finished, and shouted,—

“Hear! Hear!”

Pierre was anxious to say that while he would be ready to sacrifice himself to any extent, either in money or in his peasants, still he should like to know how affairs were situated before he could help, but he found it impossible to get a word in. Many voices spoke and shouted all at once, so that Ilya Andreyitch had no chance even to nod his head in assent to everything, and the group grew in size, broke asunder, and then formed again swaying and tumultuous, and moved across the room toward the great table.

Not only was Pierre prevented from speaking, but he was rudely interrupted, assailed, and pushed aside, and treated as though he were a common foe. This was not because they were dissatisfied with the sentiments which he expressed, for they had already forgotten what he had said after the multitude of other things spoken since, but what was necessary to excite the throng was some palpable object of love and some palpable object of hatred. Pierre had made himself the latter. Many orators followed the excited nobleman, and all spoke in the same tone. Many spoke eloquently and with originality.

The editor of the *Russky Vjestnik*, Glinka,* who was well known, and was greeted with shouts of “The writer! the writer!” declared that hell must contend with hell; that he had seen a child smiling at the flashing of lightning and at the crashing of thunder, but that we should not be like such a child as that.

“No! no! we must not!” was heard approvingly spoken in the most distant circles.

The throng drifted up to the great table where sat the septuagenarian notables, old and gray and bald, in uniforms and ribbons, veterans whom Pierre had seen, almost without exception, at home under jolly circumstances or at the club-house

* Sergyéi Nikoláyevitch Glinka, born at Smolensk 1776, founded the *Russian Messenger*, 1808, which, in 1812, was the very pillar of nationalism; he also, at his own cost, furnished twenty men for the militia; died, 1847 leaving one hundred and fifty volumes of works.

or playing boston. The throng drew near the table, and still the roar of shouting and talk went on. One after the other, and sometimes two at once, pressing up against the high-backed chairs, the orators spoke their thoughts. Those who stood in the rear finished saying what any orator had no time to say to the end, and filled out the omitted passages. Others, in spite of the heat and closeness, racked their brains trying to find some new idea and to give it utterance. Pierre's friends, the aged notables, sat and gazed, now at one, now at the other, and the expression of the majority of their faces merely said that it was very hot.

Pierre, however, felt intensely excited, and a great desire came over him to have the meeting understand that he was as ready as the rest to be moved and stirred by that which was expressed more in the sounds of their voices and their looks than in the sense of the words they spoke. He had no intention of renouncing his convictions, but he somehow felt as though he were in the wrong, and he wanted to set himself right.

"I merely said that it would be easier for us to make sacrifices if we could know what was needed," he began to say, trying to outshout the rest.

A little old man who happened to be standing near him looked at him, but was immediately attracted by a shout raised at the other side of the table.

"Yes, Moscow shall be delivered! She shall be the deliverer!" some one was shouting.

"He is the enemy of the human race!" cried another.

"Allow me to speak" —

"Gentlemen, you are crushing me!" —

CHAPTER XXIII.

At this moment, Count Rostopchin, in a general's uniform and with a broad ribbon across his shoulder, with his prominent chin and keen eyes, came into the room, and swiftly passed through the throng of nobles, who made way before him.

"Our sovereign, the emperor, will be here immediately," said Rostopchin. "I have just come from there. I think that in the position in which we find ourselves there is very little room for debate. The sovereign has done us the honor of calling us together, and the merchant class," said Count

Rostopchin. "They in there control millions," — he pointed to the hall where the merchants were, — "and it is our business to furnish the landwehr, and not to spare ourselves. That is the least that we can do!"

The notables, sitting by themselves at the table, held a consultation. The consultation could hardly be described as subdued. There was even a melancholy effect produced when, after all the noise and enthusiasm, these senile voices were heard, one after the other, saying, "I am content," or, for the sake of variety, "That is my opinion," and the like.

The secretary of the meeting was bidden to write that the Moscovites, in a meeting of the nobility, had unanimously resolved to follow the example of Smolensk, and offer a levy of ten men out of every thousand, completely armed and equipped.

The gentlemen who had been sitting arose, as though freed from a heavy task, noisily pushed back their chairs, and stirred about the hall so as to stretch their legs, perchance taking the arm of some acquaintance, and talking matters over.

"The sovereign! the sovereign!" was the cry suddenly shouted through the halls, and the whole throng rushed to the entrance.

Through a broad lane, between a wall of nobles, the sovereign entered the hall. All faces expressed a reverent and awesome curiosity. Pierre was standing at some little distance, and could not fully catch all that the sovereign said in his address.

He comprehended only from what he heard that the sovereign spoke about the peril in which the country stood, and the hopes which he placed upon the Muscovite nobility. Some one spoke in response to the sovereign's address, and merely confirmed the resolution which had just before been engrossed.

"Gentlemen," said the sovereign's trembling voice; a ripple of excitement ran through the throng, and then dead silence reigned again, and this time Pierre distinctly heard the sovereign's extremely agreeable voice, affected with genuine emotion, saying, —

"I have never doubted the devotion of the Russian nobility. But this day it has exceeded my expectations. I thank you in the name of the fatherland. Gentlemen, let us act — time is precious" —

The sovereign ceased speaking; the throng gathered round him, and on every side were heard enthusiastic exclamations.

"Yes, precious indeed — the tsar's word!" said Ilya An

dreyitch, with a sob; he had heard nothing, but put his own interpretation on everything.

The sovereign passed from the hall where the nobles were into that where the merchants were gathered. He remained there about ten minutes. Pierre and several others saw him on his way from their hall with tears of emotion in his eyes. As was learned afterwards, the sovereign had hardly begun his speech to the merchants before the tears had streamed from his eyes, and he had ended it in a voice broken with emotion. When Pierre saw him, he was coming out accompanied by two merchants. One was an acquaintance of Pierre's—a stout brandy farmer; the other was the city provost, a man with a thin yellow face and a peaked beard. Both of them were in tears. The thin man wept, but the stout brandy farmer was sobbing like a child, and kept saying,—

“Take our lives and our all, your majesty!”

Pierre at this moment felt no other desire than to prove how little he treasured anything, and that he was ready to make any sacrifice. He reproached himself for his speech with its constitutional tendency; he tried to think of some means to efface the impression which it had made. Learning that Count Mamonof had offered a regiment, Bezukhoi immediately announced to Count Rostopchin that he would give a thousand men and their maintenance.

Old Rostof could not refrain from tears when he told his wife what had been done, and he then and there granted Petya's request, and went himself to see that his name was enrolled.

The next day the sovereign took his departure. All the nobles who had assembled took off their uniforms, once more resumed their ordinary avocations at home and in their clubs, and, groaning, gave orders to their overseers in regard to the landwehr levy, and marvelled at what they had done.

PART SECOND.

CHAPTER I.

NAPOLÉON entered upon the war with Russia because he had to go to Dresden, had to lose his judgment from excess of honors, had to put on a Polish uniform, had to feel the stimulating impression of a July morning, and had to give way to an outburst of fury in the presence of Kurakin and afterwards of Balashof.

Alexander refused to hear to any negotiations, because he felt that he had been personally insulted.

Barclay de Tolly strove to direct the troops in the very best way, so that he might do his duty and win the renown of being a great commander.

Rostof charged the French because he could not resist the temptation to make a dash across an open field.

And thus acted in exactly the same way, in accordance with their own natural characteristics, habits, dispositions, and aims, all the innumerable individuals who took part in this war. They had their fears and their vanities, they had their enjoyments and their fits of indignation, and they all supposed that they knew what they were doing, and that they were doing it for themselves; but they were in reality the irresponsible tools of history, and they brought about a work which they themselves could not realize, but which is plain for us to see.

Such is the inevitable fate of all who take an active part in life, and the higher they stand in the social hierarchy the less free are they. Now, those who took part in the events of the year 1812 have long ago passed from the scene; their personal interests have vanished without leaving a trace, and only the historical results of that time are before us.

Let us now once admit that the armies of Europe, under the leadership of Napoleon, had to plunge into the depths of Russia, and there to perish, and all the self-contradictory, senseless, atrocious deeds of those who took part in this war become comprehensible for us.

Providence obliged all these men, who were each striving to attain his own ends, to work together for the accomplishment of one tremendous result, of which no man — neither Napoleon nor Alexander any more than the most insignificant participant — had the slightest anticipation.

It is now plain to us what caused the destruction of the French army in the year 1812. No one will attempt to dispute that the cause of the destruction of Napoleon's French troops was, on the one hand, their plunging into the depths of Russia too late in the season, and without sufficient preparation; and, on the other hand, the character given to the war by the burning of the Russian cities, and the consequent awakening in the Russian people of hatred against the foe.

But at that time not only had no one any idea of such a thing, — though now it seems so evident, — that an army of eight hundred thousand men, the best that the world had ever seen, and conducted by the greatest of leaders, could only in this way have met with its destruction in a collision with an army of half its size, inexperienced, and under the lead of inexperienced generals; *not only no one had any idea of such a thing*, but, moreover, all the exertions of *the Russians* were systematically directed toward preventing the only thing that could save Russia, and all the exertions of *the French*, in spite of Napoleon's experience and his so-called military genius, were directed toward reaching Moscow by the end of the summer: in other words, doing the very thing which was bound to prove his ruin.

French authors, in their accounts of the year 1812, are very fond of declaring that Napoleon felt the risk he ran in extending his line, that he sought to give battle, that his marshals advised him to halt at Smolensk. And they bring forward other arguments of the sort, to prove that even then the peril of the Russian campaign was foreseen.

On the other hand, Russian authors are even more fond of declaring that, at the very beginning of the campaign, the scheme was already conceived of decoying Napoleon into the depths of Russia, — after the manner of the Scythians, — and some ascribe this scheme to Pfuhl, others to some Frenchman, others again to Toll, and still others to the Emperor Alexander himself. For their proof, they cite certain memoirs, suggestions, and letters, in which it really happens that allusions to some such mode of action can be found.

But all these allusions, suggesting that what was done either by the French or the Russians was the result of calcu-

lation, are made to look so at the present day simply because what actually took place has justified them.

If the event had not taken place, then these allusions would have been neglected, just as thousands and millions of hints and suggestions of entirely opposite character are now forgotten, though they were all the vogue at that time, but, having been found to be incorrect, were therefore relegated to the limbo of forgetfulness.

The issue of any event whatever is always involved in so many hypotheses, that no matter how it really turns some one will be found to say, "I told you it would happen so," entirely forgetting that among the numberless hypotheses others were made which proved to be perfectly erroneous.

To suppose that Napoleon foresaw the peril of extending his line and that the Russians thought of alluring the enemy into the depths of their country, evidently belongs to this category, and it is only by very forced reasoning that historians can ascribe such divination to Napoleon and such schemes to the Russian generals.

All the facts are absolutely opposed to such hypotheses.

The Russians throughout the war not only had no thought or desire to decoy the French into the depths of the country, but, on the other hand, everything was done to prevent them from making the first advance beyond their borders, and Napoleon not only had no fear of extending his line, but he felt a joy amounting to enthusiasm at every onward movement, and he showed no such eagerness as in his earlier campaigns to give battle.

At the very beginning of the campaign our armies are separated, and our single aim, in which we employ all our energies, is to unite them, whereas if it had been our intention to retreat and decoy the enemy into following us, there would not have been the slightest advantage in making a junction of the forces.

The emperor is with the army in order to inspire the troops to defend the Russian land and not to yield an inch of ground. The enormous fortified camp of the Drissa is established according to Pfuhl's design, and there is no thought of retreating. The sovereign reproaches the commander-in-chief for every backward step. The emperor could never have dreamed either of the burning of Moscow or the presence of the enemy at Smolensk, and when the armies are united the sovereign is exasperated because Smolensk is taken and burned, and because a general engagement is not delivered under its walls.

Such are the sovereign's views, but the Russian generals and all the Russian people are still more exasperated at the mere suggestion of retreating before the enemy.

Napoleon, having cut our armies asunder, moves on into the interior of the country, and allows to pass several opportunities for giving battle. In August he is at Smolensk, and his sole thought is how to advance into Russia, although, as we see now, this forward movement was certainly to be destructive to him.

The facts prove that Napoleon did not foresee the risk of an advance upon Moscow, and that Alexander and the Russian generals had no idea at that time of decoying Napoleon, but quite the contrary.

Napoleon's army was enticed into the heart of the country not in accordance with any plan, — for no one had seen even the possibility of such a plan, — but in consequence of the complicated play of intrigues, desires, and ambitions of the men who took part in this war and had no conception of what was destined to be, or that it would result in the only salvation of Russia.

Everything proceeds in the most unexpected way. Our armies are divided at the opening of the campaign. We try to unite them with the evident aim of giving battle and checking the invasion of the enemy, but in trying to effect this union our troops avoid battle, because the enemy are stronger, and in our involuntary avoidance of them we form an acute angle, and draw the French as far as Smolensk. But it is not enough to say that we give way at an acute angle because the French are moving between our two armies: the angle grows still more acute and we retreat still farther because Bagration hates Barclay de Tolly,* an unpopular German. Bagration, who is his superior officer and the commander of the other army, endeavors as far as possible to delay the conjunction, in order not to be under Barclay's orders.

Bagration long delays the union of the two armies — though this has been the chief object of all the Russian generals, and he does so because he imagines that to make this march would endanger his troops and that it is better for him to draw off farther to the left and toward the south and harass the enemy on the flank and in the rear, and recruit his army in the Ukraina.

* Barclay de Tolly (1759-1818) was not German, but of the old Scotch family of Barclay, a branch of which settled in Russia in the seventeenth century.

But this was a mere pretext. He conceived this plan because he is anxious not to put himself under the command of Barclay, the hated German, whose rank is inferior to his own.

The emperor is with the army to inspire it, but his presence, and his tergiversation, the tremendous throng of advisers and plans paralyze the energy of the army, and it beats a retreat.

The plan then is to make a stand in the camp at Drissa, but suddenly Paulucci, who aims to be commander-in-chief, makes such an impression upon Alexander by his energy, that Pfuhl's whole plan is abandoned, and the task is confided to Barclay. But, as Barclay is not able to instil confidence, his power is limited.

The armies are separated; there is no unity, no head: Barclay is unpopular; but all this confusion, division, and the unpopularity of the German commander-in-chief produce irresolution and the evasion of an encounter with the enemy, which would have been inevitable if the union of the armies had been accomplished, and if Barclay had not been designated as commander-in-chief, while on the other hand the same circumstances continually increase the feeling against the Germans, and more and more arouse the spirit of patriotism.

Finally, the sovereign leaves the army under the sole and most reasonable pretext that he is needed at Moscow and Petersburg to stir up the people and incite a national defence. And the sovereign's journey to Moscow triples the strength of the Russian troops.

The truth is, the sovereign leaves the army in order that he may not interfere with the power of the commander-in-chief, and hopes that more decisive measures will be taken. But the position of the chief of the army grows more and more confused and helpless. Benigsen, the Grand Duke, and a whole swarm of general-adjutants remain in the army to watch the actions of the commander-in-chief and to stimulate him to energetic action; and Barclay, feeling himself still less free under the eyes of all these *imperial censors*, grows still more cautious about undertaking any decided operation, and carefully avoids a battle.

Barclay stands on his guard. The tsesarevitch hints at treason and demands a general attack. Liubomirsky, Brannitsky, Vlotzky, and others of their ilk, add so much to all this tumult that Barclay, to rid himself of them, sends the Polish general-adjutants to Petersburg with pretended messages for the tsar, and enters into an open dispute with Benigsen and the Grand Duke.

At last, against the wishes of Bagration, the union of the two armies is effected at Smolensk.

Bagration drives in his carriage to Barclay's headquarters. Barclay puts on his scarf, comes out to meet him, and salutes him as his superior in rank. Bagration, not to be outdone in magnanimity, places himself under Barclay's command, in spite of his superiority of rank, but though he takes a subordinate position he is still more opposed to him. Bagration by the sovereign's express order makes direct reports. He writes to Arakcheyef:—

“My sovereign's will be done, but I can never work with the *minister* [Barclay]. For God's sake send me where you will, give me only a single regiment to command, but I cannot stay here. — Headquarters are full of Germans, so that it is impossible for a Russian to breathe here, and there is no sense in anything. I thought that I was serving the sovereign and my country, but I am really serving Barclay. I confess this does not suit me.”

The swarm of Brannitskys, of Winzengerodes, and others like them, still further poisons the relations between the two chiefs, and united action becomes more and more impossible.

They get ready to attack the French at Smolensk. A general is sent to inspect the position. This general, hating Barclay, instead of obeying orders, goes to one of his friends, a corps commander, remains with him all day, and returns at night to Barclay, to criticise a field of battle which he has not even seen.

While quarrels and intrigues concerning the battle-field are in progress, while we are trying to find the French, because we are ignorant of their whereabouts, the French encounter Nevverovsky's division, and approach the very walls of Smolensk.

It is necessary to accept an unexpected battle at Smolensk in order to save our communications. The battle takes place, thousands of men on both sides are killed.

Contrary to the wishes of the sovereign and the people, Smolensk is abandoned. But the inhabitants of Smolensk, betrayed by their governor, set fire to the city, and, offering this example to other Russian towns, take refuge in Moscow, only deploring their losses and kindling hatred against the enemy.

Napoleon advances; we retreat, and the result is that the very measure necessary for defeating Napoleon is employed.

CHAPTER II.

ON the day following his son's departure, Prince Nikolai Andreyitch summoned the Princess Mariya.

"There, now, are you satisfied?" he demanded. "You have involved me in a quarrel with my son! Satisfied? That was what you wanted! Satisfied? This has been painful, painful, to me. I am old and feeble, and this was what you wished. Well, take your pleasure in it, take your pleasure in it!"

And after that the Princess Mariya saw no more of her father for a whole week. He was ill and did not leave his cabinet.

To her amazement, the princess noticed that during this illness the old prince did not permit even Mademoiselle Bourienne to come near him. Only Tikhon was admitted.

At the end of the week, the prince came out and began to lead his former life again, occupying himself with special zeal in his buildings and garden, but discontinuing all his former relations with Mademoiselle Bourienne. His looks and his coolness toward the Princess Mariya seemed to say to her, —

"Here, you see, you have lied about me, you have slandered me to Prince Andrei in regard to my relations with this Frenchwoman, and you have made me quarrel with him; but, you see, I can get along without you or the Frenchwoman either."

One-half of the day the Princess Mariya spent with Nikolushka, attending to his lessons; she herself taught him Russian and music, and talked with Dessalles; the remainder of the day she spent with her books, her old *nyanya*, and her "God's people," who sometimes came to see her clandestinely by the back stairs.

The Princess Mariya had such thoughts about the war as women generally have regarding war. She trembled for her brother, who was in it; she was horror-struck at the cruelty which led men to slaughter each other, though she had little comprehension of its reality; but she did not appreciate the significance of this particular war, which seemed to her exactly like the wars that had preceded it.

She did not realize it, although Dessalles, with whom she was constantly associated, followed its course with passionate interest, and tried to explain what he felt about it; and although the "God's people" who came to see her brought to

her the popular rumors about the invasion of Antichrist; and although Julie, now the Princess Drubetskaya, who had again commenced to correspond with her, wrote her patriotic letters from Moscow.

"I am going to write to you in Russian. — *pa Russki*. — my dear friend," wrote Julie, "because I hate all the French, and their language likewise. I cannot even bear to hear it spoken. Here in Moscow we are all carried away by our enthusiasm for our idolized emperor.

"My poor husband is enduring hunger and privations at Jewish taverns; but the tidings which I get from him still further excite me.

"You have undoubtedly heard of the heroic action of Rayevsky, who embraced his two sons, saying, 'I will perish with them, but we will never yield.' And, indeed, though the enemy was twice as strong as we were, we did not yield.

"We spend our time as best we can: during war, it must be as during war. The Princess Alina and Sophie spend whole days with me, and we wretched widows of living husbands, while ravelling lint, have good long talks; only you, my dear, are absent." And so on.

The principal reason why the Princess Mariya did not realize the whole significance of this war, was that the old prince never said a word about it, never mentioned it, and, at dinner, often laughed at Dessalles, who would grow eloquent over it. The prince's tone was so calm and firm that the Princess Mariya believed in him without question.

All through the month of July, the old prince was extraordinarily active and energetic. He set out another new orchard, and built a new building for the use of his household serfs. The only thing that disquieted the Princess Mariya was that he slept very little, and, relinquishing his ordinary habit of sleeping in his cabinet, he each day changed his sleeping-room. One time he gave orders to have his camp bedstead set up in the gallery; then he would try the sofa, or the Voltaire easy-chair in the drawing-room, and doze without undressing, while the lad Petrusha — and not Mademoiselle Bourienne — read aloud to him; then, again, he would spend the night in the dining-room.*

Early in August, he received a second letter from Prince Andrei. In the first, which came soon after his departure for the army, Prince Andrei humbly begged his father's pardon for what he had permitted himself to say to him, and besought him to restore him to favor. The old prince had replied to this in an affectionate letter, and it was shortly after that he gave up his intimacy with the Frenchwoman.

Prince Andrei's second letter, written from near Vitebsk,

* This was a characteristic of Napoleon at St. Helena.

after it had been captured by the French, contained a brief account of the campaign, with the plan of it sketched out, and also his ideas as to the ultimate issue of it. In the same letter Prince Andrei represented to his father the inconvenience of his position so near to the theatre of the war, in the very line of march of the armies, and urged him to go to Moscow.

At dinner that day, hearing Dessalles mentioning the rumor that the French had already reached Vitebsk, the old prince remembered his letter from Prince Andrei.

"Had a letter from Prince Andrei to-day," said he. "Haven't you read it?"

"No, *mon père*," replied the princess timidly. She could not possibly have read the letter, as she did not even know that one had been received.

"He writes me about this campaign," said the old prince, with that scornful smile which had become habitual with him, and which always accompanied any mention of the war then in progress.

"It must be very interesting," said Dessalles. "The prince is in a position to know" —

"Ah, very interesting," interrupted Mademoiselle Bourienne.

"Go and fetch it to me," said the old prince to Mademoiselle Bourienne. "It's on the little table, you know, under the paper-weight."

Mademoiselle Bourienne sprang away with eager haste.

"Oh, no," he cried, scowling; "do you go, Mikhail Ivanitch."

Mikhail Ivanitch got up and went into the cabinet. But, as he did not immediately return with it, the old prince, uneasily glancing around, threw down his napkin and went himself.

"He won't be able to find it; he'll upset everything."

While he was gone, the Princess Mariya, Dessalles, Mlle. Bourienne, and even Nikolushka silently exchanged glances. The old prince came hurrying back, accompanied by Mikhail Ivanitch, and bringing the letter and a plan; but instead of letting them be read during the dinner time he placed them by his side.

Passing into the drawing-room, he handed the letter to the Princess Mariya and, spreading out the plan of the new building, he began to study it, but at the same time commanded the Princess Mariya to read the letter aloud. After she had read it, she looked inquiringly at her father. He was studying the plan, apparently immersed in his thoughts.

"What do you think about this, prince?" asked Dessalles, hazarding the question.

"I—I?" exclaimed the prince, as though being aroused to some disagreeable reality, but still not taking his eyes from the plan.

"It is quite possible that the theatre of the war may be approaching us"—

"Ha! ha! ha! the theatre of war!" exclaimed the prince. "I have said, and I still say, that the theatre of the war is in Poland, and the enemy will never venture to cross the Niemen."

Dessalles looked in amazement at the prince, who spoke of the Niemen when the enemy was already at the Dnieper: but the Princess Mariya, who had forgotten the geographical position of the Niemen, supposed that what her father said was correct.

"As soon as the snow begins to thaw they will be swallowed up in the swamps of Poland. Only they cannot see it," pursued the old prince, evidently thinking of the campaign of 1807, which, as it seemed to him, had not been so long ago. "Benigsen ought to have marched into Prussia before this; then the affair would have taken another direction"—

"But, prince," timidly suggested Dessalles, "Vitebsk is mentioned in the letter"—

"Ah! in the letter!—Yes"—involuntarily exclaimed the prince. "Yes—yes"—His face had suddenly assumed a sour expression. He paused for a moment. "Yes, he writes that the French were beaten—near some river—what was it?"

Dessalles dropped his eyes. "The prince wrote nothing about that," said he in a low tone.

"Didn't he, indeed! Well, I certainly did not imagine it!"

A long silence ensued.

"Yes—yes—Well, Mikhail Ivanuitch!" he suddenly exclaimed, raising his head and pointing at the plan of the new building. "Tell me how you propose to change this"—Mikhail Ivanuitch drew up to the table, and the prince, after discussing the plan of the new edifice, left the room, casting an angry glance on the Princess Mariya and Dessalles.

The princess noticed Dessalles's confused and wondering look fastened on her father, remarked his silence, and was dumfounded at her father having forgotten to take his son's letter from the drawing-room table; but she was afraid to speak or to ask Dessalles the cause of his confusion

and silence, and she was afraid even to think what it might be.

In the evening, Mikhail Ivanuitch was sent by the prince for his son's letter, which had been forgotten in the drawing-room. The Princess Mariya handed him the letter. And, although it was a trying thing for her to do, she permitted herself to ask him what her father was doing.

"He is always busy," replied Mikhail Ivanuitch, with a polite but sarcastic smile that made the Princess Mariya turn pale. "He is very much interested in the new building. He has been reading a little, but just now," continued Mikhail Ivanuitch, lowering his voice, "he is at his desk; he must be working over his 'will.'"

Latterly, one of the prince's favorite occupations had been to arrange the papers which were to be left after his death, and which he called his "will."

"And is he sending Alpatuitch to Smolensk?" asked the Princess Mariya.

"He is; he has been waiting for some time."

CHAPTER III.

WHEN Mikhail Ivanuitch returned to the cabinet, he found the prince sitting at his open bureau, with his spectacles on and his eyes shaded by an *abat-jour*. He was reading by the light of a shaded candle and with a peculiarly solemn expression, holding very far from his eyes the manuscript—his *Remarki*, he called it—which he wished to have presented to the sovereign after his death.

When Mikhail Ivanuitch came in, the old prince's eyes were filled with tears started by the recollection of the time when he had written what he was now reading. He snatched the letter from Mikhail Ivanuitch's hand, thrust it in his pocket, replaced the manuscript, and summoned the long-waiting Alpatuitch.

He held a sheet of paper on which was jotted down what he wished to be done at Smolensk, and as he paced back and forth through the room past the servant standing at the door, he delivered his instructions.

"First,—do you hear?—letter-paper like this specimen, gilt-edged—here's the pattern so as not to make any mistake;—varnish;—sealing-wax"—following Mikhail Ivanuitch's memorandum.

He paced up and down the room, and kept glancing at the memorandum of purchases.

"Then be sure to give this letter about the deed to the governor in person."

Then he laid special stress on getting the bolts for his new edifice, which must be of a special pattern invented by himself. Then a folio was wanted for holding his "will." It took more than two hours to charge Alpatuitch with all the commissions, and still the prince did not let him go. He sat down, tried to think, and, closing his eyes, fell into a doze. Alpatuitch stirred uneasily.

"Well, get you gone! get you gone! if I need anything more I will send for you."

Alpatuitch left the room. The prince went to the bureau again, glanced into it, touched the papers with his hand, closed it again, and, going to his table, sat down to write his note to the governor.

It was already late when, having sealed the letter, he got up. He wanted to go to bed, but he knew that he should not sleep, and that the most miserable thoughts would haunt him as soon as he lay down. He rang for Tikhon, and went with him through the rooms, so as to select the place where to set the bed for the night. He went about measuring every corner.

There was no place that seemed to please him, but anything was better than his usual sofa in his cabinet. This divan was terrible to him, apparently on account of the trying thoughts which passed through his mind as he lay upon it. There was no place that satisfied him, but he was best of all pleased with the corner in the divan-room behind the piano-forte; he had never before slept there.

Tikhon and a man servant brought in the bedstead, and began to make the bed.

"Not that way! Not that way!" cried the prince, and with his own hand he pushed it an inch or two farther away from the corner, and then nearer again.

"Well, at last, I have done everything; let me rest," thought the prince, and he commanded Tikhon to undress him.

Painfully scowling at the effort required to take off his kaftan and pantaloons, the prince at last got undressed, and let himself drop heavily on his bed, and then seemed lost in thought as he gazed scornfully at his yellow, shrivelled legs. Thought, however, was absent; he was merely sluggish about undertaking the labor of lifting those same legs and getting them into bed. "Okh! what a trial! Okh! why must the

end he so slow in coming! Why can't *you* leave me in peace?" he said to himself. Screwing up his lips, he, for the twenty-thousandth time, made the effort, and then lay down. But he was scarcely on his back before the whole bed suddenly began, with slow and regular motion, to rock backward and forward, as though it were heavily breathing and tossing. This thing happened to him almost every night. He opened his eyes, which he had just closed.

"No repose! Curse it!" he exclaimed, full of fury against something. "Yes, yes! there must have been something else of importance, of very great importance, which I kept till I should go to bed. Was it the bolts? No, I told him about that. No, it was something that happened in the drawing-room. The Princess Mariya had some nonsense to repeat. Dessalles — that idiot! — made some remark. There was something in my pocket! I can't remember. Tishka! what were we talking about at dinner time?"

"About Prince Mikhail" —

"Hold your tongue!"

The prince thumped his hand on the table. "Now, I know — it was Prince Andrei's letter. The Princess Mariya read it aloud. Dessalles said something about Vitebsk. Now, I will read it."

He bade Tikhon fetch him the letter from his pocket, and place a small table near the bed, with his lemonade and a wax taper, and, putting on his spectacles, he began to read. There only, as he read the letter, in the silence of the night, by the feeble light of the candle under the green shade, he for the first time for a moment took in its full significance.

"The French at Vitebsk! in four marches they can reach Smolensk; maybe they are there now. Tishka!" Tikhon sprang forward. "No matter! Nothing! nothing!" he cried.

He slipped the letter under the candle-stick, and closed his eyes.

And there arose before him the Danube, — a brilliant noon-day, — the rushes, — the Russian camp and himself, a young general with not a single wrinkle on his face: hale and hearty, gay and ruddy, going into Potemkin's bright-colored tent, and the burning feeling of hatred against the "favorite" stirs in him now as violently as it did even then. And he recalls all the words which were spoken at his first interview with Potemkin. And his fancy brings up before him again a stout, short woman, with a fat, sallow face, — *mátushka-imperatrítsa*, —

the little mother empress, — her smile, her words of flattery, when she for the first time gave him audience, and he remembers her face as it appeared on the catafalque, and then the quarrel with Zubof, which took place over her coffin, over the right to approach her hand.

“Akh! would that those old times could return, and that the present would all come to an end — soon — soon — that I might at last find rest!”

CHAPTER IV.

LUISIYA GORUI. Prince Nikolai Andreyitch Bolkonsky's estate, was situated about sixty versts from Smolensk and three versts from the Moscow highway.

That evening, while the prince was giving Alpatuitch his commissions, Dessalles asked for a few moments' talk with the Princess Mariya, and told her that as the prince, her father, was not very well, and refused to adopt any measures for their safety, while from Prince Andrei's letter it was evident that to remain at Luisiya Gorui was not unattended with danger, he respectfully advised her to send a letter by Alpatuitch to the nachalnik of the government at Smolensk, asking him to let her know the real state of affairs, and the measure of danger to which Luisiya Gorui was exposed.

Dessalles wrote the letter for her to the governor, and she signed it, and it was put into Alpatuitch's hands with strict injunctions to hand it to the governor, and in case the dangers were urgent to return as soon as possible.

Having received all his instructions, Alpatuitch, in a white beaver hat, — a gift of the prince's, — with a cudgel, exactly like that carried by the prince, went, escorted by all the servants, to get into the leather-covered kibitka, to which a troika of fat, roan steeds had been attached.

The duga-bell was tied up, and the little harness bells were stuffed with paper. The prince would not allow bells to be used at Luisiya Gorui. But Alpatuitch liked the sounds of them on a long journey. His fellow servants, the zemsky or communal scribe, the house clerk, the pastry cook, and the scullery maid, two old women, a young groom, the coachman, and a number of other household serfs, accompanied him.

His daughter stuffed back of the seat and under it some down cushions covered with chintz. His wife's sister, an old

woman, stealthily thrust in a small bundle. One of the coachmen helped him to get to his place.

"Well, well! woman's fussiness! Oh! women, women!" he exclaimed, puffing and speaking in the same short, hurried way as the old prince did; and he took his place in the kибитка. Having given his last orders to the zemsky in regard to the work, Alpatutch removed his hat from his bald head and crossed himself thrice — and in this respect he certainly did not imitate the prince.

"If anything should — you — you will hurry back, Yakof Alpatutch; for Christ's sake, have pity on us!" screamed his wife, with a covert reference to the rumors of the war and the enemy.

"Oh, women, women! women's fussiness!" growled Alpatutch to himself, and he rode away, glancing around him at the fields, some of which were covered with yellowing rye, others with thick crops of oats still green, others where the men were just beginning to do the second ploughing. He rode on, admiring the summer wheat, which gave an unusually abundant crop that year; then he gazed with delight at the rye-fields, where the reapers were already beginning to work, and he made mental calculations as to future sowing and gathering of crops, and wondered if he had forgotten any of the prince's commissions.

Having stopped twice on the road to bait his horses, Alpatutch, on the sixteenth of August, reached the city.

On the way he met and passed wagon trains and detachments of troops. As he approached Smolensk, he heard the sounds of distant firing, but these reports did not surprise him. He was more surprised than at anything else to see, in the vicinity of the city, tents pitched in the midst of a magnificent field of oats, which some soldiers were mowing apparently for the sake of fodder; this circumstance surprised Alpatutch, but it quickly slipped his mind, which was absorbed in his own business.

All the interests of Alpatutch's life had been for more than thirty years confined to fulfilling the prince's wishes, and he had never taken a step outside of this narrow circle. Everything that did not appertain to carrying out the prince's directions did not interest him, and might be said not even to exist for Alpatutch.

Arriving on the evening of August sixteenth at Smolensk, Alpatutch put up at an inn, kept by the dvornik Ferapontof, across the Dnieper, in the Gachensky suburb, where he had

been in the habit of making his headquarters for the past thirty years. Ferapontof, thirty years before, had, with the connivance of Alpatuitch, bought a piece of woodland of the prince, and begun to trade, and now he had a home of his own, a tavern, and a grain shop. Ferapontof was a stout, dark, complexioned, good-looking muzhik of middle age, with thick lips, with a thick nobbed nose, and with knobs over his black, scowling brows, and with a portly belly.

Ferapontof was standing at the street door of his shop, in his colored chintz shirt and waistcoat. Catching sight of Alpatuitch, he came out to meet him.

"Welcome, Yakof Alpatuitch. The people are leaving town, and here you are coming to town!" exclaimed the landlord.

"What do you mean? Leaving town?" asked Alpatuitch.

"I mean what I say. The people are fools. They're all afraid of a Frenchman!"

"Woman's chatter! woman's chatter!" grumbled Alpatuitch.

"That's my opinion, Yakof Alpatuitch. I tell 'em there's orders not to let *him* in; so, of course, *he* won't get in. And yet those muzhiks ask three rubles for a horse and cart. That isn't Christian of 'em!"

Yakof Alpatuitch paid little attention to what he said. He asked for a samovar and some hay for his horses, and, after he had sipped his tea, he went to bed.

All night long the troops went tramping by the tavern along the street. The next morning Alpatuitch put on his *kamzol*, which he always wore only in town, and set forth to do his errands. The morning was sunny, and at eight o'clock it was already hot. "A fine day for the wheat harvest," Alpatuitch said to himself. Beyond the city the sounds of firing had been audible since early morning. About eight o'clock a heavy cannonading made itself heard in addition to the musketry.

The streets were crowded with people hurrying to and fro; there were throngs of soldiery; but, just as usual, *izvoshchiki* were driving about, merchants were standing at their shop doors, and the morning service was going on in the churches.

Alpatuitch did his errands at the shops, at the government offices, at the post-office, and at the governor's. At the government offices, at the shops, at the post-office, everywhere every one was talking of the war and the enemy, who was even now making his descent upon the city. Every one was

asking every one else what was to be done, and every one was trying to re-assure every one else.

At the governor's house, Alpatuitch found a great throng of people, Cossacks, and a travelling carriage belonging to the governor. On the doorstep Yakof Alpatuitch met two of the local gentry, one of whom he knew. The nobleman whom he knew, a former *ispravnik*, or district captain of police, was talking with some heat.

"But I tell you this is no joke!" he was saying. "It's very well for a man who is alone. One can endure to be single and poor; but to have thirteen in your family, and your whole property at stake! — What do the authorities amount to if they let such things come on us? Ekh! they ought to hang such cut-throats!" —

"There, there! calm yourself!" said the other.

"What difference does it make to me; let them hear! Why, we are not dogs!" said the ex-*ispravnik*, and, looking round, he caught sight of Alpatuitch. "Ah! Yakof Alpatuitch, what brings you here?"

"On an errand from his illustriousness to the governor," replied Alpatuitch, proudly lifting his head, and placing his hand in the breast of his coat — which he always did when he remembered the prince. "He sent me to ascertain the position of affairs," said he.

"Well, then, ascertain it," cried the proprietor. "Not a cart to be had — nothing! There, do you hear that?" he exclaimed, calling their attention to the direction in which the firing could be heard. "That's the pass they've brought us to! ruining us all — the cut-throats!" he muttered again, and turned down the steps.

Alpatuitch shook his head, and went upstairs. In the reception room were merchants, women, *chinovniks*, silently exchanging glances. The door into the governor's cabinet was opened, and all stood up and crowded forward. Out of the room hurried a *chinovnik*, exchanged some words with a merchant, beckoned to a stout *chinovnik*, with a cross around his neck, to follow him, and again disappeared behind the door, evidently avoiding all the glances and questions that followed him.

Alpatuitch pressed forward, and, when the *chinovnik* came out again, placing his hand under the breast of his overcoat, he addressed the official, and handed him the two letters.

"For the Baron Asche, from General-in-Chief Prince Bolkonsky," he said, so solemnly and significantly that the *chinovnik*

turned round to him and took the letters. At the end of a few moments the governor summoned Alpatuitch, and said to him hurriedly : —

“Inform the prince and the princess that I know nothing about it at all. I have been acting in accordance with superior instructions. — Here !”

He gave a paper to Alpatuitch.

“However, as the prince is ailing, my advice to him is to go to Moscow. I am going there myself — immediately. Tell him.”

But the governor did not finish his sentence; an officer, breathless and covered with sweat came rushing in, and hurriedly said something in French. An expression of horror crossed the governor's face.

“Go,” said he, nodding to Alpatuitch; and then he began to ply the officer with questions. Pitiful, frightened, helpless glances followed Alpatuitch as he came out of the governor's cabinet. Involuntarily listening now to the cannonading, constantly growing nearer and more violent, Alpatuitch hastened back to the inn.

The paper which the governor had given him was as follows : —

“I assure you that the city of Smolensk is not in the slightest danger, and it is entirely unlikely that it will be exposed to any. I, on the one hand, and Prince Bagration, on the other, shall effect a junction before Smolensk; and this will take place on the 22d instant, and the two armies, with united forces, will defend their fellow-countrymen of the government committed to your charge, until their efforts shall have driven away the foes of the fatherland, or until the last warrior shall have perished from their gallant ranks. You will see from this that you have a perfect right to calm the inhabitants of Smolensk, since any one defended by two such brave armies may well be confident that victory will be theirs.” (Order of the day, from Barclay de Tolly to Baron Asche, the civil governor of Smolensk, 1812.)

The inhabitants were roaming anxiously about the streets.

Teams, loaded to repletion with domestic utensils, chairs, clothes-presses, and furniture of every description, were coming out of the courtyard-gates of the houses and proceeding along the streets. At the house next Ferapontof's stood a number of teams, and the women were bidding each other good-by, and exchanging parting gossip. The house-dog was barking and frisking around the heads of the horses.

Alpatuitch, with a brisker gait than he usually took, went into the courtyard and proceeded directly to the barn where his team and horses were. The coachman was asleep: he aroused

him, told him to hitch up, and went into the house. In the landlord's room were heard the wailing of a child, the broken sobs of a woman, and Ferapontof's furious, harsh tones. The cook, fluttering about the bar-room like a frightened hen, cried as soon as she saw Alpatuitch: "He's been beating her to death—been beating the missis! He just beat her, and dragged her round!"

"What made him do it?" asked Alpatuitch.

"She begged him to go! Just like a woman! 'Take us away,' says she, 'don't let 'em kill me and the little ones; everybody,' says she, 's going, and why,' says she, 'shouldn't we go too?' And so he began to beat her. He just threshed her and dragged her round!"

Alpatuitch nodded his head as though he approved, and, not caring to hear any more about it, went to the room where his purchases had been left. It was opposite the landlord's family room.

"You villain, you wretch!" at this moment cried a thin, pale woman, with a baby in her arms, and with a torn kerchief on her head, who came rushing out of that room, and flew downstairs into the court.

Ferapontof came out behind her, and when he saw Alpatuitch, he pulled down his waistcoat, smoothed his hair, and followed Alpatuitch into the room.

"And so you are going so soon?" he asked.

Not paying any attention to this question, and not looking at the landlord, Alpatuitch, after making a bundle of his purchases, asked how much he should pay for the accommodation.

"We will settle that by and by. How was it at the governor's?" asked Ferapontof. "What was the talk there?"

Alpatuitch replied that the governor had not said anything very decisive to him.

"How can we possibly get away with our things? Why, they ask seven rubles to go to Dorogobuzh! And I tell you there's mighty little Christianity about them!" said he. "Selivanof made a good thing Thursday, sold some flour to the army at nine rubles a sack. Say, will you have some tea?" he added.

While the horses were being put to, Alpatuitch and Ferapontof sipped their tea and talked about the price of wheat, about the crops, and the splendid weather for harvest.

"Well, it seems to be calming down a little," said Ferapontof, getting up after his three cups of tea. "Ours must have had the best of it. They told us they would not let 'em in.

Of course we're strong enough. They say Matvyei Ivanuitch Platof drove eighteen thousand of 'em into the Marina t'other day and drowned 'em all."

Alpatuitch picked up his purchases and gave them to the coachman, who came in; then he settled his account with the landlord. The sound of carriage wheels was heard outside the door, the trampling of the horses, and the jingling of bells, as the kibitka drove up. It was by this time long into the afternoon. One side of the street was in shadow; the other was brightly lighted by the sun. Alpatuitch glanced out of the window, and went to the door. Suddenly he heard the strange sound of a distant whizzing, and a dull thud, immediately followed by the long reverberating roar of a cannon which made the windows rattle.

Alpatuitch went out into the street; a couple of men were running down toward the bridge. In various directions could be heard the whistling and crashing of round shot, and the bursting of bomb-shells falling into the city. But these sounds attracted little attention among the citizens compared with the roar of the cannonading heard beyond the city. This was the bombardment which Napoleon commanded to be opened at five o'clock, from one hundred and thirty cannon. The people at first did not realize the significance of this bombardment. The crash of falling shells and cannon-balls at first wakened only a sort of curiosity. Ferapontof's wife, who had been steadily wailing and weeping in the barn, dried her tears and came out to the gates with her baby in her arms, and gazed silently at the people and listened to the noise.

The cook and the shop-tender came down to the gates. All looked with eager curiosity at the projectiles flying over their heads. Around the corner came several men, talking with great animation.

"What force there was!" one was saying. "Smashed the roof and the ceiling all into kindling-wood."

"And it ploughed up the ground just like a hog!" said another.

"It was a good shot! Lively work!" said he, with a laugh.

"You had to look out mighty sharp and jump, else 'twould have smeared you!"

The people gathered round the new-comers. They stopped and told how shots had been falling into a house near them. Meantime, other projectiles, round shot, with a not disagreeable whistling, and shells, with a swift, melancholy hissing, kept fly

ing over the heads of the people. But not a single projectile fell near them; all flew over and beyond. Alpatuitch took his seat in his kибитка. The landlord was standing at his gates. "You are showing too much!" he cried to the cook, who, with sleeves rolled up above her bare elbows, had gone, holding up her red petticoat, down to the corner to hear the news. "But it was miraculous," she was just saying, but when she heard the sound of the landlord's voice she turned round and let her petticoat drop.

Once more, but very near this time, came something with a whistling sound, like a bird flying toward the ground; there was a flash of fire in the middle of the street, a loud, stunning crash, and the street was filled with smoke.

"You rascal, what did you do that for?" cried the landlord, rushing down to the cook. At the same instant, the pitiful screaming of women was heard on various sides; a child wailed in terror, and the people gathered in silence with pale faces round the cook. Above all other sounds were heard the groans and exclamations of the cook.

"O-i-o-akh! my darlings! my poor darlings! Don't let them kill me! My poor darlings!"

Five minutes later, not a soul was left in the street. The cook, whose thigh had been broken by a fragment of the bomb, was carried into the kitchen. Alpatuitch, his coachman, and Ferapontof's wife and children and the hostler, were cowering in the cellar, with ears alert. The roar of cannon, the whistle of projectiles, and the pitiful groans of the cook, which overmastered all else, ceased not for a single instant. The landlord's wife rocked and crooned her infant at one moment, and at the next she would ask in a terrified whisper of all who came down into the cellar where her husband, who had remained in the street, was.

The shop-tender came down into the cellar, and reported that her husband had gone with the crowd to the cathedral to get the wonder-working ikon of Smolensk.

Toward twilight, the cannonade began to grow less violent. Alpatuitch went out of the cellar and stood in the doorway. The evening sky, which before had been cloudless, was now shrouded in smoke. And through this smoke strangely shone the sickle of the young moon high in the west. After the cessation of the terrible roar of the cannon, silence fell upon the city, broken only by what seemed to be a constantly increasing rumble of hurrying steps, groans, distant shouts, and the crackling of flames. The cook's groaning had ceased. In

two different directions, volumes of black smoke arose from the conflagrations and spread over the city. Soldiers in various uniforms, mixed all in together, no longer in orderly ranks, but like ants from a demolished ant-hill, came running and walking from various directions down the street. It seemed to Alpatuitch that some of them were making for Ferapontof's tavern. Alpatuitch went down to the gates. A regiment marching in serried ranks and hurrying along blocked the street from side to side.

"The city is surrendered! Off with you! off with you!" cried an officer who noticed him, and then he turned to his soldiers: "I tell you, keep out of the yards," he cried.

Alpatuitch went back to the tavern, and, summoning the coachman, bade him start away. Alpatuitch and the coachman were followed by all Ferapontof's household. When they saw the smoke and the yellow tongues of the fire, which now began to shine out in the gathering gloom, the women, till now perfectly silent, suddenly unloosed their tongues as they looked toward the city, and broke out into what seemed like an echo of the lamentations that were to be heard at the other end of the street. Alpatuitch and the coachman, with trembling hands, straightened the entangled reins and traces under the shed.

As Alpatuitch drove out of the gates, he saw half a score of soldiers in Ferapontof's open shop, with loud discussion, engaged in filling bags and knapsacks with wheaten flour and sunflower seeds. Just at that time, Ferapontof himself happened to come into his shop from the street. When he saw the soldiers, he started to give them some abuse, but suddenly paused, and, clutching his hair, he broke out into laughter that was like a lamentation.

"Take it all, boys. Don't leave any for those devils," he cried, grasping the bags himself, and helping to fling them out into the street. Some of the soldiers, frightened, ran away; others still continued to fill their sacks. Seeing Alpatuitch, Ferapontof called to him, —

"It's all up with Roosha,"* he shouted. "Alpatuitch, it's all up with us! I myself helped set the fires. All ruined!"

Ferapontof started into the courtyard. The passing regiments so completely blocked the street that Alpatuitch could not make his way along, and he had to wait. Ferapontof's wife and family were also seated in their telyega, waiting also for a chance to get away.

* He calls it *Rassey*a, instead of *Rossi*ya.

It was now well into the evening. The sky was studded with stars, and occasionally the young moon gleamed out from behind the billows of smoke. On the slope down toward the Dnieper, the teams of Alpatuitch and the landlord, which had at last been slowly advancing amid the ranks of soldiery and other equipages, were obliged to halt. A short distance from the cross-roads where the teams had halted, a house and some shops were burning on the side street. The fire was burning itself out. The flame would die down and lose itself in black smoke, then suddenly flash forth brilliantly again, bringing out with strange distinctness the faces of the spectators standing on the cross-roads. In front of the fire, the dark forms of men were darting to and fro, and above the still audible crackling of the fire were heard shouts and cries. Alpatuitch, dismounting from his kибитка, as he saw that he should not be able to proceed for some time yet, walked down the cross-street to look at the conflagration. Soldiers were constantly busying themselves with the fire, passing back and forth, and Alpatuitch saw two soldiers, in company with another man in a frieze coat, dragging from the fire some burning lumber across the street into the next dvor; others were adding fagots of straw.

Alpatuitch joined the great throng of people who were standing in front of a tall warehouse that was one mass of roaring flames. The walls were all on fire, the rear had fallen in, the timbered roof was giving way, the girders were blazing. The throng were evidently waiting for the roof to cave in. At all events, that was what Alpatuitch was waiting for.

"Alpatuitch!" A well-known voice suddenly called the old man by name. "Bátyushka! your Illustriousness!" replied Alpatuitch, instantly recognizing the voice of his young prince.

Prince Andrei, in a riding-cloak, and mounted on a black horse, was stationed beyond the crowd and looking straight at Alpatuitch.

"How come you here?" he asked.

"Your — your Illustriousness," stammered Alpatuitch, and he sobbed. "Your — your — I — I — is — are we lost? Your father" —

"How come you here?" demanded Prince Andrei a second time.

The flame blazed out again at that moment and revealed to Alpatuitch his young barin's pale, weary face. Alpatuitch told how he had been sent and what difficulty he had met with

in getting out of town. — "But tell me, your Illustriousness, are we really lost?" he asked once more.

Prince Andrei, without replying, drew out a note-book, and, spreading it on his knee, hastily pencilled a few lines on a torn leaf. He wrote his sister: —

"Smolensk is abandoned; Luisiya Gorui will be occupied by the enemy inside of a week. Go immediately to Moscow. Send me word as soon as you start, by an express to Usviazh."

Having written this note and handed it to Alpatuitch, he was giving him some verbal instructions about the arrangements for the journey of the prince and princess and his son and the tutor, and how and where to communicate with him immediately. He had not had time to finish these instructions when a mounted staff nachalnik accompanied by a suite came galloping up to him.

"You, a colonel?" cried the staff nachalnik in a German accent and a voice that Prince Andrei instantly recognized. "In your very presence they are setting houses on fire, and you allow it? What is the meaning of this? You shall answer for it!"

This was Berg, who now had the position of deputy chief of staff to the deputy chief of staff of the nachalnik of the infantry corps of the left flank of the first division of the army — a place that was very agreeable and "in sight" as Berg expressed it.

Prince Andrei glanced at him, and, without replying, went on with his instructions to Alpatuitch: —

"Tell them that I shall expect an answer by the twenty-second, and that if by that time I do not get word that they have all gone, I myself shall be obliged to throw up everything and go to Luisiya Gorui."

"I — prince, I only spoke as I did," explained Berg, as soon as he recognized Prince Andrei, "because, because it is my duty to carry out my orders, and I am always very scrupulous in carrying them out. — I beg you to excuse me," said Berg, trying to apologize.

There was a crash in the burning building. The fire for an instant died down; volumes of black smoke rolled up from the roof. Again there was a strange crashing sound, and the huge building fell in.

"Urroorooroo!" yelled the throng, with a roar rivalling that of the fallen grain-house, from which now came an odor like hot cakes, caused by the burning flour. The flames darted up

and sent a bright reflection over the throng standing around the fire with gleefully excited or exhausted faces.

The man in the frieze coat waved his arm and cried, "Well done! she draws well now! Well done, boys!"

"That's the owner himself," various voices were heard saying.

"So then," said Prince Andrei, addressing Alpatuitch, "give the message just as I have told you," and, not vouchsafing a single word to Berg, who still stood near dumb with amazement, he set spurs to his horse and rode down the side street.

CHAPTER V.

THE armies continued to retreat from Smolensk. The enemy followed. On the twenty-second of August the regiment which Prince Andrei commanded was moving along the high-road past the "prospekt" which led to Luisiya Gorui.

For more than three weeks there had been a hot spell and drought. Each day cirrous clouds moved across the sky and occasionally veiled the sun; but by evening the heavens were clear again, and the sun set in brownish purple haze. The only refreshing that the earth got was from the heavy dew at night. The standing crops of wheat were parched, and wasted their seed. The marshes shrunk away. The cattle bellowed from hunger, finding no grass along the ponds, which were dried away in the sun. Only at night and in the depths of the forest, while still the dew lay cool and wet, was there any freshness.

But on the roads, on the high-road where the troops were marching, even at night, even in the shelter of the forests, this coolness was not to be found. The dew was imperceptible on the sandy dust, which was more than four inches deep.

At the first ray of dawn the troops were set in motion. The baggage train and the field-pieces ploughed along noiselessly, sinking almost up to the hubs of the wheels, and the infantry struggled through the soft, stifling, heated dust that settled not even at night. One part of this sandy dust impeded feet and wheels; the other arose in the air and hovered like a cloud over the troops, filling eyes, hair, ears, and nostrils, and above all the lungs, of men and beasts alike as they moved slowly along this highway. The higher the sun rose, the higher rose this cloud of dust; and though the sky was cloudless, the naked eye could endure to look at the sun through this curtain of fine hot dust.

The sun looked like a purple ball. There was not a breath of air stirring, and the men suffocated in the motionless atmosphere. They tramped along, covering their noses and mouths with handkerchiefs. If they reached a village, they rushed pell-mell for the wells. They fought for water, and drank it every drop till nothing but mud was left.

Prince Andrei was the commander of the regiment, and he was deeply concerned in its organization and the well-being of the men, and the carrying-out of the indispensable orders which had to be given and received. The burning of Smolensk and its abandonment marked an epoch in his life. The first feeling of hatred against the enemy made him forget his own personal sorrow. He devoted himself exclusively to the affairs of his command: he was indefatigable in the service of his men and his subordinate officers, and treated them more than courteously. In the regiment they all called him "*our prince*," they were proud of him and loved him.

But his kindness and affability were only for his own men — Timokhin and the like, men who were perfect strangers to him and his life, men who could not know him or recall his past; the moment he fell in with any one of his former acquaintances, his fellow staff officers, he immediately became all bristles; he grew fierce, sarcastic, and scornful. Everything that served as a connection with the past revolted him, and consequently all he did so far as this former life was concerned was simply to try not to be unjust and to do his duty.

It is true, everything appeared to Prince Andrei gloomy and even desperate, especially after the eighteenth of August, and the abandonment of Smolensk, — which in his opinion might and should have been defended, — and after his ailing father had been forced to fly to Moscow, and consign to spoliation his too well beloved Luisiya Gorui, which he had taken such infinite pains to cultivate and settle; but, in spite of this, thanks to Prince Andrei's occupation with his regiment, he could let his mind be engrossed with other thoughts, entirely disconnected with the general course of events; namely, his regiment.

On the twenty-second of August the column of which his regiment formed a part was opposite Luisiya Gorui. Prince Andrei, two days before, had received word that his father, his little son, and his sister had gone to Moscow. Although there was nothing to call him to Luisiya Gorui, he determined that it was his duty to go there, feeling a peculiar morbid desire to enjoy the bitterness of his grief.

He ordered his horse to be saddled, and started off to ride to the estate where he had been born and had spent his childhood.

As he rode by the pond, where generally there were a dozen chattering women beating and rinsing their linens, Prince Andrei noticed that it was deserted, and the little float had drifted out into the middle of the pond, and was tipped over and half full of water. Prince Andrei rode up to the gate-keeper's lodge; but there was no one near the stone gate-way, and the door was unlocked. The garden paths were already overgrown, and calves and horses were wandering about the "English park." Prince Andrei went up to the orangery; the panes of glass were broken; some of the tubs were overturned; some of the trees were dried up.

He shouted to Taras, the gardener. No one replied. Passing around the orangery, he saw that the carved deal fence was broken down, and the plum-trees were stripped of their fruit. An old muzhik — Prince Andrei remembered as a boy having seen him years before at the gates — was plaiting bast shoes as he sat on the green-painted bench.

He was deaf, and did not hear Prince Andrei approach. He was sitting on the bench, which had been the old prince's favorite seat, and near him, on the branches of a broken and dried-up magnolia, hung his strips of bast.

Prince Andrei went to the house. Some of the linden-trees in the old park had been felled; a piebald mare, with her colt, was browsing in front of the house itself, among the rose beds. The window shutters were closed. One window alone on the ground floor was open. A little peasant lad, catching sight of Prince Andrei, ran into the house.

Alpatuitch, having got the household away, was the only one left at Luisiya Gorui. He was sitting in the house, and reading "The Lives of the Saints." When he heard that Prince Andrei had come, he came out, with his spectacles on his nose, buttoning up his clothes, and hurried up to the prince, and, before he said a word, burst into tears, kissing Prince Andrei's knee.

Then he turned away, angry at his own weakness, and began to give him an account of the state of affairs. Everything of any value and worth had been despatched to Bogucharovo. One hundred chetverts* of wheat had also been sent; the crops of hay and corn, which, according to Alpatuitch, had been wonderful that year, had been taken standing

* A chetvert is 5.77 bushels.

and carried off by the troops. The peasantry were all ruined: some had gone to Bogucharovo; a very few were left.

Prince Andrei, without heeding what he said, asked when his father and sister had left, meaning when had they gone to Moscow. Alpatuitch, supposing he knew that they had gone to Bogucharovo, replied that they had started on the nineteenth, and then again began to enlarge on the condition of the estate, and ask what arrangements he should make.

"Do you order to let them have the oats in return for a receipt? We have still six hundred chetverts left," asked Alpatuitch.

"What answer shall I give him?" queried Prince Andrei, looking down at the bald head gleaming in the sun, and reading in the expression of his face a consciousness that the old man himself realized the incongruity of such questions, but asked them simply for the sake of drowning his own sorrow.

"Yes, do so," said he.

"If you will deign to notice the disorder in the garden," pursued Alpatuitch; "but it was impossible to prevent it: three regiments came and camped here for the night. The dragoons especially — I took down the rank and the name of the commander, so as to lodge a complaint."

"Well, but what are you going to do? Shall you remain if the enemy come?" asked Prince Andrei.

Alpatuitch, turning his face full on Prince Andrei, looked at him. And then suddenly, with a solemn gesture, he raised his hands to heaven. "He is my protector; His will be done!" he exclaimed.

A throng of muzhiks and household serfs came trooping across the meadow, and approached Prince Andrei with uncovered heads.

"Well, *prashchai* — good-by," said Prince Andrei, bending down to Alpatuitch. "Escape yourself, take what you can, and tell the people to go to the Riazan property, or our pod-Moskovnaya."

Alpatuitch pressed up against his leg, and sobbed. Prince Andrei gently pushed him away, and, giving spurs to his horse, rode at a gallop down the driveway.

To all appearance as impassive as a fly on the face of a dear dead friend, still sat the old man, and thumped on his shoe last. Two young girls, with their skirts full of plums, which they had gathered from the trees, were coming away from the orangery, and met Prince Andrei. When they saw their young barin, the older of the two girls, with an expression of

terror on her face, seized her companion by the arm, and the two hid behind a birch-tree, without having time to gather up the green fruit that had fallen from their skirts.

Prince Andrei, with a feeling of compunction, hastened to look the other way, so that they might think he had not seen them. He felt sorry to have frightened the pretty little girls. He was afraid to look at them, but, at the same time, he had an overwhelming desire to do so. A new, joyful, and tranquillizing sense took possession of him at the sight of these little girls: he recognized that there existed other human interests entirely apart from his own existence, and yet just as lawful as those with which he was occupied. These two young girls had evidently only one passionate desire — to carry off and eat those green plums, and not be found out; and Prince Andrei sympathized with them, and hoped for the success of their enterprise. He could not refrain from looking back at them once more.

Supposing that their peril was happily past, they had sprung out from their hiding-place, and, shouting something in shrill voices, they were running gayly across the meadow as fast as their bare, sun-burned little legs would take them.

Prince Andrei felt somewhat refreshed by his digression from the dusty high-road, where the troops had been marching. But not very far from Luisiya Gorui, he again struck the main thoroughfare, and found his own regiment halting on the embankment of a small pond.

It was about two o'clock in the afternoon. The sun, shining through the dust like a red ball, was unendurably hot, and burned his back under his black coat. The dust still hung like a cloud over the companies while they halted amid a hum of voices. There was no wind. As Prince Andrei rode along the embankment, he caught the faint scent of the mud and fresh coolness of the pond. He felt an inclination to take a plunge into the water, muddy as it was. He gazed at the pond, from which rose the sounds of shouts and laughter. The little sheet, muddy, and green with slime, had evidently risen and was now washing up against the embankment, simply because it was full of human bodies, — the bare bodies of soldiers floundering about in it, their white skins making vivid contrast to their brick-red arms, faces, and necks. All this mass of bare human flesh was wriggling about, with shouts and laughter, in that filthy water, like carps flopping in a scoop. This wriggling carried the name of enjoyment, and for that very reason it was particularly melancholy.

One blond young soldier — Prince Andrei had already noticed him — of the third company, with a leather string around his calf, crossed himself, stepped back a little so as to get a good start, and dived into the water; another man, a dark-complexioned non-commissioned officer, with rumpled hair, was up to his middle in the water, ducking his muscular form, and, snorting joyfully, was pouring the water over his head from hands black even to the wrists. There was a sound of splashing and yelling and plunging.

On the shores, on the embankment, in the pond itself, everywhere was the spectacle of white, healthy, muscular human flesh. The officer, Timokhin, with his short, red nose, was rubbing himself down with a towel on the embankment, and was rather ashamed at seeing the prince; however, he addressed him, —

“Pretty good, your Illustriousness; you ought to try it,” said he.

“Dirty,” said Prince Andrei, making up a face.

“We will have it cleared out for you, in a moment.” And Timokhin, still undressed, ran down to the water, shouting: “The prince wants a bath.”

“What prince? Ours?” shouted various voices, and all were so zealous that Prince Andrei had some difficulty in appeasing them. He felt that he would much rather take a bath in a barn.

“Flesh, body! *chair à canon!*” said he to himself, as he looked down at his bare body, and he trembled, not so much from chill as from his aversion and horror, incomprehensible even to himself, at the sight of that tremendous mass of bodies rinsing themselves in that filthy pond.

On the nineteenth of August, Prince Bagration, at his encampment of Mikhailovka on the Smolensk highway, had written the following letter to Arakcheyef; but he knew that it would be read by the sovereign, and, consequently, he weighed every word to the very best of his ability.

“MY DEAR COUNT ALEKSEI ANDREYEVITCH:—I suppose the minister has already reported to you concerning the surrender of Smolensk to the enemy. It is saddening and painful, and the whole army are in despair: that such an important place should have been needlessly abandoned. I, for my part, personally besought him most earnestly, and at last even wrote him. I swear on my honor that never before was Napoleon ‘in such a box,’ and he might have lost half of his army, but he could not have taken Smolensk. Our troops have been and still are fighting as never before. I held out with fifteen thousand men for more than thirty-five

hours, and beat them, but *he* was not willing to wait even fourteen hours. It is a shame and a blot on our army, and methinks he ought not to live in this world. If he reports that our losses are heavy, it is false — possibly four thousand, not more than that; even if it had been ten thousand, what would it have been? This is war. But, to offset it, the enemy lost a host.

"What was to prevent him holding out two days longer? Without question they would have been forced to give it up: they had no water for men and horses. He gave me his word that he would not give way, but suddenly he sent me word that he was going to desert the city by night. We cannot make war that way, and we shall soon be having the enemy at Moscow.

"The rumor that you are thinking of peace, God forbid! After all our sacrifices, and after such an idiotic retreat, the idea of making peace! You will have all Russia against you, and we shall all be ashamed of wearing the Russian uniform. Since things have gone so far as they have, we must fight so long as Russia can, and so long as we have a man alive.

"It is essential that one man and not two should have supreme command. Your minister is perhaps excellent in the ministry, but as a general it is not enough to say that he is bad! he is abominable! and yet in his hands is intrusted the fate of our whole country.

"I assure you I am beside myself with vexation: forgive me for writing so frankly. It is plain to my mind that any one who advises peace, and approves of confiding the command of the troops to the minister, is no true friend to the sovereign, and wishes to involve us all in a common destruction. And so I write you the truth. Arm the landwehr! Here the minister, in the most masterly fashion, is conducting his guests to the capital.

"Mr. Woltzogen, the flügel-adjutant, is giving the army great cause for suspicion. They say he is even less favorable to us than Napoleon himself, and that he inspires all that the minister does.

"I am not merely polite to him, I am as obedient as a corporal, although I am older than he is. It is painful, but as I love my sovereign and benefactor, I subordinate myself. Only I am sorry that the sovereign should intrust him with such a glorious army. Just imagine! In our retreat we have lost more than fifteen thousand through fatigue and in hospitals; now, if we had advanced, this would not have happened. For God's sake, have it proclaimed that our Russia — our mother — will call us cowards, and will demand why we have handed over such a good and glorious country to a mob, thus stirring up hatred and humiliation in the heart of every subject. What should make us cowards? Whom do we fear? It is not my fault that the minister is irresolute, cowardly, dull of apprehension, dilatory, and has all the worst qualities. The whole army are entirely discouraged, and load him with execrations."

CHAPTER VI.

AMONG the innumerable subdivisions into which the phenomena of life can be disposed, there is one category where matter predominates in contradistinction to another where form predominates. A contrast of this kind may be observed

between life in the country, in the village, in the governmental town — nay, even in Moscow, and that which can be seen at Petersburg, and especially in the Petersburg salons. This sort of life goes on always the same.

Since 1805 we had been quarrelling and making up with Bonaparte; we had been making constitutions and unmaking them, and yet Anna Pavlovna's salon was exactly the same as it had been seven years before, and Ellen's salon was exactly the same as it had been five years before. Just exactly as before, at Anna Pavlovna's, they were amazed and perplexed at Bonaparte's successes, and detected, not only in his successes, but also in the subservience of the sovereigns of Europe, a wicked conspiracy, the sole object of which was to disgust and alarm the courtly circle that regarded Anna Pavlovna as its representative.

And just exactly the same way at Ellen's (where Rumyantsev himself was gracious enough to be a frequent visitor, considering her a remarkably intelligent woman) in 1812, as in 1808, they talked with enthusiasm of the "great nation" and "the great man," and regretted the rupture with the French, which in the opinion of the *habitués* of Ellen's salon ought to end with peace.

Latterly, since the sovereign's departure from the army, these rival *clique-salons* were the scenes of some excitement; and demonstrations of mutual hostility were made, but the general characteristics of the two cliques remained the same.

Anna Pavlovna's clique received no Frenchmen, except a few inveterate legitimists. It was here that the patriotic idea originated of people being in duty bound to stay away from the French theatre, and the criticism was made that it cost as much to maintain the troupe as to maintain a whole army corps. Here the course of military affairs was eagerly followed, and the most advantageous reports of our armies found ready credence.

In Ellen's clique, where Rumyantsev and the French were in favor, the reports as to the barbarities of the enemy and of the war were contradicted, and all Napoleon's overtures for reconciliation were discussed. This clique were loud in reproaching those who showed what they considered too great haste in making preparations to remove to Kazan, the "Imperial Institute for the education of young ladies of the nobility," the patroness of which was the empress dowager. Anyway, those who frequented Ellen's salon regarded the war merely as an empty demonstration, which would be very

quickly followed by peace, and here they made great use of a witticism of Bilibin's, — who was now a frequent visitor at Ellen's, as indeed it behooved every sensible man to be, — to the effects that the affair should be settled not by gunpowder, but by the man who invented it.*

In this clique there was much laughter — caused by the witty and ironical, though always guarded observations upon the enthusiasm at Moscow, news of which had arrived at Petersburg simultaneously with the return of the sovereign.

Anna Pavlovna's clique, on the contrary, were enraptured with this enthusiasm, and spoke of the acts of the Moscovites as Plutarch speaks of the glorious deeds of antiquity.

Prince Vasili, who, just the same as of yore, held important functions, formed a bond of union between the two cliques.

He was equally at home with *ma bonne amie*, Anna Pavlovna, and in the *salon diplomatique de ma fille*, and frequently, owing to his constant visits from one camp to the other, he got confused, and said at Ellen's what he should have said at Anna Pavlovna's and *vice versa*.

Shortly after the sovereign's arrival, Prince Vasili was at Anna Pavlovna's, conversing about the war, sharply criticising Barclay de Tolly, and frankly confessing his doubt as to the fit person to call to the head of the armies.

One of the visitors, who was known as *l'homme de beaucoup de mérite*, — the man of great merit, — mentioning the fact that he had that day seen Kutuzof, the newly appointed chief of the Petersburg landwehr, at the Court of Exchequer, enrolling volunteers, allowed himself cautiously to suggest that Kutuzof would be the man to satisfy all demands.

Anna Pavlovna smiled sadly, and remarked that Kutuzof caused the sovereign nothing but unpleasantness.

"I have said, and I have said in the chamber of nobles," interrupted Prince Vasili, "but they would not heed me, — I have said that his election as commandant of the landwehr would not please the sovereign. They would not listen to me. It is this everlasting mania for petty intrigue," pursued Prince Vasili. "And for what purpose? Simply because we want to ape that stupid Moscow enthusiasm," said Prince Vasili, becoming confused for a moment, and forgetting that it was at Ellen's where it was considered correct to make sport of Moscow enthusiasm, but the fashion to praise it at Anna Pavlovna's. But he instantly corrected himself.

* *Il n'a pas inventé la poudre* : He will never set the Thames on fire. The Russian idiom is similar.

"Now, then, is it fit for Count Kutuzof, Russia's oldest general, to be holding such sessions at the court? *et il en restera pour sa peine* — that's as far as he will get. Is it possible to make a man commander-in-chief who cannot sit a horse, who dozes during council meetings, — a man of the worst possible manners? He won a fine reputation for himself at Bukarest, didn't he? And I have nothing to say about his qualities as a general; but is it possible, under present circumstances, to nominate to such a place a man who is decrepit and blind, simply blind? A blind general would be a fine thing! He can't see anything at all! He might play blind-man's-buff — but, really, he can't see anything!"

No one raised any objection to this.

On the twenty-fifth of August this was perfectly correct. But, five days later, Kutuzof received the title of prince of the empire. This advance in dignities might also signify that they wanted to shelve him, and, therefore, Prince Vasili's criticism would continue to be well received, although he was not so ready to deliver himself of it. But, on the twentieth of August, a committee was summoned, composed of Field-Marshal Saltuikof, Arakcheyef, Viazmitinof, Lopukhin, and Kotchubey, to consider the conduct of the war. The committee decided that the failures were attributable to the division of command; and, although the individuals composing the committee well knew the sovereign's disaffection for Kutuzof, they determined, after a brief deliberation, to place him at the head of the armies.

And, on that same day, Kutuzof was made plenipotentiary commander-in-chief of the armies, and of the whole district occupied by the troops.

On the twenty-first, Prince Vasili and the "man of great merit" met again at Anna Pavlovna's. "*L'homme de beaucoup de mérite*" was dancing attendance on Anna Pavlovna, with the hope of securing the appointment of trustee to a woman's educational institute.

Prince Vasili entered the drawing-room with the air of a rejoicing conqueror who had reached the goal of all his ambitions.

"Well, you know the great news: Prince Kutuzof is appointed field-marshal.* All discords are at an end! I am so happy, so glad!" exclaimed Prince Vasili. "There's a man for you! — *enfin voilà un homme!*" he added with sig-

* *Eh bien, vous savez la grande nouvelle? Le Prince Koutouzoff est maréchal!*

nificant emphasis, surveying all in the room with a stern glance.

"*L'homme de beaucoup de mérite.*" in spite of his anxiety to obtain a place, could not refrain from reminding Prince Vasili of his former criticism. This was an act of discourtesy both toward Prince Vasili, in Anna Pavlovna's drawing-room, but also toward Anna Pavlovna herself, who had also been greatly delighted with the news: but he could not refrain.

"But it is said that he is blind, prince,"* he suggested, quoting Prince Vasili's own words.

"Oh, pshaw! he sees well enough," replied Prince Vasili, in quick, deep tones, and clearing his throat — his usual resort for getting himself out of an awkward situation. "*Allez! il y voit,*" he repeated. "And what makes me glad," he went on to say, "is that the sovereign has given him full powers over all the forces, and over the whole district — such powers as never commander-in-chief enjoyed before. This makes him the second autocrat," he said, in conclusion, with a triumphant smile.

"God grant it, God grant it," said Anna Pavlovna.

"*L'homme de beaucoup de mérite.*" who was still somewhat of a novice in courtly circles, and wishing to flatter Anna Pavlovna by taking the ground which she had formerly taken in regard to the same subject, said, —

"They say it went against the sovereign's heart to allow these powers to Kutuzof. They say that Kutuzof blushed like a school-girl hearing '*Joconde*,' when the emperor said: 'The sovereign and your country grant you this honor.'"†

"Possibly his heart had nothing to do with it," said Anna Pavlovna.

"Oh, no, certainly not," hotly cried Prince Vasili, coming to his defence. He could not now allow any one to surpass him in his zeal for Kutuzof. According to his idea at the present time, not only was Kutuzof himself the best of men, but every one simply worshipped him. — "No, that is impossible, because his majesty long ago appreciated his worth," said he.

"Only, God grant," — ejaculated Anna Pavlovna, — "God grant that Prince Kutuzof may have actual power, and will not allow *any one* whatever to put a spoke in his wheels — *des batons dans les roues.*"

* *Mais l'on dit qu'il est aveugle, mon prince.*

† *On dit qu'il rougit comme une demoiselle à laquelle on lirait Joconde, en lui disant: "Le souverain et la patrie vous decernent cet honneur."*

Prince Vasili instantly understood whom she meant by *any one*. He said in a whisper, —

“I know for a certainty that Kutuzof demanded as an absolute condition that the tsesarevitch should not have anything to do with the army. You know what he said to the emperor?” — and Prince Vasili repeated the words which it was supposed Kutuzof spoke to the sovereign. — ‘I cannot punish him if he does wrong, or reward him if he does well.’ Oh! he is a shrewd man, that Prince Kutuzof — *je le connais de longue date*.”

“But they do say,” insisted *l’homme de beaucoup de mérite*, failing still to employ the tact required at court. — “they do say that his serene highness made it a *sine qua non* that the sovereign himself should keep away from the army.”

The moment he had spoken those words, Prince Vasili and Anna Pavlovna simultaneously turned their backs on him, and, with a sigh of pity for his *naïveté*, exchanged a melancholy look.

CHAPTER VII.

WHILE this was going on at Petersburg, the French had already left Smolensk behind, and were constantly drawing nearer and nearer to Moscow.

Thiers, the historian of Napoleon, like other historians of Napoleon, in trying to justify his hero, says that he was drawn on to the walls of Moscow against his will. He and all similar historians are correct on the assumption that the explanation of all historical events is to be found in the will of a single man. He is right, just as the Russian historians are right, who assert that Napoleon was lured on to Moscow by the skill of the Russian generals. Here, unless one goes according to the laws of retrospection, by which, from the vantage-ground of distance, all that has gone before is seen to be the preparation for a given event, everything will seem confused and complicated. A good chess-player, on losing a game, becomes convinced that the cause of it was to be found in his own blunder, and he seeks to find what false move he made at the beginning of his game; but he forgets that at each step throughout the game there were similar blunders, so that not a single move of his was correct. The blunder to which he directs his attention he notices because his opponent took advantage of it. But how much more complicated is

this game of war, which proceeds under the temporal conditions where it is impossible that a single will should animate the lifeless machine, but where everything results from the numberless collisions of various volitions!

After quitting Smolensk, Napoleon tried to force a battle near Dorogobuzh, at Viazma, then at Tsarevo-Záimishche;* but it happened through these same "innumerable collisions of circumstances" that the Russians were unable to meet the French in battle until they reached Borodinó, one hundred and twelve versts from Moscow. At Viazma, Napoleon issued his orders to march straight upon Moscow: Moscow, the Asiatic capital of this great empire, the sacred city of Alexander's populations, Moscow with its countless churches like Chinese pagodas.†

This *Moscou* allowed Napoleon's imagination no rest. On the march from Viazma to Tsarevo-Záimishche, Napoleon rode his English-groomed bay ambler, accompanied by his Guards, his body-guard, his pages, and his aides. His chief of staff, Berthier, had remained behind to interrogate a Russian who had been taken prisoner by the cavalry. And now, accompanied by his interpreter, Lelorme d'Iderville, he overtook Napoleon at a gallop, and with a beaming face reined in his horse.

"*Eh, bien?*" asked Napoleon.

"One of Platof's Cossacks: — he says Platof's corps is just joining the main army, that Kutuzof has been appointed commander-in-chief. Very intelligent and talkative — *très-intelligent et bavard.*"

Napoleon smiled, ordered this Cossack to be furnished with a horse, and brought to him. He wished to have a talk with him. Several aides galloped off, and within an hour Denisof's *serf*, who had been turned by him over to Rostof, Lavrushka, in a denshehik's roundabout, came riding up to Napoleon on a French cavalryman's saddle, with his rascally, drunken face shining with jollity. Napoleon ordered him to ride along by his side, and proceeded to question him.

"You are a Cossack, are you?"

"I am, your nobility."

"The Cossack," says Thiers, in telling this episode, "not knowing his companion, for there was nothing in Napoleon's

* *Záimishche* means "a field frequently overflowed."

† *Moscou, la capitale asiatique de ce grande empire, la capitale sacrée des peuples d'Alexandre, Moscou avec ses innombrables églises en forme de pagodes chinoises.*

appearance that could suggest the presence of a sovereign to an Oriental imagination, conversed with the utmost familiarity concerning the occurrences of the war." *

In reality, Lavrushka, who had been drunk the evening before, and had failed to provide his barin with any dinner, had been thrashed and sent off to some village after fowls, and there he was tempted by his opportunity for marauding, and was taken prisoner by the French.

Lavrushka was one of those coarse, insolent lackeys who have seen every kind of life, who consider it to their advantage to do everything by treachery and trickery, who are ready to subserve their masters in anything, and are shrewd in divining their evil thoughts, especially those that are vain and petty.

Being brought now into the company of Napoleon, whom he was sharp enough to recognize, Lavrushka did not in the slightest degree lose his presence of mind, and merely set to work with all his soul to get into the good graces of his new masters.

He knew perfectly well that it was Napoleon himself, and there was no more reason for him to be abashed in Napoleon's presence than in Rostof's or the sergeant's with his knout, for the simple reason that there was nothing of which either the sergeant or Napoleon could deprive him.

He glibly rattled off all the gossip that was current among the *densheliks*. Much of this was true. But when Napoleon asked him whether the Russians anticipated winning a victory over Napoleon or not, Lavrushka frowned and deliberated. Here he saw some subtle craft, just as men like Lavrushka always see craft in everything, and he contracted his brows and was silent for a little.

"This is about the way of it: if there's a battle pretty soon, then yours will beat. That's a fact. But if three days pass then if there's a battle it'll be a long one."

This was interpreted to Napoleon as follows: *Si la bataille est donnée avant trois jours, les Français la gagneraient, mais que si elle serait donnée plus tard, Dieu sait ce qui en arriverait*—"If the battle takes place within three days, the French would win, but if it were postponed longer, Heaven knows what would come of it." Thus it was delivered by

* *Le cosaque ignorant la compagnie dans laquelle il se trouvait, car la simplicité de Napoléon n'avait rien qui put révéler à une imagination orientale la présence d'un souverain, s'entretint avec la plus grande familiarité des affaires de la guerre actuelle.*

Lelorme d'Ideville with a smile. Napoleon, though he was evidently in a genial frame of mind, did not smile, and ordered these words to be repeated.

Lavrushka noticed this, and, in order to amuse him, pretended that he did not know who he was.

"We know that you have Napoleon on your side: he's whipped everybody on earth, but then he'll find us of a different mettle," — said he, not knowing himself what made him introduce this boastful patriotism into his words. The interpreter passed over the last clause and translated the first part only, and Napoleon smiled. "*La jeune Cosaque fit sourire son puissant interlocuteur* — the young Cossack's remark made his powerful companion smile," says Thiers.

After riding a few steps farther in silence, Napoleon spoke to Berthier and said that he would like to try the effect that would be produced on this *enfant du Don* on learning that the man with whom he, this *enfant du Don*, had been conversing was the emperor himself, the very emperor who had written his eternally victorious name on the pyramids.

The information was communicated.

Lavrushka, — comprehending that this had been done so as to embarrass him, and that Napoleon would expect him to show signs of fear, — and wishing to please his new masters, immediately pretended to be overwhelmed with astonishment and struck dumb; he dropped his eyes and put on such a face as he usually drew when he was led off for a thrashing.

Says Thiers: — "Hardly had Napoleon's interpreter revealed his name, ere the Cossack was overwhelmed with confusion; he did not utter another word and rode on with his eyes steadily fixed on that conqueror whose name had reached even his ears across the steppes of the East. All his loquacity was suddenly checked and gave place to unaffected, silent admiration. Napoleon, having rewarded him, set him at liberty, as a bird is restored to its native fields." *

Napoleon went on his way, but the bird restored to its native fields galloped off to the picket lines, thinking up beforehand what sort of a romance he should tell his acquaintances. The thing that had actually happened to him

* À peine l'interprète de Napoléon avait-il parlé, que le Cosaque, saisi d'une sorte d'abaissement, ne proféra plus une parole et marcha les yeux constamment attachés sur ce conquérant, dont le nom avait pénétré jusqu'à lui, à travers les steppes de l'Orient. Toute sa loquacité s'était subitement arrêtée, pour faire place à un sentiment d'admiration naïve et silencieuse. Napoléon, après l'avoir récompensé, lui fit donner la liberté comme à un oiseau qu'on rend aux champs qui l'ont vu naître.

he had no intention of telling, for the simple reason that it seemed to him unworthy of narration. He rode up to the Cossacks and made inquiries as to where he should find his regiment, which now formed a part of Platof's division, and toward evening he reported to his barin, Nikolai Rostof, who was bivouacking at Yankovo and had just mounted to make a reconnoissance of the neighboring villages. He gave Lavrushka a fresh horse and took him with him.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE Princess Mariya was not at Moscow and out of harm's way, as her brother supposed.

When Alpatuitch returned from Smolensk, the old prince seemed suddenly to wake, as it were, from a dream. He ordered the peasantry to be formed into the landwehr and armed, and wrote a letter to the commander-in-chief, informing him of his intention to remain at Luisiya Gorui and defend himself till the last extremity, leaving it to his consideration whether to take measures or not for the defence of the place where one of the oldest of Russian generals proposed to be taken prisoner or to die. At the same time he announced to his household that he should remain at Luisiya Gorui.

But, while determined himself not to quit Luisiya Gorui, he insisted that the princess with Dessalles and the young prince should go to Bogucharovo, and from there to Moscow. The princess, alarmed by her father's feverish, sleepless activity so suddenly taking the place of his former lethargy, could not bring herself to leave him alone, and for the first time in her life permitted herself to disobey him. She refused to leave, and this drew upon her a terrific storm of fury from the prince. He brought up against her everything which he could find that was most unjust toward her. In his endeavors to incriminate her, he declared that she was a torment to him, that she had made him quarrel with his son, that she had harbored shameful suspicions of him, that she made it the task of her life to poison his life, and finally he drove her out of his cabinet, saying that if he never set eyes on her again, it would be all the same to him.

He declared that he would never have her name mentioned, and henceforth she might do what she pleased, but let her never dare to come into his sight again. The fact that, in spite of the Princess Mariya's apprehensions, he did not order

her to be carried away by main force, but simply forbade her to come into his sight, was a comfort to her. She knew this proved that in the secret depths of his heart he was glad of her determination to stay at home and not go.

On the morning of the day after Nikolushka's departure, the old prince put on his full uniform and prepared to visit the commander-in-chief. The carriage was already at the door. The Princess Mariya saw him as he left the house in his uniform and all his orders, and went down into the park to review his peasantry and household serfs under arms. The Princess Mariya sat at the window and listened to the tones of his voice echoing through the park. Suddenly a number of men came running from the avenue with frightened faces.

The Princess Mariya hastened down the steps, along the flower-bordered walk and into the avenue. Here she was met by a great throng of the landwehr and the household serfs, and in the centre of this throng several men were carrying the poor little veteran in his uniform and orders.

The Princess Mariya ran up to him, and, in the shifting play of the sunbeams falling in little circles through the lime-tree boughs, and flecking the ground, she could not clearly make out what change had taken place in her father's face. The one thing that she noticed was that the former stern and resolute expression of his face had changed into an expression of timidity and submission. When he caught sight of his daughter, he moved his lips, but his words were unintelligible, and the only sound that came forth was a hoarse rattling. It was impossible to understand what he wished to say. They took him carefully in their arms, carried him into his cabinet, and laid him on that divan where he had been of late so loath to lie.

The doctor who was summoned that same night took blood from him, and announced that paralysis had affected his right side.

As it grew more and more dangerous to remain at Luisiya Gorui, the day after the stroke the prince was removed to Bogucharovo. The doctor went with him.

When they reached Bogucharovo, Dessalles and the little prince had already started for Moscow.

The old prince lay for three weeks in the same condition, neither better nor worse, in the new house which his son had erected at Bogucharovo. He lay in a lethargic state. He was like a mutilated corpse. He kept constantly muttering something with twitching brows and lips, but it was impossible to

make out whether or not he realized what was going on around him.

The only thing that was certain was that he struggled and felt the necessity of saying something; but what it was no one could divine. Was it the whim of a sick and semi-delirious man? Did it refer to the general course of affairs? Or was it in regard to the circumstances of the family? This was a question that no one could decide.

The doctor insisted that there was no significance to be found in this restlessness, that it proceeded wholly from physical causes; but the Princess Mariya felt certain that he wished to say something to her, and the fact that her presence always increased his agitation confirmed her in this supposition.

He apparently suffered both physically and mentally. There was no hope of his recovery. It was impossible to remove him. And what would have been done had he died on the road?

"Would not the end, would not death be far better?" the Princess Mariya sometimes asked herself. She sat by him night and day, almost denying herself sleep; and, terrible to say, she often watched him closely, not with the hope of discovering symptoms of improvement, but rather with the *wish* that she might discover the approaching end.

Strange as it was for the princess to confess to this feeling, still it was there. And what was still more horrible for her was that since the illness of her father—even if it were not earlier, the time, say, when she had elected to stay by him with some vague expectation—all her long-forgotten hopes and desires seemed to wake and take possession of her once more. What she had long years ago ceased to think of—the thought of a life free from the terror of her father's tyranny, even the dream of love, and the possibility of family happiness, constantly arose in her imagination like the suggestions of the evil one.

No matter how strenuously she tried to put them all away, the thought would constantly arise in her mind how she would henceforth, after *this* was over, arrange her life. This was a temptation from the devil, and the Princess Mariya knew it. She knew that the only weapon against *this* was prayer, and she tried to pray. She put herself into the attitude of prayer, she looked at the holy pictures, she read the words of the breviary, but she could not pray. She felt that now she was going to be brought into contact with the world

of life, of hard and yet free activity, so different, so wholly opposed to that moral world in which she had been hitherto surrounded; in which her best consolation had been prayer. She found it impossible to pray, impossible to shed a tear; the new laborious delight of living had taken possession of her.

It was growing still more perilous to remain at Bogucharovo. From every direction came rumors of the approach of the French, and in a village only fifteen versts distant a farmhouse had been pillaged by French marauders.

The doctor insisted that it was necessary to get his patient farther away. The *predvoditel*, or marshal of the nobility, sent an officer to the Princess Mariya, urging her to get away as speedily as possible. The district *ispravnik*, coming in person to Bogucharovo, insisted on the same thing, declaring that the French were only forty versts off, that the French proclamations were circulating among the villages, and that if the princess did not get her father away by the twenty-seventh, he would not answer for the consequences.

The princess resolved to start on the twenty-seventh. The labors in preparation, the manifold orders which she had to give, as every one came to her for directions, kept her busy all day long. The night of the twenty-sixth she spent as usual, without undressing, in the room next to that occupied by her father. Several times, arousing from her doze, she heard his hoarse breathing and muttering, the creaking of his bed, and the steps of Tikhon and the doctor as they turned him over. Several times she listened at the door, and it seemed to her that he muttered more distinctly than hitherto, and turned over more frequently. She could not sleep, and many times she went to the door and listened, wishing to go in, and yet not having the courage to do so. Although he could not tell her so, still she had seen and she knew how much he was annoyed by every expression of solicitude on his account. She had observed how he impatiently avoided her glance, which she sometimes fixed upon him, in spite of herself, full of anxiety. She knew that her intrusion at night, at such an unusual time, would annoy him.

But never before had she felt so sad, so terribly sad, at the thought of losing him. She recalled all her life with him, and discovered the expression of his love for her in his every word and every deed. Occasionally these recollections would be interrupted by those promptings of the devil, the thoughts of what would happen after he was gone, and how she would arrange her new life of freedom. But she dismissed such

thoughts with loathing. Toward morning he became quieter, and she fell into a sound sleep.

She awoke late. The clear-sightedness which is a concomitant of our waking hours made her realize that her father's illness was the one predominant occupation of her life. As she woke up she listened for what was going on in the next room, and, hearing his hoarse breathing, she said to herself with a sigh that there was no change.

"But what should it be? What is it that I wish? I am looking forward to his death," she told herself, revolted at the very thought.

She changed her dress, made her toilet, said her prayers, and went out on the steps. In front of the door the carriages were standing without horses; a number of things had been already packed.

The morning was warm and hazy. The Princess Mariya was standing on the steps, her mind still full of horror at the thought of her moral depravity, and striving to bring some order into her mental state before going in to see him.

The doctor came downstairs and approached her.

"He is better to-day," said he. "I was looking for you. You may be able to catch something of what he says. His mind is clearer. Come. He is calling for you" —

The Princess Mariya's heart beat so violently at this news that she turned pale and leaned up against the door lest she should fall. To see him, to speak with him, to come under the power of his eyes now when her soul had just been full of these terrible, criminal, sinful temptations was too painful a union of joy and horror.

"Come," said the doctor.

The princess went to her father's room and approached his bed. He was lying propped high up, with his small, bony hands covered with knotted purple veins resting on the counterpane, with his left eye straight as it always had been, and with his right eye drawn down, though now his brows and lips were motionless. He was the same little lean, weazened, pitiful old man. His face seemed all shrivelled, so that the features seemed to be without character or coherence. The Princess Mariya approached him and kissed his hand. His left hand gave her hand a returning pressure that made it evident he had been for some time expecting her. He held her hand, and his brows and lips moved impatiently.

She looked at him in terror, striving to get an inkling of what he desired of her. When she changed her position and

moved so that he could see her face with his left eye, he seemed satisfied and for several seconds did not let her out of his sight. Then his brows and lips quivered; he uttered sounds and began to speak, looking at her timidly and supplicatingly, evidently apprehensive that she would not understand him.

The Princess Mariya, concentrating all her powers of attention, looked at him. The comic difficulty he had in managing his tongue caused her to drop her eyes and made it hard for her to choke down the sobs that rose in her throat. He said something, several times repeating his words. The Princess Mariya could not understand them, but in her attempts to get at the gist of what he said she uttered several sentences questioningly.

"*Gaga — boi — boi*" — he repeated several times. It was impossible to make any sense out of those sounds. The doctor thought that he had found the clew, and, trying to come the nearest to those sounds, asked: "Do you mean, Is the princess * afraid?" He shook his head and again repeated the same sounds.

"His mind, his mind troubles him!" † suggested the princess. He uttered a sort of roar by way of affirmation, seized her hand and pressed it here and there on his chest, as though trying to find a place suitable for it to rest.

"Think — all — the time — about — thee," he then said far more distinctly than before, — now that he was persuaded that they understood him. The Princess Mariya bowed her head down to his hand to hide her sobs and tears.

He smoothed her hair. "I was — calling thee — all night," he went on saying.

"If I had only known," said she through her tears. "I was afraid to come in."

He pressed her hand. "Were you not asleep?"

"No, I was not asleep," replied the princess, shaking her head. Falling under the influence of her father's condition, she now, in spite of herself, had to speak, as he did, more by signs, and almost found it difficult to manage her tongue.

"Darling," ‡ — or did he say little daughter? — she could not tell, — but she was assured by his look that he had called her some affectionate, caressing name, which he had never before done, — "why didn't you come in?"

* *Knyazhnya boitsa*.

† *Dúsha, dúsha bolit*.

‡ *Dúshenka*, (little soul) or *Druzhdok*, diminutive of friend or love.

"And I was wishing him dead, wishing him dead," thought the Princess Mariya.

He lay silent. "Thank thee — daughter, dearest — for all, for everything. — Forgive. — Thank thee — forgive — thank thee!" And the tears trickled from his eyes. — "Call Andryusha," said he suddenly, and, making this request, a childishly puzzled and distrustful expression came into his face. It seemed as though he himself knew that there was something out of the way about this request. So at least it seemed to the Princess Mariya.

"I have had a letter from him," replied the Princess Mariya. He gazed at her in puzzled amazement.

"Where is he?"

"He is with the army, *mon père*, at Smolensk."

He closed his eyes and remained long silent. Then he opened his eyes and nodded his head affirmatively as though in answer to his own doubts, as much as to say that now he understood and remembered everything.

"Yes," said he in a low but distinct voice. "Russia is ruined, lost! They have ruined her!" And again he sobbed and the tears rolled down his cheeks. The Princess Mariya could no longer contain herself, and she also wept as she looked into his face.

He again closed his eyes. His sobs ceased. He made a gesture toward his eyes with his hand, and Tikhon, understanding what he meant, wiped his eyes for him. Then he opened his eyes and made some remark which no one for some time understood: at last Tikhon made out what he had said, and said it over after him. The Princess Mariya had been trying to connect the sense of his words with what he had just before been speaking about. She thought he might be speaking either of Russia, or of Prince Andrei, or of herself, or of his grandson, or of his own death.

And consequently she could not make it out. "Put on your white dress; I like it," was what he had said.

On hearing this, the Princess Mariya sobbed still more violently; and the doctor, taking her by the arm, led her from the room, out upon the terrace, telling her to calm herself and then finish the preparations for the departure. After his daughter had left him he again spoke about his son, about the war, about the sovereign, and scowled angrily, and tried to raise his hoarse voice, and then came the second and finishing stroke.

The Princess Mariya had remained on the terrace. The

weather was now clear; it was sunny and hot. She found it impossible to realize anything, or to think of anything, or to feel anything, except her passionate love for her father, a love which, it seemed to her, she had never felt until that moment. She ran into the park, and, still sobbing, hastened down to the pond, along the avenues of lindens that her brother had recently planted.

"Yes — I — I — I wished for his death. Yes, I wished it to end quickly! — I wanted to rest. — But what will become of me? What peace shall I ever find when he is gone?" muttered the princess, aloud, as she walked through the park with swift steps and beat her breast, which was heaving with convulsive sobs.

After having made the round of the park, which brought her back to the house again, she saw Mademoiselle Bourienne — who had remained at Bogucharovo, and had refused to go away — coming toward her, in company with a man whom she did not recognize. This was the district *predvodityel*, who had come in person to impress upon the princess the imperative need of their immediate departure.

The Princess Mariya heard what he said, but his words had no meaning for her: she conducted him into the house, asked him to remain to breakfast, and sat down with him. Then, excusing herself, she went to the old prince's door. The doctor, with a frightened face, came to her, and said she could not go in. "Retire, princess; go away, go away!"

The princess went into the park again, and down the slope to the pond, and threw herself on the turf, where no one could see her. She knew not how long she remained there. Women's steps running along the avenue roused her from her reverie. She got up and saw her maid Dunyasha, who was evidently in search of her, suddenly stop with a terrified face at sight of her mistress.

"Please, princess — the prince" — stammered Dunyasha, in a broken voice.

"Instantly — I am coming — I am coming," cried the princess, not giving Dunyasha time to finish telling what she had to say, and ran to the house, trying not to look at the maid.

"Princess, God's will is done; you must be prepared for the worst," said the *predvodityel*, who met her at the doorway.

"Leave me! It is false!" she cried, angrily.

The doctor tried to hold her back. She pushed him away,

and ran into the room. "Why do these people look so frightened? Why do they try to keep me away? I do not need them. What are they doing here?"

She opened the door, and the bright sunlight in the room that a short time ago had been kept so dark filled her with terror. The old nyanya and other women were busy in the room. They all moved away from the bed, and made room for her to approach. He still lay on the same bed; but the stern aspect of his face, calm in death, rooted the Princess Mariya to the threshold.

"No! he is not dead! It cannot be!" said the Princess Mariya to herself; she went to him, and, overcoming the horror which seized her, she pressed her lips to his cheek. But instantly she recoiled from the bed. Suddenly all the affection for him which she had just felt so powerfully vanished, and instead came a feeling of horror for what was before her.

"No! he is no more! He is gone! And in his place here, where he was, is this strange and unfriendly thing; this frightful, blood-curdling, repulsive mystery!"

And, covering her face with her hands, the Princess Mariya fell into the arms of the doctor, who was there to catch her.

Under the superintendence of Tikhon and the doctor, the women laved that which had been the prince; they tied a handkerchief around his head, so that his jaw might not stiffen with the mouth open, and they bound together his legs with another handkerchief. Then they dressed him in his uniform, with his orders, and laid out his little weazened body on a table. God knows under whose direction and at what time all this was accomplished, but everything seemed to be done of itself.

By night the candles were burning around the coffin, the pall was laid over it; juniper was strewn upon the floor; a printed prayer was placed under the wrinkled head of the dead, and in the room sat the diachók reading the psalter.

Just as horses shy and crowd together and neigh at the sight of a dead horse, so in the drawing-room, around the coffin of the dead prince, gathered a throng of strangers and the members of the household, — the predvodityel, and the stárosta, and the peasant women, — and all, with staring eyes and panic-stricken, crossed themselves and bowed low and kissed the aged prince's cold, stiff hand.

CHAPTER IX.

UNTIL Prince Andrei went to reside at Bogucharovo, the place had always been an "absentee" estate, and the peasantry bore an entirely different character from those of Luisiya Gorui. They differed in speech and in dress and in customs. They called themselves "children of the steppe." The old prince praised them for their endurance in work when they came over to Luisiya Gorui to help get in the crops or dig out the pond and ditches; but he did not like them, because of their boorishness.

Their manners had not been softened since Prince Andrei's last residence there, in spite of his dispensaries and schools, and the lightening of the *obrok* or quit-rent; on the contrary, those traits of character which the old prince called *boorishness* seemed to have been intensified. Strange, obscure rumors were always finding credence among them; at one time they got the notion that they were all to be enrolled as Cossacks; another time, it was a new religion which they were to be forced to accept; then, again, there was talk about certain imperial dispensations; then, at the time they took the oath of allegiance to Paul Petrovitch, in 1797, they got the notion that their freedom had been granted them, but that their masters had deprived them of it; and, again, it was the return of Peter Feodorovitch * to the throne, who would be tsar in seven years, and give them absolute freedom, so that everything would be simple and easy, and they would have no laws at all.

The rumors of the war and of Napoleon and his invasion were connected in their minds with obscure notions of Anti-christ, the end of the world, and perfect freedom.

In the vicinity of Bogucharovo were a number of large villages, belonging to the crown or to non-resident proprietors. It was very rarely that these proprietors came to reside on their estates: there were also very few domestic serfs, or people who knew how to read and write; and the lives of the peasantry of this region were more noticeably and powerfully affected than elsewhere by those mysterious currents characteristic of the common people in Russia, the significance and causes of which are so inexplicable to contemporaries.

A phenomenon which illustrates this had taken place a

* Peter III.

score of years before, when an exodus of the peasantry was made toward certain "hot rivers." Hundreds of peasants, including some from Bogucharovo, suddenly sold their cattle and set off with their families "somewhere" toward the south-east. Just as birds fly "somewhere" across the sea, so these men, with their wives and children, made every endeavor to reach that unknown Southeast, where none of them had ever been before. They marched in caravans: here and there one bought his freedom; others ran away, and set forth in wagons or on foot for the "hot rivers"! Many were caught and punished; many were sent to Siberia; many perished of cold and starvation on the road; many returned of their own accord; and, at last, this migration died out of itself, just as it had begun, — without any visible reason. But these underground currents ceased not to flow among this people, and they were gathering impetus for some new outbreak, likely to prove just as perplexing, as unexpected, and, at the same time, as simple, natural, and violent.

At the present time, in 1812, any man whose life brought him in contact with the people might have observed that these hidden currents were working with extraordinary energy, and were all ready for an eruption.

Alpatutch, who had arrived at Bogucharovo some little time before the old prince's decease, had observed that there was considerable excitement among the peasantry: while in the region of Luisiya Gorui — only sixteen versts distant — all the peasants had deserted their homes, leaving their villages to be marauded by the Cossacks; here, on the contrary, in the "Steppe" belt, in the region of Bogucharovo, the peasantry, so the report ran, had dealings with the French, were in receipt of certain papers which were circulating among them, and had no thought of leaving their homes.

He knew, through certain of the household serfs who were faithful to him, that a muzhik named Karp, who had great influence over the *mir*, or peasant commune, had lately returned from driving a crown wagon-train, and was spreading the report that the Cossacks were ravaging the villages that had been deserted by their inhabitants, while the French were not touching them.

He was informed on good authority that another muzhik, the evening before, had brought from the village of Visloúkhovo, where the French were, a proclamation from a French general, representing to the inhabitants that no harm would be done to them, and that cash should be paid for whatever was

taken, provided they remained in their homes. As proof positive of this, the muzhik brought with him from Vislo-úkhovo a hundred rubles in assignats — he did not know that they were counterfeit — which had been paid to him for his hay.

Finally, and more important than all, Alpatuitch found that on that very day when he had commanded the stárosta to procure wagons for the conveyance of the princess's effects from Bogucharovo, the peasants had held a morning meeting in the village, at which it had been voted that they should not stir from the place, but wait. And meantime there was no time to lose.

The predvodityel, on the very day on which the prince had died, — the twenty-seventh, — had come to urge the princess to depart without further delay, as the risk was growing constantly more imminent. He had declared that after the twenty-eighth he would not be responsible for the consequences. That same evening, after the prince's demise, he had gone away, promising to be present at the funeral on the next day. But on the next day it was impossible for him to be present, since news had been brought to him of an unexpected approach of the French, and he had barely time to remove his own family and valuables from his estate.

For thirty years, Dron, whom the old prince always called by the affectionate diminutive, Drónushka, had exercised the functions of stárosta, or bailiff, at Bogucharovo.

Dron was one of those muzhiks — powerful, physically and morally — who, as soon as they come to years of discretion, grow a patriarchal beard, and live on without change till they are sixty or seventy years old, without a gray hair or the loss of a tooth, just as erect and powerful at sixty as they were at thirty.

Dron, shortly after his returning from his expedition to the "hot rivers," in which he had taken part, had been made stárosta-burmistr, or bailiff headman of the village of Bogucharovo; and, since that time, he had performed without reproach all the functions of that office. The muzhiks feared him more than they feared their barin. His masters — both the old prince and the young prince — respected him, and, in jest, called him "minister." During all the time of his service, Dron had never once been drunk or sick. Never, even after sleepless nights or after the most exhausting labors, was he known to show the slightest slothfulness, and, though he did not know his letters, he never made the slightest mistakes in his money accounts, or as to the number of poods of flour which he

carried in monstrous loads and sold, or as to the amount of a single rick of corn harvested in the fields of Bogucharovo.

Alpatuitch, on his arrival from the devastated Luisiya Gorui, summoned this Dron, on the very day of the funeral, and ordered him to have ready a dozen horses for the princess's conveyance, and eighteen teams for the luggage which she was to take with her from Bogucharovo. Although the peasantry paid an obrok or quit-rent, Alpatuitch never dreamed that there would be any difficulty in having this order carried out, since the villages contained two hundred and thirty taxable households, and the muzhiks were well-to-do.

But the stárosta, Dron, on receiving this order, dropped his eyes and made no answer. Alpatuitch named certain peasants whom he knew, and ordered him to make the requisitions on them.

Dron replied that these men's horses were off on carrier duty. Alpatuitch named still other muzhiks. And these men, also, according to Dron, had no horses: some were off with the government trains; others were out of condition; still others had lost theirs through lack of forage. According to Dron's report, it was impossible to secure horses for the carriages, to say nothing of those for the baggage-wagons.

Alpatuitch looked sharply at the stárosta and scowled. In the same way as Dron was a model of what a peasant stárosta should be, in the same way Alpatuitch had not managed the prince's estates for nothing all those twenty years, and he also was a model overseer. He was in the highest degree qualified to understand, as by a sort of scent, the wants and instincts of the people with whom he had to do, and this made him a surpassingly excellent overseer. He knew by a single glance at Dron, that Dron's answers were not the expression of Dron's individual opinions, but merely the expression of the general disposition of the Bogucharovo commune, in which the stárosta was evidently involved. But, at the same time, he knew that Dron, who had grown rich and was hated by the commune, must necessarily waver between the two camps, the peasants' and the master's. This wavering he could detect in his eyes, and, therefore, Alpatuitch, with a frown, drew near to Dron.

"Listen, you, Drónushka!" said he. "You need not tell me idle tales. His Illustriousness Prince Andrei Nikolaitch himself gave me orders that all the peasantry should leave, and not remain behind with the enemy; and those are the tsar's orders also. So any one who stays is a traitor to the tsar. Do you hear?"

"Yes, I hear," replied Dron, not raising his eyes.

Alpatuitch was not satisfied with this answer.

"Ah! Dron! Ill will come of it!" exclaimed Alpatuitch, shaking his head.

"You have the power," returned Dron mournfully.

"Ah, Dron! Give it up!" exclaimed Alpatuitch, taking his hand out from the breast of his coat, and, with a solemn gesture, pointing under Dron's feet. "Not only do I see through and through you, but I can see three arshins under you: everything there is," said he, looking down at Dron's feet.

Dron grew confused; he gave Alpatuitch a fleeting look, and then dropped his eyes again.

"Stop all this nonsense, and tell the people to get ready to leave for Moscow, and have the teams ready to-morrow morning for the princess, and mind you don't attend any more of their meetings! Do you hear?"

Dron suddenly threw himself at his feet.

"Yakof Alpatuitch! discharge me! Take the keys from me! discharge me, for Christ's sake!"

"Stop!" said Alpatuitch sternly. "I can see three arshins deep under you!" he repeated, knowing that his skill in going after bees, his knowledge of the times and seasons for sowing, and the fact that for a score of years he had succeeded in satisfying the old prince, had long ago given him the reputation of being a koldoon, or wizard, and that to koldoons was attributed the power of seeing three arshins under a man.

Dron got to his feet, and tried to say something, but Alpatuitch interrupted him.

"Come now! What is your idea in all this? Ha? What are you dreaming of? Ha?"

"What shall I do with the people?" asked Dron. "They are all stirred up! And, besides, I have told them."

"What's the good of telling them?" he asked. "Are they drunk?" he demanded laconically.

"All stirred up, Yakof Alpatuitch! They have just brought another cask!"

"Now, then, listen! I will go to the ispravnik, and you hasten back to the people, and bid them quit all this sort of thing, and get ready the teams."

"I obey," replied Dron.

Yakof Alpatuitch insisted on nothing more. He had been in control of the people too long not to know that the principal way of bringing the people to subordination was not to show the slightest doubt that they would become subordinate.

Having wrung from Dron the submissive "*slusháyú-s*, — I obey," — Yakof Alpatuitch contented himself with that, although he not merely suspected, but was even certain in his own mind, that, without the assistance of a squad of militia, nothing would be done.

And, in point of fact, there were no teams forthcoming, as he supposed. Another meeting of the peasantry was held at the village tavern; and this meeting voted to drive the horses out into the woods and not to furnish the teams. Saying nothing of all this to the princess, Alpatuitch gave orders to have the carts that had brought his own effects from Luisiya Gorui unloaded, and to have his horses put to the Princess Mariya's carriage, and he himself went to consult with the authorities.

CHAPTER X.

THE Princess Mariya, after her father's funeral, shut herself up in her room, and admitted no one. Her maid came to the door to say that Alpatuitch was there to learn her wishes in regard to the departure. (This was before his interview with Dron.) The princess sat up on the sofa where she had been lying, and spoke through the closed door, declaring that she would never go away anywhere, and asked her to leave her in peace.

The windows of the room which the Princess Mariya occupied faced the south. She lay on the sofa, with her face turned toward the wall, and picking with her fingers at the buttons on the leathern cushion, which was the only thing that she could see, while her vague thoughts were concentrated on one thing: she was thinking about the unavoidableness of death and of her own moral baseness, which had now been revealed to her for the first time in its manifestation during her father's illness. She wanted but she dared not to pray; she dared not, in that state of mind in which she found herself, to turn to God in prayer. Long she lay in that position.

The sun had gone round to the other side of the house, and its slanting afternoon beams, which fell through the opened windows, lighted up the room and lay on the cushion at which she was looking. The train of sombre thoughts suddenly ceased. She instinctively sat up, smoothed her hair, got to her feet, and went to the window, where, without thinking she filled her lungs with the cool air of the bright but windy afternoon.

"Yes, now you can enjoy your fill of the evening! He is gone, and no one is here to interfere with you," said she to herself, and, dropping into a chair, leaned her head on the window-seat. Some one, in a soft, affectionate voice, called her name from the park side of the window, and kissed her on the head. She looked up.

It was Mademoiselle Bourienne, in a black dress trimmed with white. She had softly approached the Princess Mariya, kissed her with a sigh, and immediately burst into tears. The princess looked at her. All her previous collisions with her, her jealousy of her, came back to her remembrance; she also remembered how *he* of late had changed toward Mademoiselle Bourienne, could not even bear to see her, and consequently how unjust had been the reproaches with which the Princess Mariya had loaded her. "Yes, and can I, I who have just been wishing for his death, can I judge any one else?" she asked herself.

The Princess Mariya had a keen sense of Mademoiselle Bourienne's trying situation, held by her at a distance, and yet at the same time dependent upon her, and dwelling under a stranger's roof. And she began to feel a pity for her. She looked at her with a sweet, questioning look, and stretched out her hand. Mademoiselle Bourienne immediately had a fresh paroxysm of tears, began to kiss the princess's hand, and to speak of the affliction that had come upon her, and claimed to be a sympathizer in that affliction. She declared that her only consolation in this sorrow was that the princess allowed her to share it with her. She said that all their previous misunderstandings ought to be forgotten in presence of this terrible loss, that she felt that her conscience was clear before all men, and that *he* from above would bear witness to her love and gratitude.

The princess listened to her without comprehending what she was saying, but she looked at her from time to time, and heard the sounds of her voice.

"Your position is doubly terrible, dear princess," said Mademoiselle Bourienne, after a short silence. "I understand how it is that you could not have thought—that you cannot think about yourself; but, from the love which I bear you, I am compelled to do so for you. — Has Alpatutch been to see you? Has he said anything to you about going away?" she asked.

The Princess Mariya made no reply. She could not realize who was going away or where it was.

"Why undertake anything just now? Why think of anything? What difference does it make?" She made no answer.

"Do you know, *chère Marie*," asked Mademoiselle Bourienne,—"do you know that we are in peril, that we are surrounded by the French? It is dangerous to go now. If we were to start, we should almost certainly be taken prisoner; and God knows"—

The Princess Mariya looked at her friend without comprehending what she was saying.

"Akh! if you could only know how little, how little I care now," said she. "Of course, I should never wish such a thing as to go away and leave *him*.—Alpatuitch said something to me about going away.—Talk it over with him; I cannot and I will not hear"—

"I have spoken with him. He hopes that we shall be able to get away to-morrow; but it is my opinion that we had better remain here now," said Mademoiselle Bourienne. "Because—you must agree with me, *chère Marie*—to fall into the hands of the soldiers or insurgent peasants would be horrible."

Mademoiselle Bourienne drew forth from her reticule a proclamation—printed on paper different from that used generally in Russia—from the French general Rameau, in which the inhabitants were advised not to abandon their homes, since full protection would be vouchsafed them by the French authorities; this she handed to the princess.

"I think it would be better to apply to this general," said Mademoiselle Bourienne. "And I am convinced that we should be treated with due consideration."

The Princess Mariya read the paper, and her face contracted with a sort of tearless sob.

"From whom did you get this?" she demanded.

"They probably knew that I am French from my name," said Mademoiselle Bourienne, with a blush.

The princess, with the paper in her hand, got up from the window, and with a blanched face left the room, and went into Prince Andrei's cabinet, which adjoined.

"Dunyasha, summon Alpatuitch, Drónushka, any one," exclaimed the Princess Mariya. "and tell Amalie Karlovna not to come near me," she added, hearing Mademoiselle Bourienne's voice. "Go quick! quick!" exclaimed the Princess Mariya, panic-stricken at the thought that she might be left in the power of the French.

"What if Prince Andrei knew that she were under the protection of the French! That she, the daughter of Prince Nikolai Andreyitch Bolkonsky, had asked General Rameau to grant her his protection, and put herself under obligations for benefits received from him!"

The mere suggestion of such a thing filled her with horror, made her shudder, turn red, and feel still more violently than ever before those impulses of anger and outraged pride.

She now vividly realized all the difficulties, and, above all, the humiliations of her position.

"They — the French — will take possession of this house; M. le général Rameau will make use of Prince Andrei's cabinet; for their amusement they will ransack and read his letters and papers. *Mademoiselle Bourienne lui fera les honneurs de Bogucharovo!* They will out of special favor grant me a sleeping-room; the soldiers will tear open my father's newly made grave in order to rob him of his crosses and stars; they will boast before me of their victories over the Russians, they will pretend to sympathize in my grief," thought the Princess Mariya, and these were not her own thoughts, but she felt herself compelled to think as her father and brother would have thought.

For her personally it was a matter of utter indifference where she staid or what happened to her; but at the same time she felt that she was the representative of her late father and of Prince Andrei. She could not help thinking these thoughts and feeling these feelings. Whatever they would have said, whatever they would have done, now this she felt that it was indispensable for her to do. She went into Prince Andrei's cabinet, and, in her endeavors to follow out what would be his ideas, she reviewed her position.

The demands of life, which she had felt had been annihilated at the moment of her father's death, suddenly, with new, never-before-experienced violence, rushed up before her, and took possession of her.

Flushed with excitement, she walked up and down the room, summoning first Alpatuitch, then Mikhail Ivanovitch, then Tikhon, then Dron. Dunyasha, the old nyanya, and all the maids were equally unable to say how far *Mademoiselle Bourienne* was correct in what she had declared. Alpatuitch was not at home; he had gone to consult with the authorities. Mikhail Ivanuitch, the architect, on being summoned, came into the Princess Mariya's presence with sleepy eyes, and could tell her absolutely nothing. He replied to her questions

with precisely the same non-committal smile with which for fifteen years he had been in the habit of dealing with the old prince, and she could get nothing definite from his replies.

Then the old valet Tikhon was called, and with a downcast and impassive face, bearing all the symptoms of incurable woe, he replied to all her questions with his "slusháyu-s — I obey," and could scarcely refrain from sobbing as he looked at her.

At last the stárosta Dron came into the room, and, making her a low obeisance, stood respectfully at the threshold.

The Princess Mariya glided through the room and paused in front of him.

"Drónushka!" said she, seeing in him an undoubted friend, the same Drónushka who had always brought home pieces of gingerbread with him from his trips to the yarmarka or annual bazaar at Viasma, and presented to her with a smile. — "Drónushka! now, since our sad loss," — She began and then paused, unable to proceed.

"All our goings are under God," said he with a sigh. Neither spoke.

"Drónushka! Alpatnitch has gone; I have no one to turn to; is it true, what I am told, that we cannot get away?"

"Not get away? Certainly you can get away, princess," said Dron.

"They tell me there is danger from the enemy. My friend,* I am helpless, I don't understand anything about it, I am entirely alone. I decidedly wish to start to-night or to-morrow morning early."

Dron made no sound. He looked from under his brows at the princess.

"No horses," said he at last, "and I have told Yakof Alpatnitch so."

"How is that?" demanded the princess.

"It is God's punishment," said Dron; "what horses we had have been taken by the troops, and the rest have perished. That's the way it is this year. 'Twouldn't so much matter about feeding the horses, if we ourselves weren't perishing of starvation. Often for three days at a time we go without a bite. We have nothing at all; we are utterly ruined."

The Princess Mariya listened attentively to what he said.

"The peasantry are ruined? You say they have no corn?" she asked.

"They are perishing of famine," said Dron. "And as for teams" —

"But why haven't you told me of this before, Drónushka? Can't they be helped? I will do all in my power"—

It was strange for the Princess Mariya to think that now, at this moment when her heart was filled with such sorrow, there could be poor men and rich, and that the rich did not help the poor. She had a general notion that when the masters had a reserve of corn, it was distributed among the serfs. She knew also that neither her father nor her brother would refuse to help the peasantry in case of need; all that she feared was that she might make some blunder in speaking about this distribution of corn which she was anxious to make. She was glad of some pretext for active work; something that would allow her without pangs of conscience to forget her own sorrow. She proceeded to interrogate Drónushka in regard to the necessities of the muzhiks and the store of reserve corn belonging to the estate at Bogucharovo.

"We have corn belonging to the estate; have we not, brother?" she demanded.

"The master's corn is untouched," said Dron with pride. "Our prince had not ordered it to be sold."

"Give that to the peasantry; give them all they need. I grant it in my brother's name," said the Princess Mariya.

Dron made no reply and drew a long sigh.

"You give them this corn, if there is enough for them. Give it all to them. I order it in my brother's name, and tell them: 'What is ours is always theirs.' We shall not grudge it for them. Tell them so."

Dron looked steadily at the princess while she was saying this.

"Discharge me, mátushka, for God's sake; order the keys to be taken from me," said he. "I have been in service for twenty-three years! I have never done anything dishonest; discharge me, for God's sake!"

The Princess Mariya could not understand what he wanted of her, or why he wished to be relieved of his office. She replied that she had never conceived a doubt of his devotion, and that she was always ready to do anything for him or for any of the muzhiks.

CHAPTER XI.

AN hour later Dunyasha came to the princess with the news that Dron was there, and that all the muzhiks had collected in accordance with the princess's orders at the granary, and wished to have speech with their mistress.

"But I never called them," said the Princess Mariya; "I merely told Drónushka to give them corn."

"Then, for God's sake, princess-mátushka, order them to disperse and don't go to them. They are deceiving you," exclaimed Dunyasha. "Yakof Alpatuitch will soon be back, and then we will go — and don't you allow" —

"How are they deceiving me?" asked the princess in amazement.

"But I am certain of it! Only heed my words, for God's sake. Just ask nurse here. They declare they will not go away at your orders."

"You have got it entirely wrong. — Besides, I have never ordered them to go away," said the Princess Mariya. "Fetch Drónushka."

Dron came in and confirmed what Dunyasha said: the muzhiks had assembled at the princess's orders.

"But I never summoned them," said the princess. "You did not give my message correctly. I only told you to give them corn."

Dron made no reply; merely sighed.

"If you order it they will disperse," said he.

"No, no, I will go to them," said the princess.

In spite of the persuasion of Dunyasha and the old nyanya, the Princess Mariya went down the steps. Drónushka, Dunyasha, the old nyanya, and Mikhail Ivanuitch followed her.

"They apparently think that I give them the corn so that they should stay at home, while I myself am going away, abandoning them to the mercy of the French," thought the Princess Mariya. "But I will promise them rations and quarters at our pod-Moskovnaya; I am sure André would do even more in my place," she said to herself as she went toward the throng that had gathered in the twilight on the green near the granary.

The throng showed some signs of confusion, and moved and swayed a little, and hats were removed as she approached. The Princess Mariya, with downcast eyes, and getting her feet entangled in her dress, went toward them. So many different eyes from faces young and old were fixed upon her, and so many different people were collected, that the princess did not distinguish any particular person; and, as she felt that it was requisite for her to address them all at once, she did not know how to set about it. But once more the consciousness that she was the representative of her father and brother gave her courage, and she boldly began to speak.

"I am very glad that you came," she began, not raising her eyes, and conscious of her heart beating fast and strong. "Drónushka told me that you were ruined by the war. That is our common misfortune, and I shall spare no endeavor to help you. I myself am going away because it is dangerous here — and the enemy are near — because — I will give you everything, friends, and I beg of you to take all, all our corn, so that you may not suffer from want. And if you have been told that I distribute the corn among you so as to keep you here, that is a falsehood. On the contrary, I beg of you to go with all your possessions to our pod-Moskovnaya, and I will engage and promise that you shall not suffer. You shall be given homes and provisions."

The princess paused. In the throng sighs were heard, and that was all.

"I do not give this of myself," continued the princess, "but I do it in the name of my late father, who was a good barin to you, and in behalf of my brother and his son."

She again paused. No one broke in upon her silence. "Our misfortune is universal, and we will share everything together. All that is mine is yours," said she, gazing at the faces ranged in front of her.

All eyes were fixed on her with one expression, the significance of which she could not riddle. Whether it were curiosity, devotion, gratitude, or fear, or distrust, that expression, whatever it was, was the same in all.

"Very grateful for your kindness, but we don't want to take the master's corn," said a voice in the rear of the throng.

"Yes, but why not?" asked the princess.

No one replied, and the Princess Mariya, glancing around the throng, observed that now all eyes which met hers immediately turned away.

"Why are you unwilling?" she asked again.

No one replied.

The Princess Mariya felt awkward at this silence. She tried to catch some one's eye.

"Why don't you speak?" demanded the princess, addressing an aged man, who, leaning on his cane, was standing in front of her. "Tell me if you think that anything else is needed. I will do everything for you," said she, as she caught his eye. But he, as though annoyed by this, hung his head and muttered, —

"Why should we? We don't want your corn."

"What! us abandon everything? We don't agree to it." —

"We don't agree to it." — "Not with our consent." — "We are sorry, but it sha'n't be done with our consent." — "Go off by yourself alone!" rang out from the mob on different sides. And again all the faces of the throng had one and the same expression; but this time it was assuredly not curiosity or gratitude, but one of angry, obstinate resolution.

"Oh, but you have not understood me," exclaimed the Princess Mariya, with a melancholy smile. "Why are you unwilling to go? I promise to give you new homes and feed you. But if you stay here the enemy will ruin you." But her voice was drowned by the voices of the mob.

"Not with our consent. Let him destroy us. We won't touch your corn. Not with our consent."

The Princess Mariya tried again to catch the eyes of some other person in the crowd; but not one was directed toward her: their eyes evidently avoided her. She felt strange, and ill at ease.

"There, now! she's a shrewd one. Follow her to prison. They want to get our houses, and make serfs of us again — the idea! We won't touch your corn," rang the various voices.

The Princess Mariya, hanging her head, left the crowd, and went back to the house. Reiterating her orders to Dron to have the horses ready against their departure the next day, she went to her room and remained alone with her thoughts.

CHAPTER XII.

THE Princess Mariya sat long that night beside her open window in her room, listening to the hubbub of voices which came up to her from the peasant village; and yet she was not thinking of them. She felt that the more she thought about them, the less she should understand them. Her mind was concentrated on one thing: her affliction, which now, after the interruption caused by her labors in connection with the present situation, seemed already far in the past. She could now think calmly, could weep, and could pray.

With the sunset the breeze had died down. The night was calm and cool. By twelve o'clock the voices began to grow still; a cock crew; the full moon began to rise up from behind the lindens; a cool, white dew-mist arose, and peace reigned over the village and over the house.

One after the other passed before her mind the pictures of

the recent past : the illness and the last moments of her father. And, with a melancholy joy, she now dwelt upon these pictures, repelling with horror only one : the vision of his death, a thing which she felt wholly unable to contemplate, even in imagination, at that calm, mysterious hour of night. And these pictures came before her with such vividness, and with such fulness of detail, that they seemed to her now like the reality, and then, again, like something past, or, again, like something that was to come.

Now she vividly recalled the moment when he received the stroke, and was borne in the arms of his men into the house at Luisiya Gorui, muttering unintelligible words with his disobedient tongue, knitting his grizzled brows, and looking anxiously and timidly at her.

"Even then, he wanted to tell me what he said on the very day of his death," she said to herself. "What he said to me then was all the time in his mind."

And then she imagined, with all its details, that night at Luisiya Gorui, on the evening before the apoplectic stroke, when, with a presentiment of evil, she remained with him against his will. She could not sleep, and she went down late at night on her tiptoes, and, going to the door of the greenhouse, where her father had tried to sleep that night, had listened to him. He was talking to Tikhon in a peevish, weary voice. He was telling him something about the Crimea, about the genial nights, about the empress. He was evidently in a talkative mood.

"And why did he not call me ? Why did he not allow me then to take Tikhon's place ?"

She asked herself that question then, and again she asked it now. "He was never one to confide in any one what he kept locked up in the chambers of his heart. And now never again for him and for me will return that moment when he might say all he wished to say, and then I, and not Tikhon, might have listened and understood him. Why did I not go in where he was ?" wondered the Princess Mariya. "Maybe even then he would have told me what he said on the day of his death. While he was talking with Tikhon he twice asked about me. He wished to see me, and there I was standing at the door. He found it tiresome and stupid to talk with Tikhon, for he could not understand him. I remember how he spoke with him about Liza, as though she were still alive, — he had forgotten that she was dead, — and Tikhon reminded him that she had passed away, and he cried, 'Durák — idiot !'

It was hard for him. As I stood outside I heard him groan, and lie down on the bed and cry aloud, 'My God!' Why didn't I go in then and there? What would he have done to me? What trouble might I not have made? Perhaps even then he would have been comforted: perhaps he would have called me — what he did." And the princess repeated aloud the caressing word which he had spoken to her on the day of his death: "Dúshenka," — Dear heart. — "Dú-shen-ka." repeated the princess, and she burst into tears that lightened the sorrow of her soul.

Now she saw his face plainly before her: and not that face which she had known ever since her earliest remembrance, and which she had always seen afar off, as it were, but that weak, submissive face which she, for the first time in her memory, as she bent down close to it to catch the last words that fell from his mouth, saw near at hand with all its wrinkles and details.

"Dúshenka!" she repeated.

"What thoughts were in his mind when he said that word? What is he thinking now?"

That question suddenly occurred to her, and for answer to it she seemed to see him before her with that same expression of face which he had worn in his coffin with the white handkerchief binding up his face. And that horror which had seized her then, when she had touched him, and then felt so assured that this thing not only was not he, but something mysterious and repulsive, came over her again. She tried to think of something else, she tried to pray, and she could do neither. With wide, staring eyes she gazed at the moonlight and at the shadows, every instant expecting to see his dead face, and she felt that the silence that hung over the house and in the house was turning her to stone.

"Dunyasha!" she whispered. "Dunyasha!" she cried, in a wild voice, and, tearing herself away from the silence, she ran into the domestics' room, meeting the old nyanya and the women, who came to meet her at her cry.

CHAPTER XIII.

ON the twenty-ninth of August Rostof and Ilyin, accompanied only by Lavrushka, just back from his brief captivity, and an orderly sergeant of hussars, set forth from their bivouac at Yankovo, fifteen versts from Bogucharovo, to make

trial of a new horse which Ilyin had recently purchased, and to find whether there was any fodder in the villages round about.

Bogucharovo, during the last three days, had been midway between two hostile armies, so that it was just as likely to be occupied by the Russian rearguard as by the French vanguard; and consequently, Rostof, like the thoughtful squadron commander that he was, conceived the notion of taking possession of the provisions at Bogucharovo in anticipation of the French.

Rostof and Ilyin were in the most jovial mood. On the way to Bogucharovo, to the princely estate and farm where they hoped to find a great throng of domestics and pretty young girls, they now questioned Lavrushka about Napoleon, and made merry over his tale, and then they ran races to test Ilyin's horse.

Rostof had not the slightest notion that this village where he was bound was the estate of that very same Bolkonsky who had been betrothed to his sister.

He and Ilyin made a final spurt in trial of their horses down the slope in front of Bogucharovo, and Rostof, outriding Ilyin, was the first to enter the street of the village.

"You got in first!" cried Ilyin, growing red in the face.

"Yes, always ahead, not only on the level, but here also," replied Rostof, smoothing the flank of his foam-flecked Donets.

"And I on my Franzuska, your illustriousness," exclaimed Lavrushka, coming up behind them on his cart-jade, which he called "Franzuska," or "Frenchy," in honor of his adventure. "I'd ha' come in first only I didn't want to mortify you."

They rode at a foot-pace up to the granary, near which a great crowd of muzhiks were gathered.

Some of them took off their caps; some, not taking off their caps, gazed at the new-comers. Two lank muzhiks, with wrinkled faces and thin beards, came out from the public-house, reeling, and troling some incoherent snatch of a song, and approached the officers.

"Say, my hearties," sung out Rostof, with a laugh, "have you any hay?"

"Like as two peas," exclaimed Ilyin.

"We're jo-ol-ly g-oo-d f-fel-el-lo-ows," sang one of the men, with an effusively good-natured smile.

A muzhik came out of the throng and approached Rostof.

"Which side are you from?" he asked.

"The French," replied Rostof, jokingly, with a smile.

"And that's Napoleon himself," he added, pointing to Lavrushka.

"Of course, you're Russians, ain't you?" asked the muzhik.

"Is there a large party of you?" asked another, a little man, who also joined them.

"Ever so many," replied Rostof. "And what brings you all together here," he added. "A holiday festival?"

"The elders have collected for communal business," replied the muzhik who first came out.

At this time two women and a man in a white hat made their appearance on the road from the mansion, coming toward the officers. "The one in pink is mine! Don't dare cheat me of her!" exclaimed Ilyin, catching sight of Dunyasha coming resolutely toward him.

"She shall be yours," replied Lavrushka, with a wink.

"What do you want, my beauty?" asked Ilyin, with a smile.

"The princess has sent to ask what is your regiment and your name."

"I am Count Rostof, squadron commander, and I am your humble servant."

"De-e-ev-lish jo-ol-ly g-ga-gals," sang one of the drunken muzhiks, with a jovial grin, and giving Ilyin a meaning look, as he stood talking with the maid. Dunyasha was followed by Alpatuitch, who, at some distance, took off his hat in Rostof's presence.

"I make bold to trouble your nobility," said he, politely, but manifesting a certain scorn of the officer's youthful appearance, and placing his hand in the breast of his coat. "My mistress, the daughter of General *longsher*, the late Prince Nikolai Andreyevitch Bolkonsky, who died on the twenty-seventh instant, finds herself in difficulty on account of the insubordination and boorishness of these individuals here" — he pointed to the muzhiks — "and she begs you to confer with her — if it would not be asking too much," said Alpatuitch, with a timid smile, — "if you would come a few steps farther — and besides it is not so pleasant in presence of" — He indicated the two drunken muzhiks, who were circling round them and in their rear like gadflies round a horse.

"Hey! Alpatuitch — Hey! Yakof Alpatuitch" — "Ser'ous shing! 'Seuse us! Ser'ous shing!" — "'Seuse us, for Christ's sake! Hey!" said the muzhiks, leering at him. Rostof looked at the drunken muzhiks, and smiled.

"Or perhaps this amuses your illustriousness?" suggested

Alpatuitch, with a sedate look, and indicating the old men with his other hand — the one not in the breast of his coat.

"No, there's no amusement in that," said Rostof, and started off. "What is the trouble?" he asked.

"I make bold to explain to your illustriousness, that these coarse peasants here are not willing that their mistress should leave her estate, and they threaten to take her horses out; and though everything has been packed up since morning, her illustriousness can't get away."

"Incredible!" cried Rostof.

"I have the honor of reporting to you the essential truth," maintained Alpatuitch.

Rostof dismounted, and, throwing the reins to his orderly, went with Alpatuitch to the house, questioning him on the state of affairs. In point of fact, the offer of corn which the princess had made to the muzhiks the evening before, her explanations to Dron and to the meeting, had made affairs so much worse that Dron had definitively laid down his keys, and taken sides with the peasantry, and had refused to obey Alpatuitch's summons; and that morning, when the princess had ordered to have the horses put in so as to take her departure, the muzhiks had gone in a regular mob to the granary, and sent a messenger declaring that they would not allow the princess to leave the village, that orders had come not to leave and they should unharness the horses. Alpatuitch had gone to them, and reasoned with them, but they had replied — Karp being their spokesman for the most part — Dron did not show himself at all — that it was impossible to let the princess take her departure, that there was a law against it: "only let her stay at home, and they would serve her as they always had done, and obey her in everything."

At the moment that Rostof and Ilyin had come spurring up the avenue, the Princess Mariya, in spite of the dissuasion of Alpatuitch, the old nyanya, and her women, had given orders to have the horses put in, and had made up her mind to start; but when the coachmen saw the cavalrymen galloping up, they took them for the French, and ran away; and wailing and lamentations of women were heard in the house.

"Bátyushka!" — "Blessed father!" — "God has sent you," were the words of welcome that met him, as Rostof passed through the anteroom.

The Princess Mariya, entirely bewildered and weak with fright, was sitting in the drawing-room when Rostof was brought in to her. She had no idea who he was and why he

was there and what was going to become of her. When she saw his Russian face, and recognized by his manner and the first words he spoke that he was a man of her own walk in life, she looked at him with her deep, radiant eyes, and began to speak in broken tones, her voice trembling with emotion.

Rostof immediately found something very romantic in this adventure. "An unprotected maiden, overwhelmed with grief, left alone to the mercy of rough, insurgent muzhiks! And what a strange fate has brought me here!" thought Rostof, as he listened to her and looked at her. "And what sweetness and gratitude in her features and her words!" he said to himself, as he listened to her faltering tale.

When she related all that had taken place on the day after her father's obsequies, her voice trembled. She turned aside, and then, as though she were afraid Rostof would take her words to be an excuse for rousing his pity, she glanced at him with a timidly questioning look.

The tears stood in Rostof's eyes. The Princess Mariya observed it, and she looked gratefully at him with those brilliant eyes of hers, which made one forget the plainness of her face.

"I cannot tell you, princess, how happy I am at the chance that brought me here, and puts me in position to show you how ready I am to serve you," said Rostof, rising. "You can start immediately, and I pledge you my word of honor that no one shall dare to cause you the slightest unpleasantness, if you will only permit me to serve as your escort." and, making her a courtly bow such as are made to ladies of the imperial blood, he went to the door. By the courtliness of his tone, Rostof seemed to show that, in spite of the fact that he should consider it an honor to be acquainted with her, he would not think of taking advantage of her hour of misfortune to inflict his acquaintance upon her.

The Princess Mariya understood and appreciated this delicacy.

"I am very, very grateful to you," said she, in French. "But I hope that this was merely a misunderstanding, and that no one is to blame for it" — She suddenly broke down. "Forgive me," said she.

Rostof once more made a low obeisance, and left the room with an angry scowl.

CHAPTER XIV.

"WELL, now, pretty? ah, brother, my pink one's a beauty and her name is Dunyasha" —

But as he glanced into Rostof's face Ilyin held his tongue. He saw that his hero and commander had come back in an entirely different frame of mind.

Rostof gave Ilyin a wrathful glance, and, without deigning to give him any answer, he strode swiftly down to the village.

"I will teach them! I'll give it to those cut-throats," he muttered to himself.

Alpatuitch, with a sort of swimming gait that was just short of running, found it hard to overtake him.

"What decision have you been pleased to come to?" he asked, at last catching up with him. Rostof halted and, doubling his fists, made a threatening movement toward Alpatuitch suddenly.

"Decision? What decision? You old dotard!" cried he. "What are you staring at? Ha? — The muzhiks are in revolt and you can't bring them to terms? You yourself are a traitor! I know you. I'll take the hide off you, the whole of you" — And, as though afraid of wasting the reserve fund of his righteous wrath, he left Alpatuitch and hastened forward.

Alpatuitch, evidently crushing down his sense of injured innocence, hastened after Rostof with that swimming gait of his, and continued to give him his opinions in regard to the matter. He declared that the muzhiks had got themselves into such a state of recalcitrancy, that at the present moment it would be imprudent to *contrarize* them, unless one had a squad of soldiers, so that it would be better to send after the soldiers first.

"I'll give them a squad of soldiers — I'll show how to contrarize them," replied Rostof, not knowing what he was saying, and breathing hard from his unreasoning, keen indignation and the necessity which he felt of expressing this indignation. With no definite plan of action he rushed with strong, resolute steps straight at the mob.

And the nearer he approached it, the more firmly convinced grew Alpatuitch that this imprudent action of his might lead to excellent results. The muzhiks in the throng felt the same thing as they saw his swift, unswerving movements and his resolute, scowling face.

After the hussars had entered the village and Rostof had gone to see the princess, a certain perplexity and division of counsels had prevailed among the peasantry. It began to be bruited among them that these visitors were Russians, and some of the muzhiks declared that they would be angry because their báruishnya was detained. Dron was of this opinion, but as soon as he had so expressed himself, Karp and the other muzhiks attacked their former stárosta.

"How many years have you been getting your belly full out of this commune?" cried Karp. "It's all the same to you. You'll dig up your pot of money and be off! What do you care whether they burn up our houses or not?"

"The order was to keep good order: no one to go from their homes and not carry off the value of a speck o' dust—and there she goes with all she's got," cried another.

"Twas your son's turn, but you were too soft on your young noodle," suddenly exclaimed a little old man, pitching into Dron. "But they shaved my Vanka. Ekh! we shall die!"

"Certainly we shall die!"

"I'm not quit of the commune yet," said Dron.

"Of course you're not. You've filled your belly, though!"

Then two long, lank muzhiks said their say. As soon as Rostof, accompanied by Ilyin, Lavrushka, and Álpatuitch, drew near the mob, Karp, thrusting his fingers in his belt, and slightly smiling, came forward. Dron, on the contrary, got into the rear ranks, and the throng crowded closer together.

"Hey! Which of you is the stárosta here?" cried Rostof, coming up to the mob with swift strides.

"The stárosta? What do you want of him?" asked Karp.

But before he had a chance to utter another word his cap flew off, and he was sent reeling with a powerful blow.

"Hats off, you traitors!" cried Rostof in a stentorian voice.

"Where is the stárosta?" he thundered in a frenzied voice.

"The stárosta, he wants the stárosta. — Dron Zakaruitch — you!" was spoken by various officiously submissive voices, and every hat was doffed.

"We should never think of rebelling; we preserve order," insisted Karp, and several voices in the rear ranks at the same instant suddenly shouted: —

"It was what the council of elders decided; we have to obey" —

"Do you dare answer back? — Mob! — cut-throats! — traitors!" sung out Rostof, beside himself with rage and in an unnatural voice, while he seized Karp by the collar. "Bind

him! Bind him!" he cried, though there was no one to execute his orders except Lavrushka and Alpatuitch.

Lavrushka, however, sprang forward and seized Karp by the arms from behind. "Do you wish us to summon *ours* from below?" he cried.

Alpatuitch turned to the muzhiks, calling two by name, to bind Karp's arms. These muzhiks submissively stepped forth from the throng and began to unfasten their belts.

"Where is the stárosta?" cried Rostof.

Dron, with a pale and frowning face, stood out.

"You the stárosta? — Bind him, Lavrushka," cried Rostof, as though it were impossible for this command to meet with resistance. And, in point of fact, two other muzhiks began to bind Dron, who, in order to facilitate the operation, took off his girdle and handed it to them.

"And see here — do you all obey me!" — Rostof had turned to the muzhiks. — "Disperse to your homes instantly, and don't let me hear a word from one of you!"

"Come, now! we hain't done no harm!" — "We've only been acting silly." — "Made fools of ourselves, that's all." — "I said there wasn't no such orders," said various voices, reproaching each other.

"That's what I told you," said Alpatuitch, re-assuming his rights. "I wasn't right of you, boys."

"Our foolishness, Yakof Alpatuitch," replied the voices, and the crowd immediately began to break up and scatter to their homes.

The two muzhiks, with their arms bound, were taken to the master's house.* The two drunken men followed.

"Ekh! now I get a good look at you!" said one of them, addressing Karp.

"How could you, with your betters in that way? What were you thinking of? Durak! idiot!" exclaimed the other. "Truly you were an idiot!"

Inside of two hours the teams were ready in the dvor of the Bogucharovo mansion. The men were zealously lugging out and packing up the master's belongings, and Dron, at the princess's intercession let out of the shed where he had been locked up, directed the muzhiks at their work.

"Don't pack that away so clumsily," said one of the muzhiks, a tall man, with a round, smiling face, taking a casket from the hands of a chambermaid. "You see, that must 'a' cost summat! Don't sling it in that way, or poke it under a

* Barsky dvor.

pile of rope — why, it'll get spoiled! I don't like it that way. Let everything be done neat, according to law! There, that's the way — under this mat, and tuck hay round it. That's the way to do it!"

"Oh, these books! these books!" exclaimed another muzhik, bending under the weight of the bookcases from Prince Andrei's library. "Don't you touch them! Heavy, I tell you, boys! healthy lot of books!"

"Yes, that man kept his pen busy, and didn't gad much," said the tall, moon-faced muzhik, winking significantly, and pointing to some lexicons lying on top.

Rostof, not wishing to impose his acquaintance upon the princess, did not return to her, but remained in the village, waiting for her to pass on her way. Having waited until the Princess Mariya's carriages had left the house, Rostof mounted and accompanied her on horseback along the highway occupied by our troops for a dozen versts.

At Yankovo, where his bivouac was, he politely took leave of her, and for the first time permitted himself the liberty of kissing her hand.

"Ought you not to be ashamed of yourself!" replied Rostof, reddening, as the Princess Mariya expressed her gratitude for his having saved her — for so she spoke of what he had done. "Any policeman * would have done as much. If we had only peasants to fight with, we should not have let the enemy advance so far," said he, feeling a twinge of shame, and anxious to change the topic. "I am only delighted that this has given me a chance of making your acquaintance. Farewell, — *prashchajte*, princess. I wish you all happiness and consolation, and I hope that we shall meet under more favorable circumstances. If you wish to spare my blushes, please do not thank me."

But the princess, if she did not thank him further in word, could not help expressing her gratitude in every feature of her face, which fairly beamed with recognizance and gentleness. She could not believe him when he said that she had nothing for which to thank him. On the contrary, it was beyond question that if it had not been for him, she would have been utterly lost either at the hands of the insurgent peasants, or the French; that *he*, in order to rescue her, had exposed himself to the most palpable and terrible peril; and still less was it a matter of doubt that he was a man of high,

* *Stanovoi*.

noble spirit, capable of realizing her position and misfortune. His kindly, honest eyes, which had filled with sympathetic tears when she herself was weeping, and seemed to speak with her about her loss, she could not keep out of her thoughts.

When she bade him farewell, and was left alone, the Princess Mariya suddenly felt her eyes fill with tears, and then, it seemed not for the first time, the strange question came into her mind, "Did she love him?"

During the rest of the journey to Moscow, though her position was far from agreeable, the princess, as Dunyasha, who rode with her in the carriage, more than once observed, looked out of the window and smiled, as though at pleasant-melancholy thoughts.

"Well, supposing I did fall in love with him," mused the Princess Mariya.

Shameful as it was for her to acknowledge to herself that she fell in love at first sight with a man who, perhaps, might never reciprocate her love, still she comforted herself with the thought that no one would ever know it, and that she would not be to blame if, even to the end of her life, she, without ever telling any one, loved this man whom she loved for the first time and the last.

Sometimes she recalled his looks, his sympathetic interest, his words, and happiness seemed to her not out of the bounds of the possible. And it was at such times that Dunyasha observed that she smiled as she gazed out of the carriage window.

"And it was fate that he should come to Bogucharovo, and at such a time!" said the Princess Mariya. "And it was fate that his sister should jilt Prince Andrei!" And in all this the Princess Mariya saw the workings of Providence.

The impression made upon Rostof by the Princess Mariya was very agreeable. When his thoughts recurred to her, happiness filled his heart, and when his comrades, learning of his adventure at Bogucharovo, joked him because, in going after hay, he had fallen in with one of the richest heiresses of Russia, Rostof lost his temper. He lost his temper for the very reason that the idea of marrying the princess, who had impressed him so pleasantly, and who had such an enormous property, had more than once, against his will, occurred to him. As far as he personally was concerned, he could not wish a better wife than the Princess Mariya. To marry her would give great delight to the countess, his mother, and would help him to extricate his father's affairs from their wreck, —

and then, again, — Nikolai felt this, — it would be for the Princess Mariya's happiness.

But Sonya? And his plighted troth? And that was the reason Rostof grew angry when they joked him about the Princess Bolkonskaya.

CHAPTER XV.

HAVING accepted the command of the armies, Kutuzof remembered Prince Andrei, and sent word to him to join him at headquarters. Prince Andrei reached Tsarevo-Zai-mishche on the very day and at the very time when Kutuzof was making his first review of the troops.

He stopped in the village, at the house of a priest, in front of which the chief commander's carriage was standing, and took his seat on the bench in front of the door, waiting for his "serene highness," * as every one now called Kutuzof. From the field back of the village came the sound of martial music, then the roar of a tremendous throng of men shouting "Hurrah! Hurrah!" in honor of the commander-in-chief.

A dozen steps or so from Prince Andrei stood a couple of Kutuzof's servants — the courier and his house-steward, — profiting by the prince's absence and the beautiful weather to come out to the gates.

A dark-complexioned little lieutenant-colonel of hussars, with a portentous growth of mustache and side-whiskers, came riding up to the gates, and, seeing Prince Andrei, asked if his serene highness lodged there, and if he would soon return.

Prince Andrei replied that he was not a member of his serene highness's staff, and had, likewise, only just arrived.

The lieutenant-colonel turned to the spruce-looking denshehik with the same question; and the chief commander's denshehik answered him with that contemptuous indifference with which the servants of commanders-in-chief are apt to treat under-officers.

"What? His serene highness? Likely to be here before long. What do you want?"

The lieutenant laughed in his mustaches at the denshehik's tone, dismounted from his horse, gave the bridle to his orderly, and joined Bolkonsky, making him a stiff little bow. Bolkonsky made room for him on the bench. The officer of hussars sat down next him.

"So you're waiting for the commander-in-chief too, are you?" asked the lieutenant-colonel. "He's weported to be vewy accessible! Thank God for that! That was the twouble with those sausage-stuffers. There was some weason in Yermolof asking to be weekoned as a German. Now pe'w'aps we 'Ussians may have something to say about things now. The devil knows what they've been doing! Always wetweating — always wetweating! Have you been making the campaign?" he asked.

"I have had that pleasure," replied Prince Andrei. "Not only have I taken part in the retreat, but I have lost thereby all that I hold dear, to say nothing of my property and the home of my ancestors, — my father, who died of grief. I am Smolensk."

"Ah? Are you Pwince Bolkonsky? Wight glad to make your acquaintance: — Lieutenant-Colonel Denisof, better known as Vaska," said Denisof, shaking hands with Prince Andrei, and looking with a peculiarly gentle expression into his face. "Yes, I heard about it," said he sympathetically; and, after a short pause, he continued, "And so this is Seythian warfare. It's all vewy good except for those whose wibs are bwoken. And you are Pwince Andrei Bolkonsky?" He shook his head. "Vewy, vewy glad, pwince, vewy glad to make your acquaintance," he repeated for the second time, squeezing his hand.

Prince Andrei had known from Natasha that Denisof was her first suitor. This recollection, at once sweet and bitter, brought back to him those painful sensations which of late he had not allowed himself to harbor, but which were always in his heart. Recently so many other and more serious impressions — like the evacuation of Smolensk, his visit to Luisiya Gorui, the news of his father's death — and so many new sensations had been experienced by him that it was some time since he had even thought of his disappointment, and now, when he was reminded of it, it seemed so long ago that it did not affect him with its former force.

For Denisof, also, the series of recollections conjured up in his mind by Bolkonsky's name belonged to a distant, poetic past, to that time when he, after the supper, and after Natasha had sung for him, himself not realizing what he was doing, offered himself to a maiden of fifteen! He smiled from his recollection of that time, and of his love for Natasha, and immediately proceeded to the topic which at the present passionately occupied him to the exclusion of everything else.

This was a plan of campaign which he had developed during the retreat, while on duty at the outposts. He had proposed this plan to Barclay de Tolly, and was now bent on proposing it to Kutuzof. The plan was based on the fact that the French line of operations was too widely spread out, and his idea was that, instead of attacking them in front, or, possibly, in connection with offensive attacks at the front, so as to block their road, it was necessary to act against their communications.

"They can't sustain such a long line. It is impossible! I'll promise to break through them; give me five hundred men and I'll cut my way through, truly. A sort of system of guerrillas."

Denisof had got up in his excitement, and as he laid his plan before Bolkonsky he gesticulated eagerly. In the midst of his exposition, the acclamations of the military, more than ever incoherent, more than ever diffused and mingled with music and songs, were heard in the direction of the review-grounds. The trampling of horses and shouts were heard in the village.

"Here he comes," shouted the Cossack guard. Bolkonsky and Denisof went down to the gates, where were gathered a little knot of soldiers, composing the guard of honor, and saw Kutuzof coming down the street, mounted on his little bay cob. A tremendous suite of generals accompanied him; Barclay de Tolly was riding almost abreast of him. A throng of officers followed them and closed in around them on all sides, shouting "Hurrah!"

His adjutants galloped on ahead of him into the yard, Kutuzof impatiently spurring his steed, which cantered along heavily under his weight, and constantly nodding his head and raising his hand to his white cavalier-guard cap, which was decorated with a red band and without a visor. As he came up to his guard of honor composed of gallant grenadiers, — for the most part cavalymen, — who presented arms, he for an instant gazed silently and shrewdly at them with the stubborn look of one used to command, and turned back to the throng of generals and other officers standing around him. Over his face suddenly passed an artful expression; he shrugged his shoulders with a gesture of perplexity.

"The idea of retreating, and retreating with such gallant fellows!" said he. "Well, good-by,* general," he added, and turned his horse into the gates, past Prince Andrei and Denisof.

* *Do svidaniya.*

"Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!" The acclamations rent the air behind him.

Kutuzof, since Prince Andrei had last seen him, had grown stouter than ever; he fairly weltered in fat. But the whitened eye, and the wound, and that expression of lassitude in face and figure, which he knew so well, were the same. He was dressed in a military long coat—a whip hung by a slender ribbon over his shoulder—and he wore his white cavalier-guard shako. Heavily sprawled out and swaying, he sat his little horse. His *fiu—fiu—fiu* could be heard almost distinctly as he rode, breathing sharply, into the courtyard.

His face had that expression of relief which a man shows when he makes up his mind to have a rest after a public exhibition. He extricated his left leg from the stirrup, leaned back with his whole body, and, scowling with the exertion of getting his leg up over the saddle, rested with his knee a moment, and then with a quack like a duck he let himself down into the arms of the Cossacks and adjutants, who were waiting to assist him.

He straightened himself up, glanced around with blinking eyes, and, catching sight of Prince Andrei, he evidently failed to recognize him, and set out with his clumsy, plunging gait for the steps. *Fiu—fiu—fiu* he puffed, and again he glanced at Prince Andrei. The impression made by Prince Andrei's face, though it was reached only after several seconds,—as is often the case with old men,—at last connected itself with the recollection of who he was.

"Ah! good-day, prince, good-day. How are you, my good fellow? * come with me," he said wearily, glancing round, and beginning heavily to mount the steps, which groaned under his weight. Then he unbuttoned his uniform and sat down on the bench at the top of the steps.

"Well, how is your father?"

"Yesterday I received news of his death," said Prince Andrei abruptly.

Kutuzof looked at Prince Andrei with startled, wide-opened eyes; then he took off his cap and crossed himself.

"The kingdom of heaven be his. God's will be done to us all."

He drew a deep, heavy sigh and was long silent. "I loved him dearly and I realized his worth, and I sympathize with you with all my heart."

He embraced Prince Andrei, pressed him to his fat chest

and held him there long. When at last he released him, Prince Andrei saw that his blubbery lips trembled, and that his eyes were full of tears. He sighed and took hold of the bench with both hands so as to rise.

"Come, come to my room and let us talk!" said he, but just at that instant Denisof, who was as little apt to quail before his superiors as before his enemies, strode with jingling spurs to the steps, in spite of the adjutants, who with indignant whispers tried to stop him. Kutuzof, still clinging to the bench, gave him a displeased look.

Denisof, introducing himself, explained that he had something of the greatest importance for the good of the country to communicate to his serene highness. Kutuzof, with his weary look, continued to stare at Denisof, and, with a gesture of annoyance, released his hands and folded them on his belly, repeating: "For the good of the country? — Well, what is it? Speak!"

Denisof reddened like a girl — how strange it was to see the blush on the mustachioed, bibulous face of the veteran, — and he began boldly to evolve his plan for breaking through the enemy's effective line between Smolensk and Viazma. Denisof's home was in this region, and he was well acquainted with every locality. His plan seemed unquestionably excellent, especially owing to the force of conviction which he put into his words. Kutuzof regarded his own legs, and occasionally looked over into the dvor or yard of the adjoining cottage, as though he were expecting something unpleasant to appear from there. And in reality from the cottage at which he was looking, during Denisof's speech, emerged a general with a portfolio under his arm.

"What?" exclaimed Kutuzof, interrupting Denisof in the midst of his exposition. "Ready so soon?"

"Yes, your serene highness," replied the general. Kutuzof shook his head as much as to say, "How can one man have time for all this?" and went on listening to Denisof.

"I give my truest word of honor as a 'Ussian officer," insisted Denisof, "that I will cut off Napoleon's communications."

"What! is Kirill Andreyevitch Denisof, Ober-intendant, any relation of yours?" asked Kutuzof, interrupting him.

"My own uncle, your serene highness."

"Oh, we were good friends," exclaimed Kutuzof, jovially. "Very good, very good, my dear.* Stay here at headquarters; we will talk it over to-morrow."

* *Golubchik.*

Nodding to Denisof, he turned away, and stretched out his hand for the papers which Konovnitsuin had brought him.

"Would not your serene highness find it more comfortable to come into the house?" suggested the officer of the day, in a dissatisfied tone. "It's absolutely essential to look over some plans, and to sign a number of documents."

An adjutant, appearing at the door, announced that his rooms were all ready. But Kutuzof evidently wanted not to go indoors until he was free. He scowled.

"No, have a table brought out, my dear; I'll look at them here," said he. — "Don't you go," he added, addressing Prince Andrei. Prince Andrei remained on the steps, and listened to the officer of the day.

During the rendering of the report, Prince Andrei heard in the passageway the whispering of a woman's voice and the rustling of a woman's silken gown. Several times, as he glanced in that direction, he caught sight of a round, ruddy-faced, pretty woman, in a pink dress, and with a lilac silk handkerchief over her head, holding a dish in her hands, and evidently waiting for the return of the commander-in-chief. One of Kutuzof's adjutants explained to Prince Andrei in a whisper that this was the mistress of the house, the pope's wife, who was all ready to offer his serene highness the *khleb-sol*.* Her husband had already met his highness with the cross at the church, and here she was at home with the bread and salt.

"Very pretty!" added the adjutant, with a smile. Kutuzof looked up on hearing that. He had been listening to the general's report, — the principal feature of which was a critique on the position at Tsarevo-Zámmishche, — just exactly as he had listened to Denisof, just exactly as he had listened to the discussions at the council on the night before the battle of Austerlitz, seven years previously. It was evident that he listened merely because he had ears, which could not help hearing, although one of them was stuffed full of tarred hemp; but it was plain that nothing that the general on duty could say could either arouse him or interest him, and that he knew in advance what would be said, and listened only because he had to listen, as he might have to listen to the singing of a *Te Deum*.

All that Denisof said was practical and sensible. What the general on duty said was still more practical and sensible, but it was evident that Kutuzof scorned both knowledge and sense, and took for granted that something else was needed to

* Bread and salt, typical of Russian hospitality.

decide the matter ; something else, and quite independent of sense and knowledge.

Prince Andrei attentively watched the expression of the chief commander's face, and the only expression which he could distinguish in it was one of tedium, or of curiosity as to the meaning of a woman's whispering inside the door, and the desire to save appearances.

It was evident that Kutuzof scorned sense and knowledge, and even the patriotic feeling shown by Denisof, but that he did not scorn them by his own superior sense and knowledge and feeling — for he did not try to manifest these qualities, but he scorned them from some other reason. He scorned them because of his advanced age, because of his experience of life.

The one single disposition which Kutuzof felt called upon to make in connection with this report related to the marauding of the Russian soldiers. The general on duty, on finishing his report, presented to his serene highness, to sign, a paper granting a favorable answer to a proprietor who had petitioned for the military authorities to reimburse him for the loss of his standing oats, which had been taken on requisition.

Kutuzof smacked his lips and shook his head when he heard about this.

"Into the stove with it — burn it! I tell you, once and for all, my dear," said he, "throw all such things into the fire. Let 'em reap the grain and burn the wood as they need. I don't order it, and I don't allow it, but, if it is done, I can't pay for it. It can't be helped. 'If wood is cut, the chips fly.'"^{*} He glanced once more at the paper. "Oh, German punctilio!" he exclaimed, shaking his head.

CHAPTER XVI.

"WELL, that is all, is it?" asked Kutuzof, affixing his name to the last of the documents; and, rising laboriously, and settling the folds of his white, puffy neck, he went to the door with a cheerful face.

The pope's wife, with flushed face, grasped for the plate, which, though she had prepared it so long in advance, she nevertheless failed to present in time. And, with a low obeisance, she offered the bread and salt to Kutuzof. Kutuzof's eyes twinkled; he smiled, chucked her under the chin, and said: —

^{*} Russian proverb.

"What a pretty woman you are! Thanks, sweetheart!" *

He drew out of his trousers pocket a few gold pieces, and laid them in the plate. "Well, then, how are we situated?" said he, going toward the room reserved for his private use.

The pope's wife, with every dimple in her rosy face smiling, followed him into the chamber.

An adjutant came to Prince Andrei, as he stood on the steps, and invited him to breakfast. In half an hour he was again summoned to Kutuzof. Kutuzof was sprawled out in an easy-chair, with his uniform coat unbuttoned. He held a French book in his hand, and, when Prince Andrei came in, he laid it down, marking the place with a knife. This book, as Prince Andrei could see by the cover, was *Les Chevaliers du Cygne*, a work by Madame de Genlis.

"Well, now, sit down, sit down here," said Kutuzof. "It's sad, very sad. But remember, my boy, that I am a father to you — a second father."

Prince Andrei told Kutuzof all that he knew about his father's death, and what he had seen at Luisiya Gorui as he passed through.

"To what — to what have they brought us!" suddenly exclaimed Kutuzof, in an agitated voice, evidently getting from Prince Andrei's story a clear notion of the state in which Russia found herself.

"Wait a bit! wait a bit!" he added, with a wrathful expression, and then, evidently not wishing to dwell on this agitating topic, he went on to say: —

"I have summoned you to keep you with me."

"I thank your serene highness," replied Prince Andrei, "but I fear that I am not good for staff service," he explained with a smile which Kutuzof remarked. "And chiefly," added Prince Andrei, "I am used to my regiment. I have grown very fond of the officers, and the men, so far as I can judge, are fond of me. I should be sorry to leave my regiment. If I decline the honor of being on your staff, believe me, it is" —

A keen, good-natured, and at the same time shrewdly sarcastic expression flashed over Kutuzof's puffy face. He interrupted Bolkonsky.

"I am sorry. You might have been useful to me; but you are right, you are right. We don't need *men* here! There are everywhere plenty of advisers, but not of men. Our regiments would be very different if all the advice-givers would serve in them as you do. I remember you at Austerlitz —

I remember you; I remember you with the standard," said Kutuzof, and a flush of pleasure spread over Prince Andrei's face at this recollection. Kutuzof drew him close, and stroked his cheek, and again Prince Andrei observed tears in his eyes. Though Prince Andrei knew that tears were Kutuzof's weak point, and that he was especially flattering to him, and was anxious to express his sympathy for his loss, still Prince Andrei felt particularly happy and gratified at this allusion to Austerlitz.

"Go, and God bless you! I know, your road — is the road of honor."

He paused.

"I missed you sadly at Bukarest. I had to send a messenger."

And, changing the conversation, Kutuzof began to talk about the Turkish war and the peace which had been concluded.

"Yes, they abused me not a little," said he, "both for the war and for the peace; but all came about in time. *Tout vient à point à celui qui sait attendre.* There I had just as many advisers as I have here," he went on to say, turning to the counsellors who were evidently his pre-occupation. "Okh! these counsellors, these counsellors!" he exclaimed. "If their advice had been taken, we should be still in Turkey, and peace would not have been signed, and the war would not be over yet. Everything in haste, but 'fast never gets far.' If Kamiensky had not died, he would have been ruined. He stormed a fortress with thirty thousand men. There's nothing hard in taking a fortress; it's hard to gain a campaign. And to do that, not to storm and attack, but patience and time are what is required. Kamiensky sent his soldiers against Rushchuk; and while I employed nothing but time and patience, I took more fortresses than Kamiensky ever did, and I made the Turks feed on horse-flesh." He shook his head. "And the French will do the same. Take my word for it," he exclaimed, growing more animated, and pounding his chest, "if I have anything to do with it, they will be eating horse-flesh too!" And again his eyes overflowed with tears.

"Still, you'll have to accept a battle, won't you?" asked Prince Andrei.

"Certainly, if every one demands it, there's no help for it. But trust me, my boy.* There are no more powerful fighters than these two, — Time and Patience; they do every

* *Golubchik.*

thing. But our advisers *n'entendent pas de cette oreille, voilà le mal*; that's the trouble. They won't see it in that light. Some are in favor, and some are opposed. What's to be done?" he asked, and waited for an answer. "Yes, what is it you advise doing?" he repeated, and his eyes gleamed with an expression of deep cunning. "I will tell you what is to be done," he went on to say, when Prince Andrei still refrained from expressing any opinion. "I will tell you what is to be done, and I shall do it. *Dans le doute, mon cher*," — he hesitated, — "*abstiens-toi*. When in doubt, *don't*," he repeated, after an interval. "Well, good-by, prashchái, my dear boy. Remember that I sympathize with all my heart in your loss, and that to you I am not His Serene Highness nor prince nor commander-in-chief, but a father to you. If you want anything, apply directly to me. Good-by, my dear." *

He again embraced and kissed him. And before Prince Andrei had actually reached the door, Kutuzof drew a long sigh of relief, and had resumed his unfinished novel by Madame de Genlis, *Les Chevaliers du Cygne*.

Prince Andrei could not account to himself for the why or wherefore of it, but it was a fact that after this interview with Kutuzof, he returned to his regiment much relieved as to the general course of affairs, and as to the wisdom of intrusting them to this man whom he had just seen. The more he realized the utter absence of all self-seeking in this old man, who seemed to have outlived ordinary passions, and whose intellect — that is, the power of co-ordinating events and drawing conclusions — had resolved itself into the one faculty of calmly holding in check the course of events, the more assured Prince Andrei felt that everything would turn out as it should.

"There is nothing petty and personal about him. He won't give way to his imaginations; he won't do anything rash," said Prince Andrei to himself, "but he will listen to all suggestions; he will remember everything; he will have everything in its place; he will hinder nothing that is useful, and permit nothing that is harmful; he will remember that there is something more powerful and more tremendous than his will, — the inevitable course of events, — and he will have the brains to see them; he will have the ability to realize their significance, and, in view of this significance, he will be sensible enough to see what a small part he himself and his own will have to play in them. But chief of all," thought

* *Prashcháï, golubchik*.

Prince Andrei, "what makes me have confidence in him is that he is Russian, in spite of his French romance of *Madame de Genlis* and his French phrases; because his voice trembled when he exclaimed, 'What have they brought us to?' and because he sobbed when he declared that he would make them eat horse-flesh."

It was due to this feeling, which all felt more or less vaguely, that Kutuzof's selection as commander-in-chief, in spite of court cabals, met with such unanimous and general recognition among the people.

CHAPTER XVII.

AFTER the sovereign's departure from Moscow, the life in the capital flowed on in its ordinary channels, and the current of this life was so commonplace that it was hard to recall those days of patriotic enthusiasms and impulses, and hard to believe that Russia was actually in peril, and that the members of the English Club were at the same time "Sons of the Fatherland," and had declared themselves prepared for any sacrifice.

The only thing that recalled the general spasm of patriotic enthusiasm that had taken place during the sovereign's recent visit to Moscow, was the demand for men and money, which, coming now in legal, official form, had to be met, the sacrifice having once been offered.

Though the enemy were approaching Moscow, the Moscovites were not inclined to regard their situation with any greater degree of seriousness: on the contrary, the matter was treated with peculiar lightness, as is always the case with people who see a great catastrophe approaching.

At such a time, two voices are always heard speaking loudly in the heart of man: the one, with perfect reasonableness, always preaches the reality of the peril, and counsels him to seek for means of avoiding it: the other, with a still greater show of reason, declares that it is too painful and difficult to think about danger, since it is not in the power of man to foresee everything or to escape the inevitable course of events; and, therefore, it is better to shut the eyes to the disagreeable, until it actually comes, and to think only of the present.

When a man is alone, he generally gives himself up to the first voice, but in society, on the contrary, to the second. And this was the case at the present time with the inhabitants of Moscow.

Moscow had not been so gay for a long time as it was that year. Rostopchin's placards, called *affiches*, or *afishki*, were read and criticised just as were the couplets of Vasili Lvovitch Pushkin.* On the top of them were represented the picture of a drinking-house and the tapster and Moscovite meshchánin, Karpushka Chigirin, *who, having been an old soldier, on hearing that Bonaparte was marching upon Moscow, fortified himself with a brimming nog of liquor in the shop, flew into a passion, heaped every sort of vile epithets upon all the French, stepped forth from the drinking-house, and harangued the crowd collected under the eagle.*

At the club, in the corner room, men collected to read these bulletins, and some were pleased when Karpushka made sport of the French and said, "*They would swell up with cabbage, burst their bellies with kasha gruel, choke themselves with shchi, that they were all dwarfs, and that a peasant woman would toss three of them at once with a pitchfork.*"

Some, however, criticised this tone, and declared that it was rude and stupid. It was reported that Rostopchin had sent the French, and, indeed, all other foreigners, out of Moscow; that Napoleon had spies and agents among them; but this story was told merely for the sake of repeating certain sardonic words which Rostopchin was credited with saying about their destination. These foreigners were embarked on the Volga at Nizhni, and Rostopchin said to them, —

"Rentrez en vous-mêmes, entrez dans la barque, et n'en faites pas une barque de Charon — Creep into yourselves," that is, keep out of sight — "*creep on board the boat, and try not to let it become a Charon's bark for you.*"

It was also reported that the courts of justice had been removed from the city, and here there was a chance given for repeating one of Shinshin's jests, to the effect that for this, at least, Moscow ought to be grateful to Napoleon.

It was said that Mamonof's regiment would cost him eight hundred thousand, that Bezukhoi was spending still more on his warriors; but the best joke of all was that the count him-

* Vasili Lvovitch Pushkin, the uncle of the poet Aleksandr Sergyeyevitch Pushkin, was born at Moscow in April, 1770; served in the body guard in the Izmailovsky regiment till 1797; began to contribute to the Petersburg "*Mercury*," 1793; wrote an immense number of epistles, elegies, fables, epigrams, madrigals, etc. The war of 1812 sent him to Nizhni Novgorod, where he remained till 1815. He died September 1, 1830, about seven years before his more famous namesake was killed. His best known work, "*Opásnyi Sosyéd — A Dangerous Neighbor*," has been thrice republished: Munich, 1815; Leipsic, 1855; Berlin, 1859.

self was going to buckle on his uniform and ride in front of his regiment; and those who would be in the front to see this great sight would not sell their chances for any money.

"You have no mercy on any one," said Julie Drubetskaya, picking up and squeezing a bunch of picked lint between her slender fingers covered with rings.

Julie had determined to leave Moscow the next day, and she was giving her last reception. "Bezukhoi is *ridicule*, but he is so good, so kind! What is the pleasure to be so *caustique*?"

"Fined!" exclaimed a young man, in a militia-uniform, whom Julie called "*Mon chevalier*," and who was going to accompany her to Nizhni.

In Julie's set, as in many other sets of Moscow society, it had been agreed to speak only in Russian, and those who forgot themselves and made use of French words in conversation, had to pay a fine, which was turned over to the committee of public defence.

"That's a double fine, for a Gallicism," said a Russian author who was in the drawing-room. "'*Pleasure to be*' is not good Russian."

"You show no mercy upon any one," pursued Julie, paying heed to the author's criticism.

"For using the word *caustique*, I admit my guilt, and will pay my fine for it, and for the pleasure, to tell you the truth, I am ready to pay another fine; but for Gallicisms I am not to be held answerable," she said, turning to the author. "I have neither the money nor the time to hire a teacher and take Russian lessons, as Prince Golitsuin is doing."

"Ah, there he is," exclaimed Julie. "*Quand on* — No, no," said she to the militia-man, "do not count that one, I'll say it in Russian: 'When we speak of the sun we see his rays,'" said the hostess, giving Pierre a fascinating smile — "We were just talking about you. We were saying that your regiment would be really much better than Mamonof's," said she, with one of those white lies so characteristic of society women.

"Akh! don't speak to me about my regiment," replied Pierre, kissing the hostess's hand, and taking a chair near her. "I am tired to death of it."

"But surely you are going to take the command of it yourself?" asked Julie, shooting a glance of cunning and ridicule at the militia-man.

The militia-man in Pierre's presence was not so *caustique*, and his face expressed some perplexity at the meaning ex

pressed in Julie's smile. In spite of his absent-mindedness and good humor, Pierre's personality immediately cut short all attempts to make a butt of him in his own presence.

"No," replied Pierre, with a glance down at his big, portly frame, "I should be too good a mark for the French, and I am afraid that I could not get on a horse."

Among those who came up as a subject for gossip in the course of the shifting conversation were the Rostofs.

"They say their affairs are in a very bad condition," remarked Julie. "And the count himself is so utterly lacking in common sense! The Razumovskys wanted to buy his house and his *pod-Moskovnaya*, and it is still in abeyance. He asks too much."

"No, I believe the sale was effected a few days ago," said some one. "Though now it is nonsense for any one to buy property in Moscow."

"Why?" asked Julie. "Do you imagine there is any real danger for Moscow?"

"What makes you go away?"

"I? That is an odd question. I am going because, — because, — well I am going because everybody's going, and because I am not a Joan d'Arc and not an Amazon."

"There, now, give me some more rags."

"If he can only economize, he may be able to settle all his debts," pursued the militia-man, still speaking of Count Rostof.

"A good old man, but a very *pauvre sire*. And why have they been living here so long? They intended long ago to start for the country. Nathalie, I believe, is perfectly restored to health? — Isn't she?" asked Julie of Pierre with a malicious smile.

"They are waiting for their youngest son," replied Pierre. "He was enrolled among Obolyensky's Cossacks and was sent to Byélaya Tserkóv.* The regiment was mobilizing there. But now he has been transferred to my regiment and is expected every day. The count wanted to start long ago, but the countess utterly refused to leave Moscow until her son came."

"I saw them three days ago at the Arkharofs'. Nathalie has grown very pretty again and was very gay. She sang a *romanza*. How easy it is for some people to forget everything."

"Forget what?" asked Pierre impulsively.

* White church.

Julie smiled. "You know, count, that knights like you are to be found only in the romances of Madame de Souza."

"What sort of knights? Why, what do you mean?" asked Pierre, reddening.

"Oh, fie now! dear count, *c'est la fable de tout Moscou*. *Je vous admire, ma parole d'honneur!*"

"Fined! Fined!" exclaimed the militia-man.

"Very well, then! It's impossible to talk; how annoying!"

"*Qu'est ce qui est la fable de tout Moscou?*" asked Pierre, angrily rising to his feet.

"Oh! fie! count. You know!"

"I don't know at all what you mean," said Pierre.

"I know that you and Nathalie were good friends, and consequently — No, I always liked Viera better. *Cette chère Véra!*"

"*Non, Madame,*" pursued Pierre in a tone of annoyance. "I have never in the slightest degree taken upon myself to play the rôle of knight to Mlle. Rostova, and I have not been at their house for almost a month. But I do not understand the cruelty" —

"*Qui s'accuse s'accuse,*" said Julie, smiling and waving the lint, and, in order to have the last word herself, she abruptly changed the conversation. "What do you suppose I heard last night? poor Marie Bolkonskaya arrived in Moscow yesterday. Have you heard? She has lost her father!"

"Really? Where is she? I should like very much to see her," said Pierre.

"I spent last evening with her. She is going to-day or to-morrow morning with her little nephew to their pod-Moskovnaya."

"But what about her? How is she?" insisted Pierre.

"Well, but sad. But do you know who rescued her? It's a perfect romance! Nicolas Rostof! She was surrounded; they would have killed her; her people were wounded. — He rushed in and saved her" —

"Lots of romances!" exclaimed the militia-man. "Really this general stampede seems to have been made for providing husbands for all the old maids. Catiche is one, the princess Bolkonskaya two" —

"Do you know, really I think that she is *un petit peu amoureuse du jeune homme?*"

"Fined! Fined! Fined!"

"But really how do you say that in Russian?"

CHAPTER XVIII.

WHEN Pierre reached home he was handed two of Rostopchin's bulletins, which had been distributed that very day.

In the first the count denied having forbidden any one to leave Moscow, and declared that, on the contrary, he was delighted to have ladies of rank and merchants' wives leave town. "Less panic, less gossip!" said the bulletin. "But I assure the inhabitants that the villain will never be in Moscow."

By these words Pierre was for the first time fairly convinced that the French would get to Moscow.

The second *affiche* proclaimed that our headquarters were at Viazma, that Count Wittgenstein had beaten the French, but that, as very many of the inhabitants had expressed a desire to arm themselves, there were plenty of weapons for them at the arsenal: sabres, pistols, muskets, — which could be bought at the lowest prices.

The tone of this *affiche* was not nearly so full of grim humor as those which had been before attributed to the tapster Chigirin. Pierre pondered over these bulletins. Evidently that threatening storm-cloud which he looked forward to with all the powers of his soul, and which at the same time aroused in him involuntary horror, — evidently this storm-cloud was drawing near.

"Shall I enter the military service and join the army, or shall I wait?" — This question arose in his mind for the hundredth time. He took a pack of cards which was lying on the table near him and began to lay out a game of patience.

"If this game comes out," said he to himself as he shuffled the cards, held them in his hand and looked up — "if it comes out right, then it means — What shall it mean?"

Before he had time to decide on what it should mean, he heard at the door of his cabinet the voice of the oldest princess, asking if she might come in.

"Well, it shall mean that I must join the army," said Pierre to himself. — "Come in, come in," he added, replying to the princess.

Only the oldest of the three princesses — the one with the long waist — continued to make her home at Pierre's; the two younger ones were married.

"Forgive me, *mon cousin*, for disturbing you," said she, in

an agitated voice. "But you see it is high time to reach some decision. What is going to be the outcome of this? Everybody is leaving Moscow, and the people are riotous. Why do we stay?"

"On the contrary, everything looks very propitious. *ma cousine*," said Pierre, in that tone of persiflage which, in order to hide his confusion at having to play the part of benefactor before the princess, he always adopted in his dealings with her.

"Yes, everything is propitious! Certainly a fine state of affairs! This very day Varvára Ivánovna was telling me how our armies had distinguished themselves. It brings them the greatest possible honor. But still the servants are exceedingly refractory; they won't obey at all; my maid — why, she was positively insolent! And before we know it they will be massacring us. It is impossible to go into the streets. But if the French are liable to be here to-day or to-morrow, why should we wait for them? I ask for only one favor, *mon cousin*," pleaded the princess. "Give orders to have me taken to Petersburg. Whatever I am, I cannot endure to live under the sway of Bonaparte!"

"There, there, *ma cousine*! Where have you gotten your information? On the contrary" —

"I will not submit to your Napoleon! Others may — If you do not wish to do this for me" —

"Yes, I will do it. I will give orders immediately."

The princess was evidently annoyed that she had no one to quarrel with. She sat on the edge of her chair, muttering to herself.

"Nevertheless, this has been reported to you all wrong," said Pierre. "All is quiet in the city, and there is not the slightest danger. Here, I was just this moment reading." Pierre showed the princess Rostopchin's bulletins. "The count writes that he will be personally responsible for the enemy never entering Moscow."

"Akh! this count of yours," exclaimed the princess, angrily. "He's a hypocrite, a rascal! who has himself been exciting the people to sedition. Wasn't he the one who wrote in these idiotic *affiches* that, if there was any one found, to take him by the top-knot and drag him to the police office — how stupid! And whoever should take one should have glory and honor. That is a fine way of doing! Varvára Ivánovna told me that the mob almost killed her because she spoke French."

"Well, there's something in that. But you take everything

too much to heart," said Pierre, and he began to lay out his patience.

His game of patience came out correctly, and yet Pierre did not join the army, but he remained in deserted Moscow, in the same fever of anxiety and indecision and fear, and, at the same time, joy, though he was expecting something horrible.

Toward evening of the following day the princess took her departure, and Pierre's head overseer came to him with the report that the money required by him for the equipment of his regiment could not possibly be raised except by selling one of his estates. The head overseer explained to him that such expensive caprices as fitting out regiments would be his ruin. Pierre, with difficulty repressing a smile, listened to the man's despair.

"Well, sell it, then," he replied. "There's no help for it now. I cannot go back on my promise."

The worse the situation of affairs in general, and his own in particular, the more agreeable it was to Pierre; the more evident it seemed to him that the long expected catastrophe was drawing near. Already there was almost none of his acquaintances left in town. Julie had gone; the Princess Mariya had gone. Of near acquaintances only the Rostofs were left; but Pierre staid away from their house.

That day, in order to get a little recreation, Pierre drove out to the village of Vorontsovo to see a great air-balloon, which Leppich had built for the destruction of the enemy, and a trial balloon, which was to be let off on the next day. This balloon was not yet ready; but, as Pierre knew, it had been constructed at the sovereign's desire. The emperor had written to Count Rostopchin as follows, in regard to this balloon:—

"As soon as Leppich is ready, furnish him with a crew for his boat, composed of tried and intelligent men, and send a courier to General Kutuzof to inform him. I have already instructed him concerning the affair.

"I beg of you to enjoin upon Leppich to be exceedingly careful where he descends for the first time, that he may not make any mistake and fall into the hands of the enemy. It is essential that he should co-operate with the commander-in-chief." *

* "*Aussitôt que Léppich sera prêt, composez lui un équipage pour sa nacelle d'hommes sûrs et intelligents et dépêchez un courrier au général Koutouzoff pour l'en prévenir. Je l'ai instruit de la chose. Recommandez, je vous prie, à Léppich d'être bien attentif sur l'endroit où il descendra la première fois, pour ne pas se tromper et ne pas tomber dans les mains de l'ennemi. Il est indispensable qu'il combine ses mouvements avec le général-en-chef.*"

On his way home from Vorontsovo, as he was crossing the Bolótnaya Plóshchad, Pierre saw a great crowd collected around the Lóbnoye Myésto (place of executions): he stopped and got out of his drozhsky. They were watching the punishment of a French cook, charged with being a spy. The flogging had only just come to an end, and the executioner was untying from "the mare," or whipping-post, a stout man, with reddish side-whiskers, dressed in blue stockings and a green kamzol, who was piteously groaning. Another prisoner, lean and pallid, was also standing there. Both, to judge by their faces, were French. Pierre, with a face as scared and pale as that of the lean Frenchman, elbowed his way through the throng.

"What does this mean? Who is it? What have they done?" he demanded. But the attention of the throng — chinovniks, burghers, merchants, peasants, and women in cloaks and furs — was so eagerly concentrated on what was taking place on the Lóbnoye Myésto that no one replied to him.

The stout man straightened himself up, shrugged his shoulders with a scowl, and, evidently wishing to make a show of stoicism, and not looking around him, tried to put on his kamzol; but suddenly his lips trembled, and he burst into tears, as though he was angry at himself, just as full-grown men of sanguine temperament are apt to weep. The crowd gave vent to loud remarks — as it seemed to Pierre, for the sake of drowning their own sense of compassion.

"Some prince's cook" —

"Well, Moosioo, evidently Russian sauce goes well with a Frenchman. Set your teeth on edge? Hey?" cried a wrinkled law clerk, standing near Pierre, as the Frenchman burst into tears. The law clerk glanced around, expecting applause for his sarcasm. A few laughed, a few continued to gaze with frightened curiosity at the executioner, who was stripping the second. Pierre gave a snort, scowled deeply, and, swiftly returning to his drozhsky, kept muttering to himself even after he was once more seated. During the transit he several times shuddered, and cried out so loud that the driver asked him: —

"What do you order?"

"Where on earth are you going?" shouted Pierre as the coachman turned down the Lubyanka.

"You bade me drive to the governor-general's," replied the coachman.

"Idiot! ass!" screamed Pierre, berating his coachman as

he scarcely ever had been known to do. "I ordered you to drive home, and make haste, you blockhead! I have got to get off this very day," muttered Pierre to himself.

Pierre, at the sight of the flogged Frenchmen and the throng surrounding the Lóbnoye Myésto, had come to so definite a decision not to stay another day in Moscow but to join the army immediately, that it seemed to him he had already spoken to his coachman about it, or at least that the coachman was in duty bound to have known it.

On reaching home Pierre gave his coachman, Yevstafyevitch, who knew everything, and could do everything, and was one of the notabilities of Moscow, orders to have his saddle-horses sent to Mozhaïsk, where he was going that very day to join the army.

It was impossible to do everything on that one day, however, and accordingly Pierre, on Yevstafyevitch's representation, postponed his departure to the following day, so that relays of horses might be sent on ahead.

On the fifth of September foul weather was followed by fair, and that day after dinner Pierre left Moscow. In the evening, while stopping to change horses at Perkhushkovo, Pierre learned that a great battle had been fought that afternoon. He was told that there at Perkhushkovo the cannon had shaken the ground; but when Pierre inquired who had been victorious, no one could give him any information.

This was the battle of Shevardino, which was fought on the fifth of September.

By daybreak Pierre was at Mozhaïsk. All the houses at Mozhaïsk were filled with troops; and at the tavern, in the yard of which Pierre was met by his grooms and coachmen, there were no rooms to be had. All the places were pre-empted by officers.

In the town and behind the town, everywhere, regiments were stationed or on the move. Cossacks, infantry, cavalry, baggage wagons, caissons, cannons, were to be seen on all sides.

Pierre made all haste to reach the front, and the farther he went from Moscow, and the deeper he penetrated into this sea of troops, the more he was overmastered by anxiety, disquietude, and a feeling of joy, which he had never before experienced. It was somewhat akin to that which he had experienced at the Slobodsky palace, at the time of the sovereign's visit, — a feeling that it was indispensable to do something and make some sacrifice.

He now felt the pleasant consciousness that all that constitutes the happiness of men — the comforts of life, wealth, even life itself — was rubbish, which it was a delight to renounce in favor of something else.

Still Pierre could not account to himself, and indeed he made no attempt to analyze, for whom or for what the sacrifice of everything, which gave him such a sense of charm, was made. He did not trouble himself with the inquiry for what he wished to sacrifice himself: the mere act of sacrifice constituted for him a new and joyful feeling.

CHAPTER XIX.

On the fifth of September was fought the battle at the redoubt of Shevardino; on the sixth not a single shot was fired on either side; on the seventh came the battle of Borodino.

For what purpose and how was it that these battles at Shevardino and Borodino were fought? Why was the battle of Borodino fought? Neither for the French nor for the Russians had it the slightest meaning. The proximate result was, and necessarily was, for the Russians an onward step toward the destruction of Moscow — a thing that we dreaded more than anything else in the world; — and for the French, an onward step toward the destruction of their entire army — a thing that they dreaded more than anything else in the world. This result was therefore fully to be expected, and yet Napoleon offered battle, and Kutuzof accepted his challenge.

If the commanders had been governed by motives of reason, it would seem as if it ought to have been clear to Napoleon that, at a distance of two thousand versts in an enemy's country, to accept a battle under the evident risk of losing a quarter of his army was to march to certain destruction; and it should have been equally as clear to Kutuzof that, in accepting an engagement, and in likewise risking the loss of half of his army, he was actually losing Moscow. For Kutuzof this was mathematically demonstrable, just as in a game of checkers, if I have one draught less than my adversary, by exchanging I lose, and, therefore, I ought not to risk the exchange.

If my adversary has sixteen checkers, and I have fourteen, then I am only one-eighth weaker than he is; but when I

shall have exchanged thirteen draughts with him, then he becomes thrice as strong as I am.

Up to the battle of Borodino our forces were to the French in the approximate proportion of five to six, but after the battle, of one to two. That is, before the battle, 100,000 : 120,000 ; but after the battle, 50 : 100. And yet the wise and experienced Kutuzof accepted battle.

Napoleon, also, the leader of genius, as he was called, offered battle, losing a fourth of his army, and still further extending his line. If it be said that he expected, by the occupation of Moscow, to end the campaign, as he did in the case of Vienna, this theory can be rebutted by many proofs. The historians of Napoleon themselves admit that he was anxious to call a halt at Smolensk ; that he knew the risk he ran in his extended position, and knew that the capture of Moscow would not be the end of the campaign, because he had seen, by the example of Smolensk, in what a state the Russian cities would be left to him, and he did not receive a single response to his reiterated offers for negotiations.

In offering and accepting the battle of Borodino, Kutuzof and Napoleon both acted contrary to their intentions and their good sense. But the historians have affected to fit to these accomplished facts an ingeniously woven tissue of proofs of the foresight and genius of these commanders, who, of all the involuntary instruments for the execution of cosmic events, were the most totally subject and involuntary.

The ancients left us examples of historical poems in which the heroes themselves constitute all the interest of the story ; and we cannot yet accustom ourselves to the fact that history of this kind, applied to our own day, is wholly lacking in sense.

As to the second question : how came the battle of Borodino and the battle of Shevardino, which preceded it, to be fought ? there exists an explanation just as positive and universally known, but absolutely fallacious. All the historians describe the affair as follows : —

The Russian army, in its retreat from Smolensk, sought the most favorable position for a general battle, and found such a position at Borodino.

The Russians beforehand fortified this position at the left of the road, almost in a right angle from Borodino to Utitsa, the very point where the battle was fought.

In front of this position, to keep watch of the enemy, a fortified redoubt was established upon the hill of Shevardino. On

the fifth of September, Napoleon attacked the redoubt, and took it by storm ; September 7, he attacked the entire Russian army, which was then in position on the field of Borodino.

Thus it is described in the histories; and yet the whole thing is perfectly wrong, as any one may be easily convinced who will care to investigate the facts.

The Russians did not seek the most favorable position; but, on the contrary, in their retreat they passed by many positions which were more favorable than the one at Borodino. They did not halt at any one of these positions, because Kutuzof would not occupy any position that he had not himself selected, and because the popular demand for an engagement was not yet expressed with sufficient force; and because Miloradovitch had not come up with the landwehr; and for many other reasons besides, which are too numerous to mention.

It is a fact that the former positions were superior in strength, and that the position at Borodino — the one where the battle was fought — was not only not strong, but was in no respect superior to any other position in the whole Russian empire, such as one might at haphazard point out on the map with a pin.

The Russians not only did not fortify their position on the field of Borodino, at the left, at a right angle to the road — in other words, at the place where the battle took place — but, moreover, up till the sixth of September, they never even dreamed of the possibility of a battle taking place there.

This is proved, in the first place, by the fact that until the sixth of September there were no fortifications on the ground; but, moreover, the defences begun on the sixth were not even completed on the seventh.

In the second place, this is proved by the position of the Shevardino redoubt: a redoubt at Shevardino, in front of the position where the battle was accepted, had no sense. Why was this redoubt fortified more strongly than all the other points? And why were the troops weakened, and six thousand men sacrificed, in vain attempts to hold this position until late on the night of the fifth? For all observations of the enemy, a Cossack patrol would have been sufficient.

In the third place, that the position where the battle was fought was not a matter of foresight, and that the Shevardino redoubt was not the advanced work of this position, is proved by the fact that Barclay de Tolly and Bagration, up to the sixth instant, were convinced that the Shevardino redoubt was the *left flank* of the position; and even Kutuzof himself, in

his report, written in hot haste after the battle, calls the Shevardino redoubt the *left* flank of the position.

It was only some time subsequently, when the report of the battle of Borodino was written, with abundant time for reflection, that, probably for the sake of smoothing over the blunder of the commander-in-chief, who had to be held infallible, the false and strange ideas were promulgated that the Shevardino redoubt made the advanced post: when, in reality, it was only an intrenchment on the left flank; and that the battle of Borodino was accepted by us in a position well fortified, and selected in advance: when, in reality, it was fought in a position perfectly unpremeditated, and almost unfortified.

The affair, evidently, happened this way: a position was selected on the river Kalotcha, where it crosses the highroad, not at right, but at acute angles, so that the left flank was at Shevardino, the right not far from the village of Novoye; and the centre at Borodino, near the confluence of the rivers Kalotcha and Voïna. That this was the position, covered by the river Kalotcha, for an army having for its end to check an enemy moving along the Smolensk highway, against Moscow, must be evident to any one who studies the battle-field of Borodino, and forgets how the battle really took place.

Napoleon, who reached Vahuyevo on the fifth of September, failed — so the histories tell us — to discover the position of the Russians, stretching from Utitsa to Borodino, — he could not have discovered this position because there was no such position, — and did not discover the advanced post of the Russian army, but, in pursuing the Russian rearguard, he drove them in upon the left flank of the position of the Russians at the Shevardino redoubt, and, unexpectedly to the Russians, crossed the Kalotcha with his troops. And the Russians, not having succeeded in bringing on a general engagement, withdrew their left wing from a position which they had intended to hold, and took up another position, which was not anticipated and not fortified.

Napoleon, having crossed over to the left bank of the Kalotcha at the left of the highway, transferred the coming battle from the right to left (relative to the Russians) and brought it into the field between Utitsa, Semenovskoye, and Borodino — into a field which had no earthly advantage over any other field that might have been chosen at random anywhere in Russia — and here it was that the great battle took place on the seventh.

Roughly sketched, the plan of the ideal battle and of the actual battle is here appended:—



If Napoleon had not reached the Kalozha on the afternoon of the fifth and had not given orders immediately to storm the redoubt, but had postponed the attack until the next morning, no one could seriously doubt that the Shevardino redoubt would have been the left flank of our position and the battle would have been fought as we expected. In such a contingency, we should have defended still more stubbornly the Shevardino redoubt as being our left flank; we should have attacked Napoleon at his centre or right, and on the fifth of September there would have been a general engagement in that position which had been previously selected and defended.

But as the attack on our left flank was made in the afternoon, after the retreat of our rearguard, that is to say, immediately after the skirmish at Gridneva, and as the Russian leaders would not or could not begin a general engagement in the afternoon of the fifth, therefore the principal action of the battle of Borodino was already practically lost on the fifth, and undoubtedly led to the loss of the battle that was fought on the seventh.

After the loss of the Shevardino redoubt on the morning of the sixth, we were left without any position on our left flank and were reduced to the necessity of straightening our left wing and of making all haste to fortify it as best we could.

Not only were the Russian troops on the seventh of September protected by feeble, unfinished intrenchments, but the disadvantage of this situation was still further enhanced by the fact that the Russian leaders, refusing to recognize a fact settled beyond a peradventure, — namely, the loss of their defences on the left flank and the transfer of the whole future engagement from right to left — remained in their altogether too extended position from Novoye to Utitsa, and the consequence was they were obliged, during the engagement, to transfer their troops from right to left.

Thus, throughout the engagement, the Russians had the entire force of the French army directed against their left wing, which was not half as strong. (Poniatowski's demonstration against Utitsa and Uvarovo on the right flank of the French was independent of the general course of the battle.)

Thus the battle of Borodino was fought in a way entirely different from the descriptions of it which were written for the purpose of glossing over the mistakes of our leaders and consequently dimming the glory of the Russian army and people. The battle of Borodino did not take place on a selected and fortified position or with forces only slightly disproportioned, but the battle, in consequence of the loss of the Shevardino redoubt, was accepted by the Russians at an exposed and almost unfortified position, with forces doubly strong opposed to them; in other words, under conditions whereby it was not only unfeasible to fight ten hours and then leave the contest doubtful, but unfeasible to keep the army even three hours from absolute confusion and flight.

CHAPTER XX.

PIERRE left Mozhaïsk on the morning of the seventh.

On the monstrously steep and precipitous hillside down which winds the road from the city, just beyond the cathedral that crowns the hill on the right, where service was going on and the bells were pealing, Pierre dismounted from his carriage and proceeded on foot.

Behind him came, laboriously letting themselves down, a regiment of cavalry led by its singers.

A train of telyegas, full of men wounded in the last evening's engagement, met him on its way up the hill. The peasant drivers, shouting at their horses and lashing them with their knouts, ran from one side to the other. The telyegas, on which lay or sat three and four wounded soldiers, bumped over the rough stones which were scattered about and did duty as a causeway on the steep road. The soldiers, bandaged with rags, pale, and with compressed lips and knit brows, clung to the sides as they were bounced and jolted in the carts. Nearly all of them looked with naïve, childlike curiosity at Pierre's white hat and green coat.

Pierre's coachman shouted angrily to the ambulance train to keep to one side. The cavalry regiment with their singers, as they came down the hill, overtook Pierre's drozhsky and blocked up the whole road. Pierre halted, squeezing himself to the very edge of the road, which was hollowed out of the hillside. The hillside shelved over, and as the sun did not succeed in penetrating into this ravine, it was cool and damp there. Over Pierre was the bright August morning sky, and the merry pealing of the chimes rang through the air.

One team with its load of wounded drew up at the edge of the road near where Pierre had halted. The teamster, in his bast shoes, and puffing with the exercise, came running up with some stones, and hastily blocked the hinder wheels, which were untired, and proceeded to arrange the breeching of his little, patient horse.

An old soldier who had been wounded and had one arm in a sling and was following the telyega on foot, took hold of it with his sound hand and looked at Pierre.

"Say, friend,* will they leave us here, or is it to Moscow?"

* *Zemlútshek*, affectionate diminutive of *zemliák*, countryman, fellow-countryman.

Pierre was so absorbed in his thoughts that he did not hear what the man said. He stared now at the cavalry regiment, which had met face to face with the ambulance train, and now at the telyega, which had halted near him with two wounded men sitting up and one lying down, and it seemed to him that here was the definite solution of the question that perplexed him so.

One of the two soldiers sitting in the cart had been apparently wounded in the cheek. His whole head was bound up in rags, and one cheek was swollen up as big as the head of a child. His mouth and nose were all on one side. This soldier looked at the cathedral, and crossed himself.

The other, a young lad, a raw recruit, blond, and as pale as though his delicate face was completely bloodless, gazed at Pierre with a fixed, good-natured smile.

The third was lying down, and his face was hidden.

The cavalry singers had now come abreast of the telyega:—

*“ Akh! zapropala — da yezhóva golová.
Da! na chuzhói storoné zhiutchi.”*

“ Yes, living in a foreign land,” rang out the voices, trolling a soldiers’ dancing-song. As though seconding the merry song, but in a different strain, far up from the heights above pealed the metallic sounds of the cathedral chimes. And, in still another strain of gayety, the bright sunbeams flooded the summit of the acclivity over opposite. But under the hill-side where Pierre stood, near the telyega with the wounded men and the little panting horse, it was damp, and in shadow and in gloom.

The soldier with the swollen cheek looked angrily at the cavalry singers.

“ Okh! the dandies!” he muttered, scornfully.

“ I have seen something besides soldiers to-day: muzhiks is what I have seen! Muzhiks, and whipped into battle, too!” said the soldier standing behind the telyega, and turning to Pierre with a melancholy smile. “ Not much picking and choosing nowadays. They are trying to sweep in the whole nation — in one word, Moscow. They want to do it at one fell swoop.”

In spite of the incoherence of the soldier’s words, Pierre understood all that he meant, and he nodded his head affirmatively.

The road was at last cleared, and Pierre walked to the foot

of the hill, and then proceeded on his way. He drove along glancing at both sides of the road, trying to distinguish some familiar face, and everywhere encountering only strangers belonging to the various divisions of the troops, who, without exception, looked with amazement at his white hat and green coat.

After proceeding about four versts he met his first acquaintance, and joyfully accosted him. This acquaintance was one of the physicians to the staff. Pierre met him as he came driving along in his britchka, accompanied by a young doctor, and when he recognized Pierre he ordered the Cossack who was seated on the box in place of his coachman to stop.

"Count! your illustriousness! How come you here?"

"Why, I wanted to see what was going on."

"Well, you'll have enough to see."

Pierre got out again, and paused to talk with the doctor, to whom he confided his intention of taking part in the battle.

The doctor advised Bezukhoi to apply directly to his serene highness. "God knows what would become of you during a battle if you are not with friends," said he, exchanging glances with his young colleague; "but his serene highness, of course, knows you, and will receive you graciously. I'd do that if I were you, *bátyushka*," said the doctor.

The doctor looked tired and sleepy.

"You think so, do you? But I was going to ask you—where is our position?" said Pierre.

"Our position?" repeated the doctor. "That is something that is not in my line. Go to Tatarinovo. Lot of them digging something or other there. There you'll find a hill, and from the top of it you can get a good view," said the doctor.

"A good view?" repeated Pierre. "If you would"—

But the doctor interrupted him, and turned to his britchka.

"I would show you the way; yes, I would, by God—but" (and the doctor indicated his throat) "I am called to a corps commander. You see how it is with us? You know, count, there's a battle to-morrow: out of a hundred thousand, we must count on at least twenty thousand wounded. And we have neither stretchers nor hammocks nor assistant surgeons nor medicines enough for even six thousand! We have ten thousand *telyegas*, but something else is necessary, certainly. We must do the best we can."

The strange thought that out of all these thousands of

living, healthy men, young and old, who looked at his white hat with such jovial curiosity, probably twenty thousand were doomed to suffer wounds and death (maybe the very men whom he that moment saw), struck Pierre.

"They, very possibly, will be dead men to-morrow; why, then, can they be thinking of anything besides death?"

And, suddenly, by some mysterious association of ideas, he had a vivid recollection of the steep descent from Mozhaïsk — the telyegas with the wounded, the chiming bells, the slanting rays of the sun, and the songs of the cavalrymen.

"The cavalry are going into action, and they meet the wounded, and not for a single instant do they think of what is awaiting them, but they gallop by and greet the wounded; and out of all these men, twenty thousand are doomed to die, and yet they are interested in my hat! Strange!" thought Pierre, as he proceeded on his way to Tatarinovo.

At the mansion of a landed proprietor, on the left-hand side of the road, stood equipages, baggage wagons, a throng of denschiks and sentinels. Here his serene highness was quartered, but when Pierre arrived he was out, and almost all of his staff. All were at a Te Deum service.

Pierre drove on farther, to Gorki. Mounting the hill, and passing beyond the narrow street of the village, Pierre saw for the first time the peasant-landwehr, with crosses on their caps, and in white shirts, working with a will, with boisterous talk and laughter at something, on a high, grass-grown mound to the right of the road.

Some of them had shovels, and were digging at the hill; others were transporting dirt in wheelbarrows, along planks; still others were standing about, doing nothing. Two officers were stationed on the mound, directing operations.

Pierre, seeing these muzhiks evidently enjoying the novelty of military service, again recalled the wounded soldiers at Mozhaïsk, and he saw still deeper meaning in what the soldier had tried to express when he said *they are trying to sweep in the whole nation*. The sight of these bearded muzhiks working in the battle-field, in their clumsy boots, with their sweaty necks, and some with shirt-collars rolled back, exposing to sight their sunburned collar-bones, made a deeper impression on Pierre than all else that he had seen or heard hitherto concerning the solemnity and significance of the actual crisis.

CHAPTER XXI.

PIERRE left his equipage, and, passing by the laboring landwehr, he directed his steps to the mound, from which, as the doctor had told him, the whole battle-field was visible.

It was eleven o'clock in the morning. The sun stood a trifle to Pierre's left and rear, and sent its beams down through the pure, rarefied atmosphere, brilliantly lighting up the immense panorama of hill and vale that spread before him, as in an amphitheatre.

Above, and to the left, cutting across this amphitheatre, he could see the great Smolensk highway, passing through a village with a white church situated five hundred paces distant from the mound and below it. This was Borodino. Near this village the road crossed the river by a bridge, and, winding and bending, mounted higher and higher, till it reached Valuyev, visible six versts away. (Here Napoleon now was.) Beyond Valuyev the road was lost to sight in a forest, which showed yellow against the horizon. In this forest of birches and firs, to the left from the highway, could be seen glistening in the sun the distant cross and belfry of the Kolotsky monastery. Over all this blue distance, to the left and to the right of the forest and the road, in various positions, could be seen the smoke of camp-fires, and indeterminate masses of the French and Russian troops.

At the right, looking down the rivers Kalotcha and Moskva, the country was full of ravines and hills. Among these hills, far away, could be seen the villages of Bezzubovo and Zakharino. At the left the country was more level; there were cornfields, and the ruins of a village that had been set on fire, Semenovskoye, were still smoking.

All that Pierre saw on his right hand and his left was so confused that he found nothing that in any degree answered to his expectations. Nowhere could he find any such field of battle as he had counted upon seeing, but only fields, clearings, troops, woodland, bivouac fires, villages, hills, brooks; and in spite of all his efforts he could not make out any definite position in this varied landscape, nor could he even distinguish our troops from the enemy's.

"I must ask of some one who knows," he said to himself, and he addressed himself to one of the officers, who was looking inquisitively at his huge, unmilitary figure.

"May I ask," said Pierre, turning to this officer, "what that village is yonder?"

"Burdino, isn't it?" replied the officer, referring to his comrade.

"Borodino," said the other, correcting him.

The officer, evidently pleased to have a chance to talk, approached Pierre.

"Are those ours yonder?"

"Yes, and still farther are the French," said the officer. "There they are, there. Can you see?"

"Where? where?" asked Pierre.

"You can see them with the naked eye. See there."

The officer pointed at the columns of smoke rising at the left, on the farther side of the river, and his face assumed that stern and grave expression which Pierre had noticed on many faces that he had lately seen.

"Ah! is that the French? But who are yonder?" Pierre indicated a mound at the left, where troops were also visible.

"Those are ours."

"Oh, ours! But there?" Pierre pointed to another hill in the distance, where there was a tall tree near a village showing up in a valley, and with smoking bivouac fires and a strange black mass.

"That is *he* again," explained the officer (this was the Shevardino redoubt). "Yesterday it was ours, but now it's *his*."

"What is our position?"

"Our position," repeated the officer, with a smile of satisfaction: "I can explain it to you clearly, because I arranged almost all our defences. There, do you see? our centre is at Borodino, over yonder." He pointed to the village with the white church, directly in front. "There is where you cross the Kalotcha. Then here, do you see, down in that bottom land, where the windrows of hay are lying? — there is a bridge there. That is our centre. Our right flank is about yonder," — he indicated a place far distant, between the hills at the extreme right, — "the river Moskva is there, and there we have thrown up three very strong earthworks. Our left flank" — here the officer hesitated. "You see, that is somewhat hard to explain to you. Yesterday our left flank was yonder at Shevardino; there, do you see, where that oak-tree is? but now we have withdrawn the left wing, and now, — now do you see, yonder, that village and the smoke, that is Semenovskoye, — it is about there." He pointed to the hill of Rayevsky. "But it's hard to tell if the action will come off there. *He* has brought his forces in

that direction, but that's a *ruse*. He will probably try to outflank us from the side of the Moskva. Well, at all events, a good many of us will be counted out to-morrow," said the officer.

An old non-commissioned officer, who had approached the speaker while he was talking, waited until his superior should finish, but at this juncture, evidently dissatisfied with what the officer was saying, interrupted him. "We must send for gabions," said he gravely.

The officer seemed to be abashed, seemed to come to a realizing sense that, while it was permissible to think how many would be missing on the morrow, it was not proper to speak about it.

"All right, send Company Three again," said the officer hurriedly. "And who are you? One of the doctors, are you?"

"No, I was merely looking." And Pierre again descended the hill, past the men of the landwehr.

"Akh! curse 'em!" exclaimed the officer, following him and holding his nose as he ran by the laborers.

"There they are!" — "They've got here, they're coming!" — "There they are!" — "They'll be here in a minute!" — such were the exclamations suddenly heard, and officers, soldiers, and the men of the landwehr rushed down the road.

Up the long slope of the hill came a church procession from Borodino. At the forefront, along the dusty road, in fine order, came a company of infantry with their shakoes off, and trailing arms. Back of the infantry was heard a church chant.

Soldiers and landwehr men, outstripping Pierre, ran ahead to meet the coming procession.

"They are bringing our Mátuskha! The Intercessor. The Iverskaya Virgin!"

"The Smolensk Mátushka," said another, correcting the former speaker.

The landwehr men, both those who belonged to the village and those who had been working at the battery, threw down their shovels and ran to meet the procession.

Behind the battalion which came marching along the dusty road walked the priests in their chasubles, — one little old man in a cowl, accompanied by the clergy and chanters. Behind them, soldiers and officers bore a huge ikon, with tarnished face, in its frame. This was the ikon which had been brought away from Smolensk, and had ever since followed the army. Behind it and around it and in front of it came hurrying throngs of soldiers, baring their heads and making obeisances to the very ground.

When the ikon reached the top of the hill it stopped. The men who had been lugging the holy image on carved staves were relieved, the diatchóks again kindled their censers, and the *Te Deum* began. The sun poured his hot rays straight down from the zenith; a faint, fresh breeze played with the hair on the uncovered heads, and fluttered the ribbons with which the ikon was adorned; the chant sounded subdued under the vault of heaven.

A tremendous throng of officers, soldiers, and landwehr men, all with uncovered heads, surrounded the ikon. Back of the priest and diatchók, on a space cleared and reserved, stood the officers of higher rank. One bald-headed general, with the *George* around his neck, stood directly back of the priest and did not cross himself,—he was evidently a German,—but waited patiently for the end of the *Te Deum*, which he considered it necessary to listen to, probably so as to arouse the patriotism of the Russian nation.

Another general stood in a military position, and kept moving his hand in front of his chest and glancing around.

Pierre, who had taken his position amid a throng of muzhiks, recognized a number of acquaintances in this circle of officials; but he did not look at them; his whole attention was absorbed by the serious expression on the faces of the throng of soldiers and militia, with one consent gazing with rapt devotion at the wonder-working ikon.

When the weary sacristans—who had been performing the *Te Deum* for the twentieth time—began to sing “Save from their sorrows thy servants, Holy Mother of God!” and the priest and diatchók, in antiphonal service, took up the strain, “Verily we all take refuge in Thee, as in a steadfast bulwark and defence,” Pierre noticed that all faces wore that expression of consciousness of the solemnity of the moment, which he had marked at the foot of the hill near *Mozhaisk*, and by fits and snatches on many faces that had met him that morning. Heads were bent even more frequently, hair tossed up, and sighs and the sounds of crosses striking chests were heard.

The throng surrounding the ikon suddenly opened its ranks and jostled against Pierre.

Some one, evidently a very important personage, to judge by the eagerness with which they made way for him, approached the ikon.

It was Kutuzof, who had been out reconnoitring the position. On his way to *Tatarinovo*, he came to hear the *Te Deum*

service. Pierre instantly recognized him by the peculiarity of his figure, which distinguished him from all the throng.

In a long overcoat, covering the huge bulk of his body, with a stoop in his back, with his white head bared, and with his hollow, white eye and puffy cheeks, Kutuzof advanced with his plunging, staggering gait inside the circle, and stood behind the priest. He crossed himself with a reverent gesture, touched his hand to the ground, and with a deep sigh bent his gray head. Behind Kutuzof were Benigsen and his suite. Notwithstanding the presence of the commander-in-chief, who attracted the attention of all those of higher rank, the men of the landwehr and the soldiers, without looking at him, continued to offer their prayers.

When the service was concluded, Kutuzof went to the ikon, heavily let himself down on one knee, bowed to the ground; then he tried for some time to rise; his weight and feebleness made his efforts vain. His gray head shook from side to side in his exertion.

At last he got to his feet again, and, with a childishly naïve thrusting-out of his lips, kissed the ikon and again bent over and touched the ground with his hand. The generals present followed his example; then the officers, and then, crowding, pushing, jostling, and stepping on each other, with excited faces came the soldiers and militia.

CHAPTER XXII.

EXTRICATING himself from the crowd that pressed about him, Pierre looked around.

"Count, Piotr Kiriluitch! How come you here?" cried some one's voice. Pierre looked in that direction. Boris Drubetskoi, brushing the dust from his knee,—he had apparently, like the rest, been making his genuflections before the ikon,—came up to Pierre, smiling. Boris was elegantly attired, with just a shade of the wear and tear from having been on service. He wore a long frock coat and a whip over his shoulder in imitation of Kutuzof.

Kutuzof, meantime, had returned to the village, and sat down in the shadow cast by the adjoining house, on a bench brought out in all haste by a Cossack, while another had covered it with a rug. A large and brilliant suite gathered about him.

The ikon had gone farther on its way, accompanied by a

throng. Pierre, engaged in talking with Boris, remained standing about thirty paces from Kutuzof. He was explaining his intention of being present at the battle, and of reconnoitring the position.

"You do this way," said Boris. "*Je vous ferai les honneurs du camp.* The best thing is for you to see the whole affair from where Count Benigsen will be. You see, I am with him. I will propose it to him. And if you would like to ride round the position we will do it together: we are just going over to the left flank. And when we return I will beg you to do me the favor of spending the night with me and we will get up a party. I think you are acquainted with Dmitri Sergeyevitch. He lodges over yonder."

He indicated the third house in Gorki.

"But I should like to see the right flank; it is very strong," protested Pierre. "I should like to ride over the whole position, from the Moskva River."

"Well, you can do that afterwards; but the main thing is the left flank."

"Yes, yes. But where is Prince Bolkonsky's regiment? Can't you show me?" demanded Pierre.

"Andrei Nikolayevitch's? We shall ride directly past it: I will take you to him."

"What were you going to say about the left flank?" asked Pierre.

"To tell you the truth, *entre nous*, our left flank is wretchedly placed," said Boris, lowering his voice to a confidential tone. "Count Benigsen proposed something entirely different. He proposed to fortify that hill yonder; not at all this way; but" — Boris shrugged his shoulders — "his serene highness would not hear to it, or he was over-persuaded. You see" —

But Boris did not finish what he was going to say, because just at that instant Kaisarof, one of Kutuzof's adjutants, approached Pierre.

"Ah! Paisi Sergeyitch," exclaimed Boris, with a free and easy smile, turning to Kaisarof. "Here I was just trying to explain our position to the count. It is a marvel to me how his serene highness could have succeeded so well in penetrating the designs of the French!"

"Were you speaking of the left flank?" asked Kaisarof.

"Yes, yes, just that. Our left flank is now very, very strong."

Although Kutuzof had dismissed all superfluous members from his staff, Boris, after the changes that had been

made, had managed in keeping his place at headquarters. He had procured a place with Count Benigsen. Count Benigsen, like all the other men under whom Boris had served, considered the young Prince Drubetskoi an invaluable man.

In the headquarters of the army, there were two sharply defined parties: that of Kutuzof and that of Benigsen, chief of staff. Boris belonged to the latter party; and no one was more skilful than he, even while expressing servile deference to Kutuzof, to insinuate that the old man was incapable, and that really everything was due to Benigsen.

They were now on the eve of a decisive engagement, which would be likely either to prove Kutuzof's ruin, and put the power in Benigsen's hands, or, even supposing Kutuzof were to win the battle, to make it seem probable that all the credit was due to Benigsen. In any case, great rewards would be distributed on account of the coming battle, and new men would be brought to the fore. And, in consequence of this, Boris all that day had been in a state of feverish excitement.

Pierre was joined by other acquaintances, who came up after Kaisarof, and he had no time to answer all the inquiries about Moscow with which they inundated him; and he had no time to listen to the stories which they told him. Excitement and anxiety were written in all faces. But it seemed to Pierre that the cause of these emotions, in some cases at least, was to be attributed rather to the possibility of personal success; and he found it impossible to help comparing them with that other expression of emotion which he had seen on other faces, and which was eloquent of something besides merely personal matters, but of the eternal questions of life and of death.

Kutuzof caught sight of Pierre's figure, and the group that had gathered round him.

"Bring him to me," said Kutuzof. An adjutant communicated his serene highness's message, and Pierre started to the place where he was sitting. But, before he got there, a private of militia approached Kutuzof.

It was Dolokhof.

"How comes this man here?" asked Pierre.

"He's such a beast! He's sneaking in everywhere!" was the answer. "He has been cashiered again. But he's on his way up again. He has all sorts of schemes, and one night he crept up as far as the enemy's picket lines. He's brave."

Pierre, taking off his hat, made a low bow to Kutuzof.

"I had an idea that if I made this report to your serene highness, you might order me off, or tell me that what I had

to say was already known to you, and then all would be up with me," Dolokhof was saying.

"Very true, very true!"

"But if I am correct, then I am doing a service for my country, for which I am ready to die."

"Very true, very true!"

"And if your serene highness needs a man who would not care if he came out with a whole skin or not, then please remember me. Maybe I might be of use to your serene highness."

"Very true, very true!" said Kutuzof, for the third time, looking at Pierre with his one eye squinted up, and smiling.

At this instant, Boris, with his usual adroitness, came up in line with Pierre close to the chief, and, in the most natural manner in the world, said to Pierre, in his ordinary tone of voice, as though he were pursuing what he had already begun to say, —

"The landwehr have put on clean white shirts, just as though they were preparing for death. What heroism, count!"

Boris said this to Pierre evidently for the sake of being overheard by his serene highness. He knew that Kutuzof would be attracted by these words, and, in fact, his serene highness turned to him: —

"What did you say about the landwehr?" he demanded of Boris.

"I said, your serene highness, that they had put on white shirts for to-morrow, as a preparation for death."

"Ah! They are a marvellous, incomparable people!" exclaimed Kutuzof, and, closing his eyes, he shook his head. "An incomparable people," he repeated, with a sigh. "So you wish to smell gunpowder?" he asked, turning to Pierre. "Well, it's a pleasant odor. I have the honor of being one of your wife's adorers: is she well? My quarters are at your service."

And as often happens with old men, Kutuzof glanced about absent-mindedly, as though forgetting all that he ought to say or to do. Then apparently coming to a recollection of what his memory was searching for, he beckoned up Andrei Sergeyevitch Kaisarof, his adjutant's brother: —

"How — how — how do those verses — those — those verses of Marin's — how, how do they go? Something he wrote on Gerakof: '*Thou shalt be a teacher in the corps.*' Repeat 'em, repeat 'em!" exclaimed Kutuzof, evidently in a mood to have a laugh.

Kaisarof repeated the poem. Kutuzof, smiling, nodded his head to the rhythm of the verses.

When Pierre left Kutuzof, Dolokhof approached and took him by the arm:—

“Very glad to meet you here, count,” said he in a loud tone and with peculiar resolution and solemnity, not abashed by the presence of strangers. “On the eve of a day when God knows which of us may quit this life, I am glad of the opportunity to tell you that I am sorry for the misunderstandings which have existed between us, and that I hope you bear me no grudge. I beg you to pardon me.”

Pierre, smiling, gazed at Dolokhof, not knowing what answer to make. Dolokhof, with tears in his eyes, threw his arms around Pierre and kissed him.

Boris made some remark to his general, and Count Benigsen turned to Pierre and invited him to join him in a ride along the lines.

“It will be interesting to you,” said he.

“Yes, very interesting,” replied Pierre.

Half an hour later Kutuzof had gone back to Tatarinovo, and Benigsen with his suite, including Pierre, set off on their tour of inspection along the line.

CHAPTER XXIII.

BENIGSEN set forth from Gorki along the highway to the bridge to which Pierre’s attention had been called by the officer on the hill-top as being the centre of the position, and where, along the intervalle, the windrows of hay lay filling the air with perfume. They crossed the bridge into the village of Borodino, whence they made a *détour* to the left, and, passing a great quantity of troops and field-pieces, they made their way to a high mound where the landwehr were constructing earthworks. This was the redoubt which as yet was not named, but was afterwards known as Rayevsky’s redoubt or the Kurgannaya* battery. Pierre did not pay any special attention to this redoubt. He could not know that this spot would come to be for him the most memorable of all the positions on the field of Borodino.

Then they rode down through the ravine to Semenovskoye, where the soldiers were dragging off the last remaining beams from the cottages and corn kilns. Then down a hill and up a

* From *kurgán*, a mound or hill (*mamelon*).

hill they rode, forward across a field of rye crushed down and beaten as if by a hail storm, and over a road newly formed by the artillery through a ploughed field until they reached the fleches * which had just been started.

Benigsen drew up at the fleches and proceeded to scrutinize the Shevardino redoubt, — which had been ours the evening before, — where a number of horsemen could be distinguished.

The officers said that Napoleon or Murat was among them, and all gazed eagerly at the little knot of horsemen. Pierre also looked in the same direction, trying to make out which of these scarcely distinguishable men was Napoleon. At last the horsemen descended from the hill and disappeared.

Benigsen addressed a general who had approached him, and proceeded to explain the whole position of our troops. Pierre listened to Benigsen's words, exerting all the powers of his mind to comprehend the nature of the approaching engagement, but he was mortified to discover that his intellectual capacities were not up to the mark. He got no idea whatever. Benigsen ceased speaking, and, noticing that Pierre was listening attentively, he said, suddenly turning to him, —

“I am afraid this does not interest you?”

“Oh, on the contrary, it is very interesting,” replied Pierre, not with absolute veracity.

From the fleche they took the road still farther toward the left, which wound through a dense but not lofty forest of birch-trees. In the midst of these woods a cinnamon-colored hare with white legs bounded up before them, and, startled by the trampling of so many horses' feet, was so bewildered that for some time it ran along the road in front of them, exciting general attention and amusement, and only when several of the men shouted at it, did it dart to one side and disappear in the thicket.

Having ridden a couple of versts through the wood, they came to the clearing where the troops of Tutchkof's corps were stationed, whose duty it was to defend the left flank.

Here, at the very extremity of the left flank, Benigsen had a wordy and heated conversation and made what seemed to Pierre a very important disposition. In front of Tutchkof's division there was a slight rise of ground. This rise had not been occupied by our troops.

Benigsen vigorously criticised this blunder, declaring that it was a piece of idiocy to leave unoccupied a height commanding a locality, and to draw up the troops at the foot of it.

* A kind of fortification. — AUTHOR'S NOTE.

Several of the generals expressed the same opinion. One in particular, with genuine military fervor, declared that the men were left there to certain destruction. Benigsen, on his own responsibility, commanded the troops to occupy this height.

This disposition on the left flank still further compelled Pierre to doubt his capacity to understand military manœuvres. As he listened to Benigsen and the generals who were criticising the position of the troops at the foot of the knoll, he perfectly understood them and agreed in their strictures; but for this very reason he found himself utterly unable to comprehend how the one who had placed the men there at the foot of the knoll could have made such a palpable and stupid blunder.

Pierre did not know that these troops had been stationed there not to guard the position, as Benigsen supposed, but were set in ambuscade: in other words, in order to be hidden and to fall unexpectedly on the enemy as they approached. Benigsen did not know this, and he moved these troops forward by his own understanding of the case, and without first informing the commander-in-chief.

CHAPTER XXIV.

PRINCE ANDREI, that bright September afternoon of the sixth, was stretched out with his head leaning on his hand, in a dilapidated cow-shed, at the village of Kniazkovo, at the end of the position occupied by his regiment. Through a hole in the broken wall he was gazing at a row of thirty-year-old birches that ran along the edge of the enclosure, with their lower limbs trimmed off, and at a ploughed field over which were scattered sheaves of oats, and at the coppice where the smoke of bivouac fires was rising, where the soldiers were cooking their suppers.

Narrow and useless and trying as Prince Andrei's life now seemed to him, he felt excited and irritable on the eve of the battle, just as he had seven years before at Austerlitz.

The orders for the morrow's battle were given and received by him. There was nothing further left for him to do. But his thoughts, the simplest, clearest, and therefore most terrible thoughts, refused to leave him to repose. He was aware that the morrow's engagement would be the most formidable of all in which he had ever taken part, and the possibility of death, for the first time in his life without reference to any

worldly aspect, without consideration as to the effect it might produce upon others, but in its relation to himself, to his own soul, confronted him with vividness, almost with certainty, in all its grim reality.

And from the height of this consideration, all that hitherto tormented and pre-occupied him was suddenly thrown into a cold white light, without shadow, without perspective, without distinction of features.

All his life appeared to him as though in a magic lantern, into which he had long been looking through a glass and by means of an artificial light.

Now he could suddenly see without a glass, by the clear light of day, these wretchedly painted pictures.

"Yes, yes, here are those false images which have excited and enraptured and deceived me," said he to himself, as he passed in review, in his imagination, the principal pictures of his magic-lantern life, now looking at them in this cold white light of day — the vivid thought of death.

"Here they are, these coarsely painted figures which pretended to represent something beautiful and mysterious. Glory, social advantages, woman's love, the country itself — how tremendous seemed to me these pictures, what deep significance they seemed to possess. And all that seems now so simple, so cheap and tawdry in the cold white light of that morning which, I am convinced, will dawn for me to-morrow."

The three chief sorrows of his life especially arrested his attention. His love for a woman, the death of his father, and the French invasion which was engulfing half of Russia.

"Love! — That young girl seemed to me endowed with mysterious powers. How was it? I loved her, I dreamed poetic dreams of love and happiness with her. — Oh, precious boy!" he cried aloud savagely. "How was it? I had faith in an ideal love which should keep her faithful to me during the whole year of my absence. Like the tender dove of the fable, she should have pined away while separated from me. — But the reality was vastly more simple. — It was all horribly simple, disgusting!"

"My father was building at Luisiya Gorui and supposing that it was his place, his land, his air, his peasants; but Napoleon came, and, not even knowing of his existence, swept him aside like a chip from the road, and his Luisiya Gorui was swallowed up and his life with it. But the Princess Mariya says that this is a discipline sent from above. For whom is it a discipline, since he is no more and will never be again?"

He will never be seen again. He is no more. Then to whom is it a discipline?

"The fatherland, the destruction of Moscow! But to-morrow I shall be killed — perhaps not even by the French, but by one of our own men, just as I might have been yesterday when the soldier discharged his musket near my head — and the French will come, will take me by the legs and shoulders and fling me into a pit, so that I may not become a stench in their nostrils, and new conditions of existence will spring up, to which other men will grow just as accustomed, and I shall not know about them, for I shall be no more!"

He gazed at the row of birches shining in the sun, with their motionless yellow, green, and white boles.

"I must die; suppose I am killed to-morrow, suppose it is the end of me, — the end of all, and I no longer exist!" He vividly pictured the world and himself not in it. The birches, with the lights and shades, and the curling clouds, and the smoke of the bivouac fires, — all suddenly underwent a change, and assumed for him something terrible and threatening. A cold chill ran down his back. Quickly leaping to his feet, he left the shed, and began to walk up and down.

Voices were heard behind the shed.

"Who is there?" asked Prince Andrei. The red-nosed Captain Timokhin, who had formerly been Dolokhof's company commander, and now, owing to the lack of officers, had been promoted to battalion commander, came shyly to the shed. Behind him came an adjutant and the paymaster of the regiment.

Prince Andrei got up, listened to what the officers had to report to him, gave them a few extra directions, and was just about to dismiss them when he heard from behind the shed a familiar, lisping voice.

"*Que diable!*" exclaimed the voice of this man, who tripped up over something.

Prince Andrei, peering out of the shed, saw advancing toward him his friend Pierre, who had just succeeded in stumbling and almost falling flat over a pole that was lying on the ground. As a general thing, it was disagreeable for Prince Andrei to see men from his own rank in life, and especially so in the case of Pierre, who brought back to his remembrance all the trying moments which he had experienced during his last visit at Moscow.

"Ah! how is this?" he exclaimed. "What chance brings you here? I was not expecting you."

While he was saying these words his eyes and his whole face expressed something more than mere coolness — it was rather an unfriendliness, which Pierre did not fail to remark. He had approached the shed in the most animated frame of mind, but when he saw Prince Andrei's face he felt suddenly embarrassed and awkward.

"I came — well — you know — I came — it was interesting to me," stammered Pierre, who had already used that word "interesting" no one knows how many times during the course of that day. "I wanted to see a battle."

"So, so, but what do your brotherhood of Masons say about war? How prevent it?" asked Prince Andrei ironically. "Well, how is Moscow? How are my folks? Have they got to Moscow at last?" he asked more seriously.

"Yes, they got there. Julie Drubetskaya told me. I went to call upon them, and failed to find them. They had gone to your pod-Moskovnaya."

CHAPTER XXV.

THE officers were going to take their leave, but Prince Andrei, as though not desiring to be left alone with his friend, invited them to sit down and take tea. Stools and tea were brought. The officers, not without amazement, gazed at Pierre's enormously stout figure, and listened to his stories of Moscow, and the position of our troops which he had chanced to visit.

Prince Andrei said nothing, and the expression of his face was so disagreeable that Pierre addressed himself more to the good-natured battalion commander, Timokhin, than to Bol-konsky.

"So you understood the disposition of our forces, did you?" suddenly interrupted Prince Andrei.

"Yes — that is, to a certain extent," said Pierre; "so far as a civilian can. I don't mean absolutely, but still, I understood the general arrangements."

"Then you are ahead of any one else!" said Prince Andrei.*

"Ha?" exclaimed Pierre, looking in perplexity over his glasses at Prince Andrei. "Well, what do you think about the appointment of Kutuzof?" he asked.

* *Eh bien, vous êtes plus avancé que qui cela soit.*

"I was very much pleased with it; that is all I can say about it," replied Prince Andrei.

"Now, then, please tell me your opinion in regard to Barclay de Tolly. They are saying all sorts of things about him in Moscow. What is your judgment about him?"

"Ask these gentlemen," suggested Prince Andrei, indicating the officers.

Pierre looked at Timokhin with that indulgently questioning smile with which all treated him in spite of themselves.

"It brought light* to us, your illustriousness, as soon as his serene highness took charge," said Timokhin, who kept glancing timidly at his regimental commander.

"How so?" asked Pierre.

"Well, now, take for instance, firewood or fodder: I will explain it to you. We retreated from Swienciany, and did not dare to touch a dry branch or a bit o' hay or anything. You see, we marched off and left it for *him*: wasn't that so, your illustriousness?" he asked, addressing "his prince." "It was, 'Don't you dare.' In our regiment, two officers were court-martialled for doing such things. Well, then, when his serene highness came in, it became perfectly simple as far as such things were concerned. We saw light."

"Then, why did he forbid it?"

Timokhin glanced around in some confusion, not knowing what to say in reply to this question. Pierre turned to Prince Andrei, and asked the same thing.

"In order not to spoil the country which we were leaving to the enemy," replied Prince Andrei, with savage sarcasm. "It is very judicious never to allow the country to be pillaged, and soldiers taught to be marauders. Well, then, at Smolensk, he also very correctly surmised that the French might outflank us since they outnumbered us. But he could not understand this," screamed Prince Andrei, in a high key, as though he had lost control of his voice.

"He could not understand that we were for the first time fighting in defence of Russian soil, that the troops were animated by a spirit such as I, for one, had never seen before; that we had beaten the French two days running, and that this victory had multiplied our strength tenfold. He gave the orders to retreat, and all our efforts and losses were rendered useless. He never dreamed of playing the traitor; he tried to do everything in the best possible manner; his foresight was all-embracing, but for that very reason he is good

* *Svyet*, light: a play on the first syllable of *svyétlichshii* (most serene).

for nothing. He is good for nothing now, for the very reason that he lays out all his plans beforehand very judiciously and punctiliously, as it is natural for every German to do. How can I make it clear? — See here! Your father has a German lackey, and he is an excellent lackey, and he serves him in all respects better than you could do, and so you let him do his work; but if your father is sick unto death, you send the lackey off, and with your own unaccustomed, unskilful hands, you look after your father, and you are more of a comfort to him than the skilful hand of a foreigner would be. And that is the case with Barclay. As long as Russia was well, a stranger could serve her, and was an excellent servant; but as soon as she was in danger, she needs a man of her own blood. Well, you have accused him at the club of being a traitor. The only effect of traducing him as a traitor will be that afterwards, becoming ashamed of such a false accusation, the same men will suddenly make a hero or a genius of him, which would be still more unjust. He is an honorable and very punctilious German” —

“At all events, they say he is a skilful commander,” interposed Pierre.

“I don’t know what you mean by a skilful commander,” said Prince Andrei, with a sneer.

“A skilful commander,” explained Pierre, “well, is one who foresees all contingencies, reads his enemy’s intentions.”

“Well, that is impossible,” said Prince Andrei, as though the matter had been long ago settled.

Pierre looked at him in amazement.

“Certainly,” said he, “it has been said that war is like a game of chess.”

“Yes,” replied Prince Andrei, “only with this slight difference: that in chess you can think over each move as long as you wish, that you are in that case freed from conditions of time; and with this difference also, that the knight is always stronger than the pawn, and two pawns are always stronger than one, while in war a single battalion is sometimes stronger than a division, and sometimes weaker than a company. The relative strength of opposing armies can never be predicted. Believe me,” said he, “if it depended on the dispositions made by the staff officers, then I should have remained on the staff and made my dispositions, while as it is, instead, I have the honor of serving here in the regiment with these gentlemen, and I take it that, in reality, the affair of to-morrow will depend upon us, and not upon them. Success never has depended,

and never will depend, either on position or on armament or on numbers, but least of all on position."

"What does it depend on, then?"

"(On the feeling that is in me and in him," — he indicated Timokhin, — "and in every soldier."

Prince Andrei glanced at Timokhin, who was staring at his commander, startled and perplexed. Contrary to his ordinary silent self-restraint, Prince Andrei seemed now excited. He apparently could not refrain from expressing the thoughts which had unexpectedly occurred to him.

"The battle will be gained by the one who is resolutely bent on gaining it. Why did we lose the battle of Austerlitz? Our loss was not much greater than that of the French, but we said to ourselves very early in the engagement that we should lose it, and we did lose it. And we said this because there was no reason for being in a battle there, and we were anxious to get away from the battle-field as soon as possible. 'We have lost, so let us run,' and we did run. If we had not said this till evening, God knows what would have happened. But to-morrow we shall not say that. You have just said our position, the left flank is weak, the right flank too much extended," he pursued, "but that is all nonsense. It is not so at all. For what is before us to-morrow? A hundred millions of the most various possibilities, which will be decided instantaneously. They, or our men, will start to run; this one or that one will be killed. All that is being done now, though, is mere child's-play. The fact is, those with whom you rode round inspecting the position, instead of promoting the general course of events, rather hinder it. They are occupied with their own petty interests, and nothing else."

"At such a moment?" asked Pierre reproachfully.

"Yes, even *at such a moment*," repeated Prince Andrei. "For them this is only a propitious time to oust a rival or win an extra cross or ribbon. I will tell you what I think to-morrow means. A hundred thousand Russian and a hundred thousand French soldiers meet in battle to-morrow, and the result will be that of these two hundred thousand soldiers, the side will win that fights most desperately and is least sparing of itself. And, if you will, I will tell you this: whatever happens, whatever disagreements there may be in the upper circles, *we* shall win the battle to-morrow. To-morrow, whatever happens, we shall win."

"You are right there, your illustriousness, perfectly right," echoed Timokhin. "Why should we spare ourselves now?"

The men in my battalion — would you believe it? — would not drink their vodka. ‘It is not the time for it,’ said they.”

All were silent. The officers got up. Prince Andrei went with them behind the shed, giving his final directions to his adjutant.

When the officers had gone, Pierre went to Prince Andrei, and was just about to renew his conversation with him, when along the road that ran not far from the shed they heard the trampling hoofs of three horses, and, looking in that direction, Prince Andrei recognized Woltzogen and Klauzewitz, accompanied by a Cossack. They rode rapidly by, talking as they went, and Pierre and Andrei heard involuntarily the following snatches of their conversation: —

“The war must spread into the country. I cannot sufficiently advocate this plan,” said one.

“Oh, yes,” replied the other, “our only object is to weaken the enemy, so of course we cannot consider the loss of single individuals.” *

“*O ja!*” echoed the first again.

“Yes, ‘spread into the country,’” repeated Prince Andrei, with an angry snort, after they had ridden past. “‘The country!’ And there my father and son and my sister have had to bear the brunt of it at Luisiya Gorui. It is all the same to him. Now, that illustrates the very thing I was telling you. These German gentlemen will not win the battle to-morrow, but will only muddle matters so far as they can, for in their German heads there are only arguments which aren’t worth a row of pins, while in their hearts they have nothing of what is alone useful at such a time — not one atom of what is in Timokhin. They have abandoned all Europe to *him*, and now they come here to teach us. Splendid teachers!” and again his voice became high and sharp.

“So you think that we shall win a victory to-morrow?” asked Pierre.

“Certainly I do,” replied Prince Andrei, absently. “One thing I should have done if I could,” he began, after a short pause: “I would have allowed no prisoners to be taken. What does the taking of prisoners mean? It is chivalry. The French have destroyed my home, and they are coming to destroy Moscow; they have insulted me, and they go on insulting me every second. They are my enemies, they are in

* “Der Krieg muss im Raum verlegt werden. Der Ansicht kann ich genug Preis geben.” — “O ja, der Zweck ist nur den Feind zu schwächen, so kann man gewiss nicht den Verlust der privat-Personen in Achtung nehmen.”

my opinion criminals. And that expresses the feeling of Timokhin and the whole army. They must be punished. If they are my enemies, they cannot be my friends, in spite of all they might say at Tilsit."

"Yes, you are right," assented Pierre, with gleaming eyes glancing at Prince Andrei. "I entirely agree with you."

The question which had been troubling Pierre ever since his delay on the hillside of Mozhaïsk, and all that long day, now became to him perfectly clear and settled beyond a peradventure. He now comprehended all the meaning and significance of this war and of the impending battle. All that he had seen that day, all the stern faces full of thoughtfulness, of which he had caught a cursory glimpse, now were illuminated with a new light for him. He comprehended that latent heat of patriotism—to use a term of physics—which was hidden in all these men he had seen, and this explained to him why it was all these men were so calm, and, as it were, heedless, in their readiness for death.

"Let no prisoners be taken," pursued Prince Andrei. "That alone would change all war, and would really make it less cruel. But, as it is, we play at making war. That's the wretchedness of it; we are magnanimous and all that sort of thing. This magnanimity and sensibility—it is like the magnanimity and sensibility of a high-born lady, who is offended if by chance she sees a calf killed; she is so good that she cannot see the blood, but she eats the same calf with good appetite when it is served with sauce. They prate to us about the laws of warfare, chivalry, flags of truce, humanity to the wounded and the like. It's all nonsense. I saw what chivalry, what our 'parliamentarianism' was in 1805; they hocus-pocused us, we hocus-pocused them. Homes are pillaged, counterfeit assignats are issued, and, worse than all, they kill our children and our fathers, and then talk about the laws of warfare and generosity to our enemies. Give no quarter, but kill and be killed! Whoever has reached this conclusion, as I have, by suffering"—

Prince Andrei, who had believed that it was a matter of indifference to him whether Moscow were taken or not taken,—just as Smolensk had been—suddenly stopped short in the middle of his argument owing to an unexpected cramp that took him in the throat. He walked up and down a few times in silence; but his eyes gleamed fiercely, and his lip trembled, when he again resumed the thread of his discourse.

"If there were none of this magnanimity in warfare, then

we should only undertake it when, as now, it was a matter for which it was worth while to meet one's death. Then there would not be war because Pavel Ivanuitch had insulted Mikhail Ivanuitch. But if there must be war like the present one, let it be war. Then the zeal and intensity of the troop would always be like what it is now. Then all these Westphalians and Hessians, whom Napoleon has brought with him, would not have come against us to Russia, and we should never have gone to fight in Austria and Prussia without knowing why. War is not amiability, but it is the most hateful thing in the world, and it is necessary to understand it so and not to play at war. It is necessary to take this frightful necessity sternly and seriously. This is the pith of the matter; avoid falsehood, let war be war and not sport. For otherwise war becomes a favorite pastime for idle and frivolous men. The military are the most honorable of any class.

“But what is war, and what is necessary for its success, and what are the laws of military society? The end and aim of war is murder; the weapons of war are espionage, and treachery and the encouragement of treachery, the ruin of the inhabitants, and pillage and robbery of their possessions for the maintenance of the troops, deception and lies which pass under the name of finesse; the privileges of the military class, the lack of freedom, that is discipline, enforced inactivity, ignorance, rudeness, debauchery, drunkenness. And yet, this is the highest caste in society, respected by all. All rulers, except the Emperor of China, wear military uniforms, and the one who has killed the greatest number of men gets the greatest reward.

“Tens of thousands of men meet, just as they will to-morrow, to murder one another, they will massacre and maim; and afterwards thanksgiving Te Deums will be celebrated, because many men have been killed — the number is always exaggerated — and victory will be proclaimed on the supposition that the more men killed, the greater the credit. Think of God looking down and listening to them!” exclaimed Prince Andrei, in his sharp, piping voice. “Ah! my dear fellow,* of late life has been a hard burden. I see I have obtained too deep an insight into things. It is not for a man to taste of the knowledge of good and of evil — well, it is not for long, now,” he added. “However, it is your bedtime; and it is time for me to turn in too. — Go back to Gorki!” suddenly exclaimed Prince Andrei.

* *Akh, dusha moyá.*

"Oh, no," cried Pierre, looking at Prince Andrei with frightened, sympathetic eyes.

"Go, go; before an engagement one must get some sleep," insisted Prince Andrei. He came swiftly up to Pierre, threw his arms around him and kissed him. "Good-by, — *prash-chai*; go now," he cried. "We may meet again — no" — and, hurriedly turning his back on his friend, he went into the shed.

It was already dark, and Pierre could not make out the expression of Prince Andrei's face, whether it was angry or tender.

Pierre stood for some time in silence, deliberating whether to follow him or to go to his lodgings.

"No, he does not want me," Pierre decided, "and I know that this is our last meeting." He drew a deep sigh and went back to Gorki.

Prince Andrei retiring into his shed, threw himself down on a rug, but he could not sleep.

He closed his eyes. One picture after another rose before him. One in particular held him long in rapt, joyous attention. He had a vivid remembrance of an evening at Petersburg. Natasha, with her eager, vivacious face, was telling him how, the summer before, while she was out after mushrooms, she had lost her way in the great forest. She gave him a disconnected description of the darkness of the woods, and her sensations, and her conversation with a bee-hunter whom she had met; and every little while she had interrupted her story and said: "No, I can't tell you, you won't understand," although Prince Andrei had tried to calm her by assuring her that he understood; and in reality he had understood all that she meant to convey.

Natasha had been dissatisfied with her own words; she felt that she could not express the passionately poetical sensation which she had felt that day, and which she desired to express in words.

"The old man was so charming, and it was so dark in the forest, — and he had such good — but oh, dear, I can't tell you," she had said, blushing and becoming agitated.

Prince Andrei smiled even now the same joyous smile which he had smiled then as he looked into her eyes.

"I understood her," said he to himself; "not only did I understand her, but I loved that moral power of hers, that frankness, that perfect honesty of soul, — yes, her soul itself, which seemed to dominate her body, — her soul itself I loved

— so powerfully, so happily I loved.” — And suddenly he recalled what it was that had put an end to his love.

“*He* needed nothing of the sort. *He* saw nothing, understood nothing of all this. All he saw was a very pretty and *fresh* young girl, with whom he did not even deign to join his fate. But I? — And he is still alive and enjoying life!”

Prince Andrei, as though something had scalded him, sprang up and once more began to pace up and down in front of the shed.

CHAPTER XXVI.

ON the sixth of September, the day before the battle of Borodino, M. de Beausset, Grand Chamberlain to the Emperor of the French, and Colonel Fabvier arrived, the first from Paris, the other from Madrid, to the Emperor Napoleon at his camp at Valuyevo.

M. de Beausset sent on ahead a packet which he had brought to the emperor, and, after he had changed his travelling dress for a court uniform, he entered the outer division of Napoleon's tent, where, while talking with Napoleon's aides-de-camp who crowded round him, he busied himself with undoing the wrapper of the case.

Fabvier, not entering the tent, paused at the entrance, and entered into conversation with generals of his acquaintance.

The Emperor Napoleon had not yet quitted his bedroom, where he was engaged in making his toilet. Sniffing and grunting, he was turning first his stout back, then his fat chest to the valet who was plying the brush. A second valet, holding his fingers over the bottle, was sprinkling the emperor's neatly arrayed person with eau de cologne, his expression intimating that he was the only one who knew how much cologne to use, and where it should be applied. Napoleon's short-cropped hair was wet and pasted down upon his forehead. But his face, though puffy and sallow, expressed physical satisfaction. “*Allez ferme — allez toujours — steady up — put more energy in.*” — he was saying as he shrugged his shoulders and grunted while the valet brushed him.

One of his aides-de-camp who had been admitted into his sleeping-room to submit a report to the emperor as to the number of prisoners taken during the engagement of the preceding day, having accomplished his errand, was standing by the door, awaiting permission to retire. Napoleon scowled and glared at the aide from under his brows.

"No prisoners," said he, repeating the aide-de-camp's words. "They compel us to annihilate them. So much the worse for the Russian army. — Go on, more energy!" he exclaimed, hunching up his back, and offering his squabbish shoulders.*

"That'll do. Show in M. de Beausset and Fabvier as well."

"Yes, sire," and the aide-de-camp disappeared through the door of the tent.

The two *valets de chambre* quickly dressed his majesty, and he, in the blue uniform of the Guards, with firm, swift steps, entered the anteroom. Beausset was at that instant engaged in placing the gift which he had brought from the empress on two chairs directly in front of the entrance. But the emperor had dressed and come out with such unexpected promptness that he had not time to get the surprise arranged to his satisfaction.

Napoleon instantly remarked what he was doing, and conjectured that they were not quite ready for him. He did not want to spoil their pleasure in surprising him. He pretended not to see M. Beausset, and addressed himself to Fabvier.

Napoleon, with a deep frown, and without speaking, listened to what Fabvier said about the bravery and devotion of his troops who had been fighting at Salamanca, at the other end of Europe, and who had only one thought — to be worthy of their emperor; and one fear — that of not satisfying him.

The result of the engagement was disastrous. Napoleon, during Fabvier's report, made ironical observations, giving to understand that the affair could not have resulted differently, he being absent.

"I must regulate this in Moscow," said Napoleon. "*À tantôt* — Good-by for now," he added, and approached De Beausset, who by this time had succeeded in getting his surprise ready — some object covered with a cloth having been placed on the chairs.

De Beausset bowed low with that courtly French bow which only the old servants of the Bourbons could even pretend to put into practice, and, advancing, he handed Napoleon the envelope.

Napoleon approached him and playfully took him by the ear.

"You have made good time; I am very glad. Well, what have they to say in Paris?" he asked, suddenly changing his former stern expression into one of the most genial character.

"*Point de prisonniers. Tant pis pour l'armée russe. Allez toujours — allez ferme. C'est bien! Faites entrer M. de Beausset, ainsi que Fabvier.*

"*Sire, tout Paris regrette votre absence,*" replied De Beausset, as in duty bound.

But though Napoleon knew that De Beausset was bound to say this, or something to the same effect, though in his lucid intervals he knew that this was not true, it was agreeable to him to hear this from De Beausset. He again did him the honor of taking his ear.

"I am sorry to have given you such a long journey," said he.

"Sire, I expected nothing less than to find you at Moscow,"* said Beausset.

Napoleon smiled, and, raising his head, heedlessly he glanced to the right.

An aide-de-camp with a gliding gait approached with a gold snuff-box, and presented it. Napoleon took it.

"Yes, it has turned out luckily for you," he said, putting the open snuff-box to his nose. "You enjoy travelling; in three days you will see Moscow. You really could not have expected to see the Asiatic capital. You will have had a pleasant journey."

Beausset made a low bow to express his gratitude for this discovery of this proclivity for travelling, till now unknown to him.

"Ah, what is that?" exclaimed Napoleon, noticing that all the courtiers were glancing at the *something* hidden by a covering.

Beausset, with courtier-like dexterity, not turning his back on his sovereign, took a couple of steps around and at the same time snatched off the covering, saying, —

"A gift to your majesty, from the empress."

This was Gérard's brilliantly painted portrait of the little lad born to Napoleon and the Austrian emperor's daughter — the child whom all, for some occult reason, called the King of Rome.

The perfectly rosy, curly-haired boy, with a face like the face of the child in the Sixtine Madonna, was represented playing bilboquet. The ball represented the earth, and the cup in his other hand represented a sceptre. Although it was not perfectly clear why the artist wished to represent the so-called King of Rome transfixing the earth-ball with a stick, still this allegory seemed perfectly clear to all who saw the picture in Paris, as well as to Napoleon, and greatly delighted them.

"*Roi de Rome!*" he exclaimed, with a graceful gesture

* "*Je suis fâché de vous avoir fait faire tant de chemin.*" — "*Sire, je ne m'attendais pas à moins qu'à vous trouver aux portes de Moscou.*"

pointing to the portrait. "Admirable." With that facility, characteristic of Italians, of changing at will the expression of his countenance, he approached the portrait and assumed a look of thoughtful tenderness.

He was conscious that what he was saying and doing at that moment was history. And it seemed to him that the best thing he could do now was to display the simplest paternal affection, as being most of a contrast to that majesty the consequence of which was that his son played bilboquet with the earth for the ball.

His eyes grew dim; he drew near it, he looked round for a chair — the chair sprang forward and placed itself under him — and he sat down in front of the portrait. He waved his hand, and all retired on their tiptoes, leaving the great man to himself and his feelings.

After sitting there for some time and letting his attention, he knew not why, be attracted by the roughness with which the picture was painted, he got up and again beckoned to Beausset and the aide on duty.

He gave orders to have the portrait carried out in front of his tent, so that his old guard, who were stationed around his tent, might not be deprived of the bliss of seeing the King of Rome, the son and heir of their beloved monarch. As he anticipated, while he was eating breakfast with Beausset, whom he vouchsafed this honor, he heard the enthusiastic shouts of the officers and soldiers of the old guards, who came to view the portrait.

"*Vive l'Empereur! Vive le Roi de Rome! Vive l'Empereur!*" shouted the enthusiastic voices.

After breakfast, Napoleon, in Beausset's presence, dictated his address to the army.

"*Courte et énergique!* — short and to the point!" exclaimed Napoleon, as he read it aloud, the proclamation which had been written down word for word without a change. The proclamation said, —

"Soldiers! the battle which you have so eagerly desired is at hand. Victory depends on you, but victory is indispensable for us; it will give you all that you need, comfortable quarters, and a speedy return to your native land. Behave as you behaved at Austerlitz, Friedland, Vitebsk, and Smolensk. Let your remotest posterity recall with pride your exploits on this day. And it will be said of each one of you, 'He was present at the great battle at Moscow.'"

"*De la Moskowa,*" repeated Napoleon, and, taking M. de

Beausset with him, who was so fond of travelling, he left the tent and mounted his horse, that was waiting already saddled.

"*Votre majesté a trop de bonté!*" — Your majesty is too kind," said Beausset, in reply to the emperor's invitation to accompany him on his ride; he would have preferred to go to sleep, and he did not like, nay, he even feared, to ride on horseback.

But Napoleon nodded his head to the traveller, and Beausset had to go.

When Napoleon left the tent, the acclamations of his guards in front of the portrait were more eager than ever. Napoleon frowned.

"Take it away," said he, pointing to the portrait with a graceful and imperious gesture. "He is too young yet to see a battle."

Beausset, closing his eyes and bending his head, drew a deep sigh, signifying thereby how he could appreciate and prize his emperor's words.

CHAPTER XXVII.

NAPOLÉON, according to his historians, passed the entire day of September 6 on horseback, inspecting the battle-field, examining the plans suggested by his marshals, and personally giving orders to his generals.

The original position of the Russian army along the Kalotcha had been broken, and the capture of the Shevardino redoubt on the fifth had forced a portion of this line, particularly the left flank, to retreat. This part of the line had not been fortified, nor was it protected any longer by the river, and before it extended a more open and level ground.

It was evident to any one, whether soldier or civilian, that this part of the line was where the French must make their attack. To reach this conclusion it would seem that there was no need of many combinations, no need of such sedulous and solicitous preparations on the part of the emperor and his marshals. That high and extraordinary capacity called genius, which men so like to attribute to Napoleon, was entirely superfluous. But the historians who have most recently described these events, and the men who at that time surrounded Napoleon, and Napoleon himself, thought otherwise.

Napoleon rode over the ground, inspected the battle-field profoundly absorbed in thought, moved his head in silent approval or disapproval, and, without deigning to reveal to

the generals about him the profound ideas that influenced his decisions, he gave them only definite deductions in the form of orders.

Davoust, called the Duke of Eckmühl, having proposed to turn the left flank of the Russians, Napoleon declared that it was unnecessary, without explaining why it was unnecessary.

To the proposition of General Campan (who was to attack the fleches) to lead his division through the woods, Napoleon gave his consent; the so-called Duke of Elchingen (that is, Ney) permitted himself to observe that the march through the woods would be dangerous, and might throw the division into disorder.

Napoleon, having inspected the ground over against the Shevardino redoubt, remained for some time in silent meditation; then he pointed out the positions where two batteries were to be placed for the bombardment of the Russian fortifications on the next day, and he selected positions on the same line for the field artillery.

Having given these and other orders, he retired to his tent, and at his dictation the plan of battle was committed to writing.

This plan, of which French historians speak with enthusiasm, and which the historians of other nations treat with deep respect, was as follows:—

At daybreak the two new batteries established during the night on the plateau by the Prince of Eckmühl will open fire upon the two opposing batteries of the enemy.

At the same moment, General Pernety, commanding the First Corps of artillery, with thirty cannon from Campan's division, and all the howitzers of Dessaix's and Friant's divisions, will advance and begin shelling the enemy's battery, which will thus have opposed to it,—

24 pieces of the artillery of the Guard,
30 pieces from Campan's division, and
8 pieces from Friant's and Dessaix's divisions.

—
Total: 62 cannon.

General Fouché, commanding the Third Corps of artillery, will place himself with all the howitzers of the Third and Eighth Corps, sixteen in number, on the flanks of the battery attacking the left redoubt, giving this battery an effective of 40 pieces.

General Sorbier will stand ready, at the first word of command, with all the howitzers of the Guard, to bring to bear against one or the other redoubt.

During the cannonade, Prince Poniatowski will move against the village in the woods, and turn the position of the enemy.

General Campan will move along the edge of the woods to carry the first redoubt.

The battle thus begun, orders will be given according to the enemy's movements.

The cannonade on the left flank will begin at the moment when that on the right is heard. A heavy infantry fire will be opened by Morand's division, and by the divisions of the viceroy, as soon as they see that the attack on the right has begun.

The viceroy will take possession of the village,* and debouch by its three bridges upon the heights, while Generals Morand and Gérard will deploy under command of the viceroy to seize the enemy's redoubt and form the line of battle with the other troops.

All this must be done with order and method (*le tout se fera avec ordre et méthode*), taking care to hold the troops in reserve so far as possible.

At the imperial camp, near Mozhaïsk, Sept. 6, 1812.

This order — very far from clear in its style, and confusing to any one who is sufficiently lacking in religious awe for the genius of Napoleon as to dare analyze its meaning — contains four points, four commands. Not one of these commands could have been executed; not one of them was executed.

In the order of battle the first command read as follows: —

The batteries established at the points selected by Napoleon, with the cannon of Pernety and Fouché, will place themselves in line, one hundred and two pieces in all, and, opening fire, will storm the Russian outworks and redoubts with shot and shell.

This could not be done, because from the place selected by Napoleon the missiles did not reach the Russian works, and these one hundred and two cannon thundered in vain until the nearest commander ordered them forward, contrary to Napoleon's decree.

The second command was to this effect: —

Poniatowski will move against the village in the woods, and turn the left wing of the Russians.

This could not be done and was not done, because Poniatowski, on moving toward the village in the woods, found Tutchkof there blocking the way, and he could not and did not turn the position of the Russians.

The third command, —

General Campan will move along the edge of the woods to carry the first redoubt.

Campan's division did not carry the first redoubt, but it was repulsed, because, on emerging from the woods, it was

* Borodino.

obliged to close up under the Russian grapeshot, something that Napoleon had not foreseen.

Fourth, —

The viceroy will take possession of the village [Borodino], and debouch by its three bridges upon the heights, while Generals Morand and Gérard [*who are told neither where nor when to go*] will deploy under command of the viceroy to seize the enemy's redoubt and form the line of battle with the other troops.

So far as it is possible to understand this (not from the vague phraseology employed, but from the viceroy's attempt to carry out the orders he received), it seems he was to move through Borodino from the left upon the redoubt, and that Morand and Gérard's divisions were at the same time to advance from the front.

This command, like all the rest, was not carried out, because it was impracticable.

When he had got beyond Borodino, the viceroy was forced back upon the Kalotcha, and found it impossible to advance. Morand and Gérard's divisions did not take any redoubts, but were repulsed, and the redoubt was carried by the cavalry at the close of the battle, a contingency that Napoleon apparently had not foreseen.

Thus not one of the commands in this order was performed or could have been.

The order further announced that "during the battle thus begun" instructions would be given in accordance with the enemy's movements, and therefore we might infer that Napoleon, during the battle, made all the suggestions that were necessary. He did, and could have done, nothing of the sort, because throughout the engagement Napoleon happened to be so far away from the field of action that the progress of the battle could not even have been known to him, and not one of his orders during the time of the engagement could have been carried out.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A NUMBER of historians assert that the battle of Borodino was not gained by the French because Napoleon had a cold in the head, that if it had not been for this cold, his arrangements before and during the battle would have displayed still more genius, and Russia would have been conquered, and the face of the world would have been changed.

Historians who believe that Russia was formed at the will of one man, Peter the Great, and that France was changed from a republic to an empire and that the French armies invaded Russia at the will of one man, Napoleon, inevitably think that Russia retained power after the battle of Borodino because Napoleon had a bad cold in his head on September 7; — and such historians are logically consistent.

If it had depended on Napoleon's will to give or not to give battle at Borodino, on his will to make or not to make such and such dispositions of his forces, then evidently the cold in his head, which had such influence on the manifestation of his will, may have been the cause of the salvation of Russia, and the valet who, on September 5, forgot to provide Napoleon with waterproof boots was the savior of Russia.

When we have once started on this line of reasoning, this conclusion is inevitable; just as inevitable as that reached by Voltaire when in jest — himself not knowing what he was driving at — he demonstrated that the Massacre of Saint Bartholomew was due to the fact that Charles IX. suffered from an indigestion.

But to men who do not grant that Russia was formed at the will of one man, Peter I., and that the French empire arose or that the campaign in Russia was undertaken at the bidding of a single man, Napoleon, such reasoning will appear to be not only false, but contrary to all human experience. To the question, What is the cause of historical events? a very different answer presents itself, and one that implies that the progress of events on earth is pre-ordained; that it depends on the combined volition of all who participate in these events, and that the influence of Napoleons upon the progress of these events is superficial and fictitious.

How strange seems at first glance the proposition that the Massacre of Saint Bartholomew, the order for which was given by Charles IX., did not come from his own volition, but that it merely seemed to him that he had ordered it to be done; or that the battle of Borodino, which cost the lives of eighty thousand men, was not fought through Napoleon's volition, though he gave the orders for the beginning and course of the engagement, but that it merely seemed to him that he had ordered it — how strange seems this proposition; but the dignity of humanity, which tells me that each of us, if he be not more of a man, is at least not less than every Napoleon, directs me to this solution of the problem, and it is powerfully justified by historical facts.

At the battle of Borodino, Napoleon did not shoot anybody or kill anybody. All that was done by his soldiers. Of course he did not do any killing himself.

The soldiers of the French army went into the battle of Borodino to kill Russian soldiers, not in consequence of Napoleon's orders, but of their own impulses. The whole army, French, Italians, Germans, Polyaks, famished and in rags, worn out by the campaign, felt, at sight of the Russian army barring the road to Moscow, that the wine was uncorked, and they had only to drink, — *que le vin est tiré et qu'il faut le boire*. If at this moment Napoleon had forbidden them to fight the Russians they would have killed him and fought with the Russians; for this was inevitable for them.

When they heard Napoleon's proclamation which offered them in exchange for mutilation and death, the consoling testimony of posterity that they had been in the battle at Moscow, they cried, "*Vive l'Empereur!*" — just as they cried "*Vive l'Empereur!*" at seeing the picture of the child piercing the terrestrial globe with the bilboquet stick; and just as they would have shouted "*Vive l'Empereur!*" to any non-sense proffered to them.

There was nothing more for them to do than to cry "*Vive l'Empereur!*" and go into battle in order to reach food and the repose of victors at Moscow. Of course it was not at Napoleon's order that they killed their fellow-men.

And Napoleon did not direct the progress of the battle, for no part of his plan was carried out; and during the engagement he did not know what was going on before him.

Of course, how these men killed each other had nothing to do with Napoleon, but was independent of his will; it was determined by the will of the hundreds of thousands of men who took part in the combat. It only seemed to Napoleon that it proceeded by his will.

Thus the question, "Did or did not Napoleon have a cold in his head?" is of no more importance to history than the question whether the most insignificant train-hand had a cold in the head.

The fact that Napoleon was afflicted with a cold in the head on September 7 is still more insignificant because the assertions made by writers that this cold in the head caused Napoleon's dispositions and orders at the time of the battle to be less skilful than those in times past, are perfectly false.

The plan, here described, was not at all inferior—it was even superior—to all the plans by which his previous battles

had been won. The imaginary combinations during this battle were not in the least inferior to those of previous battles; they were just the same as always. But these dispositions and combinations seem less fortunate because the battle of Borodino was the first battle that Napoleon did not win. The best plans and the most sagacious dispositions and combinations in the world seem very poor, and every scientific soldier does not hesitate to criticise them with solemn face, when they do not end in victory! And the feeblest dispositions and combinations seem very excellent, and learned men devote entire volumes to the demonstration of the superiority of wretched plans when they are crowned with success.

The plan proposed by Weirother for the battle of Austerlitz was a model of its kind, but it was nevertheless condemned for its very perfection, for its superabundance of details.

Napoleon at the battle of Borodino played his part as representative of power as well as in other battles—even better. He did nothing that could hinder the successful course of the battle; he accepted the most reasonable advice; he did not confuse his orders, he did not contradict himself, he did not lose heart, he did not abandon the field of battle, but with all his tact and his great experience in war he played with calmness and dignity the part of a fictitious commander.

CHAPTER XXIX.

ON returning from his second solicitous tour of inspection along the line, Napoleon said, —

“The chessmen are set, the game will begin to-morrow.”

Calling for a glass of punch, and summoning Beausset, he began to talk with him about Paris, and discuss various alterations which he proposed to make in the empress's household, — *la maison de l'Impératrice*, — causing wonder at the attention which he gave to the minutest details of court management.

He displayed great interest in trifles, he jested at Beausset's fondness for travel, and with perfect coolness he chatted just as a famous and self-confident surgeon, who knew his business, might do, even while he rolls up his cuffs and puts on his apron and the patient is fastened to the operating-table.

“The whole thing is in my hands and in my head, clearly and definitely. When the time comes to act, I will do my

work, as no one else could, but now I can jest; and the more I jest and appear calm and collected, the more should you be confident, trustful, and amazed at my genius."

After drinking a second glass of punch, Napoleon went to rest before the serious affair which, as it seemed to him, was waiting for him on the next day.

He was so much interested in this affair that was before him, that he could not sleep, and, in spite of his cold, which had been increased by the evening dampness, he got up about three o'clock in the morning, and, loudly blowing his nose, passed into the outer division of his tent. He asked if the Russians had not retreated. He was told that the enemy's fires were still burning in the same places. He nodded his head approvingly. The aide-de-camp on duty entered the tent.

"Well, Rapp, do you think we shall have good luck to-day?"

"Certainly, your majesty," replied Rapp. Napoleon gave him an attentive look. "You remember, your majesty, that you did me the honor of remarking at Smolensk. — 'The wine is uncorked, we have only to drink it.'"*

Napoleon frowned, and sat for some time in silence, resting his head on his hands. "This poor army," he exclaimed suddenly, "has been seriously diminishing since we left Smolensk. Fortune is a fickle jade, Rapp; I always said so, and I am beginning to experience it. But the Guard, Rapp, the Guard is undiminished?"† he said, with a questioning reflection.

"Yes, your majesty," replied Rapp.

Napoleon took a lozenge, put it in his mouth, and glanced at his watch. He felt no inclination to sleep, though it was still long before morning; but it was impossible to issue any more orders for the sake of killing time, for they had all been made, and were even then being executed.

"Have the biseuits and rice been distributed among the regiments of the Guard?" demanded Napoleon, sternly.

"*Oui, sire.*"

"But the rice?"

Rapp replied that he had issued the emperor's orders in regard to the rice, but Napoleon shook his head angrily, as though he had no confidence in his orders having been fulfilled.

* "*Eh bien, Rapp, croyez-vous que nous ferons de bonnes affaires aujourd'hui?*" — "*Sans aucun doute, sire. Vous rappelez-vous, sire, ce que vous m'avez fait l'honneur de dire à Smolensk, 'Le vin est tiré, il faut le boire'?*"

† "*Cette pauvre armée! elle a bien diminuée depuis Smolensk. La fortune est une franche courtisane; je le disais toujours, et je commence à l'éprouver. Mais la garde, Rapp, la garde est intacte?*"

The servant came in with the punch. Napoleon commanded another glass to be given to Rapp, and silently sipped from his own.

"I have no taste or smell," said he, sniffing at the glass. "This influenza is a nuisance. They talk about medicine. What does medicine amount to when they can't even cure a cold! Corvisart gave me these lozenges, but they don't help me any. What can they cure? What can physic do? Nothing at all! Our body is a living machine. It is organized for that purpose, that is its nature; let the life in it be left to itself; let it defend itself; it will do more than if you paralyze it by loading it down with remedies. Our body is like a perfect watch which is meant to go a certain time; the watchmaker cannot open it; he can only regulate it by his sense of feeling and with his eyes shut. Our body is a living machine, that is all it is." *

And Napoleon having got upon the subject of definitions, of which he was very fond, he suddenly and unexpectedly made still a new one.

"Rapp, do you know what the art of war is?" he asked. "It is the art of being stronger than the enemy at a given moment — *Voilà tout!*"

Rapp made no reply.

"To-morrow we shall have Kutuzof to deal with," said Napoleon. "We shall see. You remember he commanded the armies at Braunau, and not once during three weeks did he mount a horse to inspect the fortifications. We shall see!"

He glanced at his watch. It was only four o'clock. He still had no desire to sleep; the punch was drunk up, and still there was nothing to do. He got up, began to pace up and down; then he put on his thick overcoat and hat and went outside the tent. The night was dark and damp; one could almost hear the moisture falling. The bivouac fires, even those near at hand, burned far from brightly, and those in the distance, in the Russian lines, gleamed dimly through the wrack. Through the silence clearly could be heard the bustle and trampling of the French troops, already beginning to move to their designated positions.

Napoleon walked out in front of his tent, gazed at the

* "*Notre corps est une machine-à-vivre. Il est organisé pour cela; c'est sa nature; laissez-y la vie à son aise, qu'elle s'y défende elle-même; elle fera plus que si vous la paralysez en l'encombrant de remèdes. Notre corps est une montre parfaite qui doit aller un certain temps: l'horloger n'a pas la faculté de l'ouvrir; il ne peut la manier qu'à tâtons et les yeux bandés. Notre corps est une machine-à-vivre: voilà tout!*"

fires, listened to the growing tumult, and, as he passed by a tall grenadier in a dampened hat, who was on duty as sentinel by his tent, and standing stiff and straight like a pillar when the emperor appeared, Napoleon paused: —

“How long have you been in the service?” he asked, with his ordinary affectation of hearty and affectionate military bluntness, which he always employed when dealing with his soldiers. The soldier answered him, —

“*Ah ! un des vieux*” — a veteran.

“Has your regiment received the rice?”

“We have, your majesty.”

Napoleon nodded and left him.

At half-past five, Napoleon mounted and rode to the village of Shevardino.

It was beginning to grow light; the sky was clearing; only a single cloud lay against the east. The deserted bivouac fires were dying out in the pale light of the morning.

At the right thundered a single heavy cannon-shot, prolonged by the echoes, and finally dying away amid the general silence.

There was an interval of several minutes. A second shot, then a third rolled out, shaking the very air; a fourth, a fifth answered near at hand, and solemnly, somewhere at the right.

The echoes of the first cannon shots had not died away when still others joined in, then more and more, mingling and blending in one continuous roar.

Napoleon galloped with his suite to the Shevardino redoubt and there dismounted.

The game had begun.

CHAPTER XXX.

HAVING returned to Gorki from his visit to Prince Andrei, Pierre gave his orders to his equerry to have his horses ready, and to waken him early in the morning, and then immediately went to sleep behind the screen in the corner which Boris had kindly offered him.

When Pierre was fairly awake the next morning there was not a soul in the cottage. The window-panes in the little windows were rattling. His equerry was standing by him, shaking him.

“Your illustriousness, your illustriousness, your illustriousness!” — exclaimed the equerry, stubbornly shaking him by

the shoulder, and apparently hopeless of being able to wake him.

"What? Has it begun? Is it time?" demanded Pierre, opening his eyes.

"Be good enough to listen to the firing," said the equerry, who had once been a soldier.

"The gentlemen have all gone. His serene highness went long ago."

Pierre hurriedly dressed and went out on the steps. Outside it was bright, cool, dewy, and cheerful. The sun was just making its way out from under the cloud which had obscured it momentarily, and poured its rays through the breaking clouds, across the roofs of the opposite houses, over the dusty road covered with dew, on the walls of the houses, on the windows of the cathedral, and Pierre's horses standing near the cottage. Out of doors the rolling of the cannon was heard more distinctly. An adjutant, followed by his Cossack, was galloping down the street.

"It is time, count, time," cried the adjutant.

Ordering the man to follow him with his horse, Pierre walked along the road to the mound from the top of which, the day before, he had surveyed the field of battle. Here were collected a throng of military men, and he could hear the members of the staff talking French, and he could see Kutuzof's gray head covered with a white hat with red band, and the gray nape of his neck sunk between his shoulders. He was gazing through his field-glass to the front along the highway. As Pierre mounted the steps that led to the top of the mound, he looked out over the prospect, and was overwhelmed at the beauty of the spectacle.

It was the same panorama which he had surveyed the day before from the same elevation; but now all those localities were covered with troops and the smoke of the cannon, and the slanting rays of the bright sun rising behind Pierre at the left fell upon it through the clear morning atmosphere in floods of light, shot with golden and rosy tones and intermingled with long, dark shadows.

The distant forests which bounded the panorama, just as though it were hewn out of some precious yellow-green gem, traced the curving line of the tree-tops against the horizon, and between them, beyond Valuyevo, the great Smolensk highway, now all covered with troops, cut its way.

Still nearer gleamed the golden fields and groves. Everywhere, in front and behind, at the right hand and at the left,

the armies were swarming. The whole scene was animated, majestic, and marvellous; but what surprised Pierre more than all was the spectacle of the battle-field itself, Borodino, and the valley through which the Kalotcha River ran.

Over the Kalotcha at Borodino, and on both sides of the river, more noticeably on the left bank, where, through marshy intervals, the Vonia falls into the Kalotcha, was that mist which so mysteriously veils, spreads, and grows transparent as the bright sun mounts, and magically colors and transforms everything which is seen through it.

The smoke of the cannon was blending with this mist, and over this blended mist and smoke, everywhere, gleamed the lightning flashes of the morning brilliancy, here over the water, there on dewy meadows, there on the bayonets of the infantry swarming along the banks and in the village.

Through this mist could be seen a white church, a few roofs of Borodino cottages, here and there compact masses of soldiers, here and there green caissons, cannons. And this scene was in motion, or seemed to be in motion, because this mist and smoke was stretched over the whole space. On these lowlands around Borodino covered with mist, so also above, and especially at the left, over the whole line, over the woods, over the fields, in the hollows, on the summits of the rising ground, constantly born, self-evolved from nothing, rose the puffs of cannon-smoke; now singly, now in groups; now scattered, now clustered; and as they formed, and grew, and coalesced, and melted together, they seemed to cover the whole space. These puffs of cannon-smoke and, strange to say, the sounds that accompanied them, constituted the chief charm of the spectacle.

Puff! suddenly appeared a round, compact ball of smoke playing in violet, gray, and milk-white hues, and — *bumm!* would follow in a second the report of this smoke-ball.

Puff, puff! arose two balls of smoke jostling and blending, and — *bumm! bumm!* came the coalescing sounds that confirmed what the eye had seen.

Pierre gazed at the first puff of smoke which he still saw as a round, compact ball, and before he knew it, its place was taken by two balls of smoke borne off to one side, and *puff* — with an interval — *puff, puff*, rose three others, then four others, and each was followed at intervals with the *bumm, bumm, bumm* — genuine, beautiful, satisfying sounds. Sometimes it seemed as though these puffs of smoke were flying, sometimes as though they were standing still, while past them flew the forests, the fields, and the glittering bayonets.

On the left, over the meadows and clumps of trees, these great balls of smoke were constantly rising with their solemn voices, and still nearer, over the lowlands and along the forests, burst forth the little puffs of musket-smoke which had no time to form into balls, and yet these, in precisely the same way, uttered their little resonances. *Trakh-ta-ta-takh!* rattled the musketry, though irregularly and frequent and pale in comparison with the cannon-shots.

Pierre had an intense longing to be where those puffs of smoke originated, those glittering bayonets, that movement, those sounds.

He looked at Kutuzof and at his suite, so as to compare his own impressions with those of others. All, exactly the same as he himself, and, as it seemed to him, with the same sentiment, were gazing down upon the field of battle. All faces now were lighted up by that latent heat which Pierre had observed the day before, and which he understood perfectly after his conversation with Prince Andrei.

"Go on, my dear,* go on; Christ be with you," Kutuzof was saying to a general standing near him, but he kept his eyes fixed on the battle-field.

On hearing this command, the general went past Pierre on his way to the descent down the hill.

"To the crossing," replied the general coldly and sternly, to one of the staff, who asked where he was going.

"I too, I too," said Pierre to himself, and he followed in the direction taken by the general.

The general mounted his horse, which his Cossack led forward. Pierre went to his equerry, who had his horses in charge. Asking which was the gentlest, Pierre mounted, grasped his mane, gouged his heels into the horse's flanks, and feeling that his spectacles were going to tumble off, and that he could not possibly remove his hands from the mane and bridle, he went cantering after the general, arousing the laughter of the staff, who were looking at him from the hill-top.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE general whom Pierre was following rode down the hillside the shortest way and then turned to the left, and Pierre, losing him from sight, came full upon a file of infantry who were marching in his direction. He tried to get past

* *Golubchik.*

them in front, then at the left, and then at the right; but everywhere there were soldiers, all with anxious, eager faces; all engaged in some invisible but evidently important action. All, with similarly involuntarily questioning glances, looked at this portly man in the white hat, who, for some unknown reason, insisted on trampling them down with his horse.

"What makes you ride in front of the battalion?" cried one to him. Another poked his horse with the but-end of his musket, and Pierre, clinging to the saddle and scarcely able to restrain his plunging horse, galloped in front of the soldiers where there was room.

In front of him there was a bridge, and near the bridge other soldiers were stationed, firing. Pierre rode up to them. Not knowing why he did so, Pierre had approached the bridge over the Kalotcha, between Borodino and Gorki, where in the first action of the battle (called Borodino) the French made a charge.

Pierre saw that there was a bridge before him, and that on both ends of the bridge, and on the meadow, among the haycocks which he had noticed the day before, the soldiers were doing something; but, in spite of the incessant firing going on in this place, it never once occurred to him that here was the battlefield. He heard not the sounds of the bullets whizzing on all sides, or the projectiles flying over his head; he saw not the enemy on the other side of the river, and it was long before he saw the killed and wounded, although many were falling not far from him. With a smile that did not leave his lips, he glanced around him.

"What makes that man ride in front of the line?" again cried some one.

"Take the right — take the left!" they cried to him.

Pierre took the left, and unexpectedly fell in with one of General Rayevsky's adjutants whom he knew. This adjutant looked fiercely at Pierre, evidently with the intention of shouting some command, but then, recognizing him, he shook his head.

"How come you here?" he cried and dashed away.

Pierre, feeling that he was out of place and useless, and fearing lest he should be a hinderance to some one, galloped after the adjutant.

"What is this here? Can I go with you?" he asked.

"Wait a moment," replied the adjutant, and, riding up to a stout colonel who was stationed on the meadow, he gave him some order, and immediately turned back to Pierre.

"How do you happen to get here, count?" he demanded with a smile. "Is it out of curiosity?"

"Yes, yes," replied Pierre.

But the adjutant, wheeling, started to gallop away. "Here it is all right, thank God," said he, "but on the left flank, where Bagration is, there's frightfully hot work going on."

"Really?" exclaimed Pierre. "Where is that?"

"Come with me to the hill: you can see very well from there, and at our battery there it is still endurable," said the adjutant.

"Yes, I will go with you," returned Pierre, looking around him and trying to discover his equerry. Then only for the first time Pierre caught sight of the wounded, dragging themselves to the rear on foot or borne on stretchers. On the same plot of meadow land, with the wind-rows of fragrant hay, over which he had ridden the evening before, there lay, right amidst the ranks, a soldier motionless, with his head awkwardly thrown back and his shako knocked off.

"But why have they not carried him off?" Pierre was going to ask, but, seeing the adjutant's stern face turned to the same spot, he refrained.

Pierre could not discover his equerry, and so he rode in company with the adjutant down across the hollow to Rayevsky's hill. Pierre's horse could not keep up with the adjutant's, and shook him at every step.

"You are apparently not used to riding on horseback, count?" suggested the adjutant.

"No, it's nothing; but somehow he limps badly," said Pierre in perplexity.

"É—é! but he's wounded," said the adjutant, "right fore-leg, above the knee. Must have been a bullet. I congratulate you, count," said he, "*le baptême du feu!*"

Making their way through the wrack to the Sixth Corps, behind the artillery, which, unlimbered forward, was blazing away with a stunning thunder of discharges, they reached a grove. Here in the grove it was cool and still, and smelt like autumn. Pierre and the adjutant dismounted and went up the hill on foot.

"Where is the general?" asked the adjutant, as he reached the top.

"He's just gone, he went yonder," was the answer, the men pointing to the right.

The adjutant glanced at Pierre, as though he did not know what to do with him now.

"Don't disturb yourself on my account," said Pierre. "I will go to the top of the hill; can't I?"

"Yes, do so; you can see everything from there, and it won't be so dangerous. And I will come back after you."

Pierre went to the battery, and the adjutant went on his way. They did not meet again, and it was not till long after that Pierre learned that this adjutant lost an arm on that day.

The *kurgán* or hill on which Pierre had come, became afterwards known to the Russians as the *Kurgán* battery or *Rayevsky's* battery, and to the French as *la grande redoute*, *la fatale redoute*, *la redoute du centre*. It was the place around which tens of thousands of men were slain, and the French considered it the most important point of the whole position.

This redoubt consisted of the *kurgán*, on three sides of which trenches had been dug. In this place, surrounded by the trenches, were stationed ten active cannon, discharging through the embrasures of the earthworks.

In a line with the *kurgán* cannon were stationed, on either side, also belching forth continuous discharges. A little to the rear of the cannon stood the infantry.

Pierre, on reaching this *kurgán*, never once dreamed that this small space intrenched with earthworks where he was standing, and where a few cannon were in full blast, was the most important point of the whole battle. On the contrary, it seemed to Pierre that this place, simply because he had come to it, was one of the most unimportant places of the battlefield.

On reaching the *kurgán*, Pierre sat down at one end of a trench which enclosed the battery, and with a smile of unconscious satisfaction gazed at what was going on around him. Occasionally with the same smile he would get to his feet, and, at the same time trying not to be in the way of the soldiers who were loading and pushing forward the guns or constantly passing him with powder and shot, he would walk through the battery. The cannon in this battery were constantly fired one after another with an overwhelming crash, and the whole place was swathed in gunpowder smoke.

In contradistinction to that sense of gloom which is always felt among the infantry soldiers of a covering force, in a battery where a small band of men are limited and shut off from the rest by a trench, here there is a sort of family feeling, which is shared equally by all.

The appearance of Pierre's unmilitary figure, in his white hat, at first struck these men unpleasantly. The soldiers pass-

ing him looked askance at him with a mixture of amazement and timidity. The senior artillery officer, — a tall, long-legged, pock-marked man, — under the pretence of inspecting the behavior of the endmost cannon, came where Pierre was and gazed inquisitively at him.

A young, round-faced little officer, still a mere lad, who had evidently just come out of the "Korpus," and who was very zealously commanding the two guns committed to his charge, looked fiercely at Pierre.

"We must ask you, sir, to go away; you cannot remain here."

The soldiers shook their heads disapprovingly as they looked at Pierre. But when all were convinced that this man in the white hat was not only doing no harm as he sat calmly on the talus of the trench or walked up and down the battery, facing the missiles as steadily as though he were on the boulevard, and with his genial smile politely making way for the soldiers, then gradually this feeling of disapproval and perplexity began to give place to an affectionate and jocose sympathy such as soldiers are apt to manifest for dogs, cocks, goats, and other animals that are found in their ranks. These soldiers instantly adopted Pierre into their family, and gave him a nickname. "*Nash barin*" — "Our Gentleman" — was what they called him, and they good-naturedly laughed about him among themselves.

A round shot tore up the earth within two paces of Pierre. Shaking off the dirt which the missile scattered over him, Pierre glanced around with a smile.

"Didn't that frighten you, barin? truly, didn't it?" asked a broad soldier with a rubicund face, displaying his strong white teeth.

"Why, are you afraid?" retorted Pierre.

"How can one help it?" replied the soldier. "You see, *she* has no mercy. If she strikes, your innards fly! So one can't help being afraid," said he with a laugh.

Several soldiers with jovial, friendly faces were standing near Pierre. They seemed not to have expected him to speak like other men, and to find that he did surprised them.

"Soldiering's our business. But this man is a barin, so it's wonderful! What a barin he is!"

"To your places," commanded the young officer to the soldiers collecting round Pierre. This young officer was evidently for the first or perhaps the second time on duty of this kind, and accordingly he behaved to his men and his superiors with especial preciseness and formality. The rolling thunder of

the cannon and of the musketry was intensified all over the field, noticeably at the left, where Bagration's fleches were situated, but Pierre, owing to the smoke of the discharges, could see nothing at all from where he was.

Moreover, Pierre's entire attention was absorbed in watching what was going on in this little circle, this adopted family as it were — separated from all the rest. Unconsciously his first feeling of gratification aroused by the sights and sounds of the battle-field had changed character, now, especially since he had seen that soldier lying by himself on the meadow. As he sat now on the talus of the trench he contemplated the faces around him.

It was only ten o'clock, but a score of men had been already carried from the battery : two of the cannon were dismounted, and the missiles were falling into the battery with greater and greater frequency, and the shot flew over their heads with screeching and whizzing. But the men who were serving the battery seemed to pay no heed to this ; on all sides were heard only gay talk and jests.

"Old stuffing!"* cried a soldier to a shell that flew close over his head with a whiz.

"This is the wrong place. Go to the infantry," added a second, perceiving that the shell flew over and struck in the ranks of the covering forces.

"What is that, an acquaintance of yours?" asked another with a laugh, as a muzhik bowed under a round shot that went flying over.

A few soldiers collected around the breastwork, trying to make out what was going on at the front.

"Well, they've captured the lines, do you see; they're retreating," said they, pointing across the breastwork.

"Mind your own business," cried an old sergeant. "If they're retiring, of course it's because they're needed elsewhere."

And the non-commissioned officer, seizing one of the soldiers by the shoulder, gave him a boost with his knee. A roar of laughter was heard.

"Serve No. 5! Forward!" rang out on one side.

"A long pull, and a strong pull, and a pull all together," cheerfully shouted the men who were pushing the cannon forward.

"Ai! that one almost took our barin's hat off," cried the rubi-sund jester, with a laugh that showed his teeth. — "Ekh! you

* *Chinyónka* : any object filled with anything.

bestly thing," he added reproachfully to the ball, which carried off a gun-wheel and a man's leg.

"Well, you foxes!" cried another with a laugh to the landwehr men, who, all bent double, came forward to the battery, to remove the wounded. "Isn't this gruel to your taste? Akh! you crows!* are you frozen stiff?" cried the soldiers to the militia-men, who were dismayed at the sight of the soldier with the leg torn off. "That's only a little one!" said they, imitating the dialect of the peasants. "Don't like to be afraid, do you?"

Pierre observed how after the fall of each new missile, after each new loss, the general excitement became more and more intensified.

Just as when a heavy thunder shower is approaching, more and more frequently, more and more dazzlingly, flashed forth on the faces of all these men the lightnings of that latent but now developing heat. It was as though called forth by resistance.

Pierre did not look out on the battle-field, and he was not interested in knowing what was going on there: he was entirely absorbed in the contemplation of this ever more and more developing fire, which now in exactly the same way — he was conscious — was also kindling in his own soul.

At ten o'clock, the infantry, who had been in front of the battery, in the thickets, and along the Kamenka, or Stony Brook, retreated. From the battery they could be seen running back past it, carrying their wounded on their muskets.

A general with his suite dashed up the kurgán, and, after exchanging a few words with the colonel and giving Pierre a fierce look, rode back down again, ordering the covering infantry who were stationed behind the battery, to lie down, so as not to expose themselves to the missiles. Immediately after this, in the ranks of the infantry, at the right of the battery were heard the rolling of a drum and shouts of command, and they in the battery could see how the ranks of infantry moved forward.

Pierre looked over the breastworks. One face especially struck his eye. This was a pale-faced young officer, who was marching with them backwards, holding his sword-point down and looking anxiously around.

The ranks of infantry disappeared in the smoke, their prolonged cheer was heard and the continuous rattle of their musketry fire. After a few minutes a throng of wounded men walking and on stretchers came straggling back.

* *Vorónui*: crows; means also simpletons.

The missiles kept falling with greater and greater frequency on the battery. A number of soldiers lay unattended. The men around the cannon were working with renewed vigor and zeal. No one any longer paid attention to Pierre. Twice he was angrily told that he was in the way. The senior officer, with a frowning face, strode with long, swift steps from gun to gun. The young officer, with his face more flushed than ever, gave his command to his men with ever increasing vehemence. The soldiers came and went with the projectiles, and loaded and did their duty with ever more zealously burning activity and dash. They jumped about as though they were moved by springs.

The thunder-cloud had come close at hand, and brightly on all faces burned that fire the kindling of which Pierre had been watching. He was standing near the senior officer. The young officer came hastening to the elder and saluted him, finger at visor.

"I have the honor of reporting, Mr. Colonel, that there are only eight shot left. Do you order us to go on?"

"Grape!" cried the old officer, gazing over the rampart, and not giving any definite answer.

Suddenly something happened: the little officer shrieked, and fell upon the ground all of a heap, like a bird shot on the wing. Everything became strange, dark, and gloomy in Pierre's eyes.

One following another the projectiles came screaming, and buried themselves in the breastwork, among the soldiers, among the cannon. Pierre, who before had not heard these sounds, now heard nothing except these sounds. At one side, at the right of the battery, with their cheers — hurrah! the soldiers were running, not forward as it seemed to Pierre, but back to the rear.

A shot struck on the very edge of the rampart where Pierre was standing, scattered the earth, and a black ball flashed in front of his eyes and at the same instant fell with a dull thud into something. The landwehr, who had been coming up to the battery, were in full retreat.

"All grape!" cried the officer.

The sergeant hastened up to his senior, and in a frightened whisper — just as at dinner the butler reports to his master that the wine called for is all out — reported that all the ammunition was used up.

"The villains! what are they doing?" cried the officer, turning round to Pierre. The old officer's face was flushed

and sweaty, his eyes were gleaming fiercely. "Run back to the reserves, have the caissons brought," he cried, crossly avoiding Pierre's glance and addressing his command to his orderly.

"I will go," cried Pierre. The officer, not heeding him, went with long strides to the other side.

"Don't fire! — Wait!" he shouted.

The orderly who had been commanded to go after ammunition ran into Pierre.

"Ekh! barin, this is no place for you here," said he, and he started on the run down the slope.

Pierre ran after the soldier, avoiding the place where the young officer lay.

One shot, a second, a third flew over his head; they struck in front of him, on both sides of him, and behind him. Pierre ran down the slope. "Where am I going?" He suddenly remembered, even while he was hastening up to the green caissons. He stopped irresolutely, undecided whether to go forward or back. Suddenly a terrible shock threw him back on the ground. At the same instant a sheet of a mighty fire flashed into his eyes, and at the same instant a noise like a thunder-clap, stunning and terrific, a crash and a whiz, overwhelmed him.

Pierre, having recovered his senses, sat up, supporting himself on his hands. The caisson near which he had been standing had disappeared; only on the scorched grass were scattered a few pieces of the green painted wood of the carriage, and smoking rags; and one horse, shaking off the fragments of the shafts, was galloping off, while another — like Pierre himself — was lying on the ground, and screaming in its long agony.

CHAPTER XXXII.

PIERRE, in his terror, not knowing what he was doing, sprang to his feet and ran back to the battery, as though it were the only refuge from the horrors surrounding him.

When he reached the intrenchment, he observed that there was no sound of firing any longer from the battery, but that men were engaged in doing something there. Pierre had no time to make out who these men were. He saw the old colonel leaning over the breastwork, with his back to him, as though he were watching something below, and he saw one of the artillerists, whom he had already observed, struggling to

get away from some men who had him by the arm, and crying "Brothers! Brothers!"

He also saw something else that was strange. But he had no time to realize that the colonel was killed, and that the man was crying for help, and that under his very eyes a second soldier was stabbed in the back by a bayonet thrust. He had hardly set foot in the intrenchment before a lean, sallow, sweaty-faced man, with a sword in his hand, leaped upon him, shouting something. Pierre instinctively avoided the shock, as men do who are about to run into each other, and, putting out his hand, he seized this man—he was a French officer—by the shoulder with one hand and grasped his throat with the other. The officer, dropping his sword, seized Pierre by the collar.

For some seconds they each gazed with startled eyes into each other's faces, and both were uncertain as to what they had done and what they were going to do. "Has he taken me prisoner, or have I taken him prisoner?" each of them was wondering. But apparently the French officer was rather inclined to believe that he was taken prisoner, for the reason that Pierre's powerful hand, involuntarily clinching under the influence of fear, was squeezing his throat ever tighter and tighter. The Frenchman was just trying to say something, when suddenly over their very heads, narrowly missing them and terribly screeching, flew a projectile, and it seemed to Pierre that the French officer's head was torn off, so quickly he ducked it.

Pierre also ducked his head, and released his hand. No longer puzzling over the question which had taken the other prisoner, the Frenchman ran back to the battery, while Pierre ran down the hill, stumbling over the dead and wounded, who, it seemed to him, grasped after his feet. But he had not more than reached the bottom before he came full upon a dense mass of Russian soldiers, who, stumbling and falling and cheering, full of dash and spirit, were on the double-quick toward the battery.

This was the charge for which Yermolof took the credit, declaring that only by his gallantry and good fortune was it possible to have achieved this success: the charge during which one might say he scattered over the kurgán the St. George crosses that had been in his pockets.

The French who had taken the battery fled. Our troops, with cheers, drove the French so far beyond the battery that it was hard to bring them to a halt.

The prisoners were led away from the battery, in their number a wounded French general, around whom the officers crowded.

A throng of wounded, Russians and French, some of them known and many unknown to Pierre, their faces distorted with agony, crawled or limped, or were carried away on stretchers.

Pierre went up on the kurgán again, where he had spent more than an hour already, and of that little "family circle," which had, as it were, adopted him, he found not one. There were many dead lying there, but they were strangers. Some he recognized. The young officer was lying, all in a heap, as before, in a little pool of blood at the edge of the parapet. The rubicund soldier was twitching a little, but they had not carried him away.

Pierre went back again.

"No, now they must surely put an end to this; now they must begin to feel remorse for what they have been doing," thought Pierre, aimlessly taking the same direction as the line of litters that was slowly moving from the battle-field.

But the sun, obscured by smoke, was still high in the heavens, and at the front, and especially at the left at Seme-novskoye, there was a great commotion in the smoke, and the thunder of guns and cannon not only did not slacken, but rather increased, even to desperation, like a man who, perishing, collects his forces to utter one last cry.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE principal action in the battle of Borodino took place on a space of a thousand sazhen,* between Borodino and Bagration's earthworks.

Outside of this space there had occurred, about noon, on one side, a demonstration on the part of Uvarof's Russian cavalry; on the other, beyond Utitsa, the skirmish between Poniatowski and Tutchkof had taken place; but these were two distinct engagements and insignificant in comparison with what went on in the middle of the battle-field.

On this field, between Borodino and the fleches, near the forest, on an open tract visible from both sides, the principal action of the battle was fought in the simplest, most artless manner imaginable.

* A sazhen is seven feet; five hundred sazhen make a verst.

The action began with a cannonade from both sides, from several hundred cannon.

Then, when the smoke had settled down on the whole field, forward through it, on the side of the French, at the right, moved the two divisions of Dessaix and Campan against the earthworks, and at the left moved the viceroy's regiments against Borodino.

From the Shevardino redoubt, where Napoleon had taken up his position, the distance to Bagration's fleches was about a verst, while Borodino was upwards of two versts distant in a bee-line, and, consequently, Napoleon could not have seen what was going on there, the more from the fact that the smoke, mingling with the mist, covered the whole locality.

The soldiers of Dessaix's division, as they moved against the fleches, were visible only until they began to descend the ravine which separated them from the earthworks. As soon as they descended into the ravine, the smoke of the cannon and musketry from the earthworks was so dense that it wholly curtained off everything on the farther side of the ravine.

Through the wrack, here and there, gleamed some black object, apparently a body of men, and from time to time the glittering of bayonets. But whether they were moving or standing still, whether they were French or Russians, it was impossible to distinguish from the Shevardino redoubt.

The sun came out bright, and shone with its slanting rays full into Napoleon's face, as he looked from under the shade of his hand toward the fleches.

The smoke hung like a curtain in front of them, and sometimes it seemed as though the smoke were in motion, sometimes as though the troops were in motion. Occasionally, above the noise of the musketry, the shouts of men could be heard; but it was impossible to know what they were doing.

Napoleon, standing on the knoll, gazed through his field-glass, and in the small circle of the instrument he could see smoke and men, sometimes his own, sometimes Russians; but when he came to use his naked eye, he could not find even where he had been looking but the moment before.

He went down from the redoubt, and began to pace back and forth in front of it. Occasionally he paused and listened to the firing, or strained his sight to see the battle-field. Not only from that lower ground where he was standing, not only from the mound on which some of his generals were left, but likewise from the fleches themselves, where, now together and now alternately, Russians and French were in the fore, crowded

with soldiers, dead and wounded, panic-stricken or frenzied, was it impossible to make out what was going on in that place.

For several hours, amid the incessant firing of musketry and cannon, now the Russians appeared in the ascendant, and now the French; now the infantry, and now the cavalry; they showed themselves, they fell, they fired, they struggled hand to hand; not knowing what they were doing to each other, they shouted and they retreated.

Napoleon's aides and his marshals' orderlies kept galloping up from the battle-field with reports as to the progress of affairs; but all these reports were false for the reason that, in the heat of the engagement, it was impossible to say what was taking place at a given moment, and for the reason that many of the aides did not reach the actual place of conflict, but reported what they had heard from others; and again for the reason that, while any aide was traversing the two or three versts which separated his starting-point from Napoleon, circumstances must have changed, and the tidings have become false.

Thus the viceroy sent an aide post-haste with the tidings that Borodino had been captured and the bridge over the Kalotcha was in the hands of the French. The aide asked Napoleon whether he would command the troops to make a flank movement.

Napoleon commanded them to be drawn up into line on the other side of the river and to wait, but at the time when Napoleon issued this command — nay more, even before the aide had fairly left Borodino — the bridge was recaptured and burned by the Russians, — in fact, during that very skirmish in which Pierre had participated at the beginning of the battle.

Another aide, galloping up from the fleches with frightened face, reported to Napoleon that the charge had been repulsed, and that Campan was wounded and Davoust killed; but, in reality, the fleches had been recaptured by another division of the troops at the very moment that the aide was told that the French were defeated, and Davoust was alive and only slightly contused.

Drawing his own conclusions from such unavoidably false reports, Napoleon made his dispositions, which either were already fulfilled before he had made them, or else could not be, and never were, fulfilled.

The marshals and generals, who were at closer touch with the battle-field, but who, nevertheless, just like Napoleon, did

not actually take part in the battle itself, and only rarely came actually under fire, did not ask Napoleon, but made their dispositions, and gave their orders as to where and whence to fire, and when to have the cavalry charge and the infantry take to the double-quick.

But even their dispositions, exactly like Napoleon's, were only in small measure and rarely carried out. For the most part, exactly the opposite happened to what they enjoined. Soldiers commanded to advance would fall under a fire of grape and retreat; soldiers commanded to hold their ground, suddenly seeing an unexpected body of Russians coming down upon them, would sometimes rush on to meet them, and the cavalry without orders would gallop off to cut down the fleeing Russians.

Thus two regiments of cavalry dashed down through the ravine of Semenovskoye, and as soon as they reached the hill-top they faced about and galloped back at breakneck speed.

In the same way, the infantry soldiers oftentimes went flying about in entirely different directions from what they were ordered to go.

All dispositions as to where and when cannon were to be unlimbered, when the infantry were to be sent forward, when to fire, when the cavalry were to hammer down the Russian infantry.—all these dispositions were made on their own responsibility by the subordinate heads who were close at hand, in the ranks, and they did not stop to consult either with Ney or Davoust or Murat, and certainly not with Napoleon. They had no fear of their commands not being carried out, or of issuing arbitrary orders, because in a battle the issue at stake is man's most precious possession—his own life, and often it seems that his safety lies in retreating, often in advancing at the double-quick, and on the issue of a moment these men must act who are found in the very thick of the battle.

In reality, all these movements back and forth did not relieve and did not change the positions of the troops. All their collisions and charges, one against the other, produced very little injury, but the injuries, the deaths, and the mutilations were brought by the projectiles and shots which were flying in all directions over that space where these men were pelting each other. As soon as these men left that space where the shot and shell were flying, then immediately their nachalniks, stationed in the rear, would bring them into order again, subject them to discipline, and, under the influence of

this discipline, lead them back to the domain of the projectiles, where again under the influence of the fear of death they would lose their discipline and become subject to whatever disposition was paramount in the throng.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

NAPOLEON'S generals. — Davoust, Ney, and Murat, — finding themselves near to this domain of fire, and sometimes even riding up into it, more than once led into this domain of fire enormous and well-ordered masses of troops. But, contrary to what had invariably happened in all their former engagements, instead of the expected report that the enemy were fleeing, these well-ordered masses of troops returned *thence* in disorderly, panic-stricken throngs.

Then again they would collect them, but each time in diminished numbers. In the afternoon Murat sent his aide to Napoleon for re-enforcements.

Napoleon was sitting at the foot of the mound, drinking punch, when Murat's aide-de-camp came galloping up with the report that the Russians would be defeated if his majesty would send one more division.

"Re-enforcements?" exclaimed Napoleon, in grim amazement, as though not realizing the meaning of his words, and looking at the handsome young aide, who wore his dark hair in long curls just as Murat wore his. "Re-enforcements!" muttered Napoleon. "How can they ask for re-enforcements when they already have in their hands half of the army to throw against the weak, unfortified Russian flank! Tell the King of Naples," said Napoleon, sternly, "tell the King of Naples that it is not noon, and that I do not yet see clearly on my chess-board. — Go!" *

The handsome young aide-de-camp with the long hair, not removing his hand from his hat, drew a heavy sigh and galloped back again to the place where they were slaughtering men.

Napoleon got up, and, calling Caulaincourt and Berthier, began to discuss with them concerning matters that had nothing to do with the battle.

In the midst of this conversation which began to engross Napoleon, Berthier's eyes were attracted to a general with

* *Dites au roi de Naples qu'il n'est pas midi et que je ne vois pas encore clair sur mon échiquier. — Allez!*

his suite who came galloping up to the kurgán on a sweaty horse.

This was Belliard. Throwing himself from his horse, he approached the emperor with swift strides, and boldly, in a loud voice, began to show forth the imperative necessity of re-enforcements.

He swore on his honor that the Russians were beaten if the emperor would only give them one division more.

Napoleon shrugged his shoulders, and, without making any reply, proceeded with his promenade. Belliard began to talk loud and earnestly with the generals of the suite gathered round him.

"You are very hot-headed, Belliard," exclaimed Napoleon, again approaching the general. "It is easy to make a mistake in the thick of battle. Go back and look again and then return to me."

Hardly had Belliard time to disappear from sight when, from the other side, a new messenger came hastening up from the battle-field. "Well, what is it?" demanded Napoleon, in the tone of a man annoyed by importunate difficulties.

"Sire, le prince" — began the aide-de-camp.

"Wants re-enforcements?" said Napoleon, with a furious gesture, taking the words out of his mouth. The aide-de-camp bowed his head affirmatively, and began to make his report; but the emperor turned away, took a couple of steps, paused, turned back, and addressed Berthier.

"We must give them the reserves," said he, slightly throwing open his hands. "Which shall we send, think you," he asked, addressing Berthier, "that *gosling which I made into an eagle — oison que j'ai fait aigle?*" — as he was of late in the habit of expressing it.

"Sire, send Claparède's division," suggested Berthier, who knew by heart every division, regiment, and battalion.

Napoleon nodded approval.

The aide-de-camp dashed off to Claparède's division, and, within a few minutes, the Young Guard, who were drawn up back of the kurgán, were on the way. Napoleon looked on in silence at this movement.

"No," he cried, suddenly turning to Berthier, "I cannot send Claparède. Send Friant's division," said he.

Although there was no choice whereby it was better to send Friant's division rather than Claparède's, and the delay of recalling Claparède and sending Friant was even on its face disadvantageous, still this order was carried out to the letter.

Napoleon did not see that in thus treating his forces he was playing the part of a doctor who by his very remedies hinders recovery — a part which he thoroughly appreciated and criticised.

Friant's division, like the others, also vanished in the smoke that hung over the battle-field. From all sides aides kept galloping up with reports, and all, as though from previous agreement, had one and the same story to tell. All demanded re-enforcements, all declared that the Russians were holding desperately to their positions and that they were returning an infernal fire — *un feu d'enfer* — under which the French troops were fairly melting away.

Napoleon, in deep thought, sat down on a camp-chair.

M. de Beausset, who was so fond of travelling, and had been fasting since early morning, came up to the emperor, and permitted himself the boldness of respectfully proposing to his majesty to eat some breakfast.

"I hope that I am not premature in congratulating your majesty on a victory," said he.

Napoleon silently shook his head. M. de Beausset, taking it for granted that this negation was a disclaimer of victory and did not refer to breakfast, permitted himself in a playfully respectful manner to remark that there was no reason on earth why they should not have some breakfast when they could have some.

"*Allez vous*" — suddenly cried Napoleon gruffly, and turned his back on him. A beatific smile of pity, regret, and enthusiasm irradiated M. Beausset's face, and with a swaggering step he rejoined the other generals.

Napoleon was under the sway of a gloomy feeling like that experienced by a universally fortunate gamester, who has senselessly staked his money because he was always sure of winning, and suddenly, just at the time when he has calculated all the chances of the game, is brought to the knowledge that the more he puzzles over its course, the more surely he is losing.

The troops were the same, the generals the same, the preparations were the same, the same dispositions, the same *proclamation courte et énergique*; he himself was the same, — he knew it; he knew that he was vastly better in experience and skill than he had ever been before; even the enemy were the same as at Austerlitz and Friedland, but the terrible, crushing blow of the hand fell powerless as though magic interfered.

All those former measures which had been invariably

crowned with success — the concentration of all the batteries on one spot, and the attack of the reserves for crushing the lines, and the charge of the cavalry — *ses hommes de fer*, — all these measures were employed, and not only there was no victory, but from all sides the same stories about generals killed and wounded, about the necessity of re-enforcements, about the impossibility of defeating the Russians, and about the demoralization of the troops.

Hitherto, after two or three moves, two or three hasty orders, marshals and aides-de-camp would come galloping up with congratulations and joyous faces, announcing whole corps of prisoners as trophies, *des faisceaux de drapeaux et d'aigles ennemis* — sheaves of standards and eagles taken from the foe — and cannon, and provision trains; and Murat would only ask for permission to let the cavalry set forth to gather in the booty. This was the case at Lodi, Marengo, Arcole, Jena, Austerlitz, Wagram, and so on, and so on. But now, something strange had happened to his warriors!

Notwithstanding the report that the fleches had been captured, Napoleon saw that this success was different, entirely different from what had been the case in all his other battles. He saw that the feeling which he experienced was also experienced by all the men around him, who were familiar with military affairs. All faces were gloomy, all eyes were averted. Beausset alone failed to understand the significance of what was happening.

Napoleon, after his long experience of war, well knew what it meant that, after eight hours' steady fighting, after the expenditure of such efforts, victory had not crowned the attacking columns. He knew that it was almost a defeat, and that the slightest mischance might now, at this critical point on which the battle was balancing, ruin him and his army.

When he passed in review all this strange Russian campaign, in which not one victory had been won, — in which, for two months, not a standard, not a cannon, not a squad of men had been captured; when he looked at the openly dejected faces of those around him, and heard the reports that the Russians still stood their ground, — a terrible feeling, like that experienced in nightmares, seized him, and all the unfortunate circumstances that might ruin him came into his mind.

The Russians might fall upon his left wing, might break through his centre, a wanton projectile might even kill himself! All this was possible. In his previous battles, he considered only the chances of success; now, an infinite number

of possible mischances rose up before him, and he expected them all. Yes, this was just as in a dream, when a man imagines that a murderer is attacking him, and the man, in his dream, brandishes his arms, and strikes his assailant with that tremendous force which he knows must annihilate him, and then feels that his arm falls weak and limp as a rag, and the horror of inevitable destruction, because he is helpless, seizes him.

The report that the Russians were really charging the left flank of the French army awoke in Napoleon this horror. He sat in silence at the foot of the mound, on his camp-chair, with his head bent, and his elbows on his knees. Berthier came to him, and proposed to him to ride around the line, so as to assure himself how affairs really stood.

"What? What did you say?" asked Napoleon. "Yes, have my horse brought."

He mounted, and rode toward Semenovskoye. In the slowly dissipating gunpowder smoke that spread all over this space where Napoleon was riding, in the pools of blood lay horses and men, singly and in heaps. Such a horror, such a collection of slaughtered men, neither Napoleon nor any of his generals had ever seen on so small a space. The thunder of the cannon, which had not ceased rolling for ten hours, and had become a torment to the ear, gave a peculiar significance to this spectacle (like music to *tableaux-vivants*).

Napoleon rode to the height over Semenovskoye, and through the smoke he could see ranks of men in uniforms whose colors were unfamiliar to his eyes. They were the Russians.

The Russians, in dense rows, were posted behind Semenovskoye and the kurgán, and their cannon, all along the line, were incessantly roaring, and filling the air with smoke. This was not a battle. It was wholesale butchery, incapable of bringing any advantage to either the Russians or the French.

Napoleon reined in his horse, and again fell into that brown study from which Berthier had aroused him. He could not put an end to this affair which was going on in front of him and around him, and which seemed to have been regulated by him, and to have been contingent upon his fiat; and this affair, in consequence of this his first failure, for the first time, made him realize all its uselessness and horror.

One of the generals who came galloping up to Napoleon permitted himself to propose that the Old Guard should be sent into the battle. Ney and Berthier, who were standing

near Napoleon, exchanged glances, and smiled scornfully at this general's senseless proposal.

Napoleon let his head sink on his breast, and was long silent.

"À huit cent lieux de France, je ne ferai pas démolir ma garde! — We are eight hundred leagues from France, and I will not have my guard destroyed!" said he; and, turning his horse, he rode back to Shevardino.

CHAPTER XXXV.

KUTUZOF, with his gray head sunk down, and his heavy body sprawled out on a rug-covered bench, was sitting in the same place where Pierre had seen him that morning. He gave no definite orders, but merely approved or disapproved of what was reported to him.

"Yes, yes, do so," he would answer to the various suggestions. "Yes, yes, go, my dear, go and see!" he would say to this one or that of those near him; or, "No, it is not necessary, we would better wait," he would say. He would listen to the reports brought to him, give his commands when this was considered necessary by his subordinates; but even while he was listening to what was said to him, he was apparently not interested in the sense of the words so much as in the expression of the faces, in the tone of voice of those who brought the reports. Long experience in war had taught him, and his years of discretion had made him realize, that it was impossible for one man to direct a hundred thousand men engaged in a death struggle, and he knew that the issue of a battle is determined not by the plans of the commander-in-chief, not by the place where the troops are stationed, not by the number of the cannon or the multitude of the slain, but by that imponderable force called the spirit of the army; and he made use of this force, and directed it, so far as it was in his power.

The general expression of Kutuzof's face was one of concentrated attention and energy, scarcely able to overcome the weariness of his old and feeble frame.

At eleven o'clock in the morning, he was informed that the fleches captured by the French had been retaken, but that Prince Bagration was wounded. Kutuzof groaned, and shook his head.

"Go to Prince Piotr Ivanovitch, and learn the particulars,

what and how," said he to one of his adjutants; and immediately after he turned to the Prince of Württemberg, who was standing just back of him.

"Would not your highness take command of the first division?"

Soon after the prince's departure, so soon, in fact, that he could not have reached Semenovskoye, the prince's aide came back, and informed his serene highness that the prince wished more troops.

Kutuzof frowned, and sent word to Dokhturof to take command of the first division, and begged the prince to return to him, as, so he said, he could not do without him at this important crisis.

When the report was brought that Murat was taken prisoner, and the staff hastened to congratulate Kutuzof, he smiled.

"Wait, gentlemen," said he. "There is nothing extraordinary in the victory being won, and Murat being a prisoner. But it is best to postpone our elation." Nevertheless, he sent one of his adjutants to ride along the lines, and announce this news to the troops.

When Shcherbinin came spurring up from the left flank to report that the French had captured the fleches and Semenovskoye, Kutuzof, judging from the sounds on the battle-field and by Shcherbinin's face that he was bringing bad news, got up, as though to stretch his legs, and, taking Shcherbinin by the arm, he led him to one side.

"Go, my dear,"* said he to Yermolof, "go and see if it is impossible to do anything."

Kutuzof was at Gorki, the centre of the position of the Russian troops. The assaults on our left flank, directed by Napoleon, had been several times repulsed. At the centre the French had not pushed beyond Borodino. On the right Uvarof's cavalry had put the French to flight.

At three o'clock the French attack began to slacken in violence. On the faces of all who came from the battle-field and of all who stood around him, Kutuzof read an expression of the most intense excitement. Kutuzof was satisfied with the success of the day, which surpassed his expectations. But the old man's physical strength began to desert him. Several times his head sank forward, as though out of his control, and he dozed. Something to eat was brought to him.

Flügel-adjutant Woltzogen, the one who, as he rode past

* *Golubchik.*

Prince Andrei, had declared that the war must spread into the country — *im Raum verlegen*. — and whom Bagration so detested, came riding up while Kutuzof was eating his dinner. Woltzogen came from Barclay with a report as to the course of affairs on the left wing. The prudent Barclay de Tolly seeing the throngs of wounded hastening to the rear, and the ragged ranks of the army, and taking all circumstances into consideration, decided that the battle was lost, and sent his favorite with this news to the general-in-chief.

Kutuzof laboriously mumbled a piece of roasted chicken and gazed at Woltzogen with squinting, jocose eyes.

Woltzogen, stretching his legs negligently, with a half-scornful smile on his lips, came to Kutuzof, barely lifting his hand to his visor. He behaved to his serene highness with a certain affectation of indifference, which was intended to show that he, as a highly cultured military man, permitted the Russians to make an idol of this good-for-nothing old man, but that *he* knew with whom he was dealing. "*Der alte Herr*" — "the old gentleman," as Kutuzof was called by the Germans in his circle — "*macht sich ganz bequem* — is taking things very easy," said Woltzogen to himself, and, casting a stern glance at the platter placed in front of Kutuzof, he proceeded to report to the old gentleman the position of affairs on the left flank, as Barclay had told him to do, and as he himself had seen and understood them.

"All the points of our position are in the enemy's hands, and we cannot regain them, because we have no troops; they are in full retreat, and there is no possibility of stopping them," was his report.

Kutuzof, ceasing to chew, stared at Woltzogen in amazement, as though not comprehending what was said to him.

Woltzogen, observing the *alter Herr's* excitement, said, with a smile, — "I did not feel that it was right to conceal from your serene highness what I have been witnessing. The troops are wholly demoralized" —

"You have seen it? You have seen it?" screamed Kutuzof, scowling, and leaping to his feet, and swiftly approaching Woltzogen. "How — how dare you?" — and he made a threatening gesture with his palsied hands, and, choking, he cried: "How dare you, dear sir, say this *to me*? You know nothing about it. Tell General Barclay from me that his observations are false, and that the actual course of the battle is better known to me, the commander-in-chief, than it is to him!" Woltzogen was about to make some remark, but Kutuzof cut him short: —

"The enemy are beaten on the left and crushed on the right. If you saw things wrong, my dear sir, still you should not permit yourself to say what you know nothing about. Be good enough to go to General Barclay and tell him that it is my absolute intention to attack the enemy to-morrow," said Kutuzof sternly.

All was silent, and all that could be heard was the heavy breathing of the excited old general.

"They are beaten all along the line, thank God and the gallantry of the Russian army for that! The enemy are crushed, and to-morrow we will drive them from the sacred soil of Russia," said Kutuzof, crossing himself, and suddenly the tears sprang to his eyes and he sobbed.

Woltzogen, shrugging his shoulders and pursing his lips, silently went to one side, expressing his amazement at the old gentleman's conceited stubbornness — *über diese Eingenommenheit des alten Herrn.*

"Ah, here comes my hero," exclaimed Kutuzof, to a stalwart, handsome, dark-haired general, who at this moment approached the kurgán.

This was Rayevsky, who had been all that day at the critical point of the field of Borodino.

Rayevsky reported that the troops were unmoved in their positions, and that the French did not dare to attack them any more.

On hearing this, Kutuzof said in French, — "Then you do not think, *as some others do*, that we are forced to withdraw?"

"On the contrary, your highness, in drawn battles it is always the stubbornest who can be called victorious," replied Rayevsky, — "and my opinion" — *

"Kaïsarof!" cried Kutuzof, summoning his adjutant. "Sit down and write an order for to-morrow. And you" — he said, addressing another, "hasten down the lines and have them understand that we attack to-morrow."

While Kutuzof was talking with Rayevsky and dictating his order of the day, Woltzogen came back from Barclay and announced that General Barclay de Tolly would like a written confirmation of the order which the field-marshal had delivered to him.

Kutuzof, not looking at Woltzogen, commanded this order to be written, which the former commander-in-chief desired to

* "*Vous ne pensez pas donc comme les autres que nous sommes obligés de nous retirer?*" — "*Au contraire, votre altesse, dans les affaires indécises, c'est toujours le plus opiniâtre qui reste victorieux — et mon opinion*" —

have since it completely relieved him of personal responsibility.

And by that intangible, mysterious connection which preserves throughout a whole army one and the same disposition, the so-called *esprit du corps*, and constitutes the chief sinew of an army, Kutuzof's words and his order for renewing the battle on the following day were known simultaneously from one end of the force to the other.

The exact words or the absolute form of the order were not indeed carried to the utmost limits of this organization; in the stories which were repeated in the widely separated ends of the lines there was very likely nothing like what Kutuzof really said; but the gist of his words was conveyed everywhere, for the reason that what Kutuzof said sprang not from logical reasoning, but was the genuine outcome of the sentiment that was in the heart of the commander-in-chief, finding a response in the heart of every Russian.

And when they knew that on the next day they were going to attack the enemy, and heard from the upper circles of the army the confirmation of what they wished to believe, these men, tortured by doubt, were comforted and encouraged.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

PRINCE ANDREI's regiment was among the reserves, which had been stationed until two o'clock behind Semenovskoye, doing nothing under the severe fire of the artillery. At two o'clock, the regiment, which had already lost more than two hundred men, was moved forward upon the trampled field of oats, on that space between Semenovskoye and the "Kurgán" battery, whereon thousands of men were killed that day, and toward which was now concentrated a tremendous fire, from several hundreds of the enemy's guns.

Without stirring from that spot, and not themselves replying with a single shot, the regiment lost here two-thirds of its effective. In front and especially at the right-hand side, amid the perpetual smoke, the cannons were booming,* and from that mysterious domain of smoke which shrouded all the space in front constantly flew the hissing and swiftly screaming projectiles, and the more deliberately sputtering shells. Sometimes, as though to give a respite, a quarter-hour would pass during which all the shot and shells would fly

* *Bubukhali.*

overhead, but then, again, several men would be struck down in the course of a moment, and they were constantly engaged in dragging the dead to one side, and carrying the wounded to the rear.

With each new casualty the chances of life were diminished for those who were as yet unscathed. The regiment was posted in battalion columns at intervals of three hundred paces, but, nevertheless, all the men were swayed by one and the same impulse. All the men of the regiment were without exception silent and melancholy. Once in a while a few words were spoken in the ranks, but this conversation was always abruptly cut short each time when the thud of the falling missile was heard, and the cry of "Stretchers!"

The larger part of the time, the men of the regiment, by their chief's orders, lay low on the ground. One man, having taken off his shako, was assiduously untying and again tying up the strings; another, with dry clay fashioned into a ball in his palms, was polishing up his bayonet; another had taken off the strap and was buckling his bandolier; still another was carefully untwisting his leg-wrappers and tying them on again, and changing his shoes.

Some dug shelters out of the ploughed land, or plaited wattles out of the stubble straw. All seemed entirely absorbed in their occupations. When any of them were killed or wounded, when the litters were brought into requisition, when our men were forced back, when the smoke opened a little and disclosed great masses of the enemy, no one paid any attention to these circumstances.

When, though, the artillery or the cavalry were moved forward, or our infantry could be seen executing some manœuvre, approving remarks were heard on all sides. But the most attention was excited by incidents entirely extraneous, which had absolutely no relation to the battle. It would seem as though the attention of these morally exhausted men were relieved by the contemplation of the events of every-day life.

A battery of artillery passed in front of the regiment. The off horse attached to one of the caissons got entangled in the traces.

"Hey! look out for your off horse!"—"Take care! He'll be down!"—"Ekh! Haven't they any eyes?" Such were the remarks shouted all along the line.

Another time, general attention was attracted by a small cinnamon-colored puppy which, with its tail stiffly erect, came from God knows where, and went flying at a desperate pace in front of the ranks, and, frightened by the sudden plunge of

a round shot which fell near it, set up a yelp, and sprang to one side with its tail between its legs. A roar of laughter and shouts ran along the line.

But diversions of this sort lasted only for a few minutes, while the men had been standing there for more than eight hours, without food, and inactive, under that ceaseless horror of death, and their pallid and anxious faces grew ever more pallid and more anxious.

Prince Andrei, like all the other men in his regiment anxious and pallid, paced back and forth along the meadow, next the oat-field, from one end to the other, with his arms behind his back, and with bent head. There was nothing for him to do or to order. Everything went like clockwork. The dead were dragged to one side, away from the front; the wounded were carried to the rear; the ranks were closed up. If the soldiers stood aside, they instantly hastened back to their places again.

At first Prince Andrei, considering it incumbent upon him to encourage his men and to set them an example of gallantry, kept walking up and down along the ranks; but afterwards he became convinced that they had nothing to learn from him. The whole energies of his soul, like those of every one of the soldiers, were unconsciously bent on avoiding the horrors of their situation.

He marched along the meadow, dragging his feet, trampling down the grass and contemplating the dust that covered his boots; then again with long strides he would try to step from ridge to ridge left by the mowers' scythes along the meadow; or, counting his steps, he would calculate how many times he must go from one boundary to the other in order to make a verst. He would pluck up the wormwood growing on the edge of the field, and rub the flowers between his palms, and sniff the powerful, penetrating bitter of their odor.

Nothing remained of the fabric of thought which he had so painfully elaborated the evening before. He thought of nothing at all. He listened with weary ears to that perpetual repetition of sounds, distinguishing the whistling of the missiles above the roar of the musketry. He gazed at the indifferent faces of the men in the first battalion, and waited.

"Here she comes!—That's one for us," he would say to himself as he caught the approaching screech of *something* from that hidden realm of smoke. "One, a second! There's another! It struck!"

He paused, and looked along the ranks. "No, it went over. Ah! but that one struck!"

And once more he would take up his promenade, trying to measure long steps, so as to reach the boundary in sixteen strides.

A screech, and a thud ! Within half a dozen steps from him a projectile flung up the dry soil and buried itself. An involuntary chill ran down his back. Once more he looked along the ranks: evidently many had been struck down; a great crowd had come together in the second battalion.

"Mr. Adjutant," he cried, "tell those men not to stand so close together."

The adjutant, having fulfilled the command, returned to Prince Andrei. From the other side the battalion commander rode up on horseback.

"Look out!" cried a soldier in a terrified voice; and like a bird rustling in its swift flight and settling earthward, a shell came plunging down, not noisily, within two paces of Prince Andrei, and near the battalion commander's horse.

The horse, not pausing to consider whether it were well or ill to manifest fear, snorted, shied, and, almost unseating the major, darted off. The horse's panic was shared by the men. "Lie down!" cried the adjutant, throwing himself on the ground.

Prince Andrei stood undecided. The shell, with its fuse smoking, was spinning like a top between him and the adjutant, on the very edge between the ploughed land and the meadow, near the clump of wormwood.

"Can this be death?" wondered Prince Andrei, casting a fleeting glance full of a newly born envy at the grass, the wormwood, and the thread of smoke that escaped from the whirling black ball. "I cannot, I will not die; I love life, I love this grass, the earth, the air" —

All this flashed through his mind, and at the same time he remembered that they were looking at him. "For shame, Mr. Officer!" he started to say to the adjutant. "Any" —

He did not finish. There came simultaneously a crash, a whizzing of fragments, as of broken glass, a powerful odor of gunpowder smoke, and Prince Andrei was struck in the side, and, throwing his arms up, he fell on his face.

Several officers hastened to him. From the right side of his abdomen a great gush of blood stained the grass.

The infantry who acted as bearers came up with their stretchers, and stood behind the officers. Prince Andrei lay with his face buried in the grass, gasping painfully.

"Now, then, why loiter? come on!"

The muzhiks came close and lifted him by the shoulders and legs; but he groaned piteously, and the men, exchanging glances, laid him down again.

"Bear a hand there! Up with him! it's all the same!" cried some one's voice. Once more they took him by the shoulders, and laid him on the stretcher.

"Ah! my God! my God! What?" — "In the belly? That finishes him!" — "Akh! Bozhe moi!" exclaimed various officers.

"Na! a fragment whizzed past my ear," said the adjutant.

The muzhiks, lifting the stretcher to their shoulders, hastily directed their steps along the path that they had already worn toward the "bandaging-point."

"Fall into step! — Oh! you men!" cried an officer, halting the muzhiks, who were walking out of step and jolting the stretcher. "In step there, can't you, Khveodor, — now, then, Khveodor!" exclaimed the front muzhik.

"Now that's the way!" cheerfully replied the rear one, falling into step.

"Your illustriousness — prince!" said Timokhin in a trembling voice, as he came up and looked at the stretcher.

Prince Andrei opened his eyes, and looked out from the stretcher in which his head was sunken, and when he saw who spoke, he again shut them.

The militia-men carried Prince Andrei to the forest, where the wagons were sheltered, and where the field lazaret had been established. This field lazaret, or bandaging-place, consisted of three tents with upturned flaps, pitched on the edge of the birch grove. Within the grove the wagons and horses were corralled. The horses were munching oats in haversacks, and the sparrows were pouncing down and carrying off the scattered grains; crows, scenting blood, and impatiently cawing, were flying about over the tree-tops.

Around the tents, occupying more than five acres* of ground, lay, and sat, and stood, blood-stained men in various attire.

Around the wounded stood a throng of stretcher-bearers, soldiers, with sad but interested faces, whom the officers, attempting to carry out orders, found it impossible to keep away. Not heeding the officers, the soldiers stood leaning on the stretchers and gazed steadily, as though trying to grasp the meaning of the terrible spectacle before their eyes.

From the tents could be heard loud, fierce sobs, then pitiful

* Two desyatins; a desyatin is 2.7 acres.

groans. Occasionally, assistants would come hurrying out after water, and signify the next ones who should be attended to. The wounded by the tents waited their turn, hoarsely crying, groaning, weeping, screaming, cursing, clamoring for vodka. Some were delirious.

Prince Andrei, as regimental commander, was carried through this throng of unbandaged sufferers, close to one of the tents, and there his bearers waited for further orders. He opened his eyes, and it was some time before he could comprehend what was going on around him. The meadow, the wormwood, the ploughed field, the black whirling ball, and that passionate throb of love for life occurred to his recollection.

A couple of paces distant from him, talking loudly and attracting general attention, stood a tall, handsome, non-commissioned officer, with a bandaged head, and leaning against a dead tree. He had been wounded in the head and leg with bullets. Around him, attracted by his talk, were gathered a throng of wounded and of stretcher-bearers.

"We gave it to him so hot that they dropped everything; they even left the king," cried the soldier, snapping his fiery black eyes and glancing around. "If only the reserves had been sent up just at that time, I tell you, brother, there would not have been left a show of him, because I am sure" —

Prince Andrei, like all the circle gathered around the speaker, gazed at him with gleaming eyes, and felt a sense of consolation. "But what difference does it make to me now?" he asked himself. "What is going to happen, and what does it mean? Why do I have such regret in leaving life? What was there in this life, which I have not understood, and which I still fail to understand?"

CHAPTER XXXVII.

ONE of the surgeons, with blood-soaked apron, and with his small hands covered with gore, holding a cigar between thumb and little finger, so as not to besmear it, came out of the tent. This doctor lifted his head and proceeded to look on all sides, but beyond the wounded. He was evidently anxious to get a little rest. Having for some time looked toward the right and then toward the left, he drew a long sigh and dropped his eyes.

"In a moment now," said he, in reply to his feldscher, who called his attention to Prince Andrei, and he gave orders for him to be carried into the tent.

The throng of wounded who had been waiting was disposed to grumble. "In this world it seems only 'gentlemen' are permitted to live!" exclaimed one.

Prince Andrei was taken in and deposited on a table which had only just been vacated. The feldscher was that instant engaged in rinsing something from it. Prince Andrei could not distinctly make out what there was in the tent. The pitiful groans on all sides, the excruciating agony in his ribs, his belly, and his back, distracted him. All that he saw around him was confused for him, in one general impression of naked, blood-stained human flesh, filling all the lower part of the tent, just as several weeks previously, on that hot August day, the same flesh had filled the filthy pond along the Smolensk highway. Yes, this was the same flesh, the same *chair à canon*, which even then the sight of, as though prophetic of what he now experienced, had filled him with horror.

There were three tables in this tent. Two were occupied. Prince Andrei was laid upon the third. He was left to himself for some little time, and he could not help seeing what was doing at the other two tables. On the one nearest lay a Tatar, — a Cossack to judge by his uniform, which was thrown down beside him. Four soldiers held him down. A surgeon in spectacles was using his knife on his cinnamon-colored, muscular back.

"Ukh! Ukh! Ukh!" — the Tatar grunted like a pig, and, suddenly turning up his swarthy face with its wide cheekbones and squat nose, and unsheathing his white teeth, he began to tug and to struggle, and set up a long, shrill, penetrating screech.

On the other table, around which were gathered a number of people, a large, stout man lay on his back, with his head thrown back. His streaming hair, its color, and the shape of the head seemed strangely familiar to Prince Andrei.

Several of the assistants were leaning on this man's chest, and holding him down. His large, stout, white leg was subject to an incessant and rapid trembling, as though it had the ague. This man was convulsively sobbing and choking. Two surgeons — one was pale and trembling — were silently doing something to this man's other handsome leg.

Having finished with the Tatar, over whom they threw his cloak, the spectacled surgeon, wiping his hands, came to Prince Andrei. He looked into Prince Andrei's face, and hastily turned away.

"Undress him. What are you dawdling for?" he cried severely to his feldschers.

Prince Andrei's very first and most distant childhood occurred to him, as the feldscher, with hasty hands, began to unbutton his clothes and remove them. The surgeon bent down low over the wound, probed it, and drew a heavy sigh. Then he made a sign to some one.

The exquisite agony which Prince Andrei felt within his abdomen caused him to lose consciousness.

When he came to himself, the broken splinters of ribs were removed, the torn clots of flesh cut away, and the wound was dressed.

They were dashing water into his face. As soon as Prince Andrei opened his eyes, the surgeon bent silently down to him, kissed him in the lips, and hastened away.

After the suffering which he had endured, Prince Andrei was conscious of a well-being such as he had not experienced for a long time.

All the best and happiest moments of his life, especially his earliest childhood, when they used to undress him and put him to bed, when his old nyanya used to lull him to sleep with her songs, when, as he buried his head in the pillows, he had felt himself happy in the mere consciousness of being alive: all recurred to his imagination, no longer as something long past, but as actuality.

Around that wounded man, whose features seemed familiar to Prince Andrei, the doctors were still busy, lifting him and trying to calm him.

"Show it to me. . . . Ooooo! o! Ooooo!" he groaned, his voice broken by frightened sobs, subdued by suffering.

Prince Andrei, hearing these groans, felt like weeping himself: either because he was dying without fame, or because he regretted being torn from life, or because of these recollections of a childhood never to return, or because he sympathized in the sufferings of others, and this man was groaning so piteously before him; but, at any rate, he felt like weeping good, childlike, almost happy tears.

The wounded man was shown the amputated leg, still in its boot, which was full of blood.

"O! Ooooo!" and he sobbed like a woman. The surgeon, who had been standing in front of the patient, and prevented his face from being seen, stepped to one side.

"My God! what does this mean? Why is *he* here?" Prince Andrei wondered.

In this wretched, sobbing, exhausted man, whose leg had only just been taken off, he recognized Anatol Kuragin. They

lifted Anatol's head, and gave him water in a glass; but his trembling, swollen lips could not close over the edge of the glass. Anatol was still sobbing bitterly.

"Yes, it is he! yes, this man who has been somehow so closely, so painfully, connected with my life!" said Prince Andrei to himself, not as yet realizing clearly all the circumstances. "What has been the link that connects this man with my childhood, with my life?" he asked himself, and could not find the answer to his question. And suddenly a new and unexpected remembrance from that world of the childlike, pure, and lovely past arose before Prince Andrei. He recalled Natasha just as he had seen her for the first time at the ball, in 1810, with her slender neck and arms, with her timid, happy face so easily wakened to enthusiasms, and his love and tenderness for her arose more keenly and powerfully in his soul than ever before. He remembered now the bond which existed between him and this man, who, through the tears that suffused his swollen eyes, was gazing at him with such an expression of agony. Prince Andrei remembered everything, and a solemn pity and love for this man welled up in his happy heart.

Prince Andrei could no longer restrain himself, and he wept tears of compassionate love and tenderness over other men and over himself, over their errors and his own.

"Sympathy, love for one's brothers, for those who love us, love for those who hate us, love for our enemies, yes, the love which God preached on earth, which the Princess Mariya taught me, and which I have not understood. — that is what made me feel regret for life; that is what would have remained for me if my life had been spared. But now it is too late. I know it."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE terrible spectacle of the battle-field, covered with corpses and wounded men, together with the heaviness of his head and the news that a score of famous generals had been killed and wounded, and together with the consciousness that his formerly powerful hands were powerless, had produced an unusual impression upon Napoleon, who, as a general thing, was fond of contemplating the killed and wounded, this being (as he thought) a proof of his mental force.

On this day the horrible spectacle of the battle-field over-

came this moral force whereby he had always manifested his worth and greatness. He hastened away from the battle-field and returned to the hill of Shevardino. Sallow, bloated, apathetic, with blood-shot eyes, red nose, and hoarse voice, he sat on his camp-chair, involuntarily listening to the sounds of the firing and not raising his eyes.

With sickening distress he awaited the end of this action, of which he regarded himself the principal participant, but which he was powerless to stay. A personal feeling of humanity for a brief moment became paramount over that artificial phantom of life which he had followed so long. He bore the weight of all the suffering and death which he had witnessed on the battle-field. The dull feeling in his head and chest reminded him of the possibility that he also might have to suffer and to die. At that instant he desired neither Moscow nor victory nor glory (and yet what glory he still required!). The one thing that he now desired was rest, repose, and liberty.

But as soon as he reached the Semenovskoye heights, an artillery general proposed to him to station a few batteries there for the sake of increasing the fire on the Russian troops massing in front of Kniazkovo. Napoleon consented, and ordered a report to be made to him as to the effect produced by these batteries.

An aide-de-camp came to say that, in accordance with the emperor's orders, two hundred cannon had been directed against the Russians, but that the Russians still held their ground.

"Our fire mows them down in rows, but still they stand," said the aide.

"*Ils en veulent encore!* — They want some more of the same!" said Napoleon in his husky voice.

"Sire?" inquired the aide, not quite understanding what the emperor said.

"*Ils en veulent encore,*" repeated Napoleon in his hoarse voice, with a frown, "*donnez leurs-en.* — Give it them."

Even without his orders what he did not wish was accomplished, and he repeated the form of the injunction, simply because he imagined that the injunction was expected of him. And again he returned into that former artificial world of illusions as to his majesty, and once more — like a horse which walks on the sliding plane of the tread-mill and all the time imagines that he is doing something for himself — again he began stubbornly to fulfil that cruel, painful, and trying and inhuman rôle which was imposed upon him.

It was not that on this day and this hour alone the intellect and conscience of this man, on whom weighed more heavily than on all the other participants of this action the responsibility for what was taking place, were darkened, but never, even to the end of his life, was he able to realize the goodness, or the beauty or the truth, or the real significance of his actions, since they were too much opposed to goodness and right, too far removed from all that was human, for him to be able to realize their significance. He could not disavow his actions, since they were approved by half of the world, and consequently he was compelled to disavow truth and goodness and all that was humane. It was not alone when having ridden round the field of battle strewn with dead and mutilated men — as he fondly supposed, through his volition — that in contemplating these men, he tried to calculate how many Russians one single Frenchman stood for, and, deceiving himself, found good reason for rejoicing that one Frenchman was equal to five Russians! This was not the only day that he wrote in his letter to Paris that *le champ de bataille a été superbe* — that the battle-field was magnificent — because there were fifty thousand corpses on it; but on the Island of Saint Helena as well, in the silence of his solitude, where he declared that he was going to devote his leisure moments to an exposition of the mighty deeds which he had accomplished, he wrote: —

“The Russian war should have been the most popular war of modern times: it was one of sound common sense and genuine advantage, calculated to bring peace and security to all; it was purely pacific and conservative.

“Its great purpose was to put an end to contingencies and to establish security. A new horizon, new labors would have opened up and brought well-being and prosperity to all. The European system was established; all that was left to do was to organize it.

“Satisfied on these great questions, and at peace with all the world, I also should have had my CONGRESS and my HOLY ALLIANCE. Those ideas were stolen from me. In this great council of monarchs we should have discussed our interests as in a family, and ruled the nations with a high sense of our responsibilities.

“Thus Europe would soon have become in reality but a single people, and every man, wherever he might travel, would always find himself in the common fatherland. I would have insisted on all navigable rivers being free to all, on all having equal rights to all seas, and on all the great standing armies being henceforth reduced to a guard for the sovereigns.

“On my return to France, being established in the heart of a country rendered great, magnificent, tranquil, glorious, I should have proclaimed her boundaries unchangeable: all future war purely *defensive*; all new aggrandizement *anti-national*. I should have made my son my partner

on the throne; my *dictatorship* would have ended and his constitutional reign would have begun —

"Paris would have become the capital of the world and the French the envy of the nations.

"Then my leisure and my old days would have been devoted, during my son's royal apprenticeship, to making tours in company with the empress — with our own horses and taking our time, like a worthy country couple — through all the nooks and corners of the empire, receiving petitions, redressing wrongs, establishing wherever we went and everywhere monuments and benefactions." *

This man foreordained by Providence to play the painful, predestined part of executioner of the nations, persuaded himself that the end and aim of his actions was the good of the nations, and that he could have ruled the destinies of millions, and loaded them with benefits, if he had been given the power!

He wrote further concerning the Russian war as follows: —

"Out of the four hundred thousand men who crossed the Vistula, half were Austrians, Prussians, Saxons, Poles, Bavarians, Württembergers, Mecklenbergers, Spaniards, Italians, and Neapolitans. The imperial army, properly speaking, was one-fourth composed of Dutch and Belgians, the inhabitants of the banks of the Rhine, Piedmontese, Swiss, Genevese, Tuscans, Romans, the inhabitants of the thirty-second military district, — Bremen, Hamburg, etc.; it counted scarcely one hundred and forty thousand men who spoke French. The Russian expedition cost France less than fifty thousand men: the Russian army, during the retreat from Vilno to Moscow in the various battles, lost four times as many as the French army; the burning of Moscow cost the life of one hundred thousand Russians, who perished of cold and starvation in the forests, and moreover, in its march from Moscow to the Oder, the Rus-

* *La guerre de Russie a dû être la plus populaire des temps modernes: c'était celle du bon sens et des vrais intérêts, celle du repos et de la sécurité de tous; elle était purement pacifique et conservatrice. C'était pour la grande cause, la fin des hasards et le commencement de la sécurité. Un nouvel horizon, de nouveaux travaux allaient se dérouler, tout plein du bien-être et de la prospérité de tous. Le système Européen se trouvait fondé: il n'était plus question que de l'organiser. Satisfait sur ces grands points et tranquille par-tout, j'aurais eu aussi mon congrès et ma sainte-alliance. Ce sont des idées qu'on m'a volées. Dans cette réunion de grands souverains, nous eussions traité de nos intérêts en famille et compté de clerc à maître avec les peuples. L'Europe n'eût bientôt fait de la sorte véritablement qu'un même peuple, et chacun, en voyageant partout, se fut trouvé toujours dans la patrie commune. J'eus demandé toutes les rivières navigables pour tous, la communauté des mers et que les grandes armées permanentes fussent réduites désormais à la seule garde des souverains. De retour en France au sein de la patrie, grande, forte, magnifique, tranquille, glorieuse, j'eusse proclamé ses limites immuables: toute guerre future, purement défensive; tout agrandissement nouveau anti-national. J'eusse associé mon fils à l'empire; ma dictature eût fini, et son règne constitutionnel eût commencé. Paris eût été la capitale du monde, et les français l'enrie des nations. Mes loisirs ensuite et mes vieux jours eussent été consacrés, en compagnie de l'empératrice et durant l'apprentissage royal de mon fils, à visiter lentement et en vrai couple campagnard, avec nos propres chevaux, tous les recoins de l'empire, recevant les plaintes, redressant les torts, semant de toutes parts et partout les monuments et les bienfaits, etc.*

sian army suffered from the inclemency of the season. On its arrival at Vilno it counted only fifty thousand men, and at Kalish less than eighteen thousand."

He imagined that the war with Russia came about by his own will, and the horror of what took place did not stir his soul within him. He audaciously took upon himself the entire responsibility of the event, and his darkened intellect found justification in the fact that, among the hundreds of thousands of men destroyed, there were fewer French than Hessians and Bavarians !

CHAPTER XXXIX.

SEVERAL score thousands of men lay dead in various positions and uniforms on the fields and meadows belonging to Mr. Davuidof and certain crown serfs, on those fields and meadows where for centuries the peasants of Borodino, Gorki, Shevardino, and Semenovskoye had with one accord harvested their crops and pastured their cattle.

Around the field lazarets, for several acres, the grass and ground were soaked with blood. Throngs of men, wounded and not wounded, belonging to various commands, from the one side fell back to Mozhaïsk, from the other to Valuyevo. Other throngs, weary and hungry, led by their chiefs, moved onward to the front. Still others stood in their places and went on firing.

Over the entire field where, in the morning, the sun had shone on glittering bayonets and wreaths of smoke, now lowered a wrack of damp and smoke, and the air was foul with a strange reek of nitrous fumes and blood.

Clouds had gathered, and the rain-drops began to fall on the dead, on the wounded, on the panic-stricken, and the weary, and the despairing. It seemed to say to them : " Enough ! enough ! ye men ! Cease ! — Remember ! What are ye doing ? "

The men on either side, utterly weary, without nourishment and without rest, began alike to question whether it were any advantage for them longer to exterminate each other, and hesitation could be seen in every face, and in every mind the question arose : " Why, wherefore are ye killing and being killed ? Kill whomever ye please, do whatever ye please, but as for me I will no more of it ! "

This thought, toward late afternoon, alike burned in the heart of each. At any moment all these men might suddenly manifest their horror at what they had been doing, give it all up and fly anywhere it might happen.

But although, toward the end of the struggle, the men began to feel all the horror of their actions, although they would have been glad to cease, some strange, incomprehensible, mysterious power still continued to direct them, and the surviving gunners, — one out of every three, — covered with sweat, grimed with powder, and stained with blood, staggering and panting with weariness, still lugged the projectiles, charged the guns, sighted them, applied the slow-matches, and the shot flew just as swiftly and viciously from the one side and the other, and crushed human forms, and still that strange affair went on which was accomplished, not by the will of men, but by the will of Him who rules men and worlds.

Any one who had looked at the vanishing remnants of the Russian army would have said that all the French needed to do would be to put forth one small last effort and the Russian army would vanish, and any one who had looked at the remnants of the French would have said that all that the Russians had to do was to make one small last effort and the French would be destroyed. But neither the French nor the Russians put forth this last effort, and the flame of the conflict slowly flickered out.

The Russians did not make this effort because they did not charge the French. At the beginning of the battle they merely stood on the road to Moscow, disputing it, and in exactly the same way they continued to stand at the end of the battle as they had stood at the beginning. But if the aim of the Russians had been to defeat the French, they could not put forth this last effort because all the Russian troops had been defeated, there was not a single division of their army that had not suffered in the engagement, and, though the Russians still held their own, they had lost a **HALF** of their troops.

The French, with the recollections of all their fifteen years of past victories, with their confidence in Napoleon's invincibility, with the consciousness that they had got possession of a portion of the battle-field, that their loss was only a quarter of their contingent, and that they had still twenty thousand in reserve, not counting the Guard, might easily have put forth this effort. The French, who were attacking the Russian army with the intention of defeating it, ought to have made this effort, because so long as the Russians disputed the road to Moscow, as they did before the battle began, the aim of the French was not attained, and all their efforts and losses were thrown away.

But the French did not put forth this effort.

Certain historians assert that Napoleon had only to send forward his Old Guard, who were still fresh, and the battle would have been won. To say what would have happened if Napoleon had sent forward the Guard is just the same as to say what would happen if autumn turned into spring.

It was an impossibility.

Napoleon did not send forward his Guard, not because he did not want to do it, but because it was impossible for him to do it. All the generals, all the officers and soldiers of the French army knew that it was impossible to do this, because the dejected spirit of the army would not allow it.

Napoleon was not the only one to experience that nightmare feeling that the terrible blow of the arm was falling in vain, but all his generals, all the soldiers of the French army who took part or who did not take part, after all their experiences in former battles, when, after exerting a tenth as much force as now, the enemy would be vanquished, now experienced alike a feeling of awe at that enemy which, having lost a *HALF* of its troops, still stood just as threateningly at the end as it had stood at the beginning of the engagement.

The moral force of the French attacking army was exhausted.

Victory is not that which is signalized by the fastening of certain strips of cloth called flags to poles, nor by the space on which troops have stood or are standing; but victory is moral, when the one side has been persuaded as to the moral superiority of the other and of its own weakness; and such a victory was won by the Russians over the French at Borodino.

The invading army, like an exasperated beast of prey, having received, as it ran, a mortal wound, became conscious that it was doomed; but it could not halt any more than the Russian army, which was not half so strong, could help giving way. After the shock which had been given, the French army was still able to crawl to Moscow; but there, without any new efforts on the part of the Russian troops, it was doomed to perish, bleeding to death from the mortal wound received at Borodino.

The direct consequence of the battle of Borodino was Napoleon's causeless flight from Moscow, the return along the old Smolensk highway, the ruin of the five hundred thousand men of the invading army, and the destruction of Napoleonic France, on which at Borodino was for the first time laid the hand of an opponent stronger by force of spirit!

PART THIRD.

CHAPTER I.

It is impossible for the human intellect to grasp the idea of continuous motion. Man can begin to understand the laws of any kind of motion only when he takes into consideration arbitrarily selected units of such motion. But at the same time from this arbitrary division of unbroken motion into measurable units flows the greater part of human errors.

Take, for instance, the so-called "sophism" of the ancients, to prove that Achilles would never overtake a tortoise that had the start of him, even though Achilles ran ten times more swiftly than the tortoise. As soon as Achilles had passed over the distance between them, the tortoise would have advanced one-tenth of that distance; Achilles runs that tenth, the tortoise advances a hundredth, and so on *ad infinitum*.

This problem seemed to the ancients unsolvable. The fallacy of the reasoning that Achilles would never overtake the tortoise arose from this: simply, that intermitted units of motions were arbitrarily taken for granted, whereas the motion of Achilles and the tortoise were continuous.

By assuming ever smaller and smaller units of motion, we only approach the settlement of this question, we never really attain to it. Only by assuming infinitesimal quantities, and the progression up to one-tenth, and by taking the sum of this geometrical progression, can we attain the solution of the question. The new branch of mathematics which is the science of reckoning with infinitesimals enables us to deal with still more complicated problems of motion, and solves problems which to the ancients seemed unanswerable.

This new branch of mathematics, which was unknown to the ancients, and applies so admirably to the problems of motion, by admitting infinitesimally small quantities, — that is, those by which the principal condition of motion is re-established, — namely, absolute continuity, — in itself corrects the inevitable error which the human mind is bound to

make when it contemplates the separate units of motion instead of continuous motion.

In searching for the laws of historical movements precisely the same things must be observed. The progress of humanity, arising from an infinite collection of human wills, is continuous.

The attainment of the laws of this onward march is the aim of history.

But in order to discover the laws of continuous motion in the sum of all the volitions of men, human reason assumes arbitrary and separate units. History first studies an arbitrary series of uninterrupted events, and contemplates it separate from the others, albeit there is and can be no beginning of an event, but every event is the direct outgrowth of its predecessor.

Secondly, history studies the deeds of a single man, a tsar, a colonel, as representing the sum of men's volitions, when in reality the sum of men's volitions is never expressed in the activities of any one historical personage.

The science of history is constantly taking ever smaller and smaller units for study, and in this way strives to reach the truth. But, however small the units which history takes, we feel that the assumption of any unit separate from another, the assumption of a *beginning* of any phenomenon whatever, and the assumption that the volitions of all men are expressed in the actions of any historical character, must be false *per se*.

Every deduction of history falls to pieces, like powder, without the slightest effort on the part of a critique, leaving nothing behind it, simply in consequence of the fact that the critique chooses as the object of its observation a more or less interrupted unit; and it has always the right to do this, since every historical unit is always arbitrary.

Only by assuming the infinitesimal unit for our observation — as the differential of history — in other words the homogeneous tendencies of men, and by attaining the art of integrating (calculating the sum of these infinitesimal differentials), can we expect to attain to the laws of history.

The first fifteen years of the nineteenth century in Europe exhibit an extraordinary movement of millions of men. Men abandon their ordinary vocations, rush from one end of Europe to the other, rob, slaughter each other; they triumph and despair, and the whole course of their lives is for a

number of years changed, and undergoes a powerful movement, which at first goes on increasing and then slackens.

"What is the cause of this movement, or by what laws did it take place?" asks the human mind.

The historians, replying to this question, bring to our notice certain acts and speeches of certain dozens of men, in one of the buildings of the city of Paris, and call these acts and speeches "the Revolution;" then they give a circumstantial account of Napoleon, and of certain sympathizers and enemies of his, tell about the influence which certain of these individuals had upon the others, and they say: "This was the cause of this movement, and here are its laws."

But the human mind not only refuses to put credence in this explanation, but declares, up and down, that this manner of explanation is fallacious, for the reason that, according to it, a feeble phenomenon is taken as the cause of a mighty one. The sum of human volitions produced both the Revolution and Napoleon, and only the sum of these volitions sustained them and destroyed them.

"But in every case where there have been conquests there have been conquerors; in every case where there have been revolutions in a kingdom there have been great men," says history.

"Indeed, in every case where conquerors have appeared, there have been wars," replies human reason; but this does not prove that the conquerors were the cause of the wars, or that it is possible to discover the laws of war in the personal activity of a single man.

In every case when I, looking at my watch, observe that the hand points at ten, I hear the bells ringing in the neighboring church; but from the fact that in every case when the hand reaches ten o'clock, the ringing of the bells begins, I have no right to draw the conclusion that the position of the hands is the cause of the motion in the bells.

Every time when I observe an engine in motion, I hear the sound of the whistle, I see the valves open and the wheels in motion; but from this I have no right to conclude that the whistle and the movement of the wheels are the cause of the movement of the engine.

The peasants say that in late spring the cold wind blows because the oak-tree is budding, and it is a fact that every spring a cold wind blows when the oaks are in bloom. But, although the cause of the cold wind blowing during the blossoming-time of the oaks is unknown to me, I am unable to

agree with the peasants in attributing the cause of the cold winds to the bourgeoning buds on the oaks, for the reason that the force of the wind has nothing to do with the oak-buds. I see only a coincidence of their conditions, which is found in all the phenomena of life, and I see that, no matter how carefully I may contemplate the hands of the watch, the valves and wheels of the engine, and the oak-buds, I shall never learn the cause that makes the church-bell chime, the engine to move, and the wind to blow in the spring. To discover this, I must entirely change my point of view, and study the laws that regulate steam, bells, and the wind.

History must do the same thing.

And experiments in this have already been made.

For, studying the laws of history, we must absolutely change the objects of our observation, leave kings, ministers, and generals out of the account, and select for study the homogeneous, infinitesimal elements which regulate the masses. No one can say how far it is given to man to attain by this path toward understanding the laws of history; but evidently it is only on this path that there is any possibility of grasping the laws of history, and the human intellect has not, so far, devoted to this method the one-millionth part of the energies which have been expended by historians in the description of the deeds of various kings, captains, and ministers, and in the elucidation of their combinations, which were based upon these deeds.

CHAPTER II.

THE forces of a dozen nations of Europe invaded Russia.

The Russian army and the people, avoiding collision, withdraw before the enemy to Smolensk, and from Smolensk to Borodino. The French army, with continually increasing impetus, advances upon Moscow, the goal of its destination.

As it approaches the goal, its impetus increases, just as the velocity of a falling body increases as it approaches the earth. Behind it are thousands of versts of devastated, hostile country; before it, only a few dozen versts separate it from its goal. Every soldier in Napoleon's army is conscious of this, and the invading force moves forward by its own momentum.

In the Russian army, in proportion as it retreats, the spirit of fury against the enemy becomes more and more inflamed; during the retreat it grows concentrated and more vigorous.

At Borodino, the collision takes place.

Neither the one army nor the other is dispersed, but immediately after the collision, the Russian army recoils, as inevitably as a ball recoils when struck by another in the impetus of full flight. And just as inevitably the colliding ball moves a certain distance forward (although it loses its force by the collision).

The Russians retire one hundred and twenty versts to a point beyond Moscow; the French enter the city, and there come to a standstill.

During the five weeks that follow, there is not a single battle. The French do not stir.

Like a wild beast mortally wounded, which licks its profusely bleeding wounds, the French remain for five weeks at Moscow, making no attempts to do anything. Then, suddenly, without apparent reason, they fly back; they take the road to Kaluga, and, after one more victory, since the field of Malo-Yaroslavets is theirs, they retreat still more rapidly, without risking any important battle, to Smolensk, beyond Smolensk, beyond Vilno, beyond the Berezina, and so on.

On the night of September 7, Kutuzof and the whole Russian army were persuaded that they had won the battle of Borodino. Kutuzof even thus reported to his sovereign.

Kutuzof gave orders to prepare for another battle to finish with the enemy, not because he wanted to deceive any one, but because he knew that the enemy had been beaten; and this fact was likewise known by both parties in the battle.

But that night, and the next day, reports began to arrive of the unprecedented losses sustained, of the army being reduced to one-half, and another battle seemed physically impossible.

It was vain to undertake another battle, when their condition was as yet unknown, their wounded uncared for, their dead uncounted, fresh missiles not furnished, new officers not replacing their dead generals, and their men unrefreshed by food and sleep.

Moreover, the French army, immediately after the battle, the next morning, by the law of momentum, its force increasing inversely according to the square of the distance, had already begun to move of itself upon the Russian army.

Kutuzof wanted to renew the attack on the following day, and all his army desired this. But the desire to make an attack is not enough. There must also be the possibility of doing it; and in this case possibility was lacking.

It was impossible to prevent retreating one day's march;

in the same way, it was impossible to prevent retreating a second day's march, then a third, and finally, when, on September 13, the army reached Moscow, although the troops had regained their spirits, the force of circumstances obliged them to retire beyond the city, and they made this one last retrograde movement and abandoned Moscow to the enemy.

To those who are wont to think that generals plan their wars and battles in the same way as we, seated tranquilly in our libraries, with a map spread before us, make up combinations and ask ourselves what measures we should have taken in such and such a war, to such persons the questions arise, Why did not Kutuzof, in beating a retreat, stop in this place or in that? — why did he not occupy some position before reaching Fili? — why did he not at once take the road to Kaluga, leaving Moscow to itself? and so on.

Men wonted to think in this way forget or do not know the inevitable conditions by which every commander-in-chief must act. His occupation has nothing at all analogous to what we fondly imagine it to be; we sit comfortably in our libraries, picking out, with the aid of a map, a campaign with a given number of troops on the one side and the other, and in a given locality, and beginning at some given moment.

The general-in-chief is never, at the *beginning* of an action, surrounded by conditions such as we always have when we consider the action. The commander-in-chief is always at the centre of a series of hurrying events, so that he is not in a condition, for a single instant, to comprehend the whole significance of what is going on. The action is imperceptible, unfolding from instant to instant; and at every instant of this uninterrupted, continuous succession of events, the commander-in-chief is at the centre of a complicated game of intrigues, labors, perplexities, responsibilities, projects, counsels, dangers, and deceits, and is obliged to reply to an infinite number of contradictory questions, which are submitted to him.

Military critics assure us, in the most serious manner, that Kutuzof should have led his troops along the Kaluga road, before ever he thought of retreating to Fili; that such a course was even suggested to him. But a commander-in-chief has, especially at a decisive moment, not one project alone, but a dozen projects to examine at once. And all of these projects, based upon strategy and tactics, are mutually contradictory. It is the office of the commander-in-chief, so it would seem, simply to select some one of these projects that

are suggested ; but even this he cannot do. Time and events will not wait.

Let us suppose that on the tenth of September it is proposed to Kutuzof to cross over to the Kaluga road, but that at the same moment an adjutant from Miloradovitch gallops up, and asks whether they shall at once engage with the French or retire. This question must be decided instantly. But the order to retire prevents us from the *détour* along the Kaluga highway.

Immediately after the adjutant, the commissary asks where the stores are to be transported ; the chief of ambulance wishes to know where the wounded shall be carried ; a courier from Petersburg brings a letter from the sovereign, declaring the abandonment of Moscow to be impossible ; a rival of the commander-in-chief, who is trying to undermine his authority. — there are always several such, not one alone, — presents a new plan, diametrically opposed to that favoring retreat by the Kaluga road.

The commander-in-chief is thoroughly exhausted, and needs sleep and refreshment. But a general who has been passed over without a decoration comes to make a complaint ; the inhabitants implore protection ; an officer, who has been sent out to reconnoitre, returns, and brings a report directly contrary to that brought by the officer who had been sent out before him ; a spy and a captive and a general who have made a reconnoitring tour all describe in a different way the position of the enemy.

Men who are not accustomed to consider, or who forget the inevitable conditions controlling the activity of every commander-in-chief, show us, for example, the situation of the troops at Fili, and take for granted that the commander-in-chief had till September 13 to decide the question as to the abandonment or defence of Moscow ; whereas, in the position of the Russian army, within five versts of Moscow, this question could not even arise.

At what point, then, was this question decided ?

It was decided at Drissa, at Smolensk, still more palpably, on September 5, at Shevardino, at Borodino on the 7th, and every day, every hour, and every minute of the retreat from Borodino to Fili.

CHAPTER III.

THE Russian army, having retreated from Borodino, paused at Fili. Yermolof, who had been sent by Kutuzof to reconnoitre the position, came back to the field-marshal and said: "There is no possibility of fighting in this position."

Kutuzof looked at him in amazement, and asked him to repeat what he had said. When he did so, Kutuzof reached toward him:—

"Give me your hand," said he; and, turning it round so as to feel his pulse, he said: "You are ill, my dear!* Think what you are saying."

Not even yet could Kutuzof comprehend that it was within the limits of possibility to retire beyond Moscow without a battle. Kutuzof got out of his carriage on the Paklonnaya† Hill, six versts from the Dorogomilovskaya barrier, and sat down on a bench at the edge of the road. A portentous array of generals gathered around him. Count Rostopchin, who had driven out from Moscow, joined them.

All this brilliant society, dividing itself into little circles, was discussing together the advantages and disadvantages of the position, the condition of the forces, the various plans proposed, the state of Moscow, and about military matters in general. All felt that this was a council of war, although they had not been convened for the purpose, and though it was not called so. All conversation was confined to the domain of these general questions. If any one communicated or heard private news, it was done in a whisper, and such digressions were immediately followed by a return to the general questions; not a jest, not a laugh, not even a smile, was exchanged among all these men.

All, though it evidently required an effort, tried to maintain themselves to the height of the occasion. And all these groups, engaged in conversation, strove to keep close to the commander-in-chief—the bench on which he sat was the centre of these circles—and they spoke so that they might be overheard by him.

The commander-in-chief listened, and occasionally asked for a repetition of what was said around him; but he did not himself mingle in the conversation, and he expressed no opinion. For the most part, after listening to what was said in

* *Golubchik.*

† *Salutation.*

any little group, he would turn abruptly away with a look of disgust, as though what they said was not at all what he wanted to hear.

Some talked about the position chosen; criticising not the position so much as they did the intellectual characteristics of those who had selected it. Others tried to prove that a mistake had been made before, that they should have accepted battle two days before; still others were talking about the battle of Salamanca, which a Frenchman, named Crossart, who had just arrived in a Spanish uniform, described to them.

This Frenchman was discussing the siege of Salamanca, with one of the German princes serving in the Russian army, and laying it down that Moscow could be defended in the same way.

In a fourth group, Count Rostopchin was declaring that he, together with the Moscow city troop,* had been ready to perish under the walls of the capital, but that still he could not help regretting the uncertainty in which he had been left, and that if he had only known about this before, things would have been different.

A fifth group, making a display of the profundity of their strategical calculations, talked about the route which our troops ought to have taken. A sixth group talked sheer nonsense.

Kutuzof's face kept growing more and more troubled and melancholy. From all these scraps of conversation he drew one conclusion: that to defend Moscow was not a physical possibility in the full meaning of the words; that is, so far it was an impossibility that if any commander-in-chief should be senseless enough to issue the order to give battle, confusion would ensue, and no battle would take place; it would not take place for the reason that all the high nachalniks not only pronounced the position untenable, but, as they talked, they gave their opinions only in regard to what was to ensue after the abandonment of this position, which was taken for granted. How could these generals lead their troops upon a field of battle which they regarded as untenable?

The nachalniks of lower rank, even the soldiers (who also had their opinions), in the same way, considered the position impossible, and, therefore, they could not be expected to fight when they were morally sure that they were going to be defeated. If Benigsen still urged the defence of this position, and the others still were willing to discuss it, this question,

* *Druzhina*.

nevertheless, had no significance in itself; the only significance was the pretext which it offered for quarrels and intrigues. Kutuzof understood this.

Benigsen, having selected a position, hotly insisted on the defence of Moscow, thereby making a show of his Russian patriotism. Kutuzof, as he listened to him, could not help frowning. Benigsen's motive was to him as clear as day; in case of disaster and failure, he would lay the blame on Kutuzof, who had led the troops, without a battle, to the Sparrows Hills; while, in the event of success, he would claim all the credit of it for himself; but if he refused to make the attempt, he would wash his hands of the crime of abandoning Moscow.

But the old man was not at the present occupied with this intrigue. One single, terrible question occupied him. And the answer to this question he could obtain from no one. This question now merely consisted in this:—

“Is it possible that I have allowed Napoleon to reach Moscow, and when did I do it? When was this decided upon? Was it yesterday, when I sent to Platof the order to retreat, or was it day before yesterday, in the evening, when I was sleepy, and ordered Benigsen to make what dispositions he pleased? Or was it before that? — But when, when was this terrible deed decided upon? Moscow must be abandoned! The troops must retire, and this order must be promulgated!”

To issue this terrible order seemed to him tantamount to resigning the command of the army. But, though he loved power, and was used to it (the honor granted to Prince Progorovsky, to whose staff he was attached while he was in Turkey, annoyed him), still he was persuaded that the salvation of Russia was predestined to be accomplished by him; and, only for this reason, against the sovereign's will, and in accordance with the will of the people, he had been placed in supreme command. He was convinced that he alone could, in these trying circumstances, maintain himself at the head of the army; that he was the only one in all the world who was able to view without horror the invincible Napoleon as his opponent, and he was overwhelmed at the mere thought of the command which he was obliged to give. But it was essential to come to some decision; it was essential to cut short these discussions around him, which were beginning to assume altogether too free a character.

He called to him the senior generals, —

"*Ma tête, fut elle bonne ou mauvaise, n'a qu'à s'aider d'elle-même* — my judgment, whether good or bad, must be its own reliance," said he, as he got up from the bench; and he drove to Fili, where his horses were stabled.

CHAPTER IV.

A COUNCIL was convened at two o'clock, in the largest and best room of the muzhik Andrei Savostyanof's cottage. The men, women, and children belonging to the muzhik's large household were huddled together in the living-room * across the entry. Only Andrei's granddaughter, Malasha, a little girl of six summers, whom his serene highness had caressed and given a lump of sugar, while he was drinking tea, remained in the large room, on the stove. Malasha coyly and gleefully looked down from the stove on the faces, uniforms, and crosses of the generals who came one after the other into the izbá and took their places on the wide benches in the "red corner," under the holy pictures.

The "little grandfather" † himself, as Malasha secretly called Kutuzof, sat apart from the rest, in the "dark corner," behind the stove. He sat deeply ensconced in a camp-chair, and kept grumbling and pulling at his coat-collar, which, though it was turned back, seemed to choke him.

The men, as they came in one at a time, came to pay their respects to the field-marshal. He shook hands with some of them; he merely nodded to others. Adjutant Kaisarof was about to draw the curtain at the window, over against Kutuzof, but the general fiercely waved his hand at him, and Kaisarof understood that his serene highness did not wish his face to be seen. Around the muzhik's deal table, whereon lay maps, plans, lead-pencils, sheets of paper, were gathered so many men that the servants had to bring in still another bench and set it down near the table.

On this bench sat the late comers: Yermolof, Kaisarof, and Toll. Under the images, in the place of honor, sat Barclay de Tolly, with the George round his neck, and with pale, sickly face and lofty brow, between which and the bald head there was no dividing line. For two days he had been suffering from an attack of ague, and at this very moment he was chilled and shaking with fever.

Next him sat Uvarof, and in a low tone of voice (which

* *Chórnaya izbá* (black hut), the back room. † *Dyéduška*.

they all used) was making some communication with swift, eager gestures.

The little round Dokhturof, arching his brows and folding his hands on his paunch, was attentively listening.

On the other side sat Count Ostermann-Tolstoi, with fearless features and gleaming eyes, leaning his big head on his hand, and seemed immersed in his thoughts.

Rayevsky, with a look expressing impatience, was, as usual, engaged in twisting his black curls forward into love-locks, and now gazed at Kutuzof, now at the front door.

Konovnitsuin's reliable, handsome, good face was lighted by a shrewd and friendly smile. He was trying to catch Malasha's eyes, and was winking at her and making the little one smile.

All were waiting for Benigsen: who had made a pretext of wishing once more to examine the position so as to eat his sumptuous dinner in peace. They waited for him from four o'clock till six; and all that time they refrained from any deliberation, but talked in undertones about irrelevant matters. Only when Benigsen entered the izbá did Kutuzof leave his corner and approach the table, but even then he took care that the candles placed there should not light up his face.

Benigsen opened the council with the question, "Shall the holy and ancient capital of Russia be deserted without a blow being struck, or shall it be defended?" A long and uninterrupted silence followed. All faces grew grave, and in the silence could be heard Kutuzof's angry grunting and coughing. All eyes were fixed upon him. Malasha also gazed at the "little grandfather." She was nearer to him than any of the others, and could see how his face was covered with frowns: he seemed to be ready to burst into tears. But this did not last long.

"*The holy, ancient capital of Russia!*" he suddenly repeated in a gruff voice, repeating Benigsen's language, and thereby making them feel the false note in these words. "Permit me to tell you, your illustriousness, that this question has no sense for a Russian." (He leaned forward with his heavy body.) "It is impossible to face such a question, and such a question has no sense. The question for which I have convened these gentlemen is a military one. That question is as follows: — The salvation of Russia is her army. Would it be more to our advantage to risk the loss of the army and of Moscow too by accepting battle, or to abandon Moscow without a battle? It is on this question that I wish

to know your minds." (He threw himself back into his chair again.)

The discussion began.

Benigsen refused to believe that the game was yet played out. Granting the opinion of Barclay and the others, that it was impossible to accept a defensive battle at Fili, he, being thoroughly imbued with Russian patriotism and love for Moscow, proposed to lead the troops during the night, over from the right to the left flank, and on the next day to strike a blow at the right wing of the French.

Opinions were divided; discussion waxed hot over the pros and cons of this movement. Yermolof, Dokhturof, and Rayevsky concurred with Benigsen's views. Whether they were dominated by a sense that some sacrifice was necessary before the capital was abandoned, or whether it was personal considerations that influenced them, still the fact was, all these generals seemed unable to comprehend that this advice could not alter the inevitable course of events, and that Moscow was already practically abandoned.

The other generals understood this, and, setting aside the question of Moscow, they merely discussed the route which the army in its retrograde march should take.

Malasha, who, with steady eyes, gazed at what was going on before her, understood the significance of this council in an entirely different way. It seemed to her that the trouble was merely a personal quarrel between the "little grandfather" and "long-skirts," as she called Benigsen. She saw that they got excited when they talked together, and her soul clung to the "little grandfather's" side.

In the midst of the discussion she remarked the keen, shrewd glance which he cast upon Benigsen, and immediately after, much to her delight, she noticed that the "little grandfather," in saying something to "long-skirts," offended him. Benigsen suddenly flushed, and angrily walked across the room. The words which had such an effect upon Benigsen were spoken in a calm, low tone, and merely expressed Kutuzof's opinion as to the advisability or inadvisability of Benigsen's suggestion; that is, to lead the troops during the night, from the right to the left flank, so as to attack the right wing of the French.

"Gentlemen!" said Kutuzof, "I cannot approve of the count's plan. Transfers of troops in the immediate proximity of the enemy are always dangerous, and military history confirms this view. Thus for example" — (Kutuzof paused as

though trying to call up the desired example, and gave Benigsen a frank, naive look) — “yes, suppose we should take the battle of Friedland, which I presume the count remembers was — well — about as good as given away simply for the reason that our troops attempted to cross from one flank to the other while the enemy were in too close proximity” —

A silence followed, lasting for a minute, but seeming an age to all present.

The discussion was again renewed; but there were frequent interruptions, and there was a general feeling that there was nothing more to be said.

During one of these lulls in the conversation, Kutuzof drew a long sigh, as though he were preparing to speak. All looked at him.

“*Eh bien, Messieurs, je vois que c'est moi qui payerai les pots cassés* — I see that I must bear the brunt of it,” said he. And slowly getting to his feet he approached the table, — “Gentlemen, I have listened to your views. Some of you will be dissatisfied with me. But” — (he hesitated) “I, in virtue of the power confided to me by the sovereign and the country, I command that we retreat.”

Immediately after this, the generals began to disperse with that solemn and silent circumspection which people observe after a funeral. Several of the generals, in low voices, but in an entirely different key from that in which they had spoken during the council, made some communication to the commander-in-chief.

Malasha, who had long since been expected at the supper table, cautiously let herself down backwards from the loft, clinging with her little bare toes to the projections of the stove, and, slipping between the legs of the officers, darted out of the door.

Having dismissed the generals, Kutuzof sat for a long time with his elbows resting on the table and pondering over the same terrible question: “When was it, when was it, that it was finally decided Moscow must be abandoned? When took place that which decided the question? and who is to blame for it?”

“I did not expect this, I did not expect it,” said he aloud to his adjutant, Schneider, who came to him late that night. “I did not expect this. I did not dream of such a thing!”

“You must get some rest, your serene highness,” said Schneider.

“It's not done with yet! They shall *chaw* horse-flesh yet like the Turks,” cried Kutuzof, not heeding him, and thumping his fat fist on the table. “They shall — as soon as” —

CHAPTER V.

IN contradistinction to Kutuzof, though at the same time, and in an event of far greater importance than the retreat of the army without fighting. — namely, in the abandonment and burning of Moscow. — Rostopchin, who has been considered the responsible agent for this action, behaved in an entirely different manner. This event — the abandonment of Moscow and its destruction by fire — was just exactly, after the battle of Borodino, as inevitable as the retirement of the troops beyond Moscow, — without fighting.

Every man in Russia might have predicted what took place, not indeed by basing his deductions on logic, but by basing them on that sentiment which is inherent in ourselves and was inherent in our forefathers.

What happened in Moscow likewise happened — and that too without Count Rostopchin's proclamations — in all the cities and villages of the Russian land, beginning with Smolensk. The nation unconcernedly awaited the arrival of the foe, displaying no disorder, no excitement, tearing no one in pieces, but calmly awaiting their fate, conscious that, even at the most trying moment, they should find they had the power to do whatever was required of them. And as soon as the foe approached, the more wealthy elements of the population departed, leaving their possessions behind them; the poorer classes staid, and burned and destroyed what was abandoned.

The conviction that things must be as they are has always been and still is inherent in the Russian mind. And this conviction — nay, more, the presentiment that Moscow would be taken — pervaded Russian and Moscovite society in the year 1812. Those who started to abandon Moscow as early as July and the beginning of August showed that this was what they expected. Those who fled, taking with them whatever they could, and abandoning their houses and the half of their possessions, acted thus in obedience to that latent patriotism which is expressed not in phrases, nor in the slaughter of children for the salvation of the fatherland, and by other unnatural deeds, but is expressed imperceptibly, simply, organically, and, accordingly, always produces the most powerful results.

"It is disgraceful to flee from danger; only cowards will fly from Moscow," it was said to them. Rostopchin, in his

Afshki, declared that it was ignominious to leave Moscow. They were ashamed to be branded as cowards, they were ashamed to go; but still they went, because they knew that it had to be so.

What made them go?

It is impossible to suppose that Rostopchin frightened them by his cock-and-bull stories of the atrocities committed by Napoleon in conquered lands. They fled, and the first to flee were the wealthy, cultivated people, who knew perfectly well that Vienna and Berlin were left intact, and that there, during Napoleon's occupation, the inhabitants led a gay life with the fascinating Frenchmen, who at that time were so beloved by Russian men and particularly Russian women.

They went, because for Russians there could be no question whether it would be good or bad to have the French in control of Moscow. It was impossible to exist under the dominion of the French: that was worse than aught else. They began to escape even before the battle of Borodino, and after the battle of Borodino with greater and greater rapidity, not heeding the summons to remain and protect the city, notwithstanding the statements of the governor-general of Moscow as to his intention of taking the Iverskaya virgin and going forth to fight, and notwithstanding the balloons which were destined to bring destruction upon the French, and notwithstanding all the nonsense which Count Rostopchin wrote about in his proclamations.

They knew that the army ought to fight, and that if it could not, then it was no use for them to go out with their fine ladies and their household serfs to Tri Gorui* to do battle with Napoleon, but that it was necessary for them to make their escape, however much they might regret leaving their property to destruction.

They fled, and gave never a thought to the majestic significance of this splendid and rich capital abandoned by its inhabitants, and unquestionably doomed to be burned (for it is not in the nature of the Russian populace not to sack, not to set fire to empty houses); they fled each for himself; but, at the same time, merely as a consequence of their fleeing, was accomplished that majestic event which will forever remain the crowning glory of the Russian people.

That noble lady † who, even as early as the month of June, took her negroes and her jesters, and went from Moscow to her country place near Saratof, with a vague consciousness

* *Three Hills.*

† *Báruinya.*

that she was no slave to Bonaparte, and with some apprehension lest she should be stopped by Count Rostopchin's orders, was simply and naturally doing the mighty act that was to prove the salvation of Russia.

Count Rostopchin himself, now putting to shame those who fled, now transferring the courts outside the city, now distributing good-for-nothing arms to a drunken mob, now displaying the holy pictures, now forbidding Avgustin to remove the relics and ikons, now seizing all private conveyances that were in Moscow, now conveying on one hundred and thirty-six carts the balloon constructed by Leppich, now hinting that he should set Moscow on fire, now declaring that he had burnt his own house, now writing a proclamation to the French in which he solemnly reproached them for having destroyed his Foundling Asylum: now taking the glory of the burning of Moscow, now disclaiming it; now ordering the people to capture all spies and bring them to him, now reproaching the people for doing that very thing: now sending all the French out of Moscow, while, at the same time, leaving in the city Madame Aubert-Chalmé, whose house was the centre of the whole French population of Moscow; and now, without a shadow of excuse, ordering the honorable director of the posts, the venerable Kliucharef, to be arrested and banished; now collecting the populace on the Tri Gorui, in order to do battle with the French, and now, in order to get rid of this same mob, giving them a man to slaughter, while he himself slipped out from a rear gate; now declaring that he would not survive the misfortune of Moscow, now writing French verses* in albums to commemorate the part that he took in these deeds, — this man did not appreciate the significance of the deed accomplished, but he merely desired to do something himself, to astonish some one, to accomplish something patriotically heroic, and, like a child, he sported over the majestic and inevitable circumstance of the abandonment and burning of Moscow, and strove with his puny little hand now to encourage, now to stem the current of that tremendous popular torrent which was carrying him along with it.

* *Je suis né tartare;
Je voulais être romain;
Les français m'appelèrent barbare,
Les russes Georges Dandin.*

I was born a Tatar. I wanted to be a Roman. The French called me a barbarian, the Russians George Dandin. — AUTHOR'S NOTE. (George Dandin, a character in one of Molière's plays, is the type of a peasant raised to the nobility, and marrying a rich wife, who proves unfaithful.)

CHAPTER VI.

ELLEN, who had returned with the court from Vilno to Petersburg, found herself in a trying and delicate situation.

At Petersburg, Ellen enjoyed the special protection of a grandee who held one of the most important offices in the empire.

But at Vilno she had become intimate with a young foreign prince. When she returned to Petersburg, the prince and the grandee were both in town; both claimed their rights, and Ellen found that she had to face a new problem in her career: to preserve her intimacy with both without offending either.

What would have seemed difficult and even impossible for any other woman did not cause the Countess Bezukhaya even a moment's hesitation, thereby proving that it was not in vain she enjoyed the reputation of being a very clever woman. If she had tried to hide her actions, to employ subterfuge in escaping from an awkward position, she would, by that very method, have spoiled her game by confessing herself guilty. But Ellen, on the contrary, openly after the manner of a truly great man, who can do anything that he pleases, assumed that she was in the right, as she really believed, and that all the rest of the world were in the wrong.

The first time when the young foreign personage permitted himself to reproach her, she, proudly holding high her beautiful head, and looking at him over her shoulder, said steadily, —

“Here is an example of man's egotism and cruelty! I might have expected it. A woman sacrifices herself for you, and this is her reward! What right have you, monseigneur, to hold me to account for my friendships, for my affections? This man has been more than a father to me.” *

The personage began to make some answer. Ellen interrupted him. “Well, then, grant it!” said she, “perhaps he has for me other sentiments than those of a father; but that is no reason why I should shut my door to him. I am not a man that I should be ungrateful. I would have you understand, monseigneur, that in all that touches my private feelings, I am accountable only to God and my conscience.” she said, in conclusion, and pressed her hand to her beautiful, heaving bosom, with a glance toward heaven.

* *Voilà l'égoïsme et la cruauté des hommes, etc.*

"But, for God's sake, listen to me."

"Marry me and I will be your slave."

"But it is impossible."

"You are too proud to stoop to marriage with me, you*" — said Ellen, bursting into tears.

The personage tried to console her. Ellen, through her tears, declared (as though she had forgotten herself) that no one could prevent her from marrying; that there were examples — at that time there were few examples, but she mentioned Napoleon and other men of high degree; that she had never been to her husband what the name of wife implies; and that she had been led to the altar as a sacrifice.

"But laws, religion" — murmured the personage, beginning to yield.

"Laws, religion! Why were they ever invented, if they could not help in such a case as this?"

The exalted personage was amazed that such a simple line of reasoning had never entered his mind, and he applied for advice to the holy brethren of the Society of Jesus, with whom he stood in intimate relationship.

A few days later, at one of the enchanting *fêtes* which Ellen gave at her datcha, or suburban residence, on the Kamennoi Ostrof, M. de Jobert, *un Jésuite à robe courte*, a fascinating man, no longer young, with hair as white as snow, and with dark, glittering eyes, was presented to her; and for a long time, as they sat in the garden in the brilliant light of the illuminations, and listening to the sounds of music, he conversed with her about love to God, to Christ, to the Sacred Heart of Mary, and about the consolations vouchsafed in this life and the life to come by the one true Catholic religion.

Ellen was touched, and several times the tears stood in the eyes of both of them, and her voice trembled.

The dance to which a partner came to engage Ellen interrupted her interview with her future *directeur de conscience*; but in the evening of the following day M. de Jobert came alone to Ellen's, and from that time he was frequently at her house.

One day he took the countess to the Catholic church, and there she remained on her knees before the altar, to which she was brought.

The elderly, fascinating Frenchman laid his hands on her head, and, as she herself afterwards declared, she became conscious of something like the fanning of a cool breeze which

* *Vous ne daignez pas descendre jusqu'à moi, vous —*

entered her soul. It was explained to her that this was *la grâce*.

Then an *abbé à robe longue* was introduced to her. He heard her confession, and granted her absolution from her sins.

On the next day they brought her a casket in which was contained the Holy Communion, and they left it in her house for her use.

After a few days, Ellen, to her satisfaction, learned that she had now entered the true Catholic Church, and that shortly the pope should be informed about it, and would send her a certain document.

All that happened at this time around her and within her: all the attention lavished upon her by so many clever men, and expressed in such agreeable, refined forms; and the dove-like purity in which she now found herself — these days she constantly wore white dresses with white ribbons — all this afforded her great satisfaction, but she did not for a moment allow this satisfaction to prevent her from the attainment of her desires.

And, as it always happens that in a matter of *finesse* the stupid man obtains more than the clever, she, comprehending that the object of all these words and labors consisted chiefly in making her pay for the privilege of conversion to Catholicism by turning over certain moneys for the advantage of Jesuit institutions, concerning which they had dropped various hints, — Ellen, before turning this money over, insisted on their execution in her behalf of the various formalities which would free her from her husband.

In her idea, the significance of any religion consisted only in observing certain conventionalities, while at the same time allowing the gratification of human desires.

And, with this end in view, during one of her interviews with her spiritual guide, she strenuously insisted on his answering her question, how far she was bound by her marriage.

They were sitting in the drawing-room, by the window. It was twilight. Through the window wafted the fragrance of flowers. Ellen wore a white dress, which scarcely veiled her bosom and shoulders. The abbé, handsome and plump, with fat face smooth-shaven, pleasant, forceful mouth, and white hands folded on his knees, was sitting close to Ellen, and, with a slight smile on his lips and eyes, decorously devouring her beauty, was looking from time to time into her face, and explaining his views on the question that occupied them.

Ellen, with an uneasy smile, looked at his flowing locks, his smooth-shaven, dark-shaded, plump cheeks, and each moment

expected some new turn to the conversation. But the abbé, though he evidently appreciated his companion's beauty, was carried away by the skill which he used in his arguments.

The course of reasoning employed by the director of conscience was as follows:—

"In your ignorance of the significance of what you took upon yourself, you plighted your troth to a man who, on his side, by entering into marriage without believing in the religious sacrament of marriage, committed sacrilege. This marriage had no complete significance, such as it should have. But, nevertheless, your vow binds you. You have broken it. What have you committed thereby, *péché veniel* or *péché mortel*? Venial sin, because what you have done has been without evil intent. If you now, for the sake of having children, should enter into a marriage bond, your sin might be forgiven you. But this question resolves itself into two: first"—

"But I think," said Ellen, suddenly losing patience and beaming upon him with her fascinating smile, "I think that, now that I have entered into the true faith, I cannot remain bound by what was imposed upon me by a false religion."

The *directeur de conscience* was astonished at this solution, which had all the simplicity of Columbus's egg. He was delighted by the unexpected rapidity with which his teachings had met with success, but he could not refrain from following out the train of thought which he had elaborated with so much pains.

"Let us understand each other, *comtesse*," he said, with a smile, and he proceeded to refute his spiritual daughter's reasoning.

CHAPTER VII.

ELLEN understood that the matter was very simple and easy from the religious standpoint, but that her spiritual directors stood out against it simply because they were apprehensive of the way it might strike the temporal powers.

And, consequently, Ellen resolved that it was necessary for society to be prepared for this eventuality. She aroused the old grandee's jealousy, and told him exactly what she had said to her first suitor; in other words, she made him understand that the only way of establishing his rights over her was to marry her.

The aged personage, at the first moment, was just as much astonished as the young personage had been at this proposal

of marrying during the husband's lifetime. But Ellen's imperturbable assurance that this was as simple and natural as the marriage of a virgin, had its effect even on him. If there had been noticed the slightest symptom of vacillation, shame, or underhandedness on Ellen's part, then her game would have undoubtedly been lost; but, on the contrary, she, with simple and good-natured *naïveté*, told her nearest friends (and this was all Petersburg) that both the grandee and the prince had proposed to her, and that she was in love with both of them, and afraid of paining either.

The rumor was instantly bruited through Petersburg — not that Ellen desired to obtain a divorce from her husband: if this report had been current, very many would have protested against such a lawless proceeding — that the unhappy, interesting Ellen was in perplexity as to which of the two men she should marry.

The question was not at all how far this was permissible, but which party was the most desirable, and how the court looked upon it. There were, to be sure, a few obdurate people, who were unable to rise to the height of this question, and who saw in this project a profanation of the marriage sacrament; but such people were few, and they held their peace, while the majority were merely interested in the question which Ellen would choose, and which choice were the better. As to the question whether it were right or wrong to marry a second time during the lifetime of the first husband, nothing was said, because this question had been evidently settled for people "who were wiser than you and me" (so they said), and to express any doubt of the correctness of such a settlement of the question was to run the risk of showing one's stupidity and one's ignorance of society.

Marya Dmitrievna Akhrasimova, who had gone that summer to Petersburg to visit one of her sons, was the only one who permitted herself frankly to express her opinion, though it was in direct contravention to that of society in general. Meeting Ellen one time at a ball, Marya Dmitrievna stopped her in the middle of the ballroom, and in her loud voice, which rang through the silence, she said, —

"So you propose to marry again while your other husband is alive! Perhaps you think you have discovered something new! — You have been forestalled, *mátushka*. This thing was invented long ago. In all the . . . they do the same thing."

And with these words Marya Dmitrievna, with that charac-

teristic, threatening gesture of hers, turned back her flowing sleeves, and, glancing sternly around, passed through the room.

Marya Dmitrievna, although she was feared, was regarded in Petersburg as facetious, and therefore, in the words which she spoke to Ellen, they merely took notice of her use of the coarse word, and repeated it in a whisper, supposing that therein lay all the salt of her remark.

Prince Vasili, who of late had grown peculiarly forgetful, and repeated himself a hundred times, said to his daughter whenever he chanced to see her, —

“*Hélène, j’ai un mot à vous dire,*” he would say to her, drawing her to one side and giving her hand a pull. “*J’ai eu cent de certains projets relatifs à — vous savez. Eh bien, ma chère enfant, vous savez que mon cœur de père se réjouit de vous savoir — vous avez tant souffert. — Mais chère enfant, — ne consultez que votre cœur. C’est tout ce que je vous dis.*” *

And, hiding the emotion that always overmastered him, he would press his cheek to his daughter’s, and go away.

Bilibin had not lost his reputation of being a clever man, and as he had been a disinterested friend of Ellen’s, one of those friends whom brilliant women always manage to attach to them, — men who may be relied upon never to change from friend to lover, — he once, *en petit comité*, gave Ellen the benefit of his views in regard to all this business. “*Écoutez, Bilibin,*” said Ellen, who always called all such friends as Bilibin by their last names, — and she laid her white hand, blazing with rings, on his coat-sleeve. “Tell me as you would a sister, what ought I to do? Which one of the two?”

Bilibin knitted his brows, and sat reflecting with a smile on his lips.

“You do not take me by surprise, do you know,” said he. “As a true friend I have thought and thought about your affairs. You see. If you marry the prince” — (that was the young man) — he bent over his finger — “you lose forever your chance of marrying the other one, and, besides, you offend the court. — As you are aware, there is some sort of relationship. But if you marry the old count, you will make his last days happy, and then as the widow of the great ——— the prince

* “Ellen, I have a word to say to you. I have heard rumors of certain projects concerning — you know who. Well, my dear child, you know that my paternal heart would rejoice to feel — you have had so much to endure. — But, dear child, — consult only your own heart. That is all that I have to say.”

will not make a misalliance in contracting a marriage with you." *

"*Voilà un véritable ami!* a true friend!" cried Ellen radiantly, and once more laying her hand on his sleeve. "But the trouble is that I love both of them; I should not wish to pain either of them. I would sacrifice my life to make both of them happy," said she.

Bilibin shrugged his shoulders as much as to say that even he himself could not endure such a grievous thing.

"*Une maîtresse-femme!* That is what is called stating the question squarely. She would like to have all three as husbands at once!" thought Bilibin. "But tell me how your husband is going to look upon this matter," he asked, trusting to the solid foundation of his reputation, and therefore having no fear of hurting himself by such an artless question. "Will he consent?"

"*Ah! il m'aime tant!* He loves me so!" cried Ellen, who had somehow conceived the notion that Pierre also loved her! "He will do anything for me!"

Bilibin again puckered his forehead, so as to give intimation of the approaching *mot*: "*Même le divorce?*" he asked.

Ellen laughed.

Among those who permitted themselves to doubt the legality of the proposed marriage was Ellen's mother, the Princess Kuragina. She was constantly tortured by jealousy of her daughter, and now when the object that especially aroused this jealousy was the one dearest to the princess's heart, she could not even endure the thought of it. She consulted with a Russian priest in regard to how far divorce and marriage during the life of the husband were permissible, and the priest informed her that this was impossible, and to her delight pointed out to her the Gospel text, where it is strictly forbidden to marry again during the life of a husband.

Armed with these arguments, which seemed to her irrefutable, the princess drove to her daughter's early one morning, so as to find her alone.

After listening to her mother's objections, Ellen smiled a sweet but satirical smile. "Here it is said in so many words," said the old princess. "He who ever shall marry her who is put away"—

* *Vous ne me prenez en rasplokh, vous savez. Comme véritable ami j'ai pensé et repensé à votre affaire. Voyez vous. Si vous épousez le prince, vous perdez pour toujours la chance d'épouser l'autre, et puis vous mécontentez la Cour (comme vous savez, il y a une espèce de parenté). Mais si vous épousez le vieux comte vous faites le bonheur de ses derniers jours, et puis comme veuve du grand — le prince ne fait plus de mésalliance en vous épousant.*

"*Ah, maman, ne dites pas de bêtises.* Don't talk nonsense. You do not understand at all. *Dans ma position j'ai des devoirs,*" interrupted Ellen, changing the conversation into French, since it always seemed to her that the Russian brought out a certain lack of definiteness in this transaction of hers.

"But, my dear" —

"*Ah, maman!* Can't you understand that the Holy Father, who has the right to grant dispensations" —

At this instant the lady companion who lived at Ellen's came in to announce that his highness was in the drawing-room and wished to see her.

"No, tell him that I do not wish to see him, that I am furious with him because he has broken his word!"

"*Comtesse, à tout péché miséricorde!* There is a pardon for every sin!" said a fair young man, with a long face and long nose, who came into the room.

The old princess arose most respectfully and courtesied; the young man who came in paid no attention whatever to her. The princess nodded to her daughter and sailed out.

"Yes, she is right," mused the old princess, all of whose convictions were dissipated by the sight of his highness. "She is right. But how was it we did not know this in those days which will never return, when we were young? And it is such a simple thing," mused the old princess, as she took her seat in her carriage.

Toward the beginning of August, Ellen's affairs were entirely settled, and she wrote her husband — who was so fond of her as she thought — informing him of her intention of marrying N.N., and that she had embraced the one true religion, and begging him to fulfil all the indispensable formalities of the divorce, in regard to which the bearer of her letter would give due particulars. "And so I pray God, my dear, to have you in his holy and mighty protection.

"Your Friend, ELLEN." *

CHAPTER VIII.

TOWARD the end of the battle of Borodino, Pierre, fleeing for the second time from the Rayevsky battery, joined a throng of soldiers hurrying along the ravine to Kniazkovo, and came

* "*Sur ce je prie Dieu, mon ami, de vous avoir sous sa sainte et puissante garde. Votre Amie, Hélène.*"

to the field lazaret, and there seeing blood, and hearing cries and groans, he hurried on, mingling with the throngs of soldiers.

The one thing which Pierre now desired with all the powers of his soul was to escape as soon as possible from these terrible scenes through which he had lived that day, to return to the ordinary conditions of every-day life, and to sleep calmly in his own bed, in his own room. He was conscious that only by getting back to ordinary conditions would he be able to understand himself and all that he had seen and experienced. But these ordinary conditions of life were non-existent.

Although cannon-balls and bullets were not whistling along this part of the road where he was walking, still there was on all sides of him what he had seen on the battle-field. There were the same suffering, tortured, and sometimes strangely indifferent physiognomies, the same gore, the same military cloaks, the same sounds of firing although softened by distance, but still causing ever new horror, and, beside, this suffocating heat and dust.

Proceeding three versts along the great Mozhaïsk highway, Pierre sat down on the edge of it.

Twilight had settled down on the earth, and the roar of artillery had died away. Pierre leaned his head on his hands and sat in this posture for a long time, watching the shadows trooping by him in the dusk. It constantly seemed to him as though a cannon-shot were flying down upon him with that terrible screech. He began to tremble and got up. He had no idea how long a time he had been delaying there. Late in the night, three soldiers, dragging down some brushwood, started a fire near him and made themselves at home. These soldiers, looking askance at Pierre, kindled their fire, put their kettle on it, crumbled hard-tack into it, and laid on their salt pork.

The agreeable savor of appetizing viands and of frying mingled with the odor of the smoke. Pierre stood up and drew a sigh. The soldiers — there were three of them — were eating and conversing together and paid no heed to Pierre.

"Well, what corps are you from?" suddenly asked one of the soldiers, addressing Pierre, and evidently, by this question, wishing to signify and Pierre understood it so. "If you want something to eat we will give it to you; only tell us if you are an honest man."

"What? I? I?" — stammered Pierre, feeling it incumbent upon him to belittle his social position so far as possible, so as to be nearer and more accessible to the soldiers:

"I am at present an officer of the landsturm; only I have

missed my corps; I went into the battle and got separated from my men."

"To think of it!"* said one of the soldiers.

One of the others shook his head.

"Well, have something to eat, if you'd like our mess," said the first, and after licking off the wooden spoon he handed it to Pierre.

Pierre sat down by the fire and began to eat the pottage which was in the kettle, and which seemed to him the most palatable of anything he had ever tasted in his life. While he greedily bent over the kettle, fishing out great spoonfuls and swallowing them down one after another, his face was lighted by the fire, and the soldiers silently studied him.

"Where do you want to go? Tell us that!" asked one of them again.

"I want to go to Mozhaïsk."

"You are a barin, I suppose?"

"Yes."

"And what's your name?"

"Piotr Kirillovitch."

"Well, Piotr Kirillovitch, come on, we'll show you the way."

In utter darkness the soldiers and Pierre went toward Mozhaïsk.

The cocks were already crowing when they came near the town and began to climb the steep slope that led to it. Pierre went on with the three men, entirely forgetting that his tavern was below at the foot of the hill, and that he had already gone beyond it. He would not have remembered it at all — he had got into such a state of apathy — if half-way up the hill he had not accidentally fallen in with his equerry, who had been searching for him in the town, and was on his way back to the tavern.

"Your illustriousness," he exclaimed, "we have been in perfect despair! What! Are you on foot? Where have you been, please?"

"Oh, yes!" replied Pierre.

The soldiers paused.

"So, then, you have found your men, have you?" asked one of them.

"Well, good-by!† Piotr Kirillovitch; it's all right, is it?" — "Good-by, Piotr Kirillovitch!" cried the other voices.

"Good-by," said Pierre, and he started back with his equerry to the tavern.

* *Vish tut.*

† *Prashchavaï.*

"I ought to give them something," thought Pierre, feeling in his pocket. "But no, it is not necessary," said some voice within him.

There was no room for Pierre anywhere in the tavern; all the beds were taken. Pierre went out into the yard, and, wrapping up his head, lay down in his calash.

CHAPTER IX.

PIERRE had hardly laid his head on his extemporized pillow before he felt himself going off to sleep; but suddenly, with almost the vividness of reality, he heard the *būm! būm! būm!* of the firing, he heard cries, groans, the thudding of missiles, he smelt blood and gunpowder; and a feeling of horror and the terror of death took possession of him.

He opened his eyes in a panic, and lifted his head from his cloak. All was quiet in the dvor. Only at the gates, talking with the dvornik, and splashing through the mud, some one's man was walking up and down. Over his head, under the dark underside of the shed roof, the pigeons were fluttering their wings, startled by the movement which he had made in raising himself. The whole dvor was full of that powerful barnyard odor, which, at that instant, delighted Pierre's heart — the odor of hay, of manure, and of tar. Through a chink in the shed roof he could see the clear, starry sky.

"Thank God, there is no more of *that*," said Pierre to himself, again covering up his head. "Oh! what a terrible panic, and how shameful to give way to it. But they — *they* were calm and firm even to the very end," his thoughts ran on. *They*, in Pierre's soliloquy, meant the soldiers who had been in the battery, those who had given him food, and those who had worshipped before the ikon. They — he had never known them till now — *they* were clearly and sharply separated from all other men.

"To be a soldier, a simple soldier," thought Pierre, as he fell off to sleep. "To enter into that common life with all my being, to learn the secret of what makes them what they are! But how to get rid of this superfluous, devilish weight of the external man? Once I might have been such. I might have run away from my father's house, as I wanted to do. I might even after my duel with Dolokhof have been sent off as a common soldier."

And before Pierre's imagination arose the dinner at the

club, when he challenged Dolokhof, and his visit to the Benefactor at Torzhok. And here Pierre recalled the Masonic Lodge at Torzhok. This Lodge was installed at the English Club. And some one whom he knew well, some one intimately connected with his life, and dear to him, was sitting at the end of the table. Yes, it was he! It was the Benefactor!

"Yes, and did he not die?" mused Pierre. "Yes, he was dead; I did not know that he was alive. And how sorry I felt that he was dead, and how glad I am that he is alive again!"

On one side of the table sat Anatol, Dolokhof, Nesvitsky, Denisof, and others of the same sort. — the category of these men was just as clearly defined in his dream in Pierre's mind as the category of the men whom he had spoken of as *they*; and these men — Anatol, Dolokhof, and the rest — were shouting and singing at the top of their voices; but above their shouts he could hear the Benefactor's voice talking incessantly, and the ring of his voice was as significant and continuous as the roar of the battle-field, but he was soothed and comforted by it.

Pierre did not comprehend what the Benefactor was saying, but he knew — the category of his thoughts was so clear in his dream — that the Benefactor was talking about goodness, and the possibility of being the same manner of man as *they* were. And *they* came from all sides and surrounded the Benefactor with their simple, good, steadfast faces. But, although they were good, they did not look at Pierre, did not know him. Pierre was anxious to attract their attention and to talk. He started to get up, but his legs were cold and uncovered.

He was ashamed of himself, and was going to cover his legs, from which his cloak had actually slipped off. While Pierre was covering himself up again, he opened his eyes and saw the same shed, the same beams, the same dvor, but everything was enveloped in a bluish light, and sparkled with dew or frost.

"Daybreak!" thought Pierre. "But this is not what I want. I must listen, hear, and understand the Benefactor's words."

He again wrapped himself in his cloak, but there was no longer any Masonic Lodge; the Benefactor was gone. There were simply thoughts, clearly expressed in words, thoughts which either some one spoke or which Pierre himself imagined.

When he afterwards came to recall these thoughts, although they were evidently superinduced by the impressions of the day, Pierre was convinced that some one outside of himself spoke them to him.

Never, so it seemed to him, while awake, had he been able to think such thoughts or to express them in such language.

"The hardest thing for man to do is to subordinate his freedom to the laws of God," said the voice. "Singleness is submission to God; thou canst not escape from him. And *they* are single-hearted. *They* do not talk, they act. Speech is silver, but silence is gold. Man can never get the mastery, since he is afraid of death. Whoso feareth not death, all things shall be added unto him. If it were not for suffering, man would not know his limitations, would not know himself." "The hardest thing," continued Pierre either to think or to hear in his dream, "consists in being able to co-ordinate in the soul the knowledge of all things. To co-ordinate all things?" Pierre was asking. "No, not to co-ordinate. It is impossible to co-ordinate thoughts; but to take apart and analyze: that is what is necessary! Yes, to take apart, to take apart," said Pierre, repeating the word over to himself with inward enthusiasm, conscious that by just these, and by these words only, could be expressed what he desired to express, and have the question decided that was forever tormenting him.

"Yes, take apart, time to take apart."

"We must make a start, time to make a start,* your illustriousness," repeated some voice at his ear. "Must make a start, time to start."

It was the voice of the equerry trying to rouse Pierre. The sun was shining full in Pierre's face. He looked at the muddy yard of the *dvor*, in the centre of which, around the well, soldiers were watering lean horses, and from the gates of which trains were starting away. Pierre turned away with disgust, and, closing his eyes, made haste to roll over again on the carriage seat.

"No, I do not wish this, I do not wish to see this or to understand it; I wish to comprehend what was revealed to me while I was dreaming. Just one second more, and I should have understood it all. Now, what must I do? To take apart, yes, but how take apart?"

And Pierre found to his dismay that the whole significance

* Pierre's confusion of dreaming and waking ideas is caused by the similarity between "*sopriagát*," to unite, join, and "*zapriagát*," to hitch up, harness horses.

of what he had seen and thought out in his dream had gone to destruction.

His equerry, the coachman, and the dvornik all told Pierre that an officer had come with tidings that the French were moving on Mozhaisk, and that they must start, and that our forces were leaving.

Pierre got up and gave orders to have his horses harnessed and to overtake him, as he was going to walk through the town.

The troops had started, leaving about ten thousand wounded. These wounded could be seen in the yards and windows of the houses, and were met with in throngs along the streets. The streets where stood the telyegas that were to carry away the wounded were full of cries, curses, and the sounds of blows.

Pierre overtook a wounded general of his acquaintance and offered him a seat in his calash, and they drove on toward Moscow together. On the road Pierre heard of the death of his brother-in-law and of the death of Prince Andrei.

CHAPTER X.

ON the eleventh of September Pierre arrived at Moscow. He had scarcely reached the barrier when he was met by one of Count Rostopchin's adjutants.

"Well, we have been searching for you everywhere," said the adjutant. "The count is very anxious to see you. He begs that you will come to him immediately on very important business."

Pierre, without even going first to his own house, called an izvoshchik and rode to the governor-general's.

Count Rostopchin had only that morning come to town from his suburban datcha at Sokólniki. The anteroom and reception-room of the count's residence were full of officials who had come at his summons or to get orders. Vasilchikof and Platof had already had an interview with the count, and had informed him that it was impossible to defend Moscow, and that it must be abandoned. This news was concealed from the inhabitants, yet the chinovniks, the heads of the various departments, knew that Moscow would soon be in the hands of the enemy just as well as Count Rostopchin knew it; and all of them, in order to shirk responsibility,

came to the governor-general with inquiries as to what they should do in their respective jurisdictions.

Just as Pierre entered the reception-room, a courier from the army left the count's room.

The courier made a despairing gesture in answer to the questions directed to him, and passed through the room.

On entering, Pierre, with weary eyes, gazed at the various chinovniks, old and young, military and civil, who were waiting in the room. All seemed anxious and ill at ease.

Pierre joined one group of chinovniks, among whom he saw an acquaintance. After exchanging greetings with Pierre they went on with their conversation.

"Whether they exile him or let him come back, there's no telling; you can't answer for anything in such a state of affairs."

"Well, here's what he writes," said another, calling attention to a printed broadside which he held in his hand.

"That's another thing. That's necessary for the people," said the first speaker.

"What is that?" asked Pierre.

"This is the new bulletin."

Pierre took it and read as follows:—

"His serene highness, the prince, in order to effect a junction as soon as possible with the troops coming to meet him, has passed through Mozhaïsk and occupied a strong position where the enemy will not find it easy to reach him. Forty-eight cannon, with ammunition, have been sent to him from here, and his serene highness declares that he will shed the last drop of his blood in defence of Moscow, and that he is ready to fight even in the streets. Brothers, do not be surprised that the courts of justice have ceased to transact business: it was best to send them to a place of safety, but the evil-doer shall have a taste of the law all the same. When the crisis comes, I shall want some gallant fellows, from both town and country. I shall utter my call a day or two before, but it is not necessary yet. I hold my peace. An axe is a good weapon: a boar-spear is not bad, but best of all is a three-tined pitchfork: a Frenchman is no heavier than a sheaf of rye. To-morrow, after dinner, I shall take the *Iverskaya* to the Yekaterininskaya Hospital, to the wounded. There we will bless the water: they will all the sooner get well, and I now am well; I have had a bad eye, but now I see out of both."

"But military men," said Pierre, "have told me that it was perfectly impossible to fight in the city, and that the position"—

"Well, yes, that is just what we were talking about," interrupted the first chinovnik.

"But what does he mean by saying: 'I have had a bad eye, but now I see out of both'?" asked Pierre.

"The count had a styve," replied the adjutant, with a smile, "and he was very much disturbed when I told him that people were calling to ask what was the matter with him. But how is it, count?" said the adjutant abruptly, addressing Pierre with a smile. "We have heard the rumor that you have some domestic tribulations, — that the countess, your wife" —

"I have heard nothing," replied Pierre indifferently; "what is this rumor?"

"Oh, well, you know, stories are often invented. I am only saying what I heard."

"But what did you hear?"

"Well, they say," replied the adjutant, with the same smile, "that the countess, your wife, is about to go abroad. Of course, it is all nonsense" —

"Perhaps so," said Pierre, heedlessly glancing around.

"But who is that?" he asked, referring to an old man of low stature, in a clean blue *chúika*,* and with an enormous beard as white as the driven snow, eyebrows the same, and a florid complexion.

"He? That's a merchant: that is, he is the tavern-keeper Vereshchagin. — Perhaps you have heard that story about the proclamation?"

"Ah! And so that is Vereshchagin," exclaimed Pierre, gazing into the calm, self-reliant face of the old merchant, and trying to discover in it any characteristics of a traitor.

"Yes, that is the very man. That is, he is the father of the one who wrote the proclamation," said the adjutant. "The young man is in jail, and it looks as if it would go hard with him."

A little old man with a star, and another *chinovnik*, a German, with a cross suspended around his neck, joined the group.

"You see," proceeded the adjutant with his story, "it is a puzzling piece of business. This proclamation appeared a couple of months back. It was brought to the count. He ordered it investigated. Gavriilo Ivanuitch here looked into it; this proclamation passed through as many as sixty-three hands. We go to a certain man: 'Whom did you get this from?' — 'From so-and-so' — Off to him: 'Whom did you get this from?' and so on, till it was traced to Vereshchagin — an ignorant little merchant. They ask him: 'Whom did you

* A sort of kaftan, or overcoat, like a dressing-gown, worn by men of the lower classes in Russia.

have this from?' And here you must understand that we know whom he got it from; from no one else than the director of posts. There had been for some time connivance between them. But he says: 'I didn't get it from any one. I wrote it myself.' They threatened and entreated: he stuck to it—wrote it himself. Well, now, you know the count," said the adjutant with a proud, gay smile. "He flew into a terrible rage, but just think of it, — such cunning, falsehood, and stubbornness!"

"Ah! the count wanted them to implicate Kliucharef, I understand," said Pierre.

"Not at all," said the adjutant, startled. "They had sins enough to lay against Kliucharef without this; that was why he was sent away. But the truth of the matter was, that the count was very much stirred up. — 'How could you have written it?' asked the count. He picked up from the table this Hamburg paper. 'Here it is. You did not write it, but you translated it, and you translated it atrociously, because even in French you are an idiot — *durák* — don't you know?' — Now, what do you think?' — 'No,' says he, 'I have never read any papers, I composed it.' — 'Well, if that is so, you are a traitor and I will have you tried and hanged. Confess! from whom did you receive it?' — 'I have never seen any papers. I composed it myself!' — And so it hung fire. The count called the father also. He stood by his own. And they handed them over to court, and, it seems, they condemned him to penal labor. Now the father has come to intercede for him. But what a wretched chap! You know the kind — these merchants' sons, a regular macaroni! a seducer! got a few lessons, and thinks himself a shade better than any one else.* That is the kind of a fellow he is. And his father keeps a *traktir* there by the Kamennoi Bridge — you know there's a big picture of Almighty God, who is represented with a sceptre in one hand and the imperial globe in the other, — well, he took this picture home for a few days, and what do you think he did? He found a beastly painter who" —

CHAPTER XI.

In the midst of this new anecdote, Pierre was summoned to the governor-general.

Pierre went into Count Rostopchin's cabinet. Rostopchin, scowling, was rubbing his forehead and eyes with his hand as

* Literally: "thinks that the devil is not his brother any more."

Pierre entered. A short man was saying something, but as Pierre approached he stopped and left the room.

"Well, how are you, mighty warrior?" exclaimed Rostopchin, as soon as this man had gone. "We have heard about your *prouesses*. But that is not to the point just now. *Mon cher, entre nous*, you are a Mason?" asked Count Rostopchin in a stern tone, as though there were something wrong in that, but that he was ready to grant his forgiveness.

Pierre made no reply. "*Mon cher, je suis bien-informé*, but I know that there are Masons and Masons, and I hope that you don't belong to that set who, under the appearance of saving the human race, are doing their best to ruin Russia."

"Yes, I am a Mason," replied Pierre.

"Well, then, look here, my dear, I think that you are not ignorant of the fact that Messrs. Speransky and Magnitsky have been sent somewhere; the same thing has happened to Mr. Kliucharef, and the same thing has happened to others besides, who, under the appearance of erecting Solomon's temple, have been trying to overturn the temple of their country. You can understand that there are reasons for this, and that I could not have sent off the director of posts here if he had not been a dangerous man. Now I am informed that you provided him with a carriage to take him from the city, and also that you received from him papers for safe-keeping. I like you and I do not wish you ill, and, as I am more than twice your age, I advise you as a father to cut short all dealings with this sort of people, and to leave Moscow as speedily as possible."

"But wherein, count, was Kliucharef to blame?" asked Pierre.

"That is my affair to know, and not yours to ask," cried Rostopchin.

"He was accused of having circulated Napoleon's proclamation, but it was not proved against him," said Pierre, not looking at Rostopchin, "and Vereshchagin"—

"*Nous y voilà*—that is just the point," interrupted Rostopchin, scowling suddenly, and speaking much louder than before. "Vereshchagin is a traitor and a renegade, who has received the punishment which he richly deserves," said Rostopchin, with that heat and ugliness characteristic of men at the recollection of an insult. "But I did not summon you to criticise my actions, but to give you some advice, or a command if you prefer that term. I beg of you to forego your dealings with such gentlemen as Kliucharef and to leave town. I'll knock

the folly out of any one, no matter who it is;" but, apparently discovering that he was actually screaming at Bezukhoi, who was not as yet in any respect to blame, he added in French, cordially seizing Pierre's hand, "We are on the eve of a public disaster, and I have no time to make civil speeches to all who come to see me. My head is sometimes in a whirl. — Now then, my dear, what will you do — you personally?"

"Nothing at all," replied Pierre, not lifting his eyes and not altering the expression of his thoughtful face.

The count frowned: "Take the advice of a friend, my dear. Make off, and as soon as possible: that is all that I have to say to you. Fortunate is he who has ears to hear. Good-by, my dear.* Oh, here," he shouted to him as he left the room, "is it true that the countess has fallen into the paws of the *saints pères de la Société de Jésus*?"

Pierre made no reply, and scowling, and angry as he had never been seen before, he left Rostopchin's.

When he reached home it was already dark. Eight different people came to see him that evening. — the secretary of a committee, the colonel of his battalion, his overseer, his major-domo, and several petitioners. All had business with Pierre which he was obliged to settle. Pierre could not understand at all, he was not interested in such matters, and he gave only such replies to all questions as would soonest rid him of these people.

At last, when he was left alone, he broke the seal of his wife's letter, and read it.

"*They* — the soldiers in the battery; Prince Andrei killed — the old man — singleness is submission to God. Suffering is necessary — the significance of things — must take apart and analyze — my wife is going to take another husband. One must forget and learn."

And, going to his bed, he threw himself down without undressing, and immediately fell asleep.

When he awoke the next morning, his major-domo came to inform him that a police chinovnik had come with a special message from Count Rostopchin to find whether Count Bezukhoi had gone or was going.

* "*Nous sommes à la veille d'un désastre public, et je n'ai pas le temps de dire des gentilleses à tous ceux qui ont affaire à moi. Golord inogda krágom idyót. Eh bien, mon cher, qu'est ce que vous faites, vous, personnellement?*" — "*Mais rien!*" — "*Un conseil d'ami, mon cher. Décampez et au plus tôt, c'est tout ce que je vous dis. À bon entendeur salut. Proshcháite, moi milui.*"

A dozen different people who had business with Pierre were waiting for him in the drawing-room. Pierre made a hasty toilet, but, instead of going down to those who were waiting for him, he went down by the back steps and thence out through the gates.

From that time forth until after the burning of Moscow, no one of Bezukhoi's household, in spite of all their search for him, saw anything more of Pierre or knew what had become of him.

CHAPTER XII.

THE Rostofs remained in the city up to the thirteenth of September, the day before the enemy entered Moscow.

After Petya had joined Obolyensky's Cossack regiment, and gone to Byelaya Tserkov, where this regiment was recruiting, a great fear came upon the countess. The idea that both of her sons had gone to the war, that both had left the shelter of her wing, that to-day or to-morrow either one of them, or perhaps even both of them, might be killed, as had been the case with the three sons of a friend of hers, for the first time now this summer recurred with cruel vividness to her mind.

She endeavored to induce Nikolai to come home to her ; she herself wanted to go to Petya, to send him to some place of safety in Petersburg : but both schemes seemed impracticable. Petya could not be recalled except his regiment were recalled, or by means of having him transferred to some other working regiment. Nikolai was off somewhere with the army, and since his last letter, in which he described his meeting with the Princess Mariya, nothing had been heard from him.

The countess could not sleep nights, and when she did catch a little nap, she saw in her dreams her sons slain.

After many plans and discussions, the count at last found a means of consoling the countess's apprehensions. He transferred Petya from Obolyensky's regiment to Bezukhoi's, which was mobilizing near Moscow. Although Petya remained in the military service, still the countess by this transfer had the consolation of seeing at least one of her sons, as it were, under her wing, and she cherished the hope of arranging matters so that he would not be sent away any more, and would always be assigned to such places in the service that he would not be exposed in battle.

As long as Nicolas alone was in danger, it seemed to the countess — and it even caused her a pang of remorse — that

she loved her eldest more than her other children; but when her youngest, the mischievous, badly trained Petya, who was forever breaking things in the house, who was always in everybody's way, this snub-nosed Petya with his merry dark eyes, his fresh, ruddy complexion, and the down just beginning to cloud his cheeks, went off *yonder*, to mingle with terrible, coarse, grown-up men, who were fighting, and finding a real pleasure in doing such things. — then it seemed to the mother that she loved him more, far more than all of her children. The nearer the time came for her rapturously awaited Petya to return to Moscow, the more the countess's uneasiness increased; she even began to imagine that she should never attain that happiness. The presence not only of Sonya, but even of her beloved Natasha, even her husband's presence, irritated the countess.

"What do I care for them? I want no one else but Petya," she would say to herself.

Early in September, the Rostofs received a second letter from Nikolai. He wrote from the government of Vorónezh, where he had been sent after horses. This letter did not soothe the countess's apprehensions. Now that she knew one of her sons was out of danger, she began to worry all the more about Petya.

Although almost all the Rostofs' acquaintances had left Moscow, even as early as the first of September, although they all tried to persuade the countess to start as soon as possible, she would not hear to such a thing as going until her treasure, her idolized Petya, should return.

Petya came on the ninth of September. The sixteen-year-old officer was not pleased by the morbidly passionate affection with which his mother welcomed him. Although she hid from him her purpose not to let him fly again from under her maternal wing, Petya fathomed her thoughts, and instinctively fearing lest he should be too soft, and "a mamma's pet" (as he himself expressed it), he went to the other extreme, treated his mother coldly, avoided her, and during his stay in Moscow exclusively devoted himself to Natasha, for whom he had always cherished a peculiarly brotherly affection, almost as chivalrous as a lover's.

When the ninth of September arrived, thanks to the count's characteristic slackness, nothing was as yet ready for the journey, and the carts which they expected from their estate at Riazan and their pod-Moskovnaya to convey from the city all their movable property did not arrive until the twelfth.

From the ninth until the twelfth of September, all Moscow was in a stir and ferment of excitement. Each day there poured past the Dorogomilovskaya barrier, and scattered through the city, thousands of those who had been wounded in the battle of Borodino, and thousands of teams, laden with the inhabitants and their belongings, passed out through the other barriers.

In spite of Rostopchin's *Afishki*, or in direct consequence of them, the strangest and most contradictory rumors were current throughout the city. One said that no one would be permitted to depart; another, on the contrary, declared that the ikons had been removed from the churches, and that all the inhabitants were to be sent away, whether they would or not. One said that there had been another battle since Borodino, in which the French had been beaten; another declared, to the contrary, that the Russian army had been annihilated. One said that the Moscow landsturm, together with the clergy, had started for Tri Gorui; another whispered that Avgustin had been forbidden to go away, that traitors had been caught, that the peasantry were in revolt and were attacking those who started, and so on, and so on.

But these were merely rumors, and in substance both those who fled and those who were left — although this was even before the council at Fili, when it was definitely decided to abandon Moscow — all felt, even though they did not express it, that Moscow would assuredly be abandoned, and that they must make all haste to pack up and save their effects.

There was a feeling that everything was about to go to pieces, and that a sudden change was imminent, but up to the thirteenth no change ensued. Just as a criminal, led out to punishment, knows that he is about to be killed, but still looks around and straightens his ill-fitting cap, — so Moscow involuntarily pursued its habitual life, although it knew that the time of its destruction was at hand, when all the conventional conditions of its existence would be suddenly snapped short.

During those three days preceding the occupation of Moscow by the French, all the Rostof family were absorbed in their various worldly occupations. The chief of the family, Count Ilya Andreyitch, was constantly flying about the city, picking up on all sides the flying rumors, and while at home making superficial and hasty arrangements for hastening their departure.

The countess superintended the packing of the things, but

she was in a sad state of dissatisfaction with everybody, and kept tagging after Petya, who avoided her, and she was devoured by jealousy of Natasha, with whom he spent all his time.

Sonya was the only one who looked after the practical side of affairs: the packing of the things. But Sonya had been peculiarly melancholy and silent of late. The letter in which Nicolas had spoken of the Princess Mariya had caused the countess to express in her presence the most joyful auguries: she declared that in the interview of Nicolas and the Princess Mariya she saw the very hand of God.

"I never felt happy at all," said the countess, "when Bolkonsky was engaged to Natasha, but I always wished that Nikólinka might marry the princess, and I had a presentiment that it would turn out so. And how good that would be!"

Sonya felt that this was true, that the only possibility of retrieving the fortunes of the Rostofs was for Nikolai "to make a rich marriage," and that the princess was an excellent match.

But still it was a very bitter thing for her. In spite of her grief, or possibly in consequence of it, she took upon her all the difficult labor of arranging for packing up and stowing away, and was busy from morning till night.

The count and countess addressed themselves to her when they had any orders to give.

Petya and Natasha, on the other hand, not only did not help their parents, but for the most part were a hinderance and a burden to all in the house. And almost all day long the house echoed with their footsteps dancing about, their shouts and laughter. They laughed and enjoyed themselves, not because there was any reason for laughter, but their hearts were full of life and joy, and because everything that they heard seemed to them a reason for laughter and gaiety.

Petya was gay because, having left home a lad, he had returned—as every one told him—a gallant young hero; he was gay because he was at home, because he had come from Byelaya Tserkov where there had been not even a remote prospect of taking part in a battle, and had come to Moscow, where any day they might have fighting, and above all he was gay because Natasha, to whose moods he always was very susceptible, was gay also.

Natasha was gay because she had been melancholy quite too long, and now nothing reminded her of the reason of her previous melancholy, and she was well! Moreover, she was

gay because there was a man who flattered her — flattery was the wheel-grease which was absolutely essential if her machinery was to move with perfect freedom — and Petya flattered her.

Chiefly they were gay because the war had come to the very gates of Moscow, because there was a possibility of fighting at the barriers, because they were giving out guns, because there were running about and departures this way and that, because some great event was in the very air, and this is always provocative of good spirits in men, especially in the young.

CHAPTER XIII.

ON Saturday, the eleventh of September, everything in the Rostofs' house seemed topsy-turvy. All the doors were open, all the furniture was carried off or out of place; mirrors and paintings were taken down. The rooms were full of packing-boxes and littered with hay, wrapping-paper, and pieces of twine. Muzhiks and household serfs trod over the parquetry floors with heavy steps as they lugged the things. In the *dvor* there was a throng of peasants' carts, some of which were already loaded and corded up, and some still empty.

The voices and footsteps of the enormous retinue of servants and of the muzhiks who had come with the teams rang through the house and the yard.

The count had been off since early morning. The countess, who had a headache as a consequence of all the bustle and noise, was lying down in the new divan-room, her head wrapped up in vinegar compresses. Petya was not at home; he had gone to see a comrade with whom he proposed to change from the *landsturm* into the regular army. Sonya was busy in the ballroom, packing up the glassware and china.

Natasha was sitting on the floor, in her own dismantled room, amid a heap of dresses, laces, and ribbons, and holding lifelessly in her hands an old ball-dress — the very one — how out of style it was! — which she had worn to her first Petersburg ball. Her conscience pricked her for doing nothing while all the rest in the house were so busy, and several times since morning she had tried to take hold and help, but her heart was not in the work, and she could not and would not do anything at all, unless she could do it with all her heart, with all her might.

She had started to assist Sonya in packing the china, but

soon dropped it and went to her own room, to dispose of her own things. At first she found it very good fun to distribute her dresses and ribbons among the maids; but afterwards, when what was left had to be really packed up, it began to bore her.

"Dunyasha, you will put them in for me, that's a darling! * won't you?"

And when Dunyasha willingly agreed to do it all for her, Natasha sat down on the floor, and picked up her old ball-dress, and her thoughts turned in an entirely different channel from what they should have done. She was aroused from the brown study into which she had fallen by the chatter of the maids in the adjoining room, and by the sounds of their hurried steps as they ran from this room toward the rear of the house. Natasha got up and looked out of the window.

An enormous train of wounded men had come to a halt in the street.

The maids, the lackeys, the housekeeper, the old nyanya, the cooks, the coachmen, the postilions, the scullions, all were standing at the gates, gazing at the wounded.

Natasha, throwing a white handkerchief over her hair, and holding the ends with both hands, ran down into the street.

The former housekeeper, the old Mavra Kuzminitchna, broke through the crowd collected at the gates, and, going up to a telyega shaded by a reed cover, entered into conversation with a pale young officer, who was stretched out in it. Natasha advanced a few steps, and stood timidly, still holding her handkerchief, and listening to what the old "key-woman" said.

"Well, I suppose you haven't any kith or kin in Moscow, have you?" asked Mavra Kuzminitchna. "You would be so much more comfortable in a room somewhere. — Here, for instance, in our house. The folks are going off."

"I don't know as it would be permitted," replied the officer, in a feeble voice. "There's our nachalnik yonder — you see?" and he indicated a stout major, who was walking back along the street, past the line of telyegas.

Natasha, with startled eyes, looked into the wounded officer's face, and immediately went to meet the portly major.

"Can some of the wounded be taken into our house?" she demanded.

The major, with a smile, raised his hand to his visor.

"Which would you like, mamzel?" he asked, squinting his eyes, and smiling.

Natasha calmly repeated her question, and her face and her whole manner, although she still kept hold of the ends of her handkerchief, were so serious, that the major ceased to smile, and after first stopping to consider, as though he were asking himself how far this were admissible, at last gave her an affirmative answer.

"Oh, yes, certainly they can," said he.

Natasha bowed slightly, and returned, with swift steps, to Mavra Kuzminitchna, who was still standing by the officer, and talking with him with compassionate sympathy.

"They can, he said they could," whispered Natasha.

The covered telyega in which the officer was lying was driven into the Rostofs' yard, and a dozen telyegas, with their loads of wounded, by invitation of the inhabitants, were taken in at different yards and driven up to the steps of the houses on the Povarskaya Street.

Natasha was evidently pleased by having something to do with new people, remote from the ordinary conditions of life. She and Mavra Kuzminitchna made as many more of the wounded come into the dvor as possible.

"Still, we must ask your papásha," Mavra Kuzminitchna said.

"Not at all, not at all; what difference can it possibly make? Just for one night, we could sleep in the drawing-room. We can let them have all our rooms."

"What queer notions you do have, báruishnya! Even if we gave them the wing and the unfinished rooms, we should have to ask permission!"

"Well, I will go and ask."

Natasha ran into the house, and on tiptoes passed through the half-open door of the divan-room, where there was a strong scent of vinegar and Hoffmann's drops.

"Are you asleep, mamma?"

"Oh! how can I sleep?" said the countess, waking from a doze into which she had dropped.

"Mamma, darling,"* said Natasha, kneeling before her and leaning her cheek close to her mother's, "I am sorry; forgive me for waking you up, I will never do it any more. — Mavra Kuzminitchna sent me, — some wounded men have been brought here, — some officers. Will you let them come in? They don't know where to take them; I know you will let them come," said she hurriedly, not regaining her breath.

* *Golubchik.*

"What officers? Who has been brought here? I don't understand at all!" said the countess.

Natasha began to laugh; the countess responded with a feeble smile.

"I knew that you would let them come — well, then, I will go and tell them," and Natasha, kissing her mother, jumped up, and hurried off.

In the hall she met her father, who had come home with bad tidings.

"Here we are still!" cried the count, with involuntary vexation. "The club is already closed, and the police are going."

"Papa, it does not make any difference, does it? I have invited some wounded men to be brought in?" asked Natasha.

"Why, of course not," said the count distractedly. "But that's not the trouble. I beg of you to have done with trifling, and to help get packed up, so we can go, go, go to-morrow."

And the count proceeded to give the major-domo and all the servants the same order.

Petya came back to dinner, and communicated his budget of news.

He told how that day the people had got arms at the Kremlin, that though Rostopchin had declared he would give the alarm two days in advance, still there was no question that he had ordered the whole populace to go out fully armed the next day to Tri Gorui, and that there was going to be a great battle there.

The countess, with timid dismay, looked at her son's bright, excited face while he was saying this. She knew that if she said a word that might be interpreted as asking Petya not to go to that battle — for she knew that his heart was full of joy at the prospect of such a battle — then he would have something to say about *men*, about *honor*, about the *fatherland* — something so absurd, so like a man, so contrary to all reason — against which there was no reply to be made, and her hopes would be dashed — and therefore trusting so to arrange it as to attain her end, and take Petya with her, as her defender and protector, she said nothing to him, but, after dinner, called the count aside, and with tears besought him to start as soon as possible, that very night if it were possible. With the feminine, artless cunning of love, she who till then, had boasted of her absolute freedom from timidity,

declared that she should die of alarm, if she did not go that very evening.

There was no pretence about it: she was really afraid of everything.

CHAPTER XIV.

MADAME SCHOSS, who had been over to her daughter's, still more enhanced the countess's fear by her account of what she had seen in Miasnitskaya Street, at a spirit-store. As she was returning along the street, her way home was blocked by a throng of the drunken populace, who were surging around the shop.

She took an *izvoschik* and came home by a roundabout route, and the *izvoschik* had told her that the crowd had been staving in the casks in the spirit-store, and that they had been permitted to do so.

After dinner all the household of the Rostofs, in a perfect transport of zeal, set themselves to the task of packing up the effects and preparing for the departure. The old count, suddenly taking a hand in affairs, from dinner-time forth ceased not to trot back and forth between the *dvor* and the house, incoherently shouting to the hurrying servants, and urging them to still greater haste. Petya remained in the *dvor*, giving orders there. Sonya knew not what to do under the count's contradictory orders, and entirely lost her head. The men, shouting, scolding, and making a fearful racket, hastened through the rooms and bustled about in the courtyard.

Natasha, with that zeal that was so characteristic of her, suddenly also put her hand to the work. At first her interference with the task of packing was resented. All that was ever expected of her was quips, and now they were in no mood for such things; but she was so earnest and eager in claiming their submission to her will, she was so grave, and came so near weeping because they would not listen to her, that at last she won the victory and their confidence.

Her first achievement, which cost her enormous efforts and gave her the power, was the packing of the rugs. The count had in his house some precious *Gobelins* and Persian carpets. When Natasha first put her hand to the work two great chests stood open in the ballroom; one was filled almost to the top with china, the other with rugs. There was still a great quantity of china standing about on the tables, and they were bringing

still more from the storerooms. It was necessary to begin still a third fresh packing-case, and some of the men had been sent after one.

"Sonya, wait, we can get it all in as it is," said Natasha.

"Impossible, báruishnya! it has been tried already," said the butler.

"No, wait and see, please." And Natasha began rapidly to take out of the packing-case the plates and dishes that were wrapped up in paper.

"The platters must be put in there with the rugs," said she.

"But there are rugs enough as it is for all three of the boxes!" exclaimed the butler.

"Now wait, please." And Natasha began swiftly and skilfully to unpack. "Those are not needed," said she of some Kief-ware plates. "But those are to be put in with the rugs," said she of some Dresden dishes.

"There, now, let it alone, Natasha; there, that'll do, we'll get it packed!" exclaimed Sonya reproachfully.

"Ekh! báruishnya!" exclaimed the major-domo. But Natasha would not yield; she took out everything and proceeded rapidly to pack them up again, deciding that there was no need at all of taking the cheap, ordinary carpets and the superfluous tableware.

When everything was taken out they began to pack up again. And in fact after everything of little value which it was not worth while to take with them had been removed, all that had any value could be put into the two packing-cases. But it was found impossible to close the lid of the box that held the rugs. It could be done by taking out one or two things, but Natasha was bound to have her own way. She arranged the things, and re-arranged them, pressed them down, and compelled the butler and Petya, whom she called in to help her pack, to sit on the cover, and she herself put forth all her strength with the energy of despair.

"There, that's enough, Natasha," said Sonya; "I see you are right, only take out the top one."

"I don't wish to," cried Natasha, with one hand pushing back her dishevelled locks from her sweaty face and pressing down the rugs with the other. "Now press down, Petya, push! Vasilyitch, press down!" cried she. The rugs gave way and the cover was shut.

Natasha, clapping her hands, actually squealed with delight, and the tears gushed from her eyes. But this lasted only a

second. She immediately applied herself to something else, and by this time they had begun to repose the most implicit confidence in her; even the count was not indignant when he was informed that Natalya Ilyinitchna had countermanded some order of his, and the household serfs came to her to ask: should they cord up the loads or not, or wasn't the team full enough? Thanks to Natasha's clever management great progress was made in the work; articles of little account were left out, and the most precious things were packed in the most practical form possible.

But in spite of the efforts of all the people the labor of packing was not completed that night, though they worked till late. The countess went to bed, and the count, deferring the start till morning, also retired.

Sonya and Natasha, without disrobing, went to sleep in the divan-room.

That night another wounded man had been brought through the Povarskaya, and Mavra Kuzminitchna, who happened to be standing down by the gates, had him brought into the Rostof house. This wounded man, according to Mavra Kuzminitchna, was evidently a man of great distinction. He was carried in a calash entirely covered with the apron and with the hood let down. On the box with the driver sat a very dignified old valet. The calash was followed by a team with the doctor and two soldiers.

"Come into our house, come in. The folks are all going; the whole house will be deserted," said the old woman, addressing the aged servant.

"Well," said the valet, sighing, "we did not know where to take him. We have our own house in Moscow, but it's far off and no one in it."

"We beg it as a favor; our folks have always a houseful, so please come," said Mavra Kuzminitchna. "What! is he very bad?" she added.

The valet spread open his hands.

"We did not know as we could get him here. I must ask the doctor." And the valet sprang down from the box and went to the other team.

"Very good," said the doctor.

The valet returned to the calash, looked into it, shook his head, bade the driver turn into the dvor, and he himself remained standing by Mavra Kuzminitchna.

"Merciful Saviour!" * she exclaimed.

* "*Gospodí Iisuse Khríste!*" (Lord Jesus Christ!).

Mavra Kuzminitchna invited them to carry the wounded man into the house.

"The folks won't say anything," she went on. But it was necessary to avoid carrying him upstairs, and therefore the wounded man was taken into the wing and placed in the rooms formerly occupied by Madame Schoss.

The wounded officer was Prince Andrei Bolkonsky!

CHAPTER XV.

THE last day of Moscow dawned.

It was bright, inspiring autumn weather. It was a Sunday. Just as on ordinary Sundays, the bells on all the churches rang for mass. It seemed as if even now no one realized what was coming upon Moscow.

Only two indications of the crisis were visible in society, and showed the position in which Moscow was placed: the rabble, that is to say, the poorer classes, and the price for commodities. The factory operatives, household serfs, and muzhiks in a portentous throng, wherein mixed and mingled chinovniks, seminarists, noblemen, had early that morning gone out to Tri Gorui. Having reached there, they did not wait for Rostopchin, but coming to the conclusion that Moscow was to be abandoned, this mob scattered through Moscow, among the spirit-stores, and traktirs or taverns.

Prices that day also indicated the posture of affairs. The prices for weapons, for gold, for teams and horses, kept going higher and higher, while the prices for paper money and for city luxuries kept depreciating, so that by the middle of the day there were instances of costly wares like cloth being carried off by izvoshchiks for nothing, while as high as five hundred rubles were paid for a muzhik's horse; but furniture, mirrors, and bronzes went begging.

In the dignified old house of the Rostofs, the overturn of the former conditions of existence found very feeble expression. As far as the servants were concerned, it only happened that during the night three out of all the enormous retinue ran away; but nothing was stolen, and the prices of things were well shown by the fact that the thirty teams brought from the country represented an enormous fortune, which many men coveted, and for which tremendous offers were made to the Rostois.

Although great sums of money were offered for these teams,

nevertheless, during the evening of the twelfth and on the morning of the thirteenth of September, there was a constant stream of *denshchiks*, and other servants, sent by wounded officers, as well as the wounded men themselves who had been accommodated at the Rostofs' and at neighboring houses, begging the Rostofs' servants to obtain for them these teams so that they could escape from Moscow.

The major-domo, to whom these men applied with such petitions, although he pitied the wounded, gave a decided refusal, declaring that he should not dare to propose such a thing to the count. However hard it was to leave the wounded behind, it was self-evident that if one team were given up, there would be no reason for refusing another, and another, and finally all their teams and even their private carriages. Thirty teams would not save all the wounded, and, in the universal calamity, it was out of the question that each person should not think of himself and his family first. Thus the major-domo thought in behalf of his barin.

On waking up on the morning of the thirteenth, Count Ilya Andreyitch softly left his chamber, so as not to arouse the countess, who had only fallen asleep toward morning, and in his lilac-colored silk dressing-gown went down to the front steps.

The teams, ready loaded, stood in the yard. The travelling-carriages were at the door. The major-domo was standing by the entrance, conversing with an elderly *denshchik*, and a pale young officer with his arm in a sling. The major-domo, seeing the count, made a stern and significant sign to the officer and the man, that they should go.

"Well, is everything ready, Vasilyitch?" asked the count, rubbing his bald spot, and looking good-naturedly at the officer and the *denshchik*, and nodding to them. The count was fond of new faces.

"About ready to hitch up, your illustriousness."

"Well, that is excellent! But here, the countess will soon be awake, and then God speed us.* — Well, sir?" said he, turning to the officer. "You will make yourself at home in my house, will you?"

The officer drew nearer. His pale face suddenly flushed a brilliant crimson.

"Count, do me the favor, — allow me — for God's sake — let me creep into one of your wagons. I have no luggage with me here — I would as soon go in the cart" — The

* *S Bogom.*

officer had not finished speaking, before the *denshchik* came up to the count, to prefer the same request in behalf of his gentleman.

"Oh, yes, yes, yes," cried the count, hastily. "I am very, very glad. Vasilyitch, you make the arrangements; have one or two of the *telyegas* unloaded — say that one yonder — well — any one that seems most advisable" — said the count, couching his orders in vague phrases.

But at the same instant the eager expression of gratitude on the officer's face confirmed him in his determination. The count glanced around: the courtyard, the gates, the windows of the wing, were all crowded with wounded men and their attendants. The eyes of all were riveted on the count, and they were coming toward the steps.

"Please, your illustriousness, come into the picture-gallery; what do you wish done in regard to the pictures?" asked the major-domo.

The count went with him into the house, at the same time repeating his injunctions not to refuse any of the wounded who begged to be taken.

"There, now, something can be unloaded," he added, in a low, mysterious voice, as though he feared some one would overhear him.

At nine o'clock, the countess awoke, and Matriona Timov'yevna, her former lady's maid, who now exercised in the countess's behalf the duties of chief of police,* came to inform her old mistress that Maria Karlovla was greatly incensed, and that it was an impossibility for the young ladies' summer dresses to be left behind!

When the countess made inquiries why Madame Schoss was incensed, it appeared that her trunk had been taken from the cart, and that they were unloading all of the teams, that they were making ready to take on and carry away with them the wounded whom the count, in his simple-hearted kindness, had promised to rescue.

The countess had her husband summoned.

"What does this mean, my love? I hear they are unloading the things again."

"You see, *ma chère*. — I was going to tell you, *ma chère grafinyushka* — the officer came to me — and begged me to let them have a few of the teams for the wounded. Of course, this is all worth a good deal, but how could we leave them behind? Just think! — It's a fact, they're in our yard — we

* *Shef zhendarmof.*

invited them in. — You see, I think — we really ought, *ma chère* — so now, *ma chère* — let 'em go with us — what is the hurry, anyway ? ”

The count spoke timidly, as was always his custom when there was any money transaction on foot. The countess was accustomed to this tone, which always preceded any project that was going to eat up his children's fortunes, as for instance the starting a picture gallery, new orangeries, the arrangement of private theatrical performances, or music; and she was accustomed, and had long considered it her duty, to oppose anything that was suggested in this tone of voice.

She put on a set, tearful face, and said to her husband : —

“Listen, count; you have brought things to such a pass that we aren't worth anything, and now all our property — *our children's* — all that's left — you want to make way with. Why, you yourself said that what was in the house was worth a hundred thousand ! I will not consent, my love, I will not consent ! Do as *you* please ! It's for the government to look after the wounded. They know it. Look across the street there at the Lopukhins' ; everything was carried off clean three days ago. That's the way men do ! We alone are idiots ! If you don't have any pity on me, at least remember your children ! ”

The count made a gesture with his hands, and, saying nothing further, left the room.

“Papa ! what is the matter ? ” asked Natasha, who had followed him to her mother's room.

“Nothing ! none of your concern ! ” replied the count testily.

“No, but I heard what you were saying,” said Natasha.

“Why isn't *mámenka* willing ? ”

“What business is it of yours ? ” screamed the count.

Natasha went to the window and pondered. “*Pápenka* ! Berg has come ! ” said she, looking out of the window.

CHAPTER XVI.

BERG, the count's son-in-law, was now a colonel, wearing the Vladimir and the Anna around his neck, and occupied in the same pleasant and sinecure post, as assistant to the chief of the staff of the assistant chief of staff of the first division of the second corps.

On the thirteenth of September he drove in to Moscow from the army.

There was nothing to call him to Moscow, but he had observed that all were asking leave of absence to go to Moscow, and seemed to have private business there. He considered it essential for him also to go and inquire after his wife's family and affairs.

Berg drove up to his father-in-law's house in his elegant little drozhsky drawn by a pair of plump roans, exactly like those belonging to a certain prince. He gave a keen look at the teams drawn up in the yard; and as he came to the steps, he took out a clean handkerchief and tied a knot in it.

Berg passed from the anteroom into the drawing-room with slow, dignified steps, and embraced the count, and kissed Natasha's hand, and Sonya's, and made haste to inquire after his mamásha's health.

"Who thinks about health nowadays? Tell us," said the count, "tell us about the army. Will they retire or will there be another battle?"

"The Everlasting God, papásha," said Berg. "can alone decide the fate of the fatherland. The army is afire with the spirit of heroism, and even now the leaders, so to speak, are collected in council. What will be is not known. But I can tell you in general, papásha, the heroic spirit, the truly antique valor of the Russian troops, which they — I mean it" — he corrected himself — "showed, or rather displayed, in that battle of the seventh instant, words are not sufficient to describe. — I tell you, papásha" — here he gave himself a slap on the chest, just as he had seen a general do in telling this story, though he was rather late in bringing it in effectively, because he should have given himself the slap on the chest at the words *Russian troops* — "I will tell you frankly that we — the nachalniks not only were not obliged to urge on the soldiers or do anything of the sort, but, rather, we found it hard work to restrain their ardor — their, their — yes, their gallant and antique onslaughts," said he eloquently. "General Barclay de Tolly exposed his life everywhere in front of the troops, I tell you! Our corps was posted on the slope of a hill. You can imagine!" — And here Berg related all that he remembered of the various reports that he had heard at that time.

Natasha did not take her eyes from him, which confused Berg, for she seemed to be searching his face for the answer to some question.

"Such heroism as was displayed by the Russian troops in general, it is impossible to imagine or to praise sufficiently,"

said Berg, glancing at Natasha, and smiling in answer to her fixed look, as though anxious to win her good graces. "Russia is not in Moscow, she is in the hearts of her sons. Isn't that so, papásha?" asked Berg.

At this moment the countess came out from the divan-room with a weary and dissatisfied face. Berg sprang up, kissed her hand, inquired after her health, and, expressing his sympathy by a shake of the head, remained standing by her side.

"Yes, mamásha, I will tell you frankly these are melancholy, trying times for every Russian. But why be so disturbed? There is still time for you to get away safely" —

"I don't understand what the servants are up to," said the countess, addressing her husband. "I have just been told that not a thing is ready yet. You see how necessary it is for some one to take full charge. Now here we really miss Mitenka. There will never be any end to it!"

The count was about to make some reply, but evidently restrained himself. He got up from his chair and went to the door.

Berg just then took out his handkerchief as though to blow his nose, and, catching sight of the knot that he had tied, grew thoughtful and shook his head in a melancholy and significant manner.

"I have a great favor to ask of you, papásha," said he.

"Hm?" returned the count, stopping short.

"I was just passing Yusupof's," said Berg with a laugh. "The overseer, who is an acquaintance of mine, came running out, and urged me to buy something. I went in just out of curiosity, and there I found a pretty little chiffonier* and toilet. You know how Vierushka has always wanted one, and how we have actually quarrelled over it." — Berg involuntarily took a tone of self-congratulation over his comfortable little establishment, as he began to speak about the chiffonier and the toilet. — "And it is such a beauty! It is full of drawers, and has an English secret panel, don't you know! And Vierotchka had wanted one so long! And so I wanted to surprise her. I saw you had so many of these muzhiks in the yard. Let me have one, please. I will pay him handsomely and" —

A frown passed over the count's face, and he began to clear his throat. — "Ask the countess; I am not giving the directions."

* *Shifonyérotchka.*

"If it is inconvenient, no matter about it," said Berg. — "Only I wanted it very much for Vierushka's sake."

"Akh! go to the devil—all of you, to the devil, to the devil, and to the devil!" cried the old count. — "My head is in a whirl!" And he flew out of the room.

The countess burst into tears.

"Yes, indeed, mámenka, it is a very trying time!" said Berg.

Natasha followed her father out of the room, and at first started to go to him; but then, seeming to collect her thoughts, she hastened downstairs.

Petya was standing on the steps, busy providing with arms the men who were to escort the family from Moscow. In the dvor the teams still stood corded up. Two of them had been unloaded, and in one the young officer had already taken his place, assisted by his *denshchik*.

"Do you know what the trouble was?" asked Petya of Natasha. Natasha understood that Petya referred to the dispute between their father and mother. She made no reply.

"Because pápenka wanted to give up all the teams to the wounded!" said Petya. "Vasilytch told me. In my opinion" —

"In my opinion," suddenly interrupted Natasha, almost screaming, and turning her wrathful face full upon Petya — "in my opinion, this is so mean, so shameful, so — so — I can't express it! Are we miserable Germans?"

Her throat swelled with convulsive sobs, and, fearing lest she should break down and waste the ammunition of her wrath, she turned on her heel and flew impetuously upstairs.

Berg was sitting down near the countess, and trying, like a dutiful son, to console her. The count, with his pipe in his hand, was striding up and down, when Natasha, her face distorted with indignation, dashed into the room, and hurried to her mother with rapid steps.

"This is shameful! This is abominable!" she cried. "It cannot be that you have given such an order."

Berg and the countess looked at her in fear and bewilderment. The count paused by the window, and listened.

"Mámenka, it must not be! see what they are doing in the yard!" she cried. "They are to be left!"

"What is the matter? Who are to be left? What do you want?"

"The wounded men, that's who! It must not be, mámenka!"

This is not like you at all! No, mámenka, dearest little dove!* Mámenka! what do we want of all those things that we were going to take away? only look out into the yard!—Mámenka!—This must not, cannot be.”

The count still stood by the window without turning his face away, as he listened to Natasha's words.

Suddenly he blew his nose, and leaned over toward the window.

The countess gazed at her daughter, saw her face tinged with shame for her mother's sake, saw her agitation, understood now why it was her husband would not look at her, and then glanced around her with a troubled face.

“Akh! you may do as you please. Am I interfering with any one?” she exclaimed, not willing even yet to give in suddenly.

“Mámenka, dear little dove, forgive me!”

But the countess pushed her daughter away, and went over to the count.

“*Mon cher*, you give what orders are necessary. You see, I know nothing about this at all!” said she, guiltily dropping her eyes.

“The eggs—the eggs are teaching the old hen,” exclaimed the count through his happy tears, and he embraced his wife, who was glad to hide her face crimson with shame against his heart.

“Pápenka, mámenka! Shall I give the orders? May I?” asked Natasha. “We will still take all that we really need,” said Natasha.

The count nodded assent, and Natasha, with the same swift steps with which she would run when she used to play *gor-gelki* or tag, flew across the room into the anteroom, and downstairs into the courtyard.

The men gathered around Natasha, and they would not put any faith in the strange command which she gave them, until the old count himself came down, and, in the name of his wife, ordered them to give up all the wagons to the wounded, and to carry the boxes and trunks back to the storerooms.

After they had comprehended the meaning of the order, the men with joyful eagerness addressed themselves to the new task. This did not any longer seem strange to the menials, but, on the contrary, it seemed to them that it could not be ordered otherwise; just the same as, a quarter of an hour before, it did not seem strange to any one that the wounded

* *Golúbushka*.

men were to be left and the things carried away, but seemed to them that it could not be ordered otherwise. All the household, as though grieved because they had not got at this work more expeditiously, took hold of it with a will, and made place for the wounded. The wounded men dragged themselves down from their rooms, and their pale faces lighted up with joy as they gathered around the teams.

The rumor spread to the adjoining houses that the teams were going to start from the Rostofs', and still more of the wounded came crowding into the Rostofs' yard from the other houses.

Many of the wounded begged them not to remove all the things, but simply to let them sit on top. But the work of unloading having once begun, it could not stop. It was a matter of indifference whether all the things were left or only half of them. The courtyard was littered up with the unladen chests and boxes full of china, bronzes, paintings, mirrors, which had been so carefully packed up the night before, and still the work went on of taking off this thing and that, and giving up one team after another.

"We can take four more," said the overseer. "Here, I will give up my team! but then, what should I do with them?"

"Well, give them the one that has my trunks," said the countess; "Dunyasha can sit with me in the carriage."

So they gave up also the wardrobe wagon,* and let the wounded from two neighboring houses have the use of it. All the household and the servants were full of happy excitement. Natasha had risen to a state of enthusiastically happy emotion such as she had not experienced for a long time.

"How shall we tie this on?" asked some of the men, who were trying to fasten a chest on the narrow foot-board of one of the carriages. "We ought to give up a whole team to it!"

"What does it contain?" asked Natasha.

"The count's books."

"Leave it, Vasilyitch will take care of it. We don't need them."

The britchka was full; there was some question where Piotr Ilyitch was to go.

"He can sit on the coachman's box. Get up there on the box!" cried Natasha.

Sonya was also indefatigably at work; but the object of her

* *Garderobnaya pvozka.*

labors was diametrically opposed to the object of Natasha's. She was looking out for the things which had to be left behind, labelling them by the countess's desire, and doing her best to have as much taken as could be.

CHAPTER XVII.

By two o'clock, the four equipages of the Rostofs, loaded and packed, stood at the door. The teams with the wounded, one after the other, filed out of the gate. The calash in which Prince Andrei was carried passed in front of the entrance, and attracted the attention of Sonya, who was engaged with the maid in trying to arrange a comfortable seat for the countess in her huge, lofty coach, that stood at the door.

"Whose calash is that?" asked Sonya, putting her head out of the carriage window.

"Why, don't you know, báruishnya?" replied the maid. "It's the wounded prince; he spent the night at our house, and is also going with us."

"But who is he? What is his name?"

"It's our former lover! Prince Bolkonsky!" replied the lady's maid, with a sigh. "They say he's going to die."

Sonya sprang out of the carriage and hastened to the countess. The countess, already dressed for the journey, in shawl and hat, was weariedly walking up and down through the drawing-room, waiting for the household to assemble so as to sit down, with closed doors, and have prayers read before setting forth on the journey. Natasha was not in the room.

"*Maman!*" exclaimed Sonya, "Prince Andrei is here! wounded and dying. He is going with us!"

The countess opened her eyes wide with terror, and, seizing Sonya's arm, looked around.

"Natasha!" she exclaimed.

Both for Sonya and for the countess this news had at the first moment only one significance. They knew their Natasha, and the horror at the thought how this news would affect her crowded out all sympathy for the man whom they both loved.

"Natasha does not know it yet; but he is going in our party," said Sonya.

"Did you say he was dying?"

Sonya bent her head.

The countess threw her arms around Sonya and burst into tears.

"The ways of the Lord are past finding out!" she said to herself, with the consciousness that in everything that was then taking place an All-powerful Hand was in control of what had been concealed from the eyes of men.

"Well, mamma, all is ready. — What is the matter with you?" asked Natasha, suddenly coming into the room with flushed and eager face.

"Nothing," said the countess. "If we are ready, then let us be off."

And the countess bent over to her reticule, in order to hide her disturbed face. Sonya hugged Natasha and kissed her.

"What is the matter? What has happened?"

"Nothing — noth" —

"Something wrong, and about me? What is it?" asked the sensitive Natasha.

Sonya sighed, and made no reply.

The count, Petya, Madame Schoss, Mavra Kuzminitchna, and Vasilyitch, came into the room, and, shutting the door, all sat down, and remained for some seconds in silence, not exchanging glances.

The count was the first to rise, and, drawing a loud sigh, he began to cross himself toward the holy pictures. All did likewise. Then the count began to embrace Mavra Kuzminitchna and Vasilyitch, who were to be left in Moscow, and while they fondled his hand and kissed him on the shoulder, he lightly patted them on the back, muttering some vague, affectionately consoling phrases.

The countess went to the oratory, and Sonya found her there on her knees in front of the "images," which were left here and there on the wall. The most precious images, as family heirlooms, had been taken down and carried off.

On the stairs and in the yard, the men who were to accompany the teams, furnished with daggers and sabres, delivered out to them by Petya, and with their trousers tucked into their boots, and their coats tightly girt around them with girdles and belts, were exchanging farewells with those who were to stay behind.

As always happens at starting on a journey, many things were forgotten or not properly packed; and the two *haiduks* had been long standing on either side of the open door, by the carriage steps, ready to help the countess in, while the maids were bustling about with cushions and parcels to stow away in the coaches and the calash and the britchka.

"They are forever and forever forgetting something!" ex-

claimed the countess. "Now see here. You know I can't sit that way." And Dunyasha, setting her teeth together, and making no reply, though an expression of indignation contracted her face, flew into the carriage to re-arrange the cushions.

"Akh! what a set of people!" exclaimed the count, shaking his head.

The old coachman, Yefim, with whom alone the countess would consent to travel, sitting high on his box, did not even deign to glance around at what was going on behind him. He knew, by thirty years' experience, that it would be still some time before they said to him their "*S Bogom* — Let us be off" — and that, even after the order to start was given, he would still be stopped two or three times, while they sent back for things forgotten; and that even then he would be stopped again, and the countess herself would thrust her head out of the window, and ask him in the name of Christ the Lord — "*Khristom Bogom* — to drive more cautiously down the slopes. He knew this, and therefore, with even greater patience than his horses, — especially more than the off chestnut, Sokol,* which stood pawing with his hoofs, and champing his bit, — he waited for what should be.

At last all were in their places; the steps were done up, the door shut with a bang, a forgotten box sent for, the countess put her head out and made the stereotyped remark. Then Yefim deliberately removed his hat from his head, and proceeded to cross himself. The postilion and all the people did the same. "*S Bogom* — God with us," cried Yefim, as he put on his cap. "Off we go!"

The postilion cracked his whip. The near pole-horse strained on the collar, the lofty springs creaked, and the great coach swayed. As it started, the footman leaped upon the box. The carriage went jolting along as it rumbled out from the *dvor* upon the uneven pavement; the other vehicles also followed jolting along, and the procession turned up the street. All in the carriages, the calash, and the britchka crossed themselves as they passed the church opposite. The servants remaining in Moscow followed on both sides of the street, escorting them.

Natasha had rarely known such a feeling of keen delight as she experienced now, sitting in the coach, next the countess, and gazing out at the walls of abandoned, excited Moscow slowly moving past. She from time to time put her head

* Hawk.

out of the window and gazed forward and back at the long string of wagons containing the wounded accompanying them. Almost at the very front of the line she could see Prince Andrei's covered calash. She did not know who was in it, and yet every time when she surveyed their train her eyes turned instinctively to this calash. She knew that it was at the front.

A number of carriage-trains like the Rostofs' had turned out into Kudrina Street, from Nikitskaya, from Priesen, from Podnovinsky, and when they reached the Sadovaya there were already a double row of vehicles and trains moving along.

As they passed the Sukharef tower, Natasha, glancing with curiosity at the throng of people coming and going, suddenly uttered an exclamation expressive of delight and amazement.

"Ye saints! * Mamma! Sonya! look, there he is!"

"Who? who?"

"Look! for pity's sake, † Bezukhoi!" exclaimed Natasha, putting her head out of the carriage window, and staring at a tall, stout man in a coachman's kaftan — evidently a gentleman in disguise, to judge by his gait and carriage — who was walking along with a sallow, beardless little old man in a frieze cloak under the arch of the Sukharef tower.

"Indeed, † it's Bezukhoi, in the kaftan, walking with a little old man! Indeed it is!" exclaimed Natasha. "Look! look!"

"Why, no! It can't be. How can you say such absurd things!"

"Mamma!" cried Natasha. "I'll wager my head that it is he. I assure you it is. Stop! stop!" she cried to the coachman. But the coachman could not stop, because a whole file of wagons and vehicles came in from Meshehanskaya Street, and shouted to the Rostofs to drive on and not delay the others.

But, although he was now at a much greater distance from them all, the Rostofs now recognized Pierre, or the man in the coachman's kaftan that looked like Pierre, pacing along the street with dejected head and solemn face, side by side with the little beardless man who had the appearance of a footman. This little old man remarked the face thrust forth from the carriage-window, and trying to attract their attention, and he respectfully nudged Pierre's elbow, and said something to him, pointing to the carriage.

It was some time before Pierre realized what he said, he seemed to be so deeply sunken in thought. At last, when his

* *Bátiushki*.

† *Yéi Bogu*.

attention was roused, he looked in the indicated direction, and, recognizing Natasha, gave himself up for a second to the first impression and ran nimbly over to the carriage.

But, after taking a dozen steps, some thought, apparently, struck him, and he paused.

Natasha put her head out of the window and beamed with mischievous affectionateness.

"Piotr Kiriluitch, come here! You see, we recognized you. This is marvellous!" she cried, giving him her hand. "What does this mean? Why are you so?"

Pierre took the proffered hand, and, as he walked along, — for the carriage was still moving, — he awkwardly kissed it.

"What is the matter with you, count?" asked the countess, in a voice expressing amazement and sympathy.

"I — I — Why? — don't ask me," said Pierre, and he glanced at Natasha, whose eyes, beaming with delight, — he felt them even though he did not look into them, — overwhelmed him with their charm.

"What are you going to do? stay behind in Moscow?"

Pierre made no reply.

"In Moscow?" he repeated, questioningly. "Yes, in Moscow. Good-by."

"Akh! I wish I were a man, I would certainly stay behind with you. Akh! how nice that would be!" exclaimed Natasha. "Mamma, if you will let me, I will stay." Pierre gave Natasha an absent look, and was about to say something, but the countess interrupted him.

"We heard you were in the battle."

"Yes, I was," replied Pierre. "To-morrow, there is to be another battle" — he began to say, but Natasha interrupted him.

"What is the matter with you, count? You aren't like yourself" —

"Akh! don't, don't ask me, don't ask me, I myself don't know. To-morrow, — but no! Good-by, good-by," he went on. "Terrible times!" and, moving away from the carriage, he passed along on the sidewalk.

Natasha for a long while still kept her head out of the window, beaming upon him with an affectionate and somewhat mischievous smile of joy.

CHAPTER XVIII.

PIERRE, during the two days since his disappearance from home, had been living in the deserted rooms of the late Bazdeyef.

This was how it happened.

On waking up the morning after his return to Moscow and his interview with Count Rostopchin, it was a long time before Pierre could realize where he was and what was required of him. When he was informed that among those who were waiting to see him in his reception-room there was the Frenchman who had brought him the letter from the Countess Elena Vasilyevna, there suddenly came over him that feeling of embarrassment and hopelessness to which he was peculiarly prone.

It all at once came over him that everything was now at an end, that ruin and destruction were at hand, that there was no distinction between right and wrong, that there was no future, and that there was no escape from all this coil of troubles. With an unnatural smile on his lips, and muttering unintelligible words, he first sat down a while on his sofa, then he got up, went to the door and looked through the crack into the reception-room, then, making a fierce gesture, he tiptoed back and took up a book. The major-domo came for the second time to tell Pierre that the Frenchman who had brought the letter from the countess was very anxious to see him "if only for a little minute, and that a messenger had come from I. A. Bazdeyef's widow to ask him to come for the books, since Mrs. Bazdeyeva had herself gone to the country.

"Oh, yes, immediately — wait — or no, no, — go and say that I will come immediately," said Pierre to the major-domo.

But, as soon as the major-domo had gone, Pierre took his hat, which lay on the table, and left his cabinet by the rear door. There was no one in the corridor. Pierre passed along the whole length of the corridor to the stairs, and, scowling and clasping his head in both hands, he went down to the first landing. The Swiss was standing at the front door. From the landing which Pierre had reached, another flight of stairs led to the rear entrance. Pierre went down this and came out into the yard. No one had seen him. But on the street, as soon as he left the gates, the coachmen waiting with their equipages, and the dvornik, or yardtender, saw the count, and

took off their hats to him. Conscious of their glances fastened upon him, Pierre acted like an ostrich which hides its head in the sand so as not to be seen; he dropped his head, and, hastening his steps, ran out into the street.

Of all the business which faced Pierre that morning, the business of assorting Iosiph Alekseyevitch's books and papers seemed to him most needful.

He took the first *izvoshchik* that happened to come along, and ordered him to drive to the Patriarch's Pools,* where the widow Bazdeyeva lived. As he kept glancing about on all the caravans of people, making haste to escape from Moscow, and balanced his obese frame so as not to be tipped out of the ramshackly old *drozhsky*, Pierre experienced the same sort of reckless enjoyment felt by a truant boy. He entered into conversation with the driver.

The *izvoshchik* informed him that arms had been that day distributed to the populace in the Kreml, and that on the morrow they were all going out to the Tri Gorui barrier, and that a great battle would take place there.

On reaching the Patriarch's Pools, Pierre had to make some little search for Bazdeyef's house, as he had not been there for some time. He approached the wicket door. Gerasim, the same sallow, beardless little old man whom Pierre had seen five years before at Torzhok, with Iosiph Alekseyevitch, came out at his knock.

"At home?" asked Pierre.

"Owing to present circumstances, Sofya Danilovna and her children went yesterday to their Torzhok country seat, your illustriousness."

"Nevertheless I will come in; I must assort the books," said Pierre.

"Do, I beg of you; the brother of the late lamented — the kingdom of heaven be his! — Makar Alekseyevitch — is left here, as you will deign to know — he is very feeble," said the old servitor.

Makar Alekseyevitch was, as Pierre well knew, Iosiph Alekseyevitch's half-witted brother, who was addicted to drink.

"Yes, yes, I know. Come on, come," said Pierre, and he entered the house.

A tall, bald, red-nosed old man, in a dressing-gown, and with galoche on his bare feet, was standing in the reception-room. When he saw Pierre, he testily muttered something, and shuffled off into the corridor.

* *Patriarshiye Prudui*.

"He once had great intellect, but now, as you will deign to observe, he has weakened," said Gerasim. "Would you like to go into the library?"

Pierre nodded assent.

"The library remains just as it had been left, with seals on everything. Sofya Danilovna gave orders that if you sent any one they were to have the books."

Pierre went into the same gloomy cabinet into which, during the Benefactor's life, he had gone with such trepidation. It was now dusty, and had not been touched since Iosiph Alekseyevitch's death: it was gloomier than ever.

Gerasim opened one of the shutters, and left the room on his tiptoes. Pierre crossed the floor, went to one of the book-cases in which MSS. were kept, and took out one of the most important of the documents of the order at that time. These were some of the original acts of the Scotch branch, with observations and explanations in the hand of the Benefactor.

He took a seat at the dust-encumbered writing-table, and spread the manuscripts in front of him, opened them, then shut them, folded them up, and, finally, pushing them away, rested his head on his hands and fell into deep thought.

Several times Gerasim cautiously came and looked into the library, and found Pierre still in the same attitude. Thus passed more than two hours. Gerasim permitted himself to make a little stir at the door so as to attract his attention; Pierre heard him not.

"Do you wish me to send away the driver?"

"Akh! yes," said Pierre, starting from his reverie and hastily jumping to his feet. — "Listen," he added, taking Gerasim by his coat-button, and looking down upon the little old man with glittering, humid eyes, full of enthusiasm — "Listen, do you know that to-morrow there is to be a battle?"

"They say so," replied Gerasim.

"I beg of you not to tell any one who I am. And do what I tell you" —

"I will obey," replied Gerasim. "Do you wish something to eat?"

"No, but I want something else. I want a peasant's dress and a pistol," said Pierre, unexpectedly reddening.

"I will obey," said Gerasim, after thinking a moment.

All the rest of this day Pierre spent alone in the Benefactor's library, restlessly pacing from one corner of the room to the other, as Gerasim could hear, and sometimes talking to himself, and he spent the night in a bed made ready for him there.

Gerasim, with the equanimity of a servant who has seen many strange things in his day, accepted Pierre's residence without amazement, and seemed well satisfied to have some one to wait upon. That same evening, without even asking himself what was the reason therefor, he procured for Pierre a kaftan and hat, and promised on the following day to get the pistol that he wished.

Makar Alekseyevitch, twice that afternoon, shuffling along in his galoches, came to his door and halted, looking inquisitively at Pierre. But as soon as Pierre turned round to him he wrapped his dressing-gown around him with a look of injured annoyance, and hastily made off.

It was while Pierre, dressed in his coachman's kaftan, procured and refitted for him by Gerasim, and accompanied by the old man, was on his way to get the pistol at the Sukharef tower, that he fell in with the Rostofs.

CHAPTER XIX.

ON the night of September 13, Kutuzof's order for the Russian troops to retire through Moscow to the Riazan highway was promulgated.

The vanguard moved in the night. The troops marching at night took their time and proceeded slowly and in good order; but at daybreak the troops that reached the Dorogomilovsky Bridge saw in front of them, on the other side, endless masses of troops, packed together, hurrying across the bridge and toiling along the street and avenues, blocking them up, while others were pressing on them from the rear.

And an unreasonable haste and panic took possession of the troops. The whole mass struggled forward to the bridge, and across the river by the bridge, by the fords, and by boats. Kutuzof gave orders to be driven round by back streets to the other side of Moscow.

By ten o'clock on the morning of the fourteenth, only some of the troops of the rearguard were left, with ample room in the Dorogomilovsky suburb. The bulk of the army was by that time fairly on the other side of Moscow and beyond Moscow.

At this same time — ten o'clock on the morning of September 14 — Napoleon stood, surrounded by his troops, on the Poklonnaya Hill, and gazed at the landscape opened out before him.

From the seventh until the fourteenth of September — from the battle of Borodino until the entry of the enemy into Moscow — every day of that anxious, of that fateful week was distinguished by unusual autumn weather, which always fills people with surprise, when the sun, though moving low, burns more fiercely than in the spring, when every object stands out in the thin, clear atmosphere dazzling the eye, when the lungs expand and are refreshed by taking in the fragrant autumn air, and when, during the mild dark nights, golden stars slip from the skies — a constant source of terror and delight.

On September 14, at ten o'clock in the morning, the weather was still the same. The brilliancy of the morning was enchanting. Moscow, from the Poklonnaya Hill, was spread out spaciouly with its river, its gardens and churches, and, as it seemed, still alive with its own life, with its cupolas palpitating like stars in the rays of the sun.

At the sight of this strange city, with the fantastic forms of its unusual architecture, Napoleon experienced that somewhat envious and uneasy curiosity which men are wont to experience at the sight of unusual forms of a foreign life, which they have never known. Apparently, this city was alive with all the energy of its special life. By those vague signs whereby even at a distance one can infallibly distinguish a live body from a corpse, Napoleon, from the top of the Poklonnaya Hill, could feel the palpitating of life in the city, and felt, as it were, the breathing of that mighty and beautiful body.

Every Russian, looking at Moscow, feels that she is his mother: every foreigner, looking upon her, even though he cannot appreciate this feeling for the motherhood of the city, must feel the feminine character of this city, and Napoleon felt it.

"Cette ville asiatique aux innombrables églises. Moscou la Sainte. La voilà donc enfin, cette fameuse ville! Il était temps." — There she is at last. It was time!" said Napoleon, and, dismounting, he commanded to have spread before him the plan of that Holy Moscow, with its innumerable churches, — and he had his interpreter, Lelorme d'Iderville, summoned.

"Une ville occupée par l'ennemi ressemble à une fille qui a perdu son honneur," he said to himself, repeating the remark that he had made to Tutchkof at Smolensk. And it was as a "deflowered virgin" that he looked upon this Oriental beauty, never seen before by him, now lying prone at his feet. Strange it was to himself that at last his long desire, which

had seemed impossible, was to be gratified. In the clear morning light, he contemplated now the city and then the plan, and studied the characteristics of this city, and the certainty that he should possess it excited him and filled him with awe.

"Could it have been otherwise?" he asked himself. "Here she is — this capital at my feet, awaiting her fate. Where now is Alexander, and what thinks he now? Strange, beautiful, magnificent city! And how strange and splendid this moment!"

And then thinking of his warriors, he said to himself, "In what a light I must appear to them! This is the reward for all these men of little faith," he mused, as he gazed about him on those who were near him, and at the troops coming up the hill and falling into line.

"One word from me, one movement of my hand, and destroyed is the ancient capital of the tsars. *Mais ma clémence est toujours prompte à descendre sur les vaincus.* I must be magnanimous and truly great. — But, no, it can't be true that I am at Moscow" — this idea suddenly occurred to him. — "Yet there she lies, at my feet, her golden cupolas and crosses gleaming and palpitating in the rays of the sun. But I will show mercy to her! On yon ancient memorials of barbarism and despotism I will inscribe the mighty words of justice and mercy — This will be the most cruel thing of all to Alexander; I know him." (It seemed to Napoleon that the principal significance of what had taken place lay in the settlement of his personal dispute with Alexander.) "From the heights of the Kreml — yes, that Kreml yonder — yes, I will grant him the laws of justice, I will show him the meaning of true civilization. I will compel the generations of boyárs to remember with affection the name of their conqueror. I will tell the deputations that I have had, and still have, no desire for war, that I waged war only on the false policy of their court, that I love and reverence Alexander, and that I will grant conditions of peace in Moscow, worthy of myself and my peoples. I have no desire to take advantage of the fortunes of war to humiliate an esteemed monarch. 'Boyárs,' I will say to them, 'I have no wish for war; my desire is for the peace and prosperity of my subjects.' However, I know that their presence will inspire me, and I will speak to them as I always speak: clearly, triumphantly, and majestically. But can it be true that I am at Moscow? Yes, lo! there she is.

"*Qu'on m'amène les boyards* — Have the boyárs brought to me," he said, addressing his suite.

A general with a brilliant staff instantly galloped off after the boyárs.

Two hours passed. Napoleon ate his breakfast, and then took up his position on the same spot on the Poklonnaya Hill, and waited for the deputation. His speech with the boyárs was already clearly outlined in his fancy. This discourse should be full of dignity, and of that grandeur which Napoleon understood so well.

Napoleon himself was fascinated by this tone of magnanimity which he fully intended to use toward Moscow. In his fancy, he named a day for a reception in the palace of the tsars — at which all the Russian grandees would mingle with the grandees of the French emperor. He mentally named a governor, such a one as would be able to influence the population in his favor. As he happened to know that Moscow had many religious establishments, he decided, as he thought it over, that all these institutions should experience his bounty. He thought that just as in Africa he was bound to put on a burnus and attend a mosque, so here in Moscow he must be generous after the manner of the tsars. And, in order completely to win the hearts of the Russians, he, like every Frenchman, unable to conceive any sentiment without some reference to *ma chère, ma tendre, ma pauvre mère*, he decided that on all these establishments he should order to be inscribed in great letters: *ÉTABLISSEMENT DÉDIÉ À MA CHÈRE MÈRE*: "no, simply, *MAISON DE MA MÈRE*," he decided in his own mind. "But am I really at Moscow? Yes, there she is before me; but why is it that the deputation of the citizens is so long in appearing?" he wondered.

Meantime, in the rear ranks of the emperor's suite, a whispered and excited consultation was taking place among his generals and marshals. Those who had been sent to drum up a deputation returned with the tidings that the city was deserted, that all had departed or were departing from Moscow. The faces of the generals grew pale and anxious. They were not frightened because Moscow was abandoned by its inhabitants, — *serif* — as that event might well appear to them, — but they were afraid of the responsibility of explaining the fact to the emperor: how, how could it be done without exposing his majesty to that terrible position which the French call *ridicule*, to explain to him that he had vainly

waited for the boyárs all this time, that there was a throng of drunken men in the city, and that was all!

Some declared that it was necessary, in the circumstances, to get up a deputation of some sort or other; others combated this notion, and insisted that they must tell the emperor the truth, after first skilfully and cautiously preparing his mind for it.

"*Il faudra le lui dire tout de même.*— We must tell him, nevertheless," said the gentlemen of the suite. "*Mais, messieurs*" —

The position was all the more difficult from the fact that the emperor, now that he had fully considered his schemes of magnanimity, was patiently pacing back and forth before the plan of the city, looking from time to time, with hand shading eyes, down the road to Moscow, and smiling with gayety and pride.

"*Mais c'est impossible!*" exclaimed the gentlemen of the suite, shrugging their shoulders, and not venturing to pronounce the terrible word which all understood: *le ridicule*.

Meantime, the emperor wearied of his fruitless waiting, and, by his quick, theatrical instinct, conscious that the "majestic moment," by lasting too long, was beginning to lose its majesty, waved his hand.

A single report of a signal gun rang forth, and the troops which enclosed Moscow on all sides moved toward Moscow by the Tverskaya, Kaluzhskaya, and Dorogomilovskaya barriers. Swifter and swifter, one after another, at double-quick or on galloping steeds, moved the troops, hidden in clouds of dust raised by their trampling feet, and making the welkin ring with the commingling roar of their shouts.

Carried away by the movement of the troops, Napoleon rode along with them to the Dorogomilovskaya barrier, but there again he paused, and, dismounting, walked for a long time down the Kammerkolezhsky rampart, in expectation of the deputation.

CHAPTER XX.

Moscow meantime was deserted.

There were still people there; five-sixths of all the former inhabitants were still left, but it was deserted. It was deserted just in the same sense as a starving bee-hive that has lost its queen bee.

In the queenless hive, life has practically ceased, but at a superficial view it seems as much alive as others.

Just as merrily in the bright rays of the midday sun the bees hum around the queenless hive, just as they hum around the other living hives; the honey smell is carried just as far away; the bees make their flights from it just the same. But it requires only a glance into it to understand that there is no longer any life in that hive. The bees do not fly in the same way as from the living hives. The bee-master recognizes a different odor, a different sound. When he taps on the walls of such a hive, instead of that instantaneous, friendly answer which had been the case of yore, the buzzing of ten thousands of bees, lifting their stings threateningly, and the swift fanning of wings producing that familiar, airy hum of life, he is answered by an incoherent buzzing, a faint rumbling in the depths of the empty hive.

From the apertures comes no more, as formerly, that fine, winy fragrance of honey and pollen, nor wafts thence that warm breath of garnered sweets, but the odor of the honey is mingled with the effluvium of emptiness and decay.

No more you find at the entrance the guardians of the hive, trumpeting the alarm, curling up their stings, and making ready to perish for the defence of the swarm. No more that equable and gentle murmur of palpitating work, like the sound of bubbling waters, but instead you hear the incoherent, fitful buzz of disorder. Back and forth around the hive, coyly and cunningly, fly the black, oblong, honey-coated plunderer bees; they sting not, rather they slip away from peril. Before, they never flew in unless they were laden, but when they flew out again they were stripped of their burden of bee-bread; now they fly off laden with honey.

The bee-master opens the lower compartment and looks into the bottom of the hive. Instead of black bunches of juicy bees bustling with labor, clinging to each other's legs, and hanging down to the very *ûs* (as the bottom board of the hive is called), and with the ceaseless murmur of labor, constructing the waxen walls, now stupefied, shrivelled bees crawl here and there aimlessly across the floor and on the walls.

Instead of a floor neatly jointed with propolis and swept by winnowing wings, he sees it littered with crumbs of cells and bee-dirt, half-dying bees scarcely able to move their legs, and bees entirely dead and left unseavenged.

The bee-master opens the upper compartment and looks at the top of the hive.

Instead of compact rows of bees filling all the cells of the honeycomb and warming the larvæ, he sees, to be sure, the artistic, complex edifice of the comb, but no longer in that state of perfection which it had shown before. All is neglected and befouled. Dusky robber wasps make haste to thrust their impertinences stealthily among the works; his own bees, shrivelled, curled up, withered, as though old age had come upon them, languidly crawl about, disturbing no one, wishing for naught, and balked of all consciousness of life. Drones, bumble-bees, beetles, and bee-moths come blundering in their flight against the walls of the hive. Here and there among the cells filled with honey and dead larvæ can be heard occasionally an angry *brizhzh*; now and then a pair of bees, through old custom and instinct, try to clear out the cell, and, zealously exerting all their feeble forces, drag forth the dead bee or dead drone, themselves not knowing why they do so.

In another corner two aged bees lazily fight, or clean themselves, or feed each other, not knowing whether friendship or enmity impels them. In still a third place, the throng of bees, crowding one another, fall upon some victim and strike and suffocate it. And there a weakened or injured bee falls slowly and lightly, like eider down, from above upon the heap of the dead.

The bee-master breaks open some of the waxen cells, in order to see the brood. Instead of the compact black circles with thousands of bees crouched back to back and contemplating the lofty mysteries of generation, he sees hundreds of downcast, half-dead, unconscious skeleton bees. Almost all of them have died unconsciously, as they sat in the holy of holies, which they had been guarding, and from which, long ago, the spirit had fled. From them arises the effluvium of decay and death.

Only a few of them stir feebly, try to lift themselves, fly indolently and settle on the hostile hand without strength left to sting it ere they die—the rest that are dead shower down like fish scales.

The bee-master shuts up the compartment, puts a chalk mark on the stand, and when the time comes, knocks it open and drains out the honey.

In the same way Moscow was deserted, when Napoleon, weary, uneasy, and in bad humor, walked back and forth at the Kammerkolezhsky ramparts, waiting for the deputation—a ceremony which, although one of mere show, he nevertheless affected to consider absolutely indispensable.

It was only out of thoughtlessness that in the various quarters of the city men still stirred about, keeping up the ordinary forms of life, and not themselves realizing what they were doing.

When at last Napoleon was informed, with proper circumlocution, that Moscow was deserted, he gave his informant a fierce look, and, turning away, continued his silent promenade.

"Have my carriage brought!" he said. He took his seat in it by the side of his aide-de-camp and rode into the suburb.

"*Moscou déserte! Quel événement incraïsemlable!* — How incredible!" he muttered to himself.

He did not enter the city proper, but put up at a hotel in the Dorogomilovsky suburb.

Le coup de théâtre avait raté — His theatrical climax had fallen through.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE Russian troops poured across Moscow from two o'clock in the morning until two o'clock in the afternoon, and they had taken with them the last fleeing inhabitants and the wounded.

The largest division of the troops during the movement passed over the Kamennoi, Moskovoretsky, and Yauzsky bridges.

While they were flowing in two streams around the Kreml and over the two former—the Stone and Moscow River bridges—a tremendous mob of soldiers, taking advantage of the delay and crush, ran back from the bridge, and stealthily and noiselessly sneaked by Vasili Blazhennui* and through the Borovitskiya gates into the city, to the Krasnaya Ploshchad or Red Place, where they knew, by their keen scent, that they might without much difficulty lay their hands on what did not belong to them.

A similar throng of men, as though in search of cheap bargains, also thronged the Gostinnui Dvor—Moscow's great bazaar—in all its alleys and passageways. But absent were the persistent, softly wheedling voices of the shopkeepers; absent the peddlers and the variegated throng of women purchasers. Nothing was to be seen but uniforms and the cloaks of weaponless soldiers, entering without burdens and returning to the ranks laden with spoil.

* Vasili Blazhennui, the many-bulbed, turreted, fasceted, and fantastic cathedral of St. Basil, built by Ivan the Terrible, who, in order that it should not be reduplicated, had the architect's eyes put out.

Merchants and bazaar-men—a few of them—ran about amongst the soldiers, like crazy men, opening and closing their shops, and themselves helping the gallant soldier lads to carry off their wares.

On the square in front of the Gostinnui Dvor stood drummers beating to arms, but the rattle of the drums had not its usual effect to call back the soldier plunderers, but on the contrary drove them to run farther and farther from its signal.

Among the soldiers, at the shops and in the passageways, could be seen men in gray kaftans and with shaven heads.

Two officers, one with a scarf over his uniform, and riding a thin, iron-gray steed, the other in a cloak and on foot, stood at the corner of Ilyinka Street, engaged in conversation. A third officer dashed up to them.

“The general orders that they be all driven out *instantly*, at any cost. Why, there was never the like of it seen! Half of the men have left the ranks. — Where are you going? — And you, too?” he cried, first to one and then to three infantry soldiers, who without their arms, and holding up the tails of their overcoats, were sneaking past him to rejoin their ranks. “Halt, you dogs!”

“Yes, but please try to collect them,” replied the other officer. — “You can’t do it! the only way is to march more rapidly, and then the ones in the rear couldn’t drop out, that’s all.”

“But how move faster, or move at all, when there’s a halt and a jam at the bridge? Why not post sentinels, and keep them from breaking ranks?”

“Forward and snake them out!” cried the senior officer.

The officer in the scarf dismounted, beckoned up the drummer, and went with him under the arch. A number of soldiers started on the double-quick. A merchant with red pimples all over his cheeks and around his nose, and with an expression of cool, calculating composure, came to the officer with all the haste compatible with his elegant dignity, and, wringing his hands: “Your nobility,” said he, “do me a favor; give me your protection. As far as any small trifles go we are only too glad, you know, — if you please I will bring you some cloth instantly — glad enough to give a gentleman a couple of rolls, it’s a pleasure to us because we are sure that — but this, this is out-and-out robbery! Please! if they had only set a guard, or at any rate let us know in time to shut up” —

A number of merchants gathered around the officer.

"Eh! it's a waste of breath to whine like that!" said one of them, a lean man with a grave face. "Men with their heads off don't weep for their hair! — Let 'em have what they want!" And he made an energetic gesture, and came to the officer's side.

"It's fine talk for you, Ivan Sidoruitch!" exclaimed the first speaker, angrily, — "I beg of you, your nobility!"

"Fine talk!" echoed the lean man. "I have yonder three shops, and a hundred thousand worth of goods. How can we have protection when the troops are off? 'God's powers are not ours.' " *

"I beg of you, your nobility," persisted the first merchant, making a low bow. The officer stood in uncertainty, and his face showed his irresolution.

"But, after all, what affair is it of mine!" he suddenly cried, and went with swift strides toward the front of the line.

In one shop that was open, resounded blows and curses, and, as the officer entered, one of the men in a gray kaftan and with shaven head was flung out violently.

This man, all doubled up, slunk past the merchants and the officers. The officer flew at the soldiers who were in the shop. But just at that instant the terrible yells of a tremendous throng were heard on the Moskvoretsky Bridge, and the officer hurried across the square.

"What is it? What is the matter?" he demanded; but his comrade had already spurred off in the direction of the outcry, past Vasili Blazhennui. The officer mounted and set out after him. When he reached the bridge he saw two cannon unlimbered, the infantry running along the bridge, several telyegas overturned, a host of frightened faces, and all the soldiers roaring with laughter.

Near the cannons stood a team drawn by a pair of horses. Behind the team, between the wheels, four grayhounds, with collars on, were huddled together. The team was loaded with a mountain of household furniture, and on the very top, next a baby's high-chair with its legs turned up in the air, sat a peasant woman uttering the most piercing, piteous squeals.

The officer was told by his comrades that the yells of the throng and the woman's squeals arose from the fact that General Yermolof, when he rode up to this mob and learned that the soldiers were scattered about plundering the shops because of the crowd of citizens encumbering the bridge, had ordered

* *Bózhyu Vlast' nie rukami sklast'.*

the cannon to be unlimbered, and to clear the bridge as an example. The crowd, trying to escape, overturning the teams, running into each other, yelling desperately, had cleared the bridge; and the troops were allowed to proceed.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE city proper, meantime, was deserted. Almost no one was on the streets. The house gates and shops were all locked up. Here and there, in the vicinity of drinking-saloons, could be heard occasional shouts of revelry or drunken singing. Not a carriage passed along, and rarely were heard the steps of pedestrians.

In the Povarskaya it was perfectly still and deserted. The enormous courtyard of the Rostofs was littered with wisps of straw and the droppings of the horses; not a soul was visible.

In the house itself, abandoned with all its costly contents, two human beings were in the great drawing-room. These were the dvornik, Ignat, and the groom, Mishka, Vasilyitch's grandson, who had been left behind with the old man, in Moscow. Mishka had opened the harpsichord, and was drumming on it with one finger. The dvornik, with his arms akimbo, and with a smile of self-satisfaction, was standing in front of the mirror.

"Wan't that smart? Hey? Uncle Ignat?" asked the lad, suddenly beginning to pound with both hands on the keys.

"Would you mind!"* replied Ignat, the smile that answered his smile in the glass growing ever broader and broader with amazement.

"You unconscionable creatures! Aren't you ashamed of yourselves!" suddenly exclaimed the voice of Mavra Kuzminitchna, who had stolen noiselessly into the room. "Eka! what a conceited simpleton grinning at his own teeth! That's a nice way to treat us! There's nothing put away yon, and Vasilyitch clean beat out! Have done with this!"

Ignat, hitching up his belt, ceased to smile, and, submissively dropping his eyes, left the room.

"Little auntie,* I was playing very softly!" said the lad.

"I'll *softly* you! You little scamp!" cried Mavra Kuzminitchna, shaking her fist at him. "Go, get ready the samovar for your granddad!"

Mavra Kuzminitchna, whisking the dust from the harpsi

* *Ish tui.* † *Tyotinka.*

chord, closed it, and with a heavy sigh left the drawing-room and locked the door behind her.

On reaching the dvor, Mavra Kuzminitchna paused to consider where she should next turn her steps; whether to drink tea with Vasilyitch in the wing, or to the storeroom to finish putting away what was still left to put away.

Swift steps were heard coming down the quiet street. The steps halted at the wicket gate; a hand rattled the latch and tried to open it.

Mavra Kuzminitchna went to the gate.

"Who is wanted?"

"The count, Count Ilya Andreyitch Rostof."

"Who are you?"

"An officer. I should much like to see him," said a pleasant, gentlemanly voice.

Mavra Kuzminitchna opened the wicket. And into the dvor walked a chubby-faced officer of about eighteen, with a strong family resemblance to the Rostofs.

"They have gone, bátyushka. They were pleased to go yesterday afternoon," said Mavra Kuzminitchna, in an affectionate tone.

The young officer standing in the gateway, as though undecided whether to come in or to go away, clucked his tongue.

"Akh! what a shame!" he exclaimed. "I ought to have come yesterday — Akh! What a pity!"

Mavra Kuzminitchna, meantime, had been attentively and sympathetically scrutinizing the familiar Rostof traits in the young man's face, and his well-worn cloak and the run-down boots that he wore.

"But what do you want of the count?" she asked.

"Now I declare! What can I do?" exclaimed the young man, in a tone of vexation, and took hold of the wicket with the intention of going away. Then he paused again irresolutely.

"You see," said he, suddenly, "I am a relative of the count's, and he has always been very good to me. Just look here, do you see?" — he glanced down at his cloak and boots with a frank, gay smile. — "And I'm getting out at elbows, and I haven't a copper; so I was going to ask the count" —

Mavra Kuzminitchna did not allow him to finish speaking. "You just wait a wee minute.* bátyushka!" said she. "Just one wee minute." And the instant the young officer had let go of the latch, Mavra Kuzminitchna turned about, and, with

* *Minututchka.*

her old woman's gait, she rapidly waddled across the rear dvor to the wing where her own rooms were.

While Mavra Kuzminitchna was trotting off to her room, the officer walked up and down the dvor, dropping his head, contemplating his ragged boots, and slightly smiling.

"What a shame that I have missed my dear little uncle. But what a nice old woman! Where did she go to? And I should like to know what is the nearest way for me to reach my regiment: it must have got to the Rogozhskaya gate by this time," said the young officer to himself.

Mavra Kuzminitchna, with a terrified and, at the same time, resolute face, and carrying in her hand a checkered handkerchief tied into a knot, came hurrying back from her room. Before she had gone many steps she untied the handkerchief, and took out of it a "white note" of twenty-five rubles assignats, and hastily handed it to the officer.

"If his illustriousness were at home, of course, he would help a relative, but as it is perhaps — these times" — Mavra Kuzminitchna faltered, and grew confused; but the officer had no scruples, and showed no haste, but he grasped the bank-note, and thanked Mavra Kuzminitchna.

"Christ be with you — *Khristos s rami, bátyushka* — God save you!" exclaimed Mavra Kuzminitchna, making a low obeisance, and going down to the gate with him.

The officer smiled as though amused at himself, and, shaking his head, started off down the deserted streets, almost at a run, in order to overtake his regiment at the Yauzsky Bridge.

But Mavra Kuzminitchna stood long with tears in her eyes in front of the closed wicket gate, contemplatively shaking her head, and conscious of an unusual gush of motherly affection and pity for the young officer, whom she had never seen before.

CHAPTER XXIII.

IN an unfinished house, in the Varvarka, the lower part of which was occupied by a drinking-saloon, were heard drunken shouts and songs. On benches, by the tables in the small, filthy room, sat a dozen or so of factory hands. All of them were tipsy, sweaty, with clouded eyes, and they were singing with wide, yawning mouths and bloated cheeks. They were singing, each on his own account, laboriously, with all their might and main, apparently not because they felt like singing,

but simply to show that they were intoxicated and were on a spree.

One of them, a tall, fair-complexioned young fellow, in a clean blue *chúika* or smock-frock, was standing up as their leader. His face, with its delicate, straight nose, would have been handsome had it not been for the thin, compressed, constantly twitching lips, and the clouded, ugly-looking, unchanging eyes. He stood over them as they sang, and, apparently possessed by some fancy, he solemnly, and with angular motion, waved his white arm, bare to the elbow, while he tried to spread his dirty fingers to an unnatural extent. The sleeve of his *chúika* was constantly coming down, and the young fellow kept tucking it up again with his left hand, as though it were especially important to keep that white, blue-veined, restless arm entirely bare.

While they were in the midst of the song, the sound of a scuffle and fisticuffs was heard on the steps leading to the entry. The tall young man waved his hand. "That'll do!" he cried imperatively; "a fight, boys!" and he, while still trying to keep his sleeves tucked up, hastened out to the steps.

The factory hands staggered after him. The factory hands, who had that morning been singing in the *kabak* under the leadership of the tall young fellow, had brought the tapster some hides from the factory, and exchanged them for wine. Some blacksmiths, from a neighboring smithy, hearing the rumpus in the *kabak*, and supposing that it had been violently broken open, thought that they would like to take a hand also.

A quarrel had ensued on the steps. The tapster had gotten into a squabble with one of the smiths at the very door, and just as the factory hands arrived on the scene, this blacksmith tore himself free from the tapster, and fell face down on the sidewalk.

A second blacksmith forced his way into the door, and was pressing up against the tapster with his chest.

The young fellow, with the sleeve rolled up, as he came out, dealt the obstreperous blacksmith a heavy blow in the face, and cried savagely, —

"Boys! they're killing ours!"

By this time the first blacksmith had picked himself up, and, dashing off the blood from his bruised face, he set up a lachrymose yell, —

"Police! murder! — A man killed! Help!"

"Oï bátyushki! they're murdering a man! There's murder

going on!" screamed a woman, running out from the gates of the adjoining house. A throng of the populace collected around the bleeding blacksmith.

"Isn't it enough for you to plunder the people, and rob them of their last shirt," cried some voice, addressing the tapster. — "but you have to kill a man? You murderer!"

The tall young fellow, standing on the steps, rolled his bleary eyes first on the tapster, then on the smiths, as though trying to make up his mind which first he was in duty bound to take up the quarrel with. "Murderer!" he suddenly cried to the tapster. "Tie him, boys!"

"So I'm the one to be tied, am I?" yelled the tapster, defending himself against the men who started to lay hands on him, and, snatching off his cap, he flung it on the ground. As though this action had some mysterious, ominous significance, the factory hands who had surrounded the tapster paused irresolute.

"I'm for order, brother, I understand very well. I'm going for the police. You suppose I won't go? All rioting to-day was particularly forbidden!" cried the tapster, picking up his cap.

"Come on, then, let's go!" and "Come on, then, let's go!" cried first the tapster, and then the tall young man, and they moved down the street, side by side. The bloody-faced blacksmith fell in with them. The factory hands and a motley crowd of people followed them, talking and shouting.

At the corner of Moroséika Street, opposite a great house with closed shutters, and a shoemaker's signboard on it, stood a score of journeymen shoemakers with dismal faces — lean, weary-looking men, in khalats and torn chúikas.

"He ought to settle his men's accounts!" exclaimed a thin master workman with a Jewish beard and knitted brows. "But now he's sucked our very blood, and thinks it's quits! He's led us by the nose, yes, he has for a whole week. And now he's got us to the last post, and has skipped himself."

When the master workman saw the bloody-faced man and the crowd, he ceased speaking, and all the bootmakers, with eager curiosity, joined the hurrying crowd.

"Where's the crowd going?"

"Why, everybody knows! We're going to the nachalnik!"

"Say! Is't true that ours is beaten?"

"You thought so, did you! See what the men's saying!"

Questions and answers were exchanged. The tapster, taking advantage of the growing mob, stepped aside from the people and returned to his kabak.

The tall young man, not noticing the disappearance of his enemy the tapster, and waving his bare arm, went on speaking vociferously, attracting general attention. The crowd huddled close around him pre-eminently, supposing that he might be able to give some reasonable answer to the questions that interested them all.

"He talk about order! talk about laws! Why, we must depend on the authorities! Ain't I right, orthodox believers?" cried the tall young fellow, almost noticeably smiling. "Does he think there ain't any authorities? How could we get along without authorities? If it weren't for them, why, we'd — there'd be no end of plundering!"

"What nonsensical talk!" cried some speaker in the crowd. "Why, then, have they gone and left Moscow? They have been making fun of you, and you swallowed it all down!" — "How many of our soldiers are there on the march! So you think they'll let him in, do you?" — "That's what the authorities is for!" — "Just listen to you! What baby talk he's giving us!" Such were the remarks made in the crowd called out by the tall young fellow's words.

Near the walls of the Kitai Gorod* another small knot of men were gathered around a man in a frieze cloak, who held a sheet of paper in his hands.

"The ukase! the ukase! He's reading the ukase! he's reading the ukase!" cried various voices in the throng, and the populace rushed toward the reader.

The man in the frieze overcoat was reading Rostopchin's "placard" — the afishka of September eleventh. When the crowd gathered round him he became, as it were, confused, but at the demand of the tall young fellow, who forced his way up to him, he began at the beginning of the afishka again.

"To-morrow morning early I am going to his serene highness the prince," read the young man with a slight tremor in his voice. "His serene highness!" repeated the tall young fellow triumphantly with a smile on his lips, and a frown on his brow — "in order to talk things over with him, to act and to help the troops exterminate the villains. We'll knock the wind out of them," pursued the reader and paused.

* The so-called "China Town" of Moscow: "perhaps derived from Kitai-gorod in Podolia, the birthplace of Helena, mother of Ivan IV., who founded the Kitai of Moscow, enclosing the bazaars and palaces of the nobles and separated from the Kreml by a vast space called the Red Place, or Place Beautiful." — (A. RAMBAUD.)

"Has he seen him?" cried the tall young fellow triumphantly. "He's kept clear of him the whole distance!"

"And we shall send these guests of ours to the devil. I am coming back to dinner, and will then set to work and we'll give it to these rascals hot and heavy, and wipe 'em out of existence."*

The final words were read by the reader in utter silence. The tall young fellow gloomily dropped his head. It was evident that no one understood those final words. Especially the sentence "I shall come back to dinner," offended the good sense of the reader even, and the hearers as well. The feeling of the populace was pitched to a high key, and this was too simple and unnecessarily commonplace; it was exactly what each one of them might have said, and therefore what a ukase emanating from the supreme authority had no business to say.

All stood in melancholy silence. The tall young fellow pursed his lips and swayed slightly.

"Why not go and ask him?" — "There is he himself!" — "How would you ask him?" — "Why not?" — "He will explain it to us" — Such were the remarks heard in different parts of the crowd, and general attention was directed to the drozhsky of the politsimeister or chief of police, driving across the square accompanied by two mounted dragoons.

The chief of police had been that morning by the count's orders to set fire to the boats, and, as it happened, this errand had procured for him a goodly sum of money which at that very moment was safely reposing in his pocket. When he saw a great throng of people hurrying toward him he commanded the driver to pull up.

"What is this crowd?" he shouted to the men who came up timidly ahead of the others, and paused near the drozhsky. "What is this crowd? I should like to know," asked the politsimeister, who had received no answer.

"Your nobility, they" — began the man in the frieze cloak who had been the reader, "your nobility, they — they accept the most illustrious count's proclamation, and are willing to obey, and they don't value their lives, and this isn't a riot at all, they wouldn't think of stirring one up, as the most illustrious count" —

"The count has not gone, he is in town, and arrangements will be made for you. Drive on — *pashól*" — cried he to the coachman. The crowd stood quietly pressing around those

* *Sdiélayem, dediélayem i otdiélayem.*

who had heard what the official said, and looking at the receding drozhsky.

Just then the *politsimeister* glanced around in terror, said something to his coachman, and his horses were sent off at a sharper trot.

"Fooled, boys! Let us go to the count himself!" cried the tall young fellow. — "Don't let him escape!" — "Make him give an account!" — "Hold him." cried various voices, and the men started on the run after the drozhsky.

The crowd following the chief of police hurried along with a roar of voices to the Lubyanka.

"How is this? The gentry and the merchants have all gone off, and we are betrayed! What! are we dogs, that we are left?" was said by more than one in the crowd.

CHAPTER XXIV.

ON the evening of September 13, after his interview with Kutuzof, Count Rostopchin, offended and wounded because he had not been invited to the council of war, and because Kutuzof paid no attention to his offer to take part in defence of the capital, amazed at the discovery that he had made while at the camp, that the tranquillity of the capital and the patriotic disposition of its inhabitants were regarded not merely of secondary importance, but rather as absolutely trivial and insignificant — offended, wounded and amazed by all this, Count Rostopchin had returned to Moscow.

After finishing his dinner, the count, without undressing, lay down on his couch, and at one o'clock was awakened by a courier who brought him a letter from Count Kutuzof. In this letter Kutuzof, after informing him that the troops were to retire beyond Moscow along the Riazan highway, asked the count if he would be good enough to send a number of police *chinovniks* to conduct the troops across the city.

This was no news to Count Rostopchin. Not only during his conference with Kutuzof on the Poklonnaya Hill, but ever since the battle of Borodino, when all the generals who came to Moscow declared with one voice that it was impossible to give battle, and when, by the count's consent, the crown treasure had been sent out of the city, and already half of the inhabitants had left, Count Rostopchin was well aware that Moscow was to be abandoned; but nevertheless this news, conveyed in the form of a simple note, containing Kutuzof's

command and received at midnight, in the midst of his first sleep, amazed and annoyed the count.

Afterwards in explaining his action at that time, Count Rostopchin wrote in several instances that he had two objects of especial importance in view: *de maintenir la tranquillité à Moscou et d'en faire partir les habitants* — "to maintain good order in Moscow, and to expedite the departure of the inhabitants."

If we grant this twofold object, any of Rostopchin's actions would be irreproachable. Why were not the precious things of Moscow carried away, — weapons, cartridges, powder, stores of grain? Why were thousands of the inhabitants treacherously informed, to their ruin, that Moscow was not to be abandoned?

"To preserve tranquillity in the capital," is Count Rostopchin's explanation and answer.

Why were packages of unnecessary papers from the court-house and Leppich's balloon, and other articles sent out? "In order to leave the city empty," again says Count Rostopchin's explanation.'

Only grant the premise that this and that threatened the city's tranquillity, and every sort of procedure would be justifiable.

All the horrors of the *Terror* were based merely on the attempt to preserve the tranquillity of Paris.

On what was based Count Rostopchin's effort to keep the Moscow populace tranquil in 1812? What reason was there for supposing that any tendency toward popular disturbance existed in the city? The citizens had left, the troops retreating filled Moscow. Why should this have led to any riots among the people?

Neither in Moscow alone nor anywhere in all Russia, during the invasion of the enemy, was there anything like an insurrection. On the thirteenth and fourteenth of September, more than ten thousand inhabitants remained in Moscow, and except the crowd collected in the governor-general's dvor, and that at his own instigation, there was no trouble.

Evidently there would have been still less reason to expect excitement among the populace if Rostopchin, after the battle of Borodino, when the abandonment of Moscow was evident or at least probable, had, instead of stirring up the people by the distribution of arms and placards, taken measures to remove all the treasure, the gunpowder, the projectiles and the specie, and fairly explained to the people that the city was to be abandoned.

Rostopchin, a hot-tempered, sanguine man, who had always been concerned in the higher administrative circles, though he had genuine patriotic feeling, had not the slightest comprehension of that populace which he thought he directed. From the earliest occupation of Smolensk by the enemy, Rostopchin in his imagination, conceived that he was to play the part of director of the popular sentiment in the heart of Russia. Not only did it seem to him — as it seems to every administrator — that he was ruling the external affairs of the inhabitants of Moscow, but it seemed to him that he directed their impulses by means of his proclamations and “placards” composed in that rakish style which makes the people contemptible, and which they do not comprehend when they hear it from their superiors. The beautiful *rôle* of director of the popular sentiment was so pleasing to Rostopchin, he stuck to it so assiduously, that the imperative necessity for him to step down and out of it, — the imperative necessity of abandoning Moscow, with any heroic climax, took him by surprise; and the ground on which he had been standing was suddenly cut out from under, and he really knew not what to do.

Although he foresaw it, still with all his soul he refused to believe, until the last moment, that Moscow was to be abandoned, and he did nothing with that end in view. The inhabitants left the city against his will. If he sent out the court-records, it was only because the *chinovniks* insisted upon it, and the count consented against his better judgment.

He himself was wholly occupied in that *rôle* which he had taken upon himself. As often happens with men endowed with a vivid imagination, he had long before known that Moscow would have to be abandoned, but he knew it only by his reason, and his whole soul revolted against the belief because he was not yet carried by his imagination to the height of this new position.

All his activity, assiduous and energetic as it was, — how far it was profitable and re-acted upon the populace, is another question, — all his activity was directed simply toward arousing in the inhabitants the feeling which he himself experienced — of patriotic hatred against the French, and confidence in himself.

But when the event assumed its actual historical proportions, when it seemed trivial to express his hatred merely in words against the French, when it was no longer possible to express this hatred by a conflict, when self-confidence began to appear disadvantageous in face of the one great question

that concerned Moscow, when the whole population like one man, flinging away their possessions, streamed out of Moscow, proving by this act of negation all the power of the popular sentiment. — then the *rôle* which Rostopchin had selected seemed suddenly absurd. He suddenly felt himself alone, weak, and ridiculous, with nothing solid to stand upon.

On being wakened from sound sleep and receiving a cold and imperative note from Kutuzof, Rostopchin felt all the more excited from the very guiltiness to which he confessed. Everything that had been expressly intrusted to him was left in Moscow — all the crown treasures that he should have had removed out of the city. There was now no possibility of getting them away.

“Who is to blame for this? Who let it come to this?” he mused. “Of course it was not I. As far as I was concerned, everything was all ready. I held Moscow as in a vice. And this is the pass to which they have brought things. Knaves! traitors!” he exclaimed mentally, not having a very clear idea to whom he meant to apply the terms knave and traitor, but feeling that he was in duty bound to hate these traitors, whoever they were, who were to blame for the false and ridiculous position in which he found himself.

All that night Rostopchin gave out orders to all who came for them from every part of Moscow. His intimates had never seen the count so gloomy and irascible.

“Your illustriousness, a messenger from the Chancery Department for orders” — “from the Consistory” — “from the Senate” — “from the University” — “from the Foundling Asylum” — “the suffragan has sent to” — “wants to know” — “What orders are to be given to the fire brigade?” — “the superintendent of the prison” — “the director of the Lunatic Asylum.”

Thus all night long without cessation reports were brought to the count. To all these queries the count gave curt and surly answers, which showed that any regulations of his were now unnecessary, that all the preparations which he had so carefully elaborated some one had now rendered nugatory, and that this *some one* would have to shoulder all the responsibility for what was now taking place.

“Well, tell that blockhead that it is his business to guard his papers,” he replied to the query from the Chancery Department. “Well, now, what is that rot about the fire brigade?” — “If they have horses let ’em go to Vladimir!” — “Don’t leave them for the French.”

"Your illustriousness, the overseer of the Lunatic Asylum is here: what orders do you give to him?"

"What orders? Let 'em all out, that's all — let the lunatics loose in the city. When lunatics are at the head of our armies, God means for these to be out!"

When asked what to do with the convicts who were in the jail, the count wrathfully shouted to the inspector: — "What? Did you expect me to give you a couple of battalions as escort, when there aren't any to be had? Let 'em out; that's all."

"Your illustriousness, there are the politicals, Mieshkof and Vereshchagin."

"Vereshchagin! Isn't he hanged yet?" screamed Rostopchin — "Bring him to me."

CHAPTER XXV.

By nine o'clock A.M., when the troops were already on the way across Moscow, no one any longer came to ask the count what dispositions were to be made. All who could leave had left on their own responsibility: those who remained behind decided for themselves what it was necessary for them to do.

The count commanded his horses to be brought round to take him to Sokolniki, and he was sitting in his cabinet with folded arms, scowling, sallow, and glum.

To every administrator in quiet, stormless times, it seems that only by his efforts the population committed to his care lives and moves, and in this consciousness of his indispensable services he finds the chief reward for his labors and efforts.

It is easy to see that, so long as the historical sea is calm, the pilot-administrator in his fragile craft, who holds by his boat-hook to the ship of State, and while moving, must imagine that it is by his efforts the ship which he is steering moves. But only let a storm arise, the sea grow tempestuous and toss the ship itself, and then any such illusion is impossible. The ship drives on in its own prodigious, independent course, the boat-hook is not sufficient for the tossing ship, and the pilot is suddenly reduced from the position of director, the fountain-head of force, to a humiliated, useless, and feeble man.

Rostopchin realized this, and this was what vexed his soul.

The chief of police, who had been stopped by the throng, came to the count at the same time as his adjutant, who

brought word that the horses were ready. Both were pale; and the politsimeister, having reported the accomplishment of his commission, informed the count that the dvor was full of a throng of people desiring to see him.

Rostopchin, not answering a single word, got up and with swift strides passed into his luxurious, brilliant drawing-room, went to the balcony door, took hold of the latch, then dropped it again and crossed to the window, from which the whole throng could be seen.

The tall young fellow with a sullen face was standing in the front row, gesticulating, and making some remark. The bloody-faced blacksmith stood next him. Through the closed windows could be heard the roar of their voices.

"Carriage ready?" asked Rostopchin, leaving the window.

"It is, your illustriousness," said the adjutant.

Rostopchin again went to the balcony door.

"Now what do they want?" he asked of the politsimeister.

"Your illustriousness, they declare that they have come by your orders, ready to go out against the French. But it is a riotous mob, your illustriousness. I escaped with my life. Your illustriousness, may I be bold enough to suggest"—

"Be good enough to withdraw; I know what is to be done, without your advice," savagely screamed Rostopchin. He stood by the balcony door, looking down at the throng. "This is what they have brought Russia to! This is the way they have treated me!" brooded Rostopchin, feeling uncontrollable rage rising in his heart against whoever might be considered as the cause of what had taken place. As often happens with hot-tempered men, he was overmastered by rage, but he was still in search of some scapegoat on whom to vent it.

"Look at that populace, the dregs of the people," he said to himself, in French, as he gazed down at the mob. "The plebs stirred up by *their* folly! They must have a victim," * came into his head, as he gazed at the tall young fellow gesticulating his arms. And this idea came into his head precisely for the reason that he himself wanted a victim, an object for his wrath.

"Carriage ready?" he demanded a second time.

"It is, your illustriousness. What orders do you give in regard to Vereshchagin? He is waiting at the stairs," replied the adjutant.

"Ah!" cried Rostopchin, as though struck by some unexpected thought.

* "*La voilà la populace, la lie du peuple, la plèbe qu'ils ont soulevée par leur sottise. Il leurs faut une victime.*"

And, quickly throwing the door open, he went with resolute steps out upon the balcony. The talking suddenly hushed; hats and caps were doffed, and all eyes were turned on the count.

"Good-day, children!" cried the count hurriedly, and in a loud tone. "Thank you for coming. I will be down directly, but, first of all, we must settle the account with a villain. We must punish the villain who is the cause of Moscow's ruin. Wait for me!"

And the count retired from view, slamming the door behind him.

An approving roar of satisfaction ran through the throng.

"Of course he'll settle with all villains!" — "You talked about the French!" — "He'll bring things to order!" said the people, as though reproaching each other for their little faith.

In a few minutes an officer came hastily out of the rear door, gave some order, and a line of dragoons was formed. The throng eagerly rushed from the balcony toward the steps. Rostopchin, coming out angrily with swift steps upon the porch, looked around him, as though searching for some one.

"Where is he?" asked the count. And, at the same instant that the words left his mouth, he saw coming around the corner of the house, between two dragoons, a young man, with a long, thin neck, and with one-half of his head shaven, though the hair had begun to grow again. This young man was dressed in a tattered foxskin short tulup lined with blue cloth — it had once been a stylish garment — and dirty, hempen convict drawers, stuffed into fine boots, covered with mud and run down at the heels. On his slender, weak legs, he dragged along heavy iron shackles, which made his gait difficult and irresolute.

"Ah!" exclaimed Rostopchin, hastily turning his eyes away from the young man in the foxskin tulupchik, and pointing to the lower step of the porch.

"Stand him there!"

The young man, with clanking chains, heavily dragged himself to the spot indicated; and, after pulling up with his finger the collar of his tulupchik, which pinched him, and twice stretching out his long neck and sighing, he folded in front of his belly submissively his slender hands, which were not those of a man accustomed to work. Silence prevailed for several seconds, until the young man had fairly taken his position on the steps. Only in the rear of the crowd, where the people

were trying to press forward, were heard grunts and groans and jostling and the shuffling of moving feet.

Rostopchin, waiting until the prisoner was in the designated place, frowned, and passed his hand over his face.

"Children!" cried he, in a voice ringing out with metallic clearness, "this man, Vereshchagin, is the scoundrel who has lost us Moscow!"

The young man in the foxskin tulupehik stood in a submissive attitude, with his wrists crossed on his abdomen, and slightly stooping. He hung his head with its mutilation of shaven hair; his young face wore a hopeless expression. At the first words spoken by the count, he slowly raised his head and glanced at the count, as though wishing to say something, or, at least, to get his eye. But Rostopchin looked not at him. On the young man's long, slender neck, behind his ear, a vein stood out like a whipcord, tense and livid, and his face suddenly flushed.

All eyes were fastened upon him. He returned the gaze of the throng, and, as though he found some cause for hope in the expression of the faces, he gave a timid and pitiful smile, and, again dropping his head, shifted his feet on the step.

"He is a traitor to his tsar and his country; he has sold himself to Bonaparte; he alone out of all the Russians has shamed the name of Russian, and by him Moscow has been destroyed," harangued Rostopchin in a steady, sharp voice; but suddenly he gave a swift glance at Vereshchagin, who continued to stand in the same submissive attitude. This glance seemed to set him beside himself. Raising his hand, he shouted, stepping almost down to the crowd, —

"Take the law into your own hands! I give him over to you!"

The throng made no answer, and merely pressed together more and more densely. To be crushed together, to breathe in that infected atmosphere, to be unable to stir, and to expect something unknown, incomprehensible, and terrible, was above human endurance. The men standing in the front row, who saw and heard all that was taking place before them with startled, wide-staring eyes and gaping mouths, exerted all their force, and resisted with their backs the forward thrust and pressure of the rear ranks.

"Kill him! — let the traitor perish and not shame the name of a Russian!" shouted Rostopchin. "Kill him! I order it!" The mob, hearing not the words but the venomous sounds of Rostopchin's voice, groaned and moved forward, then instantly stood still again.

"Count!" exclaimed, amid the momentary silence that had instantly ensued, the timid, but at the same time theatrical, voice of Vereshchagin, — "Count, there is one God over us," — said Vereshchagin, lifting his head; and again the thick vein on his slender neck filled out with blood, and the red flush spread over his face and died away. He had not said what he meant to say.

"Kill him! I order it!" shouted Rostopchin, suddenly growing as pale as Vereshchagin.

"Draw sabres!" commanded the officer to the dragoons, himself unsheathing his sabre.

Another and still more violent billow rolled through the crowd, and, running up to those in the front rows, it seemed to lift them, and, reeling, broke against the very steps of the porch. The tall young fellow, with a petrified expression of face, and with his hand arrested in mid-air, stood almost next Vereshchagin.

"Cut him down!" came the whispered command of the officer to the dragoons; and, suddenly, one of the dragoons, his face distorted with rage, gave Vereshchagin a blow on the head with his dull broadsword.

"Ah!" cried Vereshchagin, who gave a short cry of amazement, and looked around in terror and as though he could not understand why this was done to him. The same groan of amazement as before ran through the throng. "O Lord—O Gospodí!" exclaimed some voice.

But, instantly following the cry of amazement uttered by Vereshchagin, he gave a piteous shriek of pain, and that shriek was his undoing. The barrier of humane feeling stretched to the highest tension, and holding back the mob, suddenly broke. The crime was begun, and it had to be accomplished. The lugubrious groan of reproach was swallowed up in a fierce and maddened roar of the mob. Like the seventh and last wave which wrecks the ship, this final, irresistible billow impelled from the rear was borne through to those in front, overwhelmed them, and swallowed up everything.

The dragoon who had used his sword was about to repeat his blow. Vereshchagin, with a cry of horror, warding off the stroke with his arm, leaped among the people. The tall young fellow, against whom he struck, grasped his slender neck with his hands, and with a savage yell fell together with him under the trampling feet of the frenzied crowd.

Some beat and mangled Vereshchagin; others, the tall young

fellow. And the cries and yells of the surging multitude and of the men who were trying to rescue the tall young fellow only the more excited the virulence of the mob. It was long before the dragoons were able to extricate the tall factory hand, who was half beaten to death, and covered with blood. And it was long, in spite of all the hot haste with which the throng strove to finish the job which they had begun, before those men who were beating, trampling, and mangling Vereshchagin were able to kill him; but the throng pressed them on every hand, and at the centre it was like a solid mass rocking and swaying from side to side, and gave them no chance either to finish with him or to let him go.

"Finish him with an axe, hey?" — "They've crushed him well." — "The traitor! he sold Christ." — "Is he alive yet?" — "He's a tough one!" — "He gets his deserts." — "Try it with a bar!" — "Isn't he dead yet?"

Only when the victim ceased to struggle, and his shrieks gave way to the measured, long death-rattle, did the mob begin hastily to avoid the spot where lay the corpse covered with gore. Each one came up, gave a look at what had been done, and, full of horror, remorse, and amazement, pressed back.

"O Lord, men are like wild beasts! wonder any one was spared!" exclaimed some voice in the crowd.

"And a young fellow too!" — "Must be a merchant's son." — "What a mob!" — "They say he's the wrong one." — "What do you mean—the wrong one?" — "O Lord!" — "Some one else was beaten to death too!" — "They say he just escaped with his life!" — "Oh, what people!" — "Ain't it a sin to be afraid of?" These remarks were made by the same men, as with painfully pitiful faces they looked at the dead body with the face smeared with blood and begrimed with dust, and the long, slender neck half hacked off.

A zealous police chinovnik, thinking it unbecoming to have a corpse encumbering his excellency's yard, ordered the dragoons to drag it forth into the street. Two dragoons seized the body by the mutilated legs and hauled it out. The blood-stained, dust-begrimed, dead, shaven head, rolling on the long neck, was dragged along thumping upon the ground. The mob surged away from the corpse.

At the moment that Vereshchagin fell, and the mob with a savage yell burst forward and rushed over him, Rostopchin turned suddenly pale, and, instead of going to the rear stairs, where his horses were waiting for him, he, without knowing

where or wherefore, started with sunken head and swift steps along the corridor that led to the rooms on the ground floor. The count's face was pallid, and he could not keep his lower jaw from trembling as though he had an ague.

"Your illustriousness, this way — where are you going? — this way if you please!" exclaimed a trembling, frightened voice behind him.

Count Rostopchin was in no condition to answer, and, obediently wheeling about, he took the direction whither he was called. At the rear entrance stood his calash. Even here the distant roar of the excited mob reached his ears. Count Rostopchin hastily sprang into the carriage, and ordered the coachman to drive to his suburban house at Sokolniki.

When they reached the Miasnitskaya, and the yells of the mob were no longer heard, the count began to feel qualms of conscience. He remembered now with dissatisfaction the excitement and terror which he had displayed before his subordinates. "*La populace est terrible, elle est hideuse,*" he said to himself in French. "*Ils sont comme les loups qu'on ne peut apaiser qu'avec de la chair* — they are like wolves, which can only be appeased with flesh."

"Count, there is one God over us!" Vereshchagin's words suddenly recurred to him, and a disagreeable feeling of chill ran down his back. But this feeling was only momentary, and Count Rostopchin smiled a scornful smile at himself.

"I had other obligations," he said to himself. "The people had to be appeased. Many other victims have perished, and are perishing for the public weal."*

And he began to consider the general obligation which he had toward his family, the capital committed into his keeping, and his own safety — not as Feodor Vasilyevitch Rostopchin — he understood that Feodor Vasilyevitch Rostopchin would sacrifice himself for the *bien publique* — but as the governor-general and the repository of power, and the authorized representative of the tsar.

"If I were only Feodor Vasilyevitch, *ma ligne de conduite aurait été tout autrement tracé* — but as I was, I was in duty bound to preserve my life and the dignity of the governor-general."

Slightly swaying on the easy springs of his equipage, and no longer hearing the terrible sounds of the mob, Rostopchin grew calmer physically, and, as always happens, simultaneously

* "*J'avais d'autres devoirs. Il fallait apaiser le peuple. Bien d'autres victimes ont péri et périssent pour le bien publique.*"

as physical calm returned his reason furnished him arguments for moral tranquillity.

The idea that soothed Rostopchin was not new. Never since the world began and people began to slaughter one another has man committed crime against his fellow without soothing himself with this idea. This idea is *le bien publique* — the hypothetical weal of other men.

The man not carried away by his passions never knows what this weal is, but the man who had committed a crime always knows very well what constitutes it. And Rostopchin now knew.

He not only did not reproach himself for what he had done, but he even found reason for self-congratulation that he had so happily succeeded in taking advantage of this fortuitous circumstance for punishing a criminal, and at the same time pacifying the mob.

"Vereshchagin was tried and condemned to death," said Rostopchin to himself — though Vereshchagin had only been condemned by the Senate to the galleys. "He was a traitor and a spy; I could not leave him unpunished, and, besides, I killed two birds with one stone — *Je faisais d'une pierre deux coups*. I offered a victim to pacify the people, and I punished an evil-doer."

By the time he reached his suburban house, and began to make his domestic arrangements, he had become perfectly calm.

At the end of half an hour the count was driving behind swift horses across the Sokolnichye Pole, with his mind perfectly oblivious to what had happened, and thinking only of events to come. He was on his way now to the Yauzsky bridge, where he had been told Kutuzof was to be found.

Count Rostopchin was preparing mentally the angry and caustic reproaches with which he intended to load Kutuzof for deceiving him so. He would give that old court fox to understand that the responsibility for all the misfortunes which would flow from the abandonment of the capital, from the destruction of Russia (as Rostopchin supposed it to be), would redound upon his old gray head, which was so entirely lacking in brains. While Rostopchin was thinking over what he should say to him, he angrily straightened himself up in his calash and looked fiercely about him on all sides.

The Sokolnichye Pole was deserted. Only at one end, near the poor-house and lunatic asylum, could be seen a few groups of men in white raiment and several solitaires of the same

sort, who were hastening across the "field," shouting something and gesticulating.

One of these men ran so as to cut off Count Rostopchin's calash. The count and his coachman and the dragoons all gazed with a dull sense of terror and curiosity at these liberated lunatics, and especially at the one who was running toward them.

The lunatic, unevenly bounding along on his long, thin legs, and with his white khalat flying out behind him, was running with all his might, not taking his eyes from the count, yelling something in a hoarse voice and signalling for the carriage to stop. His gloomy and impassioned face, overgrown with uneven blotches of beard, was haggard and sallow. His dark, agate-colored eyes, with their saffron whites, rolled frenziedly.

"Stop! Hold on, I say!" he cried in piercing tones, and panting he began again to shout with extravagant intonations and gestures.

He came up with the calash, and ran along by the side of it.

"Thrice have they killed me, thrice have I risen from the dead. They have stoned me, they have crucified me. I shall rise again—I shall rise again—I shall rise again. They have torn my body to pieces. They have overthrown the kingdom of God. Thrice shall I tear it down, and thrice shall I build it again!" he yelled, raising his voice higher and higher.

Count Rostopchin suddenly paled, just as he had paled when the mob threw itself on Vereshchagin. He looked away. "Dri—drive faster!" he called to the coachman in a trembling voice. The calash sprang forward with all the speed of the horses, but still for a long time the count could hear, growing more and more distant, that senseless, despairing cry, while before his eyes all he could see was the amazingly frightened, bloody face of the "traitor" in the fur tulupehik.

This vision was now so vivid that Rostopchin felt it was deeply etched into the very substance of his heart. He now clearly realized that he should never outlive the bloody trace of this recollection, but that, on the contrary, this terrible remembrance, the longer he lived, even to the end of his days, would grow more and more cruel, more painful.

He heard, so it seemed to him, even now the ring of his own words: "Kill him! If you don't, you shall answer to me for it with your heads!"

"Why did I say those words?" he asked himself, almost despairingly. "I need not have said them," he thought, "and then *nothing* would have happened."

He saw the face of the dragoon who gave the blow change from terror to ferocity, and the glance of silent, timid reproach which that young man in the foxskin tulup gave him —

“But I did it not for myself. I was obliged to perform that part. *La plèbe — le traître — le bien publique*,” he said to himself.

The troops were still crowding the bridge over the Yauza. It was sultry. Kutuzof, with contracted brows and in dismal mood, sat on a bench near the bridge, and was playing with his whip in the sand, when a calash drove up to him in hot haste. A man wearing a general's uniform and a plumed hat, and with wandering eyes expressing a mixture of wrath and terror, got out, and, approaching Kutuzof, began to say something to him in French.

This was Count Rostopchin.

He told Kutuzof that he had come to him because Moscow and the capital were no more, and the army was all that was left.

“It would have been different if your serene highness had not told me you would not abandon Moscow without giving battle; then this would not have happened at all,” said he.

Kutuzof glanced at Rostopchin, and, as though not taking in the full significance of the words addressed to him, he seemed to be exerting all his energies to read the peculiar expression that was written in the face of the man addressing him.

Rostopchin grew confused, and stopped speaking. Kutuzof shook his head slightly, and, not taking his inquisitive glance from Rostopchin's face, he said in a low tone, “No, we will not give up Moscow without a struggle!”

Whether Kutuzof was thinking of something entirely aloof when he said those words, or said them on purpose, knowing their absurdity, at all events Rostopchin made no reply, and hastily turned away from him. And, strange enough! the governor-general of Moscow, the haughty Count Rostopchin, taking a whip in his hand, went to the bridge, and began to shout, and hurry along the teams that were blocked together there.

CHAPTER XXVI.

At four o'clock in the afternoon, the troops under Murat entered Moscow. In front rode a detachment of Württemberg hussars; next followed the King of Naples in person, mounted, and surrounded by a large suite.

Near the centre of the Arbat, in the vicinity of the church of Nikola Yavlennui,* Murat reined in, and waited for a report from the van as to the state of the city fortress, "*le Kremlin*." Around Murat gathered a small knot from among the citizens who had remained in Moscow. All gazed with shy perplexity at this long-haired, foreign "*nachalnik*," so gorgeously bedizened with feathers and gold.

"Say! that one's their tsar, ain't he?" queried low voices. The interpreter approached the knot of men.

"Hats off!" — "Hats!" men were heard in the throng, admonishing one another. The interpreter addressed himself to an old *dvornik*, and asked if it were far to the Kreml. The *dvornik*, hearing the strange Polish accent with which the man spoke, and not comprehending that he was speaking to him in Russian, did not understand what was said to him, and slipped behind the others.

Murat beckoned up the interpreter, and commanded him to ask where the Russian army was. One of the citizens made out what was asked, and several voices suddenly began to reply to the interpreter. A French officer came galloping back from the van, and reported to Murat that the fortress gates were closed, and that probably there was an ambuscade.

"Very good," said Murat, and, addressing one of the gentlemen of his suite, he commanded him to have four light field-pieces brought up, and to batter down the gates.

The artillery set forth on the gallop from the column that was just behind Murat, and crossed the Arbat. On reaching the end of the Vozdvizhenka, or Holy-Rood Street, the artillery stopped, and deployed on the square. A number of French officers took command of the cannon, aiming them and scrutinizing the Kreml through their field-glasses.

The bells began to ring for vespers in the Kreml, and this sound startled the French. They supposed that it was an alarm. Several of the infantry soldiers ran toward the Kutafya gates. Beams and planks barricaded the gates. Two musket-shots rang sharply out from behind the gates as soon as the officer and his detachment started to approach. The general, standing by the cannon, shouted some command to the officer, and the officer and one of the soldiers hastened back. Three more musket-shots rang out from the gates. One shot wounded a French soldier in the leg, and a strange yell from many throats was heard behind the barricade. From the faces of the French — general, officers, and men — simul-

* St. Nicholas of the Miraculous Apparition.

taneously, as though at word of command, vanished their former expression of gayety and calm, and in its place came an obstinate, concentrated expression of readiness for battle and suffering. For all of them, from marshal down to the most insignificant soldier, this place was no longer the Vozdvizhenka, Mokhovaya, Kutafya, and Troitskiya Gates, but it was the new locality of a new battle-field, in all probability destined to be deluged with blood; and all prepared for this battle.

The yells from the gates ceased. The cannon were pointed. The artillerists blew up their lighted slow-matches. The officer gave the command: *feu!* fire! and two hissing sounds of canister-shot followed one after the other. The grape clattered on the stones of the gateway, on the beams and the barricade, and two puffs of smoke floated away over the square.

A few seconds later, when the echoes of the reports had died out along the stone walls of the Kreml, a strange noise was heard over the heads of the French. An enormous flock of jackdaws arose above the walls, and cawing, and flapping their countless wings, circled around in the air. At the same instant a single human yell was heard in the gates, and through the smoke appeared the figure of a hatless man in a kaftan. He held a musket, and aimed it at the French. "*Feu!*" cried the artillery officer a second time, and at exactly the same instant rang out one musket-shot and two cannon-shots.

Smoke again concealed the gates.

Behind the barricade no one any longer moved, and the French infantry soldiers and their officers again approached the gates. At the gates lay three men wounded and four dead. Two men in kaftans were in full flight down along the walls to Znamenka.

"*Enlevez-moi ça* — Clear 'em away," said the officer, indicating the beams and the corpses; and the French, finishing the wounded, flung the corpses down behind the fence. "*Enlevez-moi ça*" was all that was said about them, and they were flung away, and afterwards were removed so as not to foul the air. Only Thiers consecrates to their memory a few eloquent lines: —

"These wretches had taken possession of the sacred stronghold, seized fire-arms from the arsenal, and attacked the French. A few of them were put to the sword, and the Kreml was purged of their presence."*

* "*Ces misérables avaient envahi la citadelle sacrée, s'étaient emparé des fusils de l'arsenal, et tiraient (ces misérables) sur les français. On en sabra quelques-uns, et on purgea le Kremlin de leur présence.*"

Murat was informed that the way was clear. The French poured through the gates, and began to set up their camp in the Senatskaya Square. The soldiers flung chairs out of the windows of the Senate House into the square, and used them as fuel for their fires.

Other divisions crossed through the Kreml. and took up their stations along the Moroseika, Lubyanka, Pokrovka. Still others settled themselves in the Vozdvizhenka, Znamenka, Nikolskaya, and Tverskaya. Finding nowhere any houses open to them, the French quartered themselves, not as they usually would in a city, but, as it were, formed a camp inside the city limits.

The French, though ragged, hungry, weary, and reduced to one-half of their original numbers, entered Moscow in regular military order. It was a jaded, exhausted, but still martial and redoubtable army.

But such it was only until that moment when the soldiers of that army were distributed in their lodgings. As soon as the men of the various regiments began to scatter among the rich and deserted mansions, then the martial quality disappeared forever, and the men were neither converted into citizens, nor retained their character as soldiers, but changed into something betwixt and between, called marauders.

When, five weeks later, these same men marched out of Moscow, they were still no longer troops. They were a throng of marauders, each one of whom brought or carried away with him a quantity of articles which seemed to him precious or necessary.

The object of each of these men, as they left Moscow, was not, as formerly, to prove themselves warriors, but to preserve what they had obtained. Like the monkey which has thrust its paw into the narrow neck of the jug, and grasped a handful of nuts, and will not open its fist lest it lose its prize, thus destroying itself, — the French, on leaving Moscow, were evidently doomed to perish, in consequence of lugging their plunder with them, since to relinquish what they had taken as plunder was as impossible as it was impossible for the monkey to let go of its handful of nuts.

Ten minutes after each regiment of the French host made its entry into any given quarter of Moscow, there was not left a single soldier or officer. Men in capotes and gaiters could be seen in the windows of the houses, boldly exploring the rooms. In cellars and storerooms, the same men were making free with provisions and stores. In the yards the

same men were tearing open or breaking down the barn and stable doors. They kindled fires in kitchens, and with sleeves rolled up they baked, kneaded, and cooked, they frightened or confused or wheedled women and children. There were a host of these men everywhere in the shops and in the houses; but army there was none.

On that day, order after order was issued by the French commanders, with the object of preventing the troops from scattering about through the city — stern rescripts against offering violence to the inhabitants, or marauding, and insisting upon a general roll call at evening, but, in spite of such precautions, the men, who just before had constituted an army, wandered about through the rich, deserted city, which still abounded in comforts and enjoyments.

As a famished herd of cattle go huddled together over a barren field, but instantly become uncontrollable and scatter as soon as they come into rich pasture lands, so did this army separate and scatter irreclaimably through the opulent city.

There were no citizens in Moscow, and the soldiers were absorbed in it (like water in sand), and, bursting all restraint, radiated out in every direction from the Kreml, which was their first objective point.

Cavalrymen, coming to some merchant's mansion abandoned with all its treasures, and finding stabling sufficient for their own horses and others besides, nevertheless proceeded to take possession of the one adjoining, because it seemed better still.

In many cases, a man or group of men would take possession of several houses, and scratch the name of the claimant in chalk on the doors, and quarrel and even come to blows with men of other regiments.

Such soldiers as failed to find accommodations ran along the streets inspecting the city, and when word was given out that the whole city was abandoned, they made haste to find and take whatever was valuable.

In the Karetnui Riat, or the carriage mart, there were shops full of equipages; even the generals crowded here, selecting calashes and coaches.

Such inhabitants as were left invited the French commanders to lodge in their houses, thereby hoping to escape from being plundered.

There was an abundance of wealth, and there seemed to be no end to it. Everywhere, in a circle from the place first occupied by the French, there were places, as yet unknown and unexplored, where, as it seemed to the French, there must

be still greater riches. And Moscow even more and more absorbed them into itself. Just as the consequence of pouring water upon dry earth is that the water disappears and the dry earth as well, so in exactly the same way the consequence of a hungry army pouring into a well-furnished, abandoned city was its destruction, and the destruction of the opulent city, and filth follows; conflagrations and marauding follow.

The French attributed the burning of Moscow to the savage patriotism of Rostopchin — *au patriotisme féroce de Rostopchine*, — the Russians, to the savagery of the French. In last analysis, responsibility for the burning of Moscow was not due and cannot be attributed to any one person or to any number of persons.

Moscow was burned because it was in a condition when every city built of wood must burn, independently of the question whether they had or had not one hundred and thirty wretched fire-engines. Moscow had to burn because its inhabitants had deserted it, and as inevitably as a heap of shavings, upon which live coals are dropped, must burn.

A wooden city, which has its conflagrations almost every day in spite of the police and the proprietors, careful of their houses, could not fail to burn when the inhabitants were gone and their places taken by soldiers, who smoked their pipes, made camp-fires of senators' chairs in the Senatskaya Square, and cooked their meals there twice a day.

Even in times of peace, when troops are quartered in villages, the number of fires is immediately increased. How much greater must the probabilities of conflagration be in a deserted city built of wood and occupied by a foreign army!

Le patriotisme féroce de Rostopchine and the savagery of the French were not to blame for this. The burning of Moscow was due to the soldiers' pipes, to the cook-stoves, the camp-fires, to the negligence of hostile troops, when houses were occupied by men not their owners.

Even if there were incendiaries (which is very doubtful, since there was no reason for setting fires, and such action would have been hard and perilous), they could not be considered as the cause of the conflagration, since it would have taken place without them.

However flattering it was for the French to blame Rostopchin's savage patriotism, and for the Russians to blame the villain Bonaparte, or, in later times, to place the heroic torch

in the hands of their own people, it is impossible not to see that such an immediate cause of the conflagration had no real existence, because Moscow had to burn, as every town, every factory, and every house, would be burned, when abandoned by its owners, and strangers had taken possession and were cooking their victuals in it.

Moscow was burned by its citizens. — that is true; not, however, by the citizens who remained, but by those who went away.

Moscow, occupied by the enemy, did not remain intact like Berlin, Vienna, and other cities, simply because the inhabitants did not come forth to offer the French the bread and salt — *Khlyeb-sol* — of hospitality, and the keys of the city, but left it.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE *soaking-up* of the French into Moscow, spreading out star-wise, reached the quarter where Pierre was now living, only in the evening of September 14.

After the two days which Pierre had spent, solitary, and in such an unusual manner, he had got into a state of mind that bordered on insanity. His whole being was possessed by one importunate idea. He himself knew not how or when it came about, but this idea had such mastery of him that he remembered nothing of the past, had no comprehension of the present, and what he saw and heard seemed as though it had happened in a dream.

Pierre had left his home simply and solely to escape from the complicated coil of social demands which held him, and from which he could not, in his situation at the time, tear himself away. He had gone to Iosiph Alekseyevitch's house ostensibly to arrange the late owner's books and papers, and simply because he was in search of some alleviation from the demands of life; and his recollections of Iosiph Alekseyevitch were connected in his mind with that world of eternal, tranquil, and solemn thoughts which were diametrically opposed to the confused coil in which he felt himself entangled.

He sought a quiet refuge, and actually found it, in Iosiph Alekseyevitch's library. When, in the dead silence of the room, he sat down and leaned his elbows on his late friend's dust-covered writing-table, the recollections of the last few days began one by one to rise before him, calmly, and in their proper significance, especially that of the battle of Borodino,

and that irresistible sense of his own insignificance and false-ness in comparison with the truth, simplicity, and forcefulness which had so impressed him in that class of men he called *They*.

When Gerasim aroused him from his brown study, the thought occurred to Pierre that he was to take a part in the supposed popular defence of Moscow. And, with this end in view, he had immediately sent Gerasim to procure for him a kaftan and pistol, and explained to him his intention of concealing his identity and remaining in Iosiph Alekseyevitch's house.

Afterwards, in the course of the first day spent alone and idly, — for, though he several times tried, he could not put his mind on the Masonic manuscripts. — the thought of the cabalistic significance of his name in connection with that of Bonaparte's occurred vaguely to him: but this thought which he had before conceived, that *l' Russe Besuhof* was predestined to overthrow the power of the *Beast*, now came to him only as one of the illusions which thronged his imagination, without logical connection, and vanished without leaving any trace.

When, after the purchase of the kaftan, — with the purpose merely of taking part in the popular defence of Moscow, — Pierre met the Rostofs, and Natasha had said to him: "You are going to remain? Akh! How nice!" the thought had flashed through his mind that truly it would be nice, even if Moscow were captured, for him to remain in Moscow and fulfil his predestination.

On the following day, with the sole idea not to spare himself, and not to keep aloof from anything in which *they* took part, he went to the Tri Gorui barrier. But when he reached home again, convinced that no attempt was to be made to defend Moscow, the consciousness suddenly came over him that what had hitherto seemed merely a possibility had now become absolutely imperative and unavoidable. It was his duty to remain in Moscow *incognito*, to fire at Napoleon and to kill him: — either he must perish himself, or put an end to the misery which afflicted all Europe, and was caused, as Pierre reasoned by Napoleon alone.

Pierre knew all the particulars of the German student's attempts on Bonaparte's life in Vienna in 1809, and he was aware that the student had been shot. And the danger to which he was about to expose his life in carrying out his purpose filled him with still stronger zeal.

Two feelings of equal intensity irresistibly attracted Pierre

to execute his project. The first was the feeling that sacrifice and suffering were demanded from him as a penalty for the consciousness of the general wretchedness—that feeling which, on the seventh, had impelled him to go to Mozhaïsk and even into the very thick of the conflict, and now drove him from his home to sleep on a hard sofa, and to share Gerasim's meagre fare, instead of enjoying the luxuries to which he was accustomed.

The second was that vague, exclusively Russian scorn for all things conventional, artistic, human, for all that is counted by the majority of men to be the highest good in the world.

It was in the Slobodsky palace that Pierre had for the first time in his life experienced this strange and bewitching feeling, when he suddenly arrived at the consciousness that wealth and power and life—everything that men arrange and cherish with such passionate eagerness, even if it is worth anything—are of no consequence compared to the enjoyment which is the concomitant of their sacrifice.

It is this feeling that impels the volunteer to drink up his last kopek, the drunkard to smash mirrors and glasses without any apparent cause, although he knows that it will cost him his last coin to pay for them; the feeling which impels a man, committing (in the common acceptance of the word) crazy actions, to put forth all his personal force and strength, thereby testifying to the existence of a higher justice outside of human conditions and ruling life.

From that very day when Pierre for the first time experienced this feeling in the Slobodsky palace, he had been constantly under its influence; but now only he found full satisfaction for it. Moreover, at the present moment, Pierre was kept up to his intention, and deprived of the possibility of renouncing it, by what he had already done in that direction. His flight from home, and his kaftan, and his pistol, and his announcement to the Rostofs that he should stay in Moscow, all would be meaningless—nay, it would be contemptible and ridiculous—Pierre knew that by instinct—if, after all, he should do what the others had done, and leave Moscow.

Pierre's physical condition, as was always the case, corresponded with his mental. The coarse, unusual beverages which he had been drinking those days, the abstinence from wine and cigars, the dirty, unchanged linen, the two almost sleepless nights which he had spent on the short, pillowless sofa, all this had reduced Pierre to a state akin to lunacy.

It was already two o'clock in the afternoon, and the French had entered Moscow. Pierre knew it, but, instead of acting, he thought only of his enterprise, considering all its minutest details. In his imagination he did not dwell with such keenness of vision on the act itself of firing the shot, or upon the death of Napoleon, but he imagined with extraordinary vividness, and with a melancholy delight, his own ruin and his heroic courage.

"Yes, one for all! I must accomplish it or perish!" he said to himself. "Yes, I will go up to him — and then suddenly — with a pistol — or would not a dagger be better?" — mused Pierre. — "However, it is immaterial. — 'Not I, but the hand of Providence punishes thee!' I will exclaim." Pierre was rehearsing the words which he should utter as he killed Napoleon. — "Well, then, take me, punish me." Pierre went on to say, still further imagining the scene, and drooping his head with a melancholy but firm expression of countenance.

While Pierre, standing in the middle of the room, was thus musing, the library door was suddenly flung open, and the figure of Makar Alekseyevitch appeared on the threshold, absolutely changed from his former attitude of wild shyness.

His khalat was flung open. His face was flushed and distorted. He was evidently drunk. Seeing Pierre, he was for the first moment confused; but, remarking signs of confusion in Pierre, he immediately expressed his satisfaction, and came into the middle of the room, tottering on his thin legs.

"They're scared!" he exclaimed in a hoarse, confidential voice. "I tell you: 'We won't surrender.' That's what I say — Right? — Hey, mister?" He deliberated for a moment; then, suddenly catching sight of the pistol on the table, he grasped it with unexpected quickness and ran into the corridor.

Gerasim and the dvornik, who had followed at Makar Alekseyevitch's heels, stopped him in the entry and tried to take away the pistol. Pierre came out into the corridor, and looked with pity and disgust on the half-witted old man. Makar Alekseyevitch, scowling with the effort, clung to the pistol, and screamed in his hoarse voice something that he evidently considered very solemn.

"To arms! Board 'em! * You lie! you sha'n't have it," he yelled.

"There, please, that'll do. Have the goodness to put it up, please. Now please, barin," — said Gerasim, cautiously

* *Na abordage!*

taking Makar Alekseyevitch by the elbows and trying to force him back to the door.

"Who are you? Bonaparte?" screamed Makar Alekseyitch.

"That is not right, sir. Please come into your room; you are all out of breath. Please let me have the pistol."

"Away with you, you scurvy slave! Touch me not! Do you see this!" yelled Makar Alekseyitch, brandishing the pistol. "Board 'em!"

"Look out!" whispered Gerasim to the dvornik. They seized Makar Alekseyitch by the arms and dragged him to the door.

The room was filled with the confused sounds of the scuffle and the hoarse, drunken sounds of the panting voice.

Suddenly a new and penetrating scream of a woman was heard from the steps, and the cook ran into the entry.

"Here they are! Oh, ye saints of my sires!!! — Oh, God! here they are! Four of them on horseback!" — she cried.

Gerasim and the dvornik let go of Makar Alekseyitch's arms, and in the silence which suddenly ensued the pounding of several hands was heard on the outside door.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

PIERRE, deciding for himself that, until the time came for the fulfilment of his project, it was best not to disclose his identity, or his knowledge of French, stood in the half-opened door leading into the corridor, intending instantly to go and hide himself as soon as the French entered. But the French came in, and Pierre had not stirred from the door: an indefinable curiosity seized him.

There were two of them. One was an officer, tall, gallant-looking, and handsome; the other evidently a soldier, or his servant, short and stubbed, lean and sunburned, with sunken cheeks and a stupid expression of face. The officer, resting his weight on a cane, and limping a little, came forward. Having advanced a few steps, the officer, as though deciding that the rooms were good, halted, and turned round to some soldiers who appeared in the doorway, and in a tone of command shouted to them to bring in their horses. Having attended to this, the officer, with a gallant gesture, lifting high his elbow, twisted his mustache and then touched his cap: —

"*Bonjour la compagnie!*" he cried cheerily with a smile and glancing round.

No one made any answer.

"*Vous êtes le bourgeois?* — Are you the master of the house?" asked the officer, addressing Gerasim. Gerasim, with a scared, questioning look, stared at the officer.

"*Quartier, quartier — logement!*" exclaimed the officer, surveying the little man from top to toe, with a condescending and benevolent smile: "The French are jolly boys. *Que diable! Voyons!* Don't get touchy, old man!" he added, slapping the startled and silent Gerasim on the shoulder. "*A ça! Dites donc, on ne parle donc français dans cette boutique?*" he added, glancing around and catching Pierre's eyes as he slunk aside from the door.

The officer again addressed himself to Gerasim. He tried to make the old man show him the rooms in the house.

"Barin gone — No understand! — my — you — your" — stammered Gerasim, striving to make his words more comprehensible by speaking in broken Russian.

The French officer, with a smile, waved his hands in front of Gerasim's nose, giving him to understand that he did not understand him, and he limped again to the door where Pierre was standing. Pierre started to go away in order to hide from him, but just at that instant he saw through the open door of the kitchen Makar Alekseyitch peering out, with the pistol in his hand. With the cunningness of a madman, Makar Alekseyitch gazed at the Frenchman, and, raising the pistol, aimed: —

"Board 'em!" cried the drunken man and cocked the pistol.

The Frenchman, hearing the shout, turned round, and at that instant Pierre flung himself on the drunkard. But, before Pierre had time to seize and throw up the pistol, Makar Alekseyitch got his fingers on the cock and a sharp report rang out, deafening them all and filling the passage with gun-powder smoke. The Frenchman turned pale and sprang back to the door.

Pierre seized the pistol and flung it away and ran after the officer, and (then forgetting his intention of not revealing his knowledge of French) began to speak with him in French.

"You are not wounded?" he asked with solicitude.

"I think not," replied the officer, examining himself. "But I had a narrow escape that time," he added, pointing at the broken plastering on the wall. "Who is that man?" he demanded, giving Pierre a stern look.

"I am really greatly distressed at what has just happened," said Pierre, speaking fluently, and entirely forgetting the part he was going to play. "He is crazy, an unfortunate man who did not know what he was doing." *

The officer turned to Makar Alekseyitch and seized him by the collar. Makar Alekseyitch, thrusting out his lips, swayed as though he were sleepy and stood leaning against the wall.

"Brigand! you shall answer for this!" said the Frenchman, taking off his hand. "It's in our nature to be merciful after victory, but we do not forgive traitors," he added with a look of gloomy solemnity on his face, and with a graceful, energetic gesture.

Pierre continued in French to urge the officer not to be too hard on this half-witted drunkard. The Frenchman listened in silence, without a change in his scowling face, then suddenly turned to Pierre with a smile. He looked at him for a few seconds without speaking. His handsome face assumed a tragically sentimental expression, and he held out his hand: — "*Vous m'avez sauvé la vie! Vous êtes français!*" he said. For a Frenchman this inference was beyond question. To do a magnanimous action was alone possible to a Frenchman, and to save the life of *Monsieur Ramball, capitaine du 13^{me} léger*, was unquestionably the greatest deed of all.

But, reasonable as this inference was or the conviction which the officer based upon it, Pierre felt it incumbent upon him to disclaim it.

"*Je suis russe*," he said rapidly.

"Tititi! tell that to others," said the Frenchman, smiling and raising a warning finger. "By and by you can tell me all about it. *Charmé de rencontrer un compatriote. Eh bien!* What shall we do with this man?" he added, already addressing Pierre as though he were his brother.

Even if Pierre were not a Frenchman, having once granted him that appellation, — the highest in the world, — he could never disavow it, said the French officer's whole tone, and the expression of his face.

In reply to the last question, Pierre once more explained who Makar Alekseyitch was, explained that just before their arrival this witless drunkard had got hold of the loaded pistol, and they had just been trying to get it away from him;

* "*Vous n'êtes pas blessé?*" — "*Je crois que non, mais je l'ai manqué belle cette fois-ci. Quel est cet homme?*" — "*Ah, je suis vraiment au désespoir de ce qui vient d'arriver. C'est un fou, un malheureux qui ne savait pas ce qu'il faisait.*"

finally, he begged him to let this matter go without punishing him.

The Frenchman swelled out his chest and made a regal gesture with his hand:—

“*Vous m’avez sauvé la vie. Vous êtes français. Vous demandez sa grâce? Je vous l’accorde. Qu’on emmène cet homme!*—Take this man away!” exclaimed the French officer rapidly and energetically, and, linking his arm with that of Pierre, the man whom for having saved his life he admitted into fellowship with the French, he went with him into the house.

The soldiers who had been in the dvor when they heard the pistol-shot hastened into the entry, asking what was up, and expressing their readiness to punish the offenders; but the officer sternly repressed them.

“You shall be called when you are needed,” said he.

The soldiers flocked out. The man who had meantime explored the larder came back to the officer and reported finding soup and roast mutton, and asked if he should bring it.

“*Capitaine, ils ont de la soupe et du gigot de mouton dans la cuisine,*” said he. “*Faut-il vous l’apporter?*”

“*Où, et le vin!*” said the captain.

CHAPTER XXIX.

As the French officer and Pierre went in together, Pierre felt that it was his duty once more to assure the captain that he was not French and he wanted to go, but the French officer would not even hear to such a thing. He was so extremely polite, courteous, and good-natured, and so genuinely grateful for having had his life preserved, that Pierre had not the heart to refuse him, and therefore sat down with him in the drawing-room, which happened to be the first which they entered.

At Pierre’s asseveration that he was not a Frenchman, the captain, evidently not comprehending how it could enter the heart of man to refuse such a flattering designation, shrugged his shoulders, and declared that if he were resolutely bent on passing for a Russian, he might do so, but still, nevertheless, he was eternally bound to him by the feeling of gratitude for saving his life.

If this man had been gifted with the slightest capacity for entering into the feelings of others, and had guessed Pierre’s

sentiments, Pierre would undoubtedly have left him, but this man's impermeability to everything except his own personality quite won Pierre.

"*Français ou prince russe incognito*," said the Frenchman, scrutinizing Pierre's fine but soiled linen, and the ring on his finger, "I owe you my life, and I offer you my friendship. A Frenchman never forgets an insult or a favor. That is all I have to say."

In the tones of this officer's voice, in the expression of his face, in his gestures, there was so much affability and good-breeding (in the French use of the terms), that Pierre, giving back unconsciously smile for smile, pressed the proffered hand. "*Captaine Ramball du 13^{me} léger, décoré pour l'affaire du 19^{me}*," he went on to say, introducing himself with a smile of exuberant self-satisfaction curling his lips under his mustaches. "Would you not tell me, now, with whom I have the honor of conversing so agreeably, instead of being in the ambulance with that idiot's pistol ball in me?"*

Pierre replied that he could not tell him his name, and reddened as he tried to think of some name, to invent some reason for not giving his own; but the Frenchman made haste to relieve him.

"I beg of you!" said he. "I appreciate your scruples: you are an officer — an officer of rank, perhaps. You have borne arms against us — it is not my affair. I owe my life to you. That is enough for me. I am wholly at your service. You are a gentleman?" he added, with just a shade of question.

Pierre nodded assent.

"Your given name, please; I ask nothing more. Monsieur Pierre, you say — excellent! — That is all that I wish to know."†

When the mutton and omelet, the samovar, vodka, and wine which the French had obtained from a Russian cellar were brought, Ramball invited Pierre to share in this repast, and instantly he himself fell to, ravenously and hastily attacking the viands like a healthy hungry man, chewing lustily

* "*Voudrez-vous bien me dire à présent, à qui j'ai l'honneur de parler aussi agréablement au lieu de rester à l'ambulance avec la balle de ce fou dans le corps?*"

† "*De grâce. Je comprends vos raisons; vous êtes officier — officier supérieur, peut-être. Vous avez porté les armes contre nous. Ce n'est pas mon affaire. Je vous dois la vie. Cela me suffit. Je suis tout à vous. Vous êtes gentilhomme? Votre nom de baptême, s'il vous plaît. Je ne demande pas davantage. Monsieur Pierre, dites-vous — parfait! — C'est tout ce que je désire savoir.*"

with his sound, strong teeth, constantly smacking his lips, and exclaiming, "*Excellent, exquis!*"

His face grew flushed and sweaty. Pierre was hungry, and participated with great satisfaction in this dinner.

Morel, the servant, brought a sauce-pan full of warm water, and set in it a bottle of red wine. He also brought a bottle of kvas which he had found in the kitchen, and wanted to experiment with.

This beverage was already known to the French and had received a name. They called kvas *limonade de cochon*.—pig's lemonade,—and Morel had taken possession of this *limonade de cochon* which he had found in the kitchen.

But as the *capitaine* possessed wine that had been plundered somewhere as he passed through the city, he left the kvas to Morel, and devoted himself to a bottle of Bordeaux. He wrapped the bottle up to the neck in a napkin, and poured the wine out for himself and Pierre. Hunger alleviated and the wine enlivened the captain more and more, and during all the dinner-time he chattered without cessation.

"Yes, my dear Mr. Pierre, I owe you a handsome taper for having saved me from that—that madman. . . . You see I have balls enough in my body as it is. There's one"—he touched his side—"received at Wagram, and two at Smolensk"—he indicated the scar on his cheek. "And this leg, you see, can't walk. I received that on the seventh, in the great battle of the Moskva. Ye gods! that was fine! You ought to have seen it! It was a deluge of fire. You blocked out a tough job for us! I shouldn't blame you for boasting about it! by the Devil, I shouldn't! And on my word, in spite of the cold which I took, I should be willing to begin it all over again. I pity those who didn't see it!"

"I was there!" said Pierre.

"What! really? Well, then, so much the better," said the Frenchman. "You are glorious enemies, all the same. The great redoubt held her own, by all the powers. And you made us pay dear for it. I got in it three times, just as sure as you see me. Three times we were right on the guns, and three times we were knocked over like pasteboard soldiers! Oh, it was fine, Mr. Pierre! Your grenadiers were superb, by heavens! Six times running I saw them close up ranks and march out as though they were going to a review! Fine fellows! Our king of Naples, who is a perfect dab at such things, cried, 'Bravo!' Ah! ha! good soldiers—quite our match!" said he with a smile, after a moment's silence.

"So much the better, so much the better, Mr. Pierre! Terrible in battle . . . gallant with the fair ones!" — he winked and smiled — "that's the Frenchman, Mr. Pierre, ain't that so?" *

The captain was so *naïvely* and good-naturedly jovial, frank, and self-satisfied that Pierre himself almost winked as he looked at him.

Apparently the word "gallant" reminded the captain of the state of Moscow.

"By the way, tell me now, is it true all the ladies have left Moscow? A strange notion! What had they to be afraid of?"

"Wouldn't the French ladies leave Paris if the Russians marched in?" retorted Pierre.

"Ha! ha! ha!" The Frenchman burst into a gay, hearty laugh, and slapped Pierre on the shoulder. "Ah! that is a good one," he went on to remark. "*Paris? — Mais Paris, Paris*" —

"*Paris la capitale du monde!*" said Pierre, finishing his sentence.

The captain looked at Pierre. It was a habit of his in the middle of a sentence to hesitate and give one a steady look from his laughing, friendly eyes.

"There, now, if you had not said that you were Russian, I would have wagered you were Parisian. You have something about you" — and, having said this compliment, he again paused and looked.

"I have been at Paris. I spent some years there," said Pierre.

"Ah! that is very evident. Paris! A man who doesn't know Paris is a barbarian. You can tell a Parisian by the smell two leagues off! *C'a se sent à deux lieux*. Paris is Talma,

* "Où, mon cher M. Pierre, je vous dois une fière chandelle de m'avoir sauvé — de cet enragé. — J'en ai assez, voyez-vous, de balles dans le corps. En voilà une à Wagram et deux à Smolensk. — Et cette jambe, comme vous voyez, qui ne veut pas marcher. C'est à la grande bataille du 7 à la Moscova que j'ai reçu ça. Sacré Dieu, c'était beau! Il fallait voir ça; c'était un déluge de feu. Vous nous avez taillé une rude besogne; vous pouvez vous en vanter, nom d'un petit bonhomme! Et, ma parole, malgré la toux, que j'ai gagnée, je serais prêt à recommencer. Je plains ceux qui n'ont pas eu ça. — J'y ai été. — Bah, vraiment! eh bien, tant mieux. Vous êtes de fiers ennemis, tout de même. La grande redoute a été ténace, nom d'un pipe! Et vous nous a fait crânement payer. J'y suis allé trois fois, tel que vous me voyez. Trois fois nous étions sur les canons et trois fois on nous a culbutié et comme des capucins de cartes. Oh! c'était superbe, M. Pierre! Vos grenadiers ont été superbes, tonnerre de Dieu! Je les ai vu six fois de suite serrer les rangs et marcher comme à une renne. Les beaux hommes! Notre roi de Naples, qui s'y connaît, a crié: 'Bravo!' Ah! ah! soldats comme nous autres.' Tant mieux, tant mieux, M. Pierre! Terribles en batailles — galants avec les belles, voilà les Français, M. Pierre, n'est ce pas?"

la Duchesnois, Potier, la Sorbonne, *les boulevards!*” and, perceiving that his conclusion was somewhat inconsequential, he made haste to add: “There is only one Paris in the world. You have been in Paris, and you remain Russian! Well, I do not esteem you the less for it.”

Under the influence of the wine which he had drunk, and after the days spent in solitude with his sombre thoughts, Pierre could not help experiencing a certain satisfaction in talking with this jolly and good-tempered gentleman.

“To return to your ladies: they are said to be pretty. What a crazy notion to go and bury themselves in the steppes, when the French army is at Moscow! What a chance they have missed! Your muzhiks! that’s another thing! but you are civilized beings, and ought to know us better than that. We have captured Vienna, Berlin, Madrid, Naples, Rome, Warsaw — all the capitals of the world. We are feared, but we are loved. There’s no harm in knowing men like us. And then the emperor” — he began, but Pierre interrupted him.

“*L’empereur*,” repeated Pierre, and his face suddenly assumed a gloomy expression of confusion — “*Est ce que l’empereur?*” —

“The emperor! He is generosity, clemency, justice, order, and genius itself! That’s what the emperor is! I, Ramball, tell you so. I, the very person before you, was his enemy eight years ago! My father was a count and an *émigré*. But this man was too much for me. He conquered me. I could not resist the spectacle of the glory and grandeur with which he was loading France. When I understood what he wanted, when I saw that he was making a perfect bed of laurels for us, do you know, I said to myself: ‘There’s a sovereign for you,’ and I gave myself to him. And that’s the whole story. Oh, yes, my dear sir, he is the greatest man of the ages past or to come.”

“Is he at Moscow?” asked Pierre, stammering, and with a guilty countenance.

The Frenchman looked at Pierre’s guilty face, and smiled. “No: he will make his entrance to-morrow,”* said he, and went on with his stories.

* “*Pour en revenir à vos dames, on les dit bien belles. Quelle fichue idée d’aller s’enterrer dans les steppes, quand l’armée française est à Moscou! Quelle chance elles ont manqué, celles-là! Vos moujiks, c’est autre chose; mais vous autres gens civilisés, vous devriez nous connaître mieux que ça. Nous avons pris Vienne, Berlin, Madrid, Naples, Rome, Varsovie — toutes les capitales du monde. — On nous craint, mais on nous aime. Nous sommes bons à connaître. — Et puis l’empereur. — L’empereur! C’est la générosité.*”

Their conversation was interrupted by a noise of many voices at the gate, and by Morel coming in to explain to the captain that some Württemberg hussars had made their appearance and wanted to stable their horses in the same dvor, which was pre-occupied by the captain's horses.

The difficulty arose principally from the fact that the hussars did not understand what was said to them.

The captain commanded the old non-commissioned officer to be brought into his presence, and, in a stern voice, he began to question him. To what regiment did he belong? Who was his chief? and, By what authority he permitted himself to take possession of quarters that were pre-empted?

In reply to the first two questions the German, whose knowledge of French was but slender, named his regiment and his superior, but in reply to the last, which he didn't understand, he began to explain in German interlarded with a few words of broken French, that he was the billeter of his regiment, and that he had been ordered by his colonel to take possession of all the houses in the row.

Pierre, who knew German, interpreted for the captain what the Württemberger said, and he repeated the captain's answer in German to the hussar. When at last he understood what was meant, the German yielded, and withdrew his men. The captain went to the steps and gave some orders in a loud voice.

When he returned to the room, Pierre was still sitting in the same place as before, with his hands clasped on top of his head. His face expressed suffering. He was actually suffering at that moment. When the captain went out and Pierre was left alone, he suddenly came to his senses, and realized the position in which he found himself. Cruelly as he felt the fact that Moscow was captured and that these fortunate victors were making themselves at home in the city, and patronizing him, still it was not this which chiefly tormented Pierre at the moment. He was tortured by the consciousness of his own weakness. The few glasses of wine that he had drunk, the conversation with this good-natured

la clémence, la justice, l'ordre, le génie : voilà l'empereur ! C'est moi, Ramball, qui vous le dit. Tel que vous me voyez, j'étais son ennemi, il y a encore huit ans. Mon père a été comte émigré. — Mais il m'a vaincu, cet homme. Il m'a empoigné. Je n'ai pas pu résister au spectacle de grandeur et de gloire dont il courrait la France. Quand j'ai compris ce qu'il voulait, quand j'ai vu qu'il nous faisait une litière de lauriers, voyez-vous, je me suis dit : Voilà un souverain. Et je me suis donné à lui. Oh, oui, mon cher, c'est le plus grand homme des siècles passés et à venir." — "Est-il à Moscou ?" — "Non, il fera son entre demain."

man, had destroyed that darkly determined mood in which Pierre had been living for a day or two, and which was indispensable for the fulfilment of his purpose.

Pistol and dagger and kaftan were ready. Napoleon would make his *entrée* on the morrow. Pierre felt that it was right and profitable to kill the "evil-doer," but he felt that now he should not accomplish his purpose.

Why?

He knew not, but he had the presentiment that he should not carry out his intention. He struggled against this consciousness of his weakness, but vaguely felt that he should not get the mastery of it, that his former dark thoughts about vengeance, assassination, and self-sacrifice had scattered like dust at the first contact with his fellow-men.

The captain, slightly limping and whistling some tune, came back into the room.

The Frenchman's chatter, which had before amused Pierre, now annoyed him. And the tune that he was whistling, and his gait, and his habit of twirling his mustache, — all now seemed offensive to Pierre.

"I will go instantly. I will have nothing more to say to him," thought Pierre. He thought this, but still he kept his seat in the same place. A strange feeling of weakness rooted him to his place: he felt the desire, but he was unable to get up and go.

The captain, on the contrary, seemed very merry. He paced two or three times up and down the room. His eyes flashed, and his mustaches slightly worked, as though he were smiling all by himself at some merry conceit of his. "*Charmant!*" he suddenly exclaimed, "*le colonel de ces Wurtembourgeois! c'est un allemand: mais brave garçon, s'il en fut. Mais allemand!*"

He sat down opposite Pierre. "*À propos, vous savez donc l'allemand, vous?*"

Pierre looked at him and made no reply.

"*Comment dites-vous asile en allemand?*"

"*Asile,*" repeated Pierre, "*asile en allemand? — Unterkunft!*"

"*Comment dites-vous?*" again asked the captain quickly, with a shade of distrust in his voice.

"*Unterkunft!*" repeated Pierre.

"*Onterkoff,*" said the captain, and looked at Pierre for several seconds with mischievous eyes. "*Les allemands sont de fières bêtes, n'est ce pas, M. Pierre?*" he added by way of con-

elusion. "*Eh bien, encore une bouteille de ce Bordeaux Moscovite, n'est ce pas?*" Morel! *va nous chauffer encore une petite bouteille, Morel!*" gayly cried the captain.

Morel brought candles and another bottle of wine. The captain looked at Pierre by the light of the candles, and was evidently struck by his new friend's distracted face. With genuine concern and sympathy expressed in his eyes, he went over to Pierre and bent down over him.

"*Eh bien, nous sommes tristes,*" said he, touching Pierre's arm. "Have I hurt your feelings? No, truly, haven't you something against me?" he insisted. "Perhaps your melancholy is due to the state of things."

Pierre made no answer, but looked affectionately into the Frenchman's eyes. This expression of sympathy was grateful to him.

"On my word of honor, without reference to my gratitude to you, I feel a genuine friendship for you. Can I do anything for you? I am entirely at your service. It is for life or for death! I tell you this with my hand on my heart!" said he, slapping himself on the chest.

"No, thank you," said Pierre.

The captain kept his eyes on him, just as he looked at him when he was learning what the German for "refuge" was, and his face suddenly beamed.

"Ah! in that case, I drink to our friendship," he gayly cried, pouring out two glasses of wine.

Pierre took his, and drained it. Ramball drank his, again pressed Pierre's hand, and then leaned his elbows on the table in thoughtful, melancholy pose: "Yes, my dear friend, see the caprices of fortune!" he began. "Who would ever have said that I was going to be a soldier and captain of dragoons in the service of Bonaparte, as we called him a little while ago! And yet, here I am in Moscow with him. I must tell you, my dear fellow," he continued, in the solemn and measured voice of a man who is getting ready to spin a long yarn: "I must tell you our name is one of the most ancient in France" —

And, with the easy-going and simple frankness of a Frenchman, the captain told Pierre the story of his ancestors, his childhood, youth and manhood, giving all the particulars of his ancestry, his estates, and his relationships. "*Ma pauvre mère,*" of course, played an important rôle in this story.

"But all that is only the stage setting of life; the real

thing is love. Love! isn't that so, Mr. Pierre?" said he, growing more animated. "Have another glass."*

Pierre drank it up, and poured out for himself still a third glass.

"*Oh, les femmes, les femmes!*" and the captain, with oily eyes, gazing at Pierre, began to talk about love and about his gallant adventures. He had enjoyed a very great number of them, as it was easy to believe from a glance in the officer's handsome, self-satisfied face, and the enthusiastic eagerness with which he talked about women.

Although all of Ramball's adventures had that characteristic of vileness in which the French find the exclusive charm and poetry of love, still the captain told his stories with such honest conviction that he was the only one who had ever experienced and understood all the delights of love, and he gave such alluring descriptions of women, that Pierre listened to him with curiosity.

It was evident that *l'amour* which the Frenchman so loved was not that low and simple sensual passion which Pierre had once experienced for his wife, nor yet that romantic flame which was kindled in his heart by Natasha — both of which kinds of love Ramball held in equal contempt — one being according to him, — *l'amour des charretiers*, carters' love, the other, *l'amour des nigauds* — booby's love; *l'amour* which the Frenchman worshipped consisted pre-eminently in unnatural relations toward women, and in combinations of incongruities which gave the chief charm to the passion.

Thus the captain related a touching story of his love for a bewitching marquise of thirty-five, and, at the same time, for a charming innocent maiden of seventeen, the daughter of the bewitching marquise. The struggle of magnanimity between mother and daughter, ending with the mother sacrificing herself and proposing that the daughter should become her lover's wife, even now, though it was a recollection brought up from a long buried past, moved the captain.

* "Vous ai-je fait de la peine? Non, vrai, avez-vous quelque chose contre moi? Peut-être rapport à la situation? Parole d'honneur, sans parler de ce que je vous dois, j'ai de l'amitié pour vous. Puis-je faire quelque chose pour vous? Disposez de moi! C'est à la vie et à la mort. C'est la main sur le cœur que je vous le dis." — "Merci!" — "Ah! dans ces cas je bois à notre amitié. Oui, mon cher ami, voilà les caprices de la fortune! Qui m'aurait dit que je serai soldat et capitaine de dragons au service de Bonaparte comme nous l'appellions jadis. Et cependant me voilà à Moscou avec lui. Il faut vous dire, mon cher, que notre nom est l'un des plus anciens de la France. — Mais tout ça ce n'est que la mise-en-scène de la vie: le fond c'est l'amour. L'amour! N'est ce pas, M. Pierre? — Encore un verre!"

Then he related an episode in which the husband played the lover's part, while he — the lover — played the part of husband, and then several comical episodes from his *souvenirs d'Allemagne*, where "*asile*" was *Unterkunft*, where *les maris mangent de la choucroute* — where husbands eat sauerkraut, and where *les jeunes filles sont trop blondes*!

Finally, his latest episode in Poland, which was still fresh in the captain's recollections, for he told it with eager gestures and a flushed face, consisted in his having saved a Polyak's life (as a general thing, in the captain's narrations, the episode of life-saving was an important feature), and this Polyak had intrusted to him his most fascinating, bewitching wife — "*Parisienne de cœur*" — while he himself entered the French service. The captain was fortunate, the bewitching Pole wanted to run away with him, but, moved by generosity, he had restored the wife to the husband, saying: "*Je vous ai sauré la vie et je saure votre honneur!*" In pronouncing these words, the captain rubbed his eyes, and gave himself a little shake, as though to drive away his weakness at such a touching recollection.

While listening to the captain's yarns, Pierre, as was apt to be the case, late in the evening, and under the influence of the wine, took in all that the captain had to say, comprehended it all, and, at the same time, connected it with a whole series of personal recollections, which somehow suddenly began to rise up in his mind. As he listened to these stories of love, his own love for Natasha occurred to him, with unexpected suddenness, and as he unrolled, in his imagination, the pictures of this love, he mentally compared them with Ramball's.

Thus, when he followed that story of the struggle between love and duty, he saw, with wonderful vividness, in all its details, his last meeting with the object of his love, near the Sukharef tower.

At that time the meeting had not made any special impression upon him; he had not once since thought of it. But now it seemed to him that this casual meeting had something very significant and poetic.

"Piotr Kiriluitch! Come here! I recognized you!"

He now heard her saying those words; he had before him a vision of her eyes, her smile, her travelling-hood, a lock of hair escaping from it, — and something very touching and tender connected itself with the whole scene.

Having finished his tale about the bewitching *Polka*, the

captain asked Pierre if he had ever experienced anything like self-sacrifice for love, or jealousy of a woman's husband.

Aroused by this question, Pierre raised his head, and felt it incumbent upon him to pour out the thoughts that filled his mind. He began to explain in what a different manner he understood love for a woman. He declared that in all his life he had loved and should love only one woman, and that this woman could never be his.

"*Tiens!*" exclaimed the captain.

Pierre explained that he loved this woman when he was very young; but he did not then dare to aspire to her, because she was too young, while he was an illegitimate son without name. Afterward when he had received a name and fortune, he could not think of her, because he loved her too much, regarded her too far above all the world, and accordingly too far above himself.

When he reached this part of his confession, Pierre turned to the captain, and asked him if he understood him.

The captain made a gesture, as much as to say that if he did not understand him, still he would beg him to proceed: — "*L'amour platonique, nuages.*" he muttered.

Either from the wine which he had drunk, or from the need that he felt of pouring out all his heart, or from the thought that this man would never know any of the personages of his story, or from everything combined, Pierre's tongue became unloosened. And with thick utterance, and bleary eyes looking into space, he related his whole story: about his marriage and the history of Natasha's love for his best friend, and the change that had taken place in her, and all his simple relations to her. And, under a little pressure from Ramball, he disclosed what at first he had concealed: his position in society, and even told him his name.

What amazed the captain more than anything else was the fact that Pierre was very rich, that he had two palaces in Moscow, and that he had given up everything, and, instead of fleeing from Moscow, had remained in the city, concealing his name and rank.

It was already very late that night when they went out into the street. It was mild and bright. At the left of the house already gleamed the ruddy glare of the first fire, that on the Petrovka, which was the beginning of the conflagration of Moscow.

At the right, high up in the sky, stood the young, slender sickle of the moon, and over against the moon could be seen

that brilliant comet which was connected in Pierre's mind with his love.

At the gates stood Gerasim, the cook, and two Frenchmen, laughing and talking, in two mutually incomprehensible languages.

They gazed at the ruddy glow which could be seen across the city.

There was nothing terrible in a small fire at a distance in the enormous city.

As he gazed at the high, starry heavens, at the moon, at the comet, and at the glare of the conflagration, Pierre experienced an agreeable emotion.

"Now, this is beautiful! What more could one need?" he asked himself. And suddenly when he remembered his resolve, his head grew giddy, he felt so badly that he had to cling to the fence not to fall. Without saying good-night to his new friend, Pierre, with tottering steps, left the gates, and, returning to his room, threw himself down on his sofa, and instantly fell asleep.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE glare of the first fire that broke out, on the fourteenth of September, was witnessed from various roads and with various feelings by the escaping and departing citizens and the retreating troops.

The Rostofs were spending that night at Muitishchi, about twenty versts from Moscow. They had started so late on the thirteenth, the road was so encumbered with trains and troops, so many things had been forgotten, for which men had to be sent back, that they had determined to spend the night at a place five versts from Moscow.

On the next morning they awoke late, and again there were so many delays that they got no farther than Bolshiya Muitishchi. At ten o'clock the Rostof family and the wounded men whom they had brought with them were all quartered among the dvors and cottages of the great village. The servants, the Rostofs' drivers, and the denshehiks of the wounded men, having arranged for their comfort, had eaten their suppers, fed their horses, and were come out on the steps. In a neighboring cottage lay a wounded adjutant to Rayevsky, with a smashed wrist; and the terrible anguish which he felt made him groan piteously all the time, and

these groans sounded terribly in the darkness of the autumn night. The first night this adjutant had been quartered at the same *dvor* with the Rostofs. The countess declared that she could not close her eyes on account of his groaning, and at Muiishchi she had taken a worse room so as to be farther away from this wounded man.

The night was dark, and one of the servants had noticed, just behind the high body of a carriage standing near the gate, a small glare of a second conflagration. One had already been noticed some time before, and all knew that that had been the village of Maluiya Muiishchi, set on fire by Mamonof's Cossacks.

"Look at that, boys! another fire!" said the *denshchik*. The attention of all was attracted to the glare.

"Oh, yes, they say Maluiya Muiishchi has been set on fire by Mamonof's Cossacks."

"They? No! that's not Muiishchi; it's farther off. See there! That must be Moscow!"

Two of the men came down from the porch, went behind the carriage, and climbed on the rack.

"It's too far to the left for Muiishchi — 'way round on the other side."

Several men came and joined the others.

"See how it flares up!" said one. "Yes, gentlemen, that fire's in Moscow — either in the *Sushchevskaya* or in the *Rogozhskaya*."

No reply was made to this conjecture. And for some time all these men looked in silence at the distant flames of this new conflagration, which seemed to be spreading.

An old man, the count's valet (*Kammerdiener*, as they called him), Danilo Terentyitch, came out to the crowd and shouted to Mishka, —

"What are you staring at, you blockhead? — The count is calling and no one there; go put his clothes away."

"I only came out after some water," said Mishka.

"Now, what do you think, Danilo Terentyitch — is your idea that fire's in Moscow?" asked one of the lackeys.

Danilo Terentyitch made no reply, and again they all stood for a long time silent.

The glare spread and wavered over a wider and wider stretch of the horizon.

"God have mercy! The wind and the drought!" said a voice at last.

"Just look! how far it has gone! Oh, Lord! I think I can see the jackdaws! Lord, have mercy on us sinners!"

“They’ll put it out, never fear!”

“Who’s to put it out?” Danilo Terentyitch’s voice was heard asking. He had not spoken till then. His tone was calm and deliberate. “Yes, that is Moscow, boys,” said he. “Our white-walled mátush” — His voice broke, and he sobbed like an old man.

And it was as though all were waiting for this, before they could realize the meaning which this glare that they saw had for them. Sighs were heard, ejaculations from prayers, and the old kammerdiener’s sobs.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE kammerdiener returned to the house, and informed the count that Moscow was burning.

The count put on his dressing-gown and went out to look. With him went Sonya and Madame Schoss, who had not yet undressed. Natasha and the countess were alone in their room. Petya was now parted from his family; he had gone on ahead with his regiment, which was rendezvousing at Troitsa.

The countess wept when she heard that Moscow was on fire. Natasha, pale, with fixed eyes, was sitting on a bench under the holy pictures — in the same place where she had taken her seat when they first came in — and paid not the slightest attention to her father’s report. She listened to the adjutant’s incessant groaning, which could be heard three houses off.

“Akh! how horrible!” exclaimed Sonya, coming in from out of doors, chilled and scared. “I think all Moscow is on fire; it’s a terrible blaze! Natasha, come here and look. You can see it now from this window!” she exclaimed, evidently wishing to rouse her cousin from her thoughts.

But Natasha looked at her as though not comprehending what she wanted, and again she turned her eyes toward the stove.

Natasha had been in that state of petrification since early that morning, from the moment when Sonya, to the amazement and annoyance of the countess, without any reason for doing so, had taken it upon her to tell Natasha about Prince Andrei being wounded, and that he was with them in their train. The countess was more angry with Sonya than she had ever been before. Sonya had wept and begged for forgiveness, and

now, as though striving to atone for her error, she was assiduous in waiting on her cousin.

"Look, Natasha! what a terrible fire it is!" said Sonya.

"What fire?" asked Natasha. "Oh, you mean Moscow?"

And, as though she wanted not to offend Sonya by refusing, and to have it done with, she turned her head to the window, and glanced out in such a way that she evidently could see nothing, and immediately resumed her former position.

"But you didn't see, did you?"

"Yes, truly, I did!" exclaimed Natasha, in a tone that implied her desire to be left in peace.

Both the countess and Sonya understood that for Natasha, Moscow or the burning of Moscow, or anything else, in fact, had no significance.

The count had again withdrawn behind the partition, and gone to bed. The countess went up to Natasha, smoothed her head with the back of her hand, as she used to do when her daughter was not well, then she touched her forehead with her lips, as though to see whether she were feverish, and kissed her.

"Are you chilly? You are all of a tremble! You had better go to bed!" said she.

"Go to bed? Oh, yes, very good! I will go to bed. I will in a moment," said Natasha.

Since Natasha had been told that morning that Prince Andrei was severely wounded and was travelling with them, she had only at first asked, "Where, how, is he dangerously wounded?" and could she see him? But when she was told that it was impossible for her to see him, that he was severely wounded, but that his life was not in danger, she, evidently putting no faith in what they told her, and convinced that no matter what questions she asked she would receive the same answer, had ceased to ask questions or even to speak. All the way, Natasha had sat motionless in her corner of the carriage, with wide, staring eyes, with that expression which the countess knew so well, and dreaded so; and now she sat in the same way on the bench. She was concocting some scheme, she was coming to some decision, or else had already made up her mind even now, — this the countess knew, but what it was she knew not, and this alarmed and tormented her.

"Natasha, undress! Come, darling, get into bed with me." (The countess was the only one who had a regular bed: Madame Schoss and the two young ladies slept on the floor, on straw.)

"No, mamma, I will lie here on the floor!" said Natasha testily, and, going to the window, she threw it open. The adjutant's groaning was heard more distinctly through the open window. She thrust her head out into the damp night air and the countess saw how her slender neck was swollen with her repressed sobs and throbbed against the window frame. Natasha was aware that it was not Prince Andrei who was groaning. She knew that Prince Andrei was in the same row of cottages where they were, in the next izbá beyond the wall; but this terrible, incessant groaning made her sob. The countess exchanged glances with Sonya.

"Go to bed, darling, go to bed, sweetheart!" said the countess, giving Natasha a gentle touch on the shoulder. "Go to bed now."

"Oh, yes, — yes, I will go to bed at once — at once," said Natasha, hastily beginning to undress and breaking the strings of her petticoats. After taking off her dress and putting on her dressing-jacket, she curled up her feet and sat down on the bed that had been prepared on the floor, and, pulling her short, thin braid down over her shoulder, she began to braid it over again.

Her long, slender fingers swiftly, deftly unbraided it, then braided it up again and tied it with a ribbon. Natasha's head turned as usual first to the window and then in the other direction, but her eyes, feverishly opened, gazed fixedly straight ahead.

When her preparation for the night was accomplished, she quietly dropped down on the sheet spread over the hay, on the side next the door.

"Natasha, you take the middle!" said Sonya.

"No, I'll stay here," replied Natasha. "Do lie down," she added in a tone of annoyance. And she buried her face in the pillow.

The countess, Madame Schoss, and Sonya, hastily undressed and went to bed. The night lamp was alone left burning in the room. But out of doors it was light as day from the fire at Maluiya Muitishchi, two versts distant; and from across the street at the kabak which Mamonof's Cossacks were rifling came the drunken shouts of men, and the adjutant's groans were incessant.

Natasha listened to all these sounds without and within and did not stir. At first she heard her mother mutter a prayer, and her sighs, the creaking of the bed as she moved, Madame Schoss's well-known piping snore, Sonya's gentle breathing.

Then the countess spoke to Natasha. Natasha made no reply.

"I think she's asleep, mamma," softly replied Sonya. The countess, after a little interval of silence, spoke again, but this time no one answered her.

Soon after, Natasha heard her mother's measured breathing.

Natasha did not move, though her little bare foot, peeping out from under the bed-covering, felt the chill of the uncarpeted floor.

A cricket, as though proud of watching over all, chirped in a crevice. A cock crowed at a distance and was answered by another nearer. The shouts had ceased in the tavern; the only other sound was the constant groans of the adjutant. Natasha sat up in bed.

"Sonya? — Asleep? — Mamma?" she whispered.

No one answered.

Natasha slowly and cautiously arose, crossed herself, cautiously set her light, slender, bare foot on the cold, dirty floor. The boards creaked. She ran nimbly as a kitten for a few steps and took hold of the cold latch of the door.

It seemed to her as though something heavy were knocking with regular strokes on all the walls of the izbá. It was her heart beating and almost bursting with terror and love.

She opened the door, crossed the threshold, and set foot on the damp, cold earth of the passageway. The coolness refreshed her. She touched a sleeping man with her bare foot, stepped over him, and opened the door into the izbá where Prince Andrei was lying. It was dark in this room. On a bench in the corner, just back of the bed, whereon something lay, stood a tallow candle which in burning had taken the form of a great mushroom.

Natasha, ever since that morning when she learned about Prince Andrei's wound and that he was with them, had made up her mind that she must see him. She knew not why this was necessary, but she knew that the interview would be painful, and therefore she was all the more certain that it was inevitable.

All that day she had lived in the sole hope of being able to see him that night. But now when the moment had actually come she was filled with horror at the thought of what she was going to see. How was he mutilated? How much of him was left? Was he like the adjutant's incessant groans? Yes, he must be. In her imagination he was the very embodiment of these horrible groans.

When she caught sight of an ill-defined mass in the corner, and took his knees thrust up under the bedclothes for his shoulders, she imagined some horrible body, and her terror compelled her to pause. But an unexpected force compelled her forward. She cautiously took one step, then another, and found herself in the middle of the small room filled with luggage. On the bench in the corner under the holy pictures lay another man (this was Timokhin), and on the floor lay two other men (the doctor and the valet).

The valet sat up and whispered something. Timokhin, suffering from pain in his wounded leg, was not asleep, and stared with all his eyes at this strange apparition of a young girl in her white night-gown, dressing-sack, and night-cap.

The sleepy and startled words of the valet, "What do you want? who is it?" merely caused Natasha to step the more quickly to what was lying in the corner. However terribly unlike the form of man that body was, she still must see it. She passed by the valet: the candle flared up, and she clearly saw Prince Andrei with his arms stretched out over the spread, and looking just as she had always known him. He was the same as ever. But the flushed face, his gleaming eyes gazing at her with ecstasy, and especially his delicate boyish throat, relieved by the opened shirt-collar, gave him a peculiarly innocent, babyish appearance such as she had never seen in him.

She went to him, and threw herself on her knees with the swift, pliant grace of youth.

He smiled, and extended to her his hand.

CHAPTER XXXII.

A WEEK had passed since Prince Andrei had come to himself in the field lazaret of Borodino. Almost all of this time he had been in a state of unconsciousness. His feverish condition, and the inflammation of his intestines, which had suffered a lesion, must, in the opinion of the surgeon who attended him, carry him off. But on the seventh day he ate a morsel of bread and drank some tea with appetite, and the doctor remarked that his fever had diminished.

Prince Andrei had come to himself in the morning. The first night after they left Moscow had been pretty warm, and Prince Andrei had not been moved from his calash; but at Muitishchi he himself had asked to be taken into a house and given some tea. The anguish caused by moving him into the

izbá caused Prince Andrei to groan aloud, and to lose consciousness again. When they had placed him on the camp bed, he lay for a long time motionless, with closed eyes. Then he had opened them, and asked in a whisper: "Can I have tea?"

This memory for even the least details of life amazed the surgeon. He felt of his pulse, and, to his surprise and regret, discovered that his pulse was better. The doctor remarked it with regret, because from his experience he was certain that Prince Andrei could not live, and that if he were to live on he would only have to die a little later in terrible agony.

The red-nosed major of his regiment, Timokhin, had been also brought to Moscow with him, wounded in the leg in the same battle of Borodino. They were accompanied by the surgeon, the prince's valet, his coachman, and two denschchiks.

They handed Prince Andrei his tea. He drank it eagerly, looking with feverish eyes straight ahead at the door as though trying to understand and remember something.

"I don't want any more. Is Timokhin there?" he asked. Timokhin crept along on the bench toward him.

"I am here, your illustriousness."

"How is the wound?"

"Mine? It's all right. But you?"

Prince Andrei again lay thinking, as though trying to remember something.

"Can't you get me the book?" he asked.

"What book?"

"The New Testament."

"I haven't one."

The doctor promised to get one for him, and began to inquire of the prince how he felt. Prince Andrei answered reluctantly but intelligibly to all the doctor's questions, and then said that he would like a bolster, for he felt uncomfortable, and his wound was very painful. The doctor and valet took off the cloak which covered him, and, scowling at the putrid odor of the gangrene spreading through the wound, began to examine the terrible place. The surgeon found the state of things very unsatisfactory, made some different disposition of the bandages, and turned the wounded man over, so that it made him groan again; and the agony caused in turning him back again made him lose consciousness, and he began to be delirious. He kept insisting that they should fetch for him as quickly as possible the book that he had wanted, and place it in such and such a place.

"What would it cost you?" he asked. "I haven't one—

please get me one! — let me have it for a little minute!" he pleaded, in a pitiful voice.

The doctor went into the entry to wash his hands.

"Akh! It's terrible, truly!" said he to the valet, who was pouring water for him over his hands. "Only look at him for a moment. Why, it's such agony that I am amazed that he endures it."

"Well, we have to take what is sent us! Oh Lord, Jesus Christ!" ejaculated the valet.

For the first time, Prince Andrei realized where he was and what was the matter with him, and remembered that he had been wounded, and how, when the carriage stopped at Mui-tishchi, he had asked to be taken into the izbá. His mind grew confused again from the pain, but he came to himself, for a second time, in the izbá, as he was drinking the tea; and then once more, as he went over all his experience, he more vividly than anything else recalled that moment at the field lazaret when, at sight of the sufferings of the man whom he so hated, new thoughts, that gave promise of happiness, came to him.

And these thoughts, though obscure and vague, now again took possession of his mind. He remembered that a new happiness had come to him, and that this happiness was somehow connected with the Gospel. Therefore he had asked for the New Testament.

But the new position in which his wound had been placed, and the turning him over, had again confused his thoughts; and when, for the third time, he awoke to a consciousness of life, it was in the absolute silence of night.

All were asleep around him. A cricket was chirping in another room; some one was shouting and singing in the street; cockroaches were rustling over the table, the holy pictures, and the walls; a fat fly came blundering against his pillow, and buzzed around the tallow candle with the mushroom arrangement that stood near him.

His mind was not in its normal condition. The healthy man ordinarily thinks, feels, and remembers a countless collection of objects at one and the same time; but he has the power and strength to choose one series of thoughts or phenomena, and to give to this series all his attention.

The man in health, no matter how deep may be his thoughts, can put them aside at a moment's notice in order to speak a courteous word to any one coming in, and then immediately to resume them again.

Prince Andrei's mind was not in a normal condition in this respect. All its forces were more keen and active than ever, but their activity was entirely outside of his will. They were governed by the most heterogeneous thoughts and visions.

Sometimes his mind began suddenly to work, and with an energy, clearness, and subtlety such as it had never shown when he was in health. And then just as suddenly, in the midst of this fabrication of his brain, some unexpected vision would interpose and interrupt, and he would not have the strength to return to it.

"Yes, a new happiness was revealed to me, — a happiness, man's indefeasible right," he said to himself, as he lay in the dusky quiet izbá, and looked up with feverishly wide-open and fixed eyes. "A happiness to be found outside of material forces, outside of exterior, material influences, the happiness of the spirit alone, of love. Every man can understand it, but God alone can adjudge it and prescribe it. But how does God prescribe this law? Why did the Son?" —

And suddenly the course of his thoughts was broken off, and Prince Andrei heard, but he could not tell whether he really heard it or whether it was his delirium, — he heard a low lisping voice constantly rehearsing in measured rhythm: "*i piti — piti — piti*" — and then again "*i ti-ti*," and then "*i piti — piti — piti*," and then once more "*i ti-ti*."

At the same time that this whispered music was ringing, Prince Andrei felt that over his face, over the very centre of it, was rising a strange sort of airy edifice of delicate little needles or shavings. He felt — but this was trying to him — that it was necessary for him to keep in perfect equilibrium, so that the growing edifice might not crumble; but nevertheless it fell down, and then slowly arose again to the sounds of this whispered, rhythmic music.

"It is growing, it is growing! it is stretching up and growing!" said Prince Andrei to himself.

At the same time that he heard the whispered music, and with the perception of that upstretching and rising edifice of needles, Prince Andrei could see by fits and starts the ruddy circle of the candle light, and could hear the rustling of the cockroaches and the buzzing of the fly which blundered against his pillow and his face. And whenever the fly struck his face it produced a burning sensation; but at the same time he was amazed because when it touched the domain occupied by that structure of needles it did not affect it.

Then, moreover, there was something else singular. This was something white by the door, it was a statue of the sphinx, which also crushed him.

"But maybe that is my shirt on the table," thought Prince Andrei, "but these are my legs, and that is the door, but why does that structure rise up and stretch out so, and that *piti—piti—piti i ti-ti i piti—piti—piti?*—That is enough—please stop," begged Prince Andrei as though of some one. And suddenly again his thoughts and feeling became extraordinarily clear and distinct.

"Yes, love," he thought with perfect distinctness, "but not that love which loves for a purpose, for a personal end, but that love which I for the first time experienced when, dying, I saw my enemy, and could still love him. I experienced the feeling of love which is the very substance of the soul, and which needs no object. And even now I experience that blessed feeling. To love one's neighbors, to love one's enemies. Always to love—to love God in all his manifestations. To love one's friends is human love; but to love one's enemies is divine. And this is what made me experience such bliss when I felt that I loved that man! What has become of him? Is he living, or—"

"Love in its human form may pass over into hate; but God's love cannot change. Nothing, not even death, can destroy it. It is the very substance of the soul. But how many people have I hated in my life! And none have I ever loved more warmly or hated more bitterly than her!"

And he vividly pictured Natasha, not as she had formerly seemed to his imagination, through her charming personality alone; but, for the first time, in her spiritual nature. And he understood her feelings, her suffering, her shame, and her repentance.

He now for the first time realized all the cruelty of his renunciation, saw the cruelty of his break with her.

"If I might only see her once again—once again look into her eyes, and tell her."

"*I piti—piti—piti—i ti-ti i piti—piti—hum!*" went the fly. And his attention was suddenly diverted to that other world of delirious activity in which such strange things took place. In this world, just the same as before, that edifice arose and crumbled not, the candle burned with its red halo, the same shirt-sphinx* lay by the door; but, in addition to all this, there was a squeaking sound, there was the odor of a

* *Rubashka-sfinks.*

cooling breeze, and a new white sphinx appeared, standing in front of the door. And this sphinx had a pallid face, and the sparkling eyes of that same Natasha of whom he had but just been thinking.

"Oh! how trying this incessant hallucination is!" said Prince Andrei to himself, striving to banish this vision from his imagination. But the face still stood in front of him in all the vividness of reality: nay, this face approached him.

Prince Andrei was anxious to return to the former world of pure thought, but he could not, and the delirium compelled him into its thralldom. The low whispering voice continued its rhythmic lispings, something oppressed him like a weight, and the strange vision stood in front of him.

Prince Andrei summoned all his energies so as to become master of himself; he moved, and suddenly in his ears there was a humming, his eyes grew clouded, and, like a man plunged in water, he lost consciousness.

When he came to his senses, Natasha, the veritable living Natasha, whom of all people in the world he had been most anxious to love with that new, pure, divine love just revealed to him, was before him, on her knees!

He realized that this was the living, actual Natasha; and he felt no surprise, but only a gentle sense of gladness.

Natasha, on her knees before him, held back her sobs and gazed at him timidly but intently; she could not stir. Her face was pale and motionless; only the lips quivered slightly.

Prince Andrei drew a sigh of relief, smiled and stretched out his hand.

"You?" he asked. "What happiness!"

Natasha, still on her knees, with swift but cautious movement bent over to him, and, cautiously taking his hand, bent her face down to it and began to kiss it, scarcely touching it with her lips.

"Forgive me!" she murmured, lifting her head and gazing at him. "Forgive me!"

"I love you!" said Prince Andrei.

"Forgive" —

"What have I to forgive?" asked Prince Andrei.

"For — give me for — what I — did!" stammered Natasha almost inaudibly, and she began to kiss his hand faster than before, scarcely touching it with her lips.

"I love thee better, more dearly than before," said Prince Andrei, lifting her face with his hand so that he might look into her eyes.

Those eyes, overflowing with blissful tears, looked at him timidly, compassionately, and with the ecstasy of love. Natasha's face was thin and pale, the lips swollen; it had no trace of beauty; it was frightful. But Prince Andrei did not notice that; he saw her sparkling eyes, and they were beautiful.

Voices were heard behind them. Piotr, the prince's valet, now thoroughly awake, aroused the doctor. Timokhin, who had not been asleep at all on account of the pain in his leg, had not noticed what had been going on, and, solicitously covering himself, curled himself up on the bench.

"What does this mean?" asked the doctor, sitting up. "Please, sudáruinya!"

At the same time the maid sent by the countess to fetch her daughter knocked at the door.

Like a somnambulist awakened in the midst of her dream, Natasha left the room, and, returning to her own izbá, fell sobbing on her bed.

From that day forth, during all the rest of the Rostofs' journey, at all their halts and resting-places, Natasha staid by the wounded Bolkonsky's side, and the doctor was forced to confess that he had never expected to see in a young girl such constancy or such skilfulness in nursing a wounded man.

Terrible as it seemed to the countess to think that the prince might (or, as the doctor said, probably would) die during the journey, in her daughter's arms, she had not the heart to refuse Natasha.

Though, in consequence of the now re-established relationship between the wounded prince and Natasha, it occurred to them that in case he recovered the engagement might be renewed, no one — Natasha and Prince Andrei least of all — spoke about it. The undecided question of life and death hanging over, not Bolkonsky alone, but over Russia as well, kept all other considerations in the background.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

PIERRE awoke late on the fifteenth of September. His head ached; his clothes, in which he had slept without undressing, hung heavy on him, and his mind was burdened by a dull consciousness of something shameful which he had done the night before.

This shameful act was his talk with Captain Ramball.

It was eleven o'clock by his watch, but it seemed peculiarly dark out of doors. Pierre got up, rubbed his eyes, and seeing the pistol with its carved handle, which Gerasim had replaced on the writing-table, Pierre remembered where he was and what was before him on that day.

"But am I not too late?" he queried. "No, probably *he* would not make his *entrée* into Moscow later than twelve o'clock."

Pierre did not allow himself to think what was before him, but he made all the greater haste to act.

Having adjusted his attire, Pierre took up the pistol and made ready to go. But then the thought for the first time occurred to him how he should carry his weapon through the street otherwise than in his hand. It was certainly hard to hide the great pistol under the flowing kaftan. Nor was it possible to keep it out of sight in his belt or under his arm. Moreover the pistol had been discharged, and Pierre had not had time to reload it.

"Well, the dagger is just as good," said he to himself, though more than once, while deliberating over the accomplishment of his undertaking, he had come to the conclusion that the chief mistake made by the student in 1809 consisted in his trying to kill Napoleon with a dagger.

But as Pierre's chief end consisted not so much in fulfilling the scheme which he planned as it did in proving to himself that he had not renounced his purpose, and was doing everything to fulfil it, Pierre hastily seized the blunt and notched dagger in its green sheath, which he had bought together with the pistol at the Sukharef tower, and concealed it under his waistcoat.

Having belted up his kaftan and pulled his hat down over his eyes, Pierre, trying to make no noise and to avoid the captain, crept along the corridor and went into the street.

The fire which he had looked at so indifferently the evening before had noticeably increased during the night. Moscow was burning in various directions. At one and the same time the carriage-market, the district across the river,* the Gostinnui Dvor, the Povarskaya, the boats on the Moskva, and the timber-yards by the Dorogomilovsky bridge, were on fire.

Pierre's route took him by cross-streets to the Povarskaya, and thence along the Arbat to St. Nikola Yavlennoi, where, in his imagination, he had determined should be the

* The Zamoskvoretchye.

place for the execution of his project. Most of the houses had their doors and window shutters nailed up. The streets and alleys were deserted. The air was full of smoke and the smell of burning. Occasionally he met Russians with anxiously timid faces, and Frenchmen of uncitified, military aspect, who walked in the middle of the street. All looked with amazement at Pierre. The Russians were impressed not only by his great height and stoutness, his strange, gloomily concentrated and martyr-like expression of face and figure, and they stared at him because they could not make out to what rank of life he belonged. The French followed him in amazement, because Pierre, unlike the other Russians, paid absolutely no attention to them, instead of looking at them in trepidation or curiosity.

At the gates of one house three Frenchmen, trying to talk to some Russian servants who could understand nothing that they said, stopped Pierre and asked him if he knew French.

Pierre shook his head and went on his way. In another cross-street the sentinel mounted by a green caisson challenged him, and it was not until Pierre heard his threatening call repeated and the click of his musket, which the sentinel took up, that he realized that he must go round on the other side of the street.

He heard nothing and saw nothing of what was going on around him. With a sense of nervous haste and horror, he took with him, like something terrible and alien to him, that project of his, and feared — taught by his experience of the night before — that something would distract him. But it was not Pierre's destiny to reach his destination in the same frame of mind. Moreover, even if there had occurred nothing to detain him, his project could not now have been carried out, for the reason that Napoleon, some four hours previously, had passed through the Dorogomilovsky suburb, across the Arbat, into the Kreml, and now was seated in the gloomiest frame of mind in the imperial cabinet of the Kreml palace, issuing detailed and urgent orders in regard to the measures to be taken at once for quenching the fires, preventing pillage, and re-assuring the inhabitants.

But Pierre knew nothing about this: wholly absorbed in the actual, he was tormenting himself as men do who recognize that their undertaking is impossible, not because of its difficulties, but because it is so entirely unsuited to their nature. He was tormented by his fear that at the decisive moment he should weaken, and in consequence of it lose his self-respect.

Although he saw nothing and heard nothing, he instinctively took the right road and made no mistake in following the cross-streets that led him into the Povarskaya.

But in proportion as Pierre approached the Povarskaya the smoke grew denser and denser, and he even began to feel the heat from the fire. Occasionally, he could see tongues of flame behind the roofs of the houses. More people were met on the streets, and these people were more excited and anxious. But Pierre, though he was conscious that something extraordinary was going on around him, did not realize that he was approaching the conflagration.

As he followed along a foot-path that skirted a large open space, bordered on one side by the Povarskaya, on the other by the park attached to Prince Gruzinsky's mansion, Pierre suddenly heard near him the pitiful shrieks of a woman. He stopped as though wakened out of a dream, and raised his head.

On one side of the foot-path, on the dry, dusty grass, was piled up a heap of household furniture: feather bed, samovar, sacred pictures, and trunks. On the ground, next the trunk, sat a lean woman, not young, and with long, projecting upper teeth. She was dressed in a black cloak and a cap. This woman rocked herself to and fro, and was muttering as she wept and sobbed. Two little girls, ten or twelve years old, dressed in short, dirty skirts and little cloaks, gazed at their mother with an expression of perplexity on their pale, frightened faces. A little boy of seven, in a *chuika* and cap altogether too big for him, was weeping in his old nurse's arms. A dirty, bare-legged servant girl was sitting on a trunk, and, having let down her pale blond plait, was pulling out the scorched hairs, smelling of them as she did so. The husband of the family, a short, round-shouldered little man, in undress uniform, with wheel-like little side-whiskers, and love-locks brushed smoothly from under his cap, with impassive face, was sorting the trunks piled one on top of the other, and trying to get some clothes out.

The woman almost threw herself at Pierre's feet when she saw him.

"Oh, good father! Oh, orthodox Christian! Help, save her! — Oh, dear sir! * — Whoever you are, help!" she cried, through her sobs. "My little daughter! — my daughter! — My youngest daughter has been left behind! — She is burning up! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh, why did I nurse thee? — Oh! Oh! Oh!"

"There! that'll do, Marya Nikolayevna," expostulated her

* *Golubchik*.

husband, in a mild voice, but evidently merely so as to make a good impression on the stranger. "Sister must have got her. If not, it's all over with her by this time," he added.

"Monster! Villain!" viciously screamed the woman, suddenly ceasing to weep. "There's no heart in you! You have no pity for your own child! Any other man would have snatched her from the fire. But you are a monster — and not a man, and not a father. — But you, sir, you are noble!" cried the woman, addressing Pierre rapidly, and sobbing. "The row was on fire; ours caught. The girl cried: 'We are on fire.' We tried to save what we could. Whatever we could lay our hands on, we carried out. — This here is what we saved. — The holy picture * and our wedding bed — all the rest was lost. We got the children, all but Kátitchka! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh, Lord!" and again she burst into tears. "My darling little one! she's burnt up! she's burnt up!"

"But where was it, where was she left?" asked Pierre.

By the expression of his excited face, the woman realized that this man might help her.

"Bátyushka! Father!" she cried, clasping him around the legs. "Benefactor! set my heart at ease! — Aniska, go, you nasty hussy! show him the way," she cried to the girl, and angrily opened her mouth, by this action still more exposing her long teeth.

"Lead the way, lead the way — I — I, I will do what I can," stammered Pierre, in a panting voice.

The dirty-looking girl came out from behind the trunk, put up her braid, and, with a sigh, started off down the foot-path, with her stubbed, bare feet.

Pierre had, as it were, wakened suddenly to life after a heavy swoon. He raised his head higher, his eyes were filled with the spark of life, and, with rapid strides, he followed the girl, passed her, and hurried along the Povarskaya. The whole street was shrouded in clouds of black smoke. Tongues of flame here and there darted out from it. A great throng of people were packed together in front of the fire. In the middle of the street stood a French general, and he was saying something to those around him. Pierre, accompanied by the girl, was going toward the place where the general stood, but French soldiers halted him: — "*On ne passe pas* — You cannot pass!"

"This way, uncle," † cried the girl; "we'll go round by this

* *Bozhye blagoslovénnye*: literally, God's benediction.

† *Dyádinka*, diminutive of *dyádyá*.

side street, through Nikulini's." Pierre turned back, and almost ran as he hastened in her footsteps, so as to overtake her. The girl scurried along, turned down a cross-street at the left, and, passing by three houses, turned into the gates of a house at the right.

"There it is — right there!" cried the girl, and, running across the yard, she opened a wicket door in the deal fence, and, stepping back a step, pointed out to Pierre a small wooden "wing" where the flames were burning bright and hot. One side was already fallen in; the other was burning, and the flames were bursting out from the broken windows and from under the roof.

When Pierre reached the wicket he was suffocated by the heat, and involuntarily drew back.

"Which. — which is your house?" he asked.

"Oh! Oh! Okh!" howled the girl, as she pointed to the wing. "That one there; that was our own home.*

"Are you burnt up, O Katitchka! our treasure! my darling báruishnya! Oh! Okh!" howled Aniska, at the sight of the fire, feeling that it was necessary for her to express also her feelings.

Pierre edged toward the burning wing, but the heat was so powerful that he was obliged to make a wide circle around the building, and he came out next a large house which was as yet burning only on one side of the roof. A great crowd of Frenchmen swarmed around it.

Pierre could not at first understand what these Frenchmen were doing, who appeared to be dragging something, but, when he saw one of them strike a peasant with the flat of his sabre, and take away from him a foxskin shuba, Pierre had a dim idea that pillaging was going on there; still the idea merely flashed through his mind.

The noise of the crackling and the crash of falling walls and ceilings, the hissing and snapping of the flames, and the excited cries of the people, the spectacle of billowing, whirling clouds of smoke now thick and black, now dotted with gleaming sparks, now lighted up with solid, sheaf-shaped red and golden-sealed flames lapping the walls, the sense of the heat and the smoke, and the swiftness of motion, all served to produce upon Pierre the usual exciting effect of fires. This effect was peculiarly powerful upon him, because suddenly, at the sight of this fire, he felt himself liberated from the oppression of his thoughts. He felt young, gay,

* She calls *kvartíra* (quarters) *fatéra*.

agile, and resolute. He ran round the wing from the burning house, and tried to force his way into that part of it that was still standing, when suddenly he heard, over his very head, several voices shouting, immediately followed by the rush and metallic ring of some heavy body falling near him.

Pierre looked round and saw, in the windows of the house, some Frenchmen who had just flung out a chest of drawers, full of some metallic articles. Other French soldiers, standing below, were running to the chest of drawers.

"Well, what does this fellow want here?" * cried one of the Frenchmen, seeing Pierre.

"A child in this house? Haven't you seen a child?" asked Pierre, in French.

"Hold! What's he prating about! Go to the devil!" replied a voice; and one of the soldiers, evidently fearing that it was Pierre's intention to rob them of the silver and bronzes that were in the drawers, came up to him in a threatening manner.

"A child?" cried the Frenchman from above. "I heard something squealing in the garden. Perhaps 'twas the poor man's little brat. Must be humane, you know."

"Where is he? Where is he?" demanded Pierre.

"There! There!" cried the Frenchman from the window, pointing to the garden behind the house. "Wait, I'm coming right down." And, in fact, in a moment the Frenchman, a black-eyed fellow with a spot on his cheek, and in his shirt-sleeves, sprang out from the window of the first story, and, giving Pierre a slap on the shoulder, ran with him down into the garden. "Hurry up, boys," he cried to his comrades. "Beginning to grow warm."

Running behind the house, on the sand-strewn path, the Frenchman gave Pierre's arm a pull and pointed to the circle. On a bench lay a little maiden of three years, in a pink dress.

"There's your brat. Ah! a little girl! So much the better," said the Frenchman. "Good-by, old fellow. Must be humane. We are all mortal, you see." † And the Frenchman with the spot on his cheek hurried back to his comrades.

* "*Eh bien! qu'est ce qu'il veut, celui-là?*"

† "*Un enfant dans cette maison? N'avez-vous pas vu un enfant?*"—"Tiens! qu'est ce qu'il chante, celui-là? Va te promener."—"Un enfant? J'ai entendu piailler quelque chose au jardin. Peut-être c'est son moutard au bonhomme. Faut être humain, voyez vous."—"Où est-il? Où est-il?"—"Par ici! Par ici! Attendez! je vais descendre. Dépêchez-vous, vous autres. Commence à faire chaud.—Voilà votre moutard. Ah, une petite!—tant mieux. Au revoir, mon gros. Faut être humain. Nous sommes tous mortels, voyez-vous!"

Pierre, choking with delight, started back to the girl, and was going to put the little one in his arms. But the little one, pale like her mother, and sick with the scrofula, — a disagreeable-looking child, — seeing the strange man, set up a screech and tried to run away. Pierre, however, seized her, and took her in his arms. She screamed in a desperately angry voice, and with her slender little arms struggled to tear herself away from Pierre, and to bite him with her slobbery mouth. Pierre was seized by a feeling of horror and repulsion, such as he would have felt at contact with any nasty little animal. But he forced himself not to throw the child down, and hastened with her back to the great house. He found it impossible to return the same way: the girl, Aniska, had disappeared, and Pierre, with a feeling of pity and disgust, holding to his heart as tenderly as he could the passionately screaming and wet little girl, ran through the garden to find another exit.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

WHEN Pierre, making his way round by yards and alleys, brought his burden back to Prince Gruzinsky's garden, on the corner of the Povarskaya, he did not at first recognize the place which he had left when he went after the child — it was so swarming with people and with household furniture. Besides the Russian families taking refuge here with their treasures, there were also many French soldiers, in various garb.

Pierre paid no attention to them. He was in haste to find the chinovnik's family, so as to restore the little girl to her mother and then go and rescue some one else. It seemed to him that he had still very much to do, and as speedily as possible. Heated with the fire and his exertion in running, Pierre at that moment experienced more keenly than ever that feeling of youth, energy, and resolution which had taken possession of him when he started to rescue the little child.

The little girl was calmer now, and, clinging to Pierre's kafftan, she sat on his arm, and like a little wild animal looked around her.

Pierre occasionally looked down at her and smiled. It seemed to him that he saw something touchingly innocent in that scared and sickly little face.

Neither the chinovnik nor his wife was to be seen in the place where they had been before. Pierre, with rapid strides, wandered round among the people, scrutinizing the various faces that he met.

His attention was accidentally attracted to a Georgian or Armenian family, consisting of a handsome man of very advanced age, with a face of Oriental type, and dressed in a new tulup and new boots; an old woman of the same type, and a young woman. This very young woman seemed to Pierre the perfection of Oriental beauty, with her dark brows delicately arched, and her long face of remarkable freshness of complexion and genuine but expressionless beauty. Amid the indiscriminate heap of household articles on the green, she, in her rich satin mantle and bright lilac kerchief covering her head, reminded one of a delicate hot-house flower flung out into the snow. She sat on a parcel behind the old woman, and with her motionless, big, dark, oblong eyes, shaded by long lashes, looked at the ground.

Evidently she was conscious of her beauty, and it filled her with alarm. This face struck Pierre, and, in spite of his haste as he passed along the fence, several times he glanced round at her.

On reaching the fence and still not finding those of whom he was in search, Pierre paused and looked around.

Pierre's figure, with the child in his arms, was now even more remarkable than before, and a number of Russians, both men and women, gathered round him.

"Have you lost any one, dear man?" — "You are a noble, aren't you?" — "Whose child is that?" were among the questions put to him.

Pierre explained that the child belonged to a woman in a black mantle, who had been sitting in that very spot with her children; and he asked if no one knew who she was, and where she had gone.

"It must be the Anferofs," said an old deacon, addressing a pock-marked woman. "Lord, have mercy! Lord, have mercy!" he added, in his usual bass.

"Where are the Anferofs?" asked the woman. "The Anferofs started early this morning. This may be Marya Nikolayevna or the Ivanofs'."

"He said a woman, but Marya Nikolayevna is a lady,"* said a household serf.

"Surely you must know her — long teeth, a thin woman," said Pierre.

"Certainly, it's Marya Nikolayevna. They went into the garden as soon as these wolves came down on us," said the peasant woman, pointing to the French soldiers.

* *Báruinya.*

"Oh, Lord, have mercy!" again ejaculated the deacon.

"Go down yonder, then. You'll find them. She's there. She was all beat out; she was crying," said the peasant woman. "She is over there. You'll find her."

But Pierre heard not what the woman said. For several seconds he had been watching anxiously what was going on a few steps away. He was looking at the Armenian family and a couple of French soldiers who had approached them. One of these soldiers, a little, nimble man, wore a blue overcoat belted with a rope. He had a night-cap on his head, and was barefooted.

The second, who especially attracted Pierre's attention, was a long, lank, round-shouldered, white-haired man, slow in his movements, and with an idiotic expression of countenance. He was clad in a frieze capote, with blue trousers, and Hessian boots come to holes.

The little bootless Frenchman in the blue overcoat had gone up to the Armenians, and, after making some remark, had seized the old man by the legs, and the old man had immediately begun to pull off his boots in great haste.

The other one had taken up his position in front of the pretty Armenian girl, and, with his hands thrust deep in his pockets, was staring at her in perfect silence, without moving.

"Take it, take the child!" exclaimed Pierre, addressing the peasant woman in imperative tones, holding out the little girl. — "Take her, and give her back to them!" he cried, and set the screaming child on the ground, and then turned once more to look at the Frenchmen and the Armenian family.

The old man was, by this time, barefooted. The little Frenchman had appropriated his last boot, and was knocking the two together. The old man with a sob made some remark, but Pierre merely glanced at him; his whole attention was attracted to the Frenchman in the capote, who, slowly swaggering, had by this time approached the young woman, and, drawing his hands from his pockets, was just taking her by the neck.

The beautiful *Armianka* continued sitting in the same impassive posture, with her long lashes drooping, and apparently neither saw nor felt what the soldier was doing to her.

By the time Pierre had taken the several steps that separated him from the Frenchmen, the lank marauder in the capote had already snatched her necklace from the *Armianka's* neck, and the young woman, clasping her hands around her throat, uttered a piercing shriek.

"Laissez cette femme!" — Let this woman alone!" roared Pierre in a furious voice, clutching the lank, stooping soldier by the shoulder, and flinging him off. The soldier fell flat, picked himself up, and ran away. But his comrade, throwing down his booty of boots, drew his cutlass, and advanced threateningly against Pierre. "See here! None of your nonsense!" he cried.

Pierre was in that rapt state of fury which, when it came upon him, made him oblivious of everything, and multiplied his strength tenfold. He threw himself upon the barefooted Frenchman, and, before the fellow had time to use his cutlass, he had knocked him over, and was belaboring him with his fists.

The people gathered around with an approving yell, but just at that instant appeared around the corner a mounted squad of French uhlans. The uhlans came up to Pierre and the Frenchman at a trot, and surrounded them. Pierre remembered nothing of what followed. He only remembered that he was pounding some one, that he was being pounded, and that, finally, he became conscious that his arms were bound; that a crowd of French soldiers were standing round him, and searching his clothes.

"He has a dagger, lieutenant," were the first words that Pierre comprehended.

"Aha, armed!" said the officer, and he turned to the barefooted soldier who had been taken at the same time with Pierre.

"Very good; you shall tell all this at the court-martial," said the officer. And immediately he turned to Pierre. *"Parlez-vous français, vous?"* Pierre glared around him with bloodshot eyes, and made no reply. Evidently, his face must have seemed very terrible, because the officer gave a whispered order, and four other uhlans detached themselves from the squad, and stationed themselves on each side of Pierre.

"Parlez-vous français?" asked the officer a second time, keeping at a respectful distance from him. "Bring the interpreter."

A little man in the dress of a Russian civilian came forth from the ranks. Pierre instantly knew by his attire and his accent that he was a Frenchman from some Moscow shop.

"He does not look like a man of the common people," said the interpreter, eying Pierre.

"Oh, ho! it seems to me he has the appearance of being

one of the incendiaries," said the officer. "Ask him who he is," he added.

"Who are you?"* demanded the interpreter. "You should reply to the authorities," said he.

"I will not tell you who I am. I am your prisoner. Take me away."

"Ah, ha!" exclaimed the officer, scowling. "Come on."†

A crowd had gathered around the uhlaus. Closest of all to Pierre stood the pock-marked peasant woman with the little girl. When the squad started she sprang forward.

"Where are they taking you, my good friend?"‡ she demanded. "The little girl! what shall I do with the little girl if she isn't theirs?" insisted the woman.

"What does this woman want?" asked the officer.

Pierre was like one drunk. His rapt state of mind was still more intensified at the sight of the little girl whom he had saved.

"What does she want?" he exclaimed. "She has brought my daughter, whom I just saved from the flames," he explained. "Adieu!" and he himself, not knowing why he should have told this aimless falsehood, marched off with resolute, enthusiastic steps, surrounded by the Frenchmen.

This patrol of French horsemen was one of those sent out by Durosnel's orders, to put a stop to pillaging and especially to apprehend the incendiaries who, according to the general impression prevalent that day among the French, were the cause of the conflagrations. After riding up and down several streets, the squad had gathered in some half-dozen Russians — a shop-keeper, two seminarists, a muzhik, and a man-servant — and a few marauders.

But of all the suspects the most suspicious of all seemed Pierre. When they were all taken to the place of detention, — a great mansion on the Zubovsky Val, — where the guard-house was established, Pierre was given a special, separate room, under a strong guard.

* The interpreter says *Ti kto?* instead of *Tui kto?*

† "*Il n'a l'air d'un homme du peuple.*" — "*Oh oh! ça m'a bien l'air d'un des incendiaires. Demandez-lui ce qu'il es.*" — "*Je ne vous dirai pas qui je suis. Je suis votre prisonnier. Emmenez-moi.*" — "*Ah! ah! marchons.*"

‡ *Golubchik tui moi* (little pigeon thou mine).

WAR AND PEACE.

VOL. IV.—PART FIRST.

CHAPTER I.

IN Petersburg at this time in the highest circles was raging with greater violence than ever before the complicated battle between the parties of Rumyantsef, the French, Marya Feodorovna, the Tsesarevitch, and others, absorbing, as always, the energies of the court drones. But Petersburg life went on in its old channels — tranquil, sumptuous, engrossed only in phantoms and reflections of life, and any one in the current of this life had need to exercise great energy to recognize the peril and the difficult position in which the Russian nation was placed. There were the same levees and balls, the same French theatre, the same court interests, the same official interests, and the same intrigues.

It was only in the very highest circles that any efforts were made to realize the difficulties of the actual situation. It was told in a whisper how differently the two empresses behaved in such trying circumstances. The Empress Maria Feodorovna, concerned for the safety of the charities and educational establishments of which she was the patroness, made her arrangements to have all these institutions transferred to Kazan, and the effects of these institutions had already been removed.

The Empress Elizabeth,* on the other hand, when the question arose, what she wished done, replied, with that genuine Russian patriotism characteristic of her, that she had no orders to give in regard to the governmental institutions, since that was the province of the sovereign; while, as far as what depended upon her personally, she declared that she should be the last to leave Petersburg.

On the seventh of September, the same day as the battle of Borodino, Anna Pavlovna gave a reception, the flower

* Yelizavieta Alekseyevna, the consort of the emperor, in contradistinction to the empress dowager.

of which was to be the reading of a letter from his eminence the metropolitan, sent to the sovereign together with a sacred picture of his holiness Saint Sergii. This letter was considered a model of patriotic, spiritual eloquence. It was to be read by Prince Vasili himself, who was famous for his skill as a reader. (He had even read at the empress's!) His art of reading consisted in decanting the words now in a loud tone and now in a sweet tone, now giving a desperate roar, now a tender murmur, absolutely independent of the significance of the words, so that it was wholly a matter of chance whether the roar or the murmur fell on one word or another.

This reading, like everything that happened at Anna Pavlovna's receptions, had a political significance. This particular evening there were to be present a number of important people whom it was necessary to put to shame for attending the French theatre, and to stir to a patriotic state of mind.

Already a considerable number of guests had gathered, but Anna Pavlovna did not yet see in her drawing-room all whose presence was deemed necessary, and accordingly she postponed the reading and permitted general conversation.

The chief item of news that day in Petersburg was the Countess Bezukhaya's illness. The countess had been unexpectedly taken ill several days before; she had missed several assemblies of which she was the adornment, and rumor had it that she received no one, and that, instead of the famous Petersburg doctors who had usually prescribed for her, she had intrusted her case to an Italian doctor, who was treating her by some new and extraordinary method.

All knew perfectly well that the charming countess's illness arose from the difficulty of marrying two husbands at once, and that the Italian's treatment consisted in the removal of these difficulties; but in Anna Pavlovna's presence no one even dared to think about this; it was as though it were not known by any one.

"They say the poor countess is very ill. The doctor says it is *angina pectoris*."

"Angina? Oh, that is a terrible illness."

"They say the rivals are reconciled, thanks to this angina." The word *angine* was pronounced with great unction.

"The old count, I am told, is very pathetic. He wept like a child when the doctor told him that it was a dangerous case."

"Oh, it would be a terrible loss! She's a bewitching creature!"

"You were speaking of the poor countess," said Anna Pavlovna, joining the group. "I sent to hear how she was. They informed me that she was a little better. Oh, unquestionably she is the most charming woman in the world," said Anna Pavlovna, with a smile at her own enthusiasm. "We belong to different camps, but that does not prevent me from esteeming her as she deserves. She is very unhappy,"* added Anna Pavlovna.

Supposing that Anna Pavlovna by these words slightly lifted the veil of mystery that shrouded the countess's illness, one indiscreet young man allowed himself to express his amazement that physicians of repute had not been called, but that a charlatan, who might very easily administer dangerous remedies, was treating the countess.

"You may be better informed than I am," suddenly said Anna Pavlovna, with a cutting tone, to the inexperienced young man. "But I have been told on very good authority that this doctor is a very learned and very skilful man. He is private physician to the Queen of Spain."†

And having thus annihilated the young man, Anna Pavlovna turned to Bilibin, who, in another circle, having wrinkled up his skin, and evidently made ready to smooth it out again preliminary to getting off a witticism, was speaking about the Austrians.

"I find it charming," said he, referring to a diplomatic document, which had been sent to accompany some Austrian standards captured by Wittgenstein — the hero of Petropolis, *le héros de Pétropol* — as he was called in Petersburg.

"What, what is that?" said Anna Pavlovna, turning to him with a view to causing a silence so that the *mot* which she had already heard might be more effective.

And Bilibin repeated the following authentic words of the diplomatic despatch which he himself had drawn up.

"The emperor returns the Austrian flags," said Bilibin, "friendly flags that had lost their way when he found them."

* "On dit que la pauvre comtesse est très-mal. Le médecin dit que c'est l'angine pectorale." — "L'angine? Oh, c'est une maladie terrible!" — "On dit que les rivaux se sont reconciliés grâce à l'angine." — "Le rieur conte est touchant à ce qu'on dit. Il a pleuré comme un enfant quand le médecin lui a dit que le cas était dangereux. — Oh! ce serait une perte terrible. C'est une femme ravissante." — "Vous parlez de la pauvre comtesse. J'ai envoyé savoir de ses nouvelles. On m'a dit qu'elle allait un peu mieux. Oh! sans doute, c'est la plus charmante femme du monde. — Nous appartenons à des camps différents mais cela ne m'empêche pas de l'estimer comme elle mérite. Elle est bien malheureuse."

† "Vos informations peuvent être meilleures que les miennes. Mais je sais de bonne source que ce médecin est un homme très-savant et très-habile."

"Delightful, delightful!" exclaimed Prince Vasili.

"The way to Warsaw, perhaps,"* said Prince Ippolit unexpectedly, in a loud voice. All looked at him without understanding what he meant. Prince Ippolit also looked round with a complacent smile. He had just as little idea as the rest had of what the words he had spoken meant. During the time of his diplomatic career, he had more than once observed that a few words thus unexpectedly thrown in seem very smart, and at every chance he made such remarks, the first that came to his tongue. "It may be capital," he thought, "but, even if it isn't a success, still they will be able to make something out of it."

In fact, the awkward silence that ensued was broken by the appearance of the insufficiently patriotic individual whom Anna Pavlovna was expecting and hoped to convert, and she with a smile, and threatening Prince Ippolit with her finger, beckoned Prince Vasili to the table, and, placing two candles and the manuscript before him, invited him to begin.

General silence:—

"*Most gracious Sovereign and Emperor.*" declaimed Prince Vasili sternly, and gave his audience a look as much as to ask, "Who had anything to say against that?" "*Our chief capital city, Moscow, the new Jerusalem, receives ITS Christ.*"—he gave a sudden emphasis on the pronoun ITS. "*Like as a mother embracing her fervently devoted sons, and catching sight through the gathering muck of the splendid glory of thy realm, she sings in her rapture, 'Hosanna! Blessed is he that cometh!'*"

Prince Vasili uttered these final words in a voice suggestive of tears.

Bilibin attentively gazed at his finger-nails; and several evidently felt abashed, and seemed to be asking, "What have we done amiss?" Anna Pavlovna, in a whisper, went ahead with the next sentence like an old woman repeating the prayer at communion:—"If the insolent and brazen Goliath," she began.

Prince Vasili read on:—

"If the insolent and brazen Goliath from the confines of France bring his homicidal horrors upon the lands of Russia, humble faith, that sling of the Russian David, shall smite unexpectedly the head of his bloodthirsty pride. This image

* "L'empereur renvoie les drapeaux autrichiens, drapeaux amis et égarés qu'il a trouvé hors de la route."—"Charmant, charmant!"—"C'est la route de Varsovie, peut-être."

of Saint Sergii, the ancient zealot of our country's good, is sent to your imperial majesty. I regret that my failing powers prevent me from rejoicing in the sight of your beloved face. Earnest prayers I shall raise to heaven: may the Almighty increase the generation of the righteous, and fulfil your majesty's pious hopes."

"*Quel force! Quel style!*" were the encomiums passed upon reader and author alike.

Animated by this discourse, Anna Pavlovna's guests for a long time still discussed the condition of the country, and made various predictions about the result of the battle which it was known was to be fought about that time. "*Vous verrez* — you will see," exclaimed Anna Pavlovna. "We shall have news to-morrow: it's the sovereign's birthday. I have a happy presentiment."

CHAPTER II.

ANNA PAVLOVNA'S presentiment was in fact justified.

On the following day, during the *Te Deum* chanted at the palace in honor of the emperor's birthday, Prince Volkonsky was called out from the chapel and handed an envelope from Prince Kutuzof. This contained Kutuzof's report written from Tatarinov on the day of the battle. Kutuzof wrote that the Russians had not fallen back a step, that the French had lost far more than ours, that he made his report in all haste from the field of battle, without having had time, as yet, to receive all details.

Of course it was a victory. And instantly, without dismissing the audience, a thanksgiving was sung to the Creator for his aid and for the victory.

Anna Pavlovna's presentiment was justified; and throughout the city there reigned, all the morning, joyfully festive enthusiasm. All considered the victory complete, and many went so far as to talk about Napoleon himself being a prisoner, and of his overthrow and the choice of a new sovereign for France.

Remote from the scene of action, and in the midst of court life, it was thoroughly difficult to realize events in their completeness and real importance. Involuntarily, events in general grouped themselves around some special incident. Thus, in the present instance, the chief joy of the courtiers was included not so much in the fact that we had won a victory,

as in the fact that the news of this victory had arrived precisely on the sovereign's birthday. It was a sort of successful surprise.

In Kutuzof's report mention was also made of the losses suffered by the Russians, and especially singled out for mention were Tutchkof, Bagration, Kutaisof. Accordingly, also, the melancholy side of the occurrence, as it presented itself there, in the Petersburg world, was made concrete in the one fact of Kutaisof's death. All knew him: he was a favorite with the sovereign; he was young and interesting. On this day all who met said to each other: "How wonderfully it all came about! Right in the midst of the mass! And what a loss, Kutaisof! Akh! what a shame!"

"What did I tell you about Kutuzof?" now exclaimed Prince Vasili, with all the pride of a prophet. "I always said that he was the only one capable of beating Napoleon."

But on the following day no news was received from the army, and the general voice began to be anxious. The courtiers suffered from the painful state of ignorance in which the sovereign was left.

"What a position for the sovereign!" said the courtiers; and before the third day had passed they already began to pass judgment on Kutuzof, who was regarded as the cause of the sovereign's uneasiness.

Prince Vasili on that day ceased to boast of his *protégé* Kutuzof, but maintained a discreet silence when the commander-in-chief was mentioned.

Moreover, on the evening of this same day, as though all conspired together to alarm and disquiet the Petersburgers, another terrible piece of news was announced. The Countess Elena Bezukhaya suddenly died of that terrible disease which her friends found it so pleasant to name.

Officially, in all the great coteries it was declared that the Countess Bezukhaya had died of a terrible attack of *angine pectorale*, but in select circles details were forthcoming: how *le médecin intime de la reine d'Espagne* had prescribed for Ellen small doses of some medicine so as to bring about certain effects, and how Ellen, worried because the old count had some suspicion of her, and because her husband, to whom she had written (that miserable, depraved Pierre), did not reply to her, suddenly took a tremendous dose of the drug prescribed, and died in agony because help could not be got to her. It was said that Prince Vasili and the old count had at first blamed the Italian; but the Italian had showed them such letters

from the late unfortunate countess that they had instantly let him go.

Gossip in general was confined to these three unhappy events : — the ignorance in which the sovereign was left, the loss of Kutaisof, and Ellen's death.

On the third day after Kutuzof's despatch had been received, a landed proprietor arrived at Petersburg from Moscow, and soon the whole city was ringing with the news that Moscow was abandoned to the French.

This was terrible ! What a position it placed the sovereign in ! Kutuzof was a traitor, and Prince Vasili, while receiving *visites de condoléance* for the death of his daughter, speaking of that same Kutuzof whom he had but shortly before been praising (it was pardonable that in his grief he should forget what he said before), declared that it was idle to expect anything else from a blind and lewd old man. "I am only amazed that the fate of Russia should have been intrusted to such a man !"

This news being as yet unofficial, there was still room for doubt, but on the following day the following despatch came from Count Rostopchin : —

"Prince Kutuzof's adjutant brought me a letter wherein he demands of me police officers to conduct the army to the Riazan road. He protests his regret at abandoning Moscow. Your majesty, Kutuzof's act decides the fate of the capital and of your empire. Russia will thrill when she learns of the abandonment of that city, which is the focus of the greatness of Russia, where lie the ashes of your ancestors. I follow the army. I have sent everything away. It remains for me only to weep for the misfortune of my fatherland."

On receiving this letter, the sovereign sent Prince Volkonsky with the following rescript to Kutuzof : —

"Prince Mikhail Iliaronovitch ! Since September 9 I have had no report from you. Meantime I have received, by the way of Yaroslavl, under date of September 13, from the Governor-General of Moscow, the melancholy tidings that you and the army have decided to abandon Moscow. You may imagine the effect which these tidings produced upon me, and your silence deepens my amazement. I send General-Adjutant Prince Volkonsky with this to learn from you the condition of the army and what reasons compelled you to such a melancholy decision."

CHAPTER III.

NINE days after the abandonment of Moscow, a messenger from Kutuzof arrived in Petersburg with the official confirmation of the abandonment of Moscow. This courier was the Frenchman Michaud, but, though a foreigner, yet a Russian in heart and soul * — as he himself declared.

The sovereign immediately gave the courier audience in his cabinet in his palace on the Kamennui Ostrof. Michaud, who had never seen Moscow before this campaign and could not speak Russian, nevertheless felt greatly agitated when he appeared before "*notre très-gracieux souverain*" (as he expressed it in a letter) with the tidings of the burning of Moscow — the flames of which lighted up his way. Though the source of Mr. Michaud's chagrin must have been very different from that from which the grief of the Russian people proceeded, Michaud drew such a melancholy face, as he was ushered into the sovereign's cabinet, that the sovereign instantly asked him: "Are you bringing me sad news, colonel?"

"Very sad, sire," replied Michaud with a sigh, and dropping his eyes, "*l'abandon de Moscou!*"

"Can they have surrendered my ancient capital without a battle?" exclaimed the emperor, an angry flush suddenly rising in his face.

Michaud respectfully delivered the message with which he had been intrusted by Kutuzof: to wit, that it was a sheer impossibility to accept an engagement at Moscow, and that as but one choice was left, to lose both the army and Moscow, or Moscow alone, the field marshal had felt it his duty to choose the latter alternative.

The sovereign listened in silence, not looking at Michaud.

"Has the enemy entered the city?" he demanded.

"Yes, your majesty, and it is a heap of ashes by this time. When I left it, 'twas all on fire." † said Michaud resolutely; but when he glanced at the emperor, Michaud was horror-struck at what he had said. The sovereign was breathing with quick, labored respirations; his lower lip trembled, and his handsome blue eyes for an instant overflowed with tears.

But this lasted only a moment. The sovereign suddenly

* *Quoique étranger, russe de cœur et d'âme.*

† "*L'ennemi est-il entré en ville?*" — "*Oui, sire, et elle est en cendres à l'heure qu'il est. Je l'ai laissée toute en flammes.*"

scowled as though annoyed at himself for his weakness. And, raising his head, he turned to Michaud with a steady voice:—

"I see, colonel, from all that is happening to us," said he, "that Providence demands great sacrifices of us—I am ready to submit to his will; but tell me, Michaud, how did you leave the army which saw my ancient capital thus abandoned without striking a blow? Did you not see any signs of discouragement?"

Michaud, seeing this calmness of his "very gracious sovereign," instantly recovered his own presence of mind, but he was not yet ready to reply to the emperor's straightforward and unequivocal question, which demanded a straightforward answer.

"Your majesty, will you allow me to speak freely, like a loyal soldier?" he asked for the sake of gaining time.

"Colonel, that is what I always demand," said the emperor. "Conceal nothing from me: I wish to know absolutely how matters stand."

"Your majesty," said Michaud, with a shrewd but scarcely perceptible smile on his lips, having now collected himself sufficiently to formulate his answer in a graceful and respectful *jeu de mots*: "Your majesty, I left the whole army, from the chiefs down to the last soldier, without exception, in a state of terrible, desperate alarm"—

"How is that?" interrupted the sovereign, darkly frowning. "My Russians allow themselves to be cast down by misfortune? Never!"

This was all that Michaud wished so as to complete his *jeu de mots*.

"Your majesty," said he, with a respectful but mischievous expression, "their only fear is that your majesty, through kindness of heart, will be persuaded to make peace. They are burning to fight," said the accredited representative of the Russian people, "and to prove to your majesty by the sacrifice of their lives how devoted they are." *

"Ah!" said the sovereign, re-assured, and with an affectionate

* "Je vois, colonel, par tout ce qui nous arrive, que la Providence érige de grands sacrifices de nous. — Je suis prêt à me soumettre à toutes ses volontés; mais dites moi, Michaud, comment avez-vous laissé l'armée en voyant ainsi, sans coup férir, abandonner mon ancienne capitale? N'avez-vous pas aperçu du découragement?" — "Sire, me permettrez-vous de vous parler franchement en loyal militaire?" — "Colonel, je l'exige toujours. Ne me cachez rien; je veux savoir absolument ce qu'il en est." — "Sire! j'ai laissé toute l'armée, depuis les chefs jusqu'au dernier soldat, sans exception dans une crainte épouvantable, effrayante!" — "Comment ça? Mes Russes se laisseront-ils abattre par le malheur? Jamais!" — "Sire, ils craignent seulement que votre majesté par bonté de cœur ne se laisse persuader de faire la paix. Ils brûlent de combattre et de prouver à votre majesté par le sacrifice de leur vie, combien ils lui sont dévoués."

gleam flashing from his eyes, as he tapped Michaud on the shoulder, "you relieve me, colonel."

The sovereign then dropped his head and remained for some time lost in thought. "Very well! Return to the army," said he, drawing himself up to his full height, and turning to Michaud with a gentle but majestic gesture. "And tell our brave men, tell all my good subjects everywhere you go, that when I have no soldiers left, I will place myself at the head of my beloved nobles and of my worthy peasants, and thus I will exhaust the last resources of my empire. It will furnish me yet with more than my enemies think," said the sovereign, growing more and more moved. "But if ever it were written in the decrees of Divine Providence," he went on to say, raising to heaven his beautiful, kindly eyes gleaming with emotion, "that my family should cease to reign on the throne of my ancestors, then, after having exhausted all the means that are in my power, I will allow my beard to grow to here" (the sovereign placed his hand half-way down his chest) "and I will go and eat potatoes with the humblest of my peasants sooner than sign the shame of my country and of my beloved nation, whose sacrifices I can appreciate."*

Having said these words in a voice full of emotion, the sovereign suddenly turned round, as though he wished to hide from Michaud the tears that filled his eyes, and walked to the end of his cabinet. After standing there a few moments, he came back to Michaud with long strides and gave his arm a powerful squeeze below the elbow. His handsome, kindly face was flushed, and his eyes flashed with decision and fury:—

"Colonel Michaud, forget not what I have said to you here: perhaps some day we shall recall it with pleasure—either Napoleon or I," said the sovereign, laying his hand on his chest. "We can no longer reign together. I have learned to know him; he shall never deceive me again!"† And the sovereign, with a frown, relapsed into silence.

* "Eh bien, retournez à l'armée et dites à nos braves, dites à tous mes bons sujets partout où vous passerez, que quand je n'aurais plus aucun soldat, je me mettrai, moi-même, à la tête de ma chère noblesse, de mes bons paysans, et j'userai ainsi jusqu'à la dernière ressource de mon empire. Il m'en offre encore plus que mes ennemis ne pensent. Mais si jamais il fut écrit dans les décrets de la Divine Providence que ma dynastie dût cesser de régner sur le trône de mes ancêtres, alors, après avoir épuisé tous les moyens qui sont en mon pouvoir, je me laisserai croître la barbe jusqu'ici—et j'irai manger des pommes de terre avec le dernier de mes paysans plutôt de signer la honte de ma patrie et de ma chère nation, dont je sais apprécier les sacrifices."

† "Colonel Michaud, n'oubliez pas ce que je vous dis ici: peut-être qu'un jour nous nous le rappellerons avec plaisir. Napoléon ou moi! Nous ne pouvons plus régner ensemble. J'ai appris à le connaître, il ne me trompera plus."

Michaud, though a foreigner, yet a Russian in heart and soul, felt at that solemn moment "*enthousiasmé*" by all that he had just heard (as he said afterwards), and in the expressions that followed, he uttered not only his own feelings but also the feelings of the Russian people, whose representative he considered himself:—

"Sire!" said he, "your majesty at this moment seals the glory of the nation and the safety of Europe."*

The sovereign with an inclination of the head dismissed Michaud.

CHAPTER IV.

At the time when Russia was half conquered, and the inhabitants of Moscow were fleeing to distant provinces, and levy after levy of the landwehr was being raised for the defence of the fatherland, we, who were not alive at the time, involuntarily presuppose that all the men of Russia, from small to great, were solely occupied in sacrificing themselves in saving the country or in bewailing its ruin.

Stories and descriptions of that period, all without exception, speak of self-sacrifice, love for the fatherland, the desperation, sorrow, and heroism of the Russians.

In reality, this was not so at all. It merely seems so to us from the fact that we are occupied with the general historical interest of the time and fail to see all those personal individual interests which occupied private individuals. But, in reality, those personal interests seemed to the men of that day so much more significant than the general interests, that the general interests were never felt at all, and were scarcely regarded. The majority of the men of that time paid no attention at all to the general course of events, and were merely guided by the personal interests of that present. And those very men were the most important factors of that time.

Those who strove to comprehend the general course of events, and were anxious by their self-sacrifice and heroism to take part in it, were the most useless members of society. They saw everything in a wrong sense; and all that they did, in spite of their good intentions, proved to be a profitless waste, like the regiments organized by Pierre and Mamonof, which pillaged the Russian villages; or like the lint picked by high-

* "*Sire, votre majesté signe dans ce moment la gloire de la nation et le salut de l'Europe.*"

born young ladies, which never reached the wounded, and so on.

Even those who, in their fondness for subtilities and the expression of their feelings, talked about the actual state of Russia, involuntarily gave to their speeches the stamp of their impressions, or pretences, or falsehoods, or profitless criticism and animosities against men who were blamed for that for which no one could really be held responsible.

In historical events more strictly than elsewhere holds the prohibition against tasting the fruit of the tree of knowledge. Only unconscious activity brings forth fruit, and a man who plays a part in any historical event never realizes its significance. If he tries to realize it, he is astounded by his barrenness.

The significance of the event that took place at that time in Russia was proportionately incomprehensible according to the part which any man took in it. In Petersburg and the provinces remote from Moscow, ladies and men in militia uniforms mourned over Russia and the capital, and talked about self-sacrifice and other such things: but in the army which was retreating from Moscow, almost nothing was said or thought about Moscow; and as they looked at the conflagration no one dreamed of wreaking vengeance on the French, but they thought of the next quarter's pay, about the next halting-place, about Matrioshka the sutling-wench,* and the like.

Nikolai Rostof, without any pretence of self-sacrifice, but fortuitously, the war having surprised him while he was still in the service, took a genuine and continuous part in the defence of his country, and accordingly looked without despair and without sombre forebodings on what was then happening in Russia.

If any one had asked him what he thought about the condition of Russia at the time, he would have replied that it wasn't for him to think about it, that Kutuzof and the others were for that, but he had heard that more regiments were mobilizing, and that there would be still more fighting, and that if nothing happened it would not be astonishing if in a couple of years he were given a regiment.

It was because he took this view of affairs that he not only felt no compunction at being deprived of participation in the last engagement, having received word that he was appointed commander of a remount expedition to Vorónezh

* *Marketantka*

after horses for his division, but was even perfectly delighted, and took no pains to hide it from his comrades, who were generous enough to sympathize with him.

A few days before the battle of Borodino, Nikolai received the money and the necessary papers, and, sending a hussar on in advance, he started for Voronezh by post relays.

Only a man who has experienced this, that is, who has spent several months in succession in the atmosphere of military campaign life, can comprehend the delight which Nikolai experienced when he passed out of the circle beyond which there were no more foraging parties, provision trains, and ambulances; when he ceased to see soldiers, army wagons, the dirty traces of a camp, and his eyes were greeted by villages with peasant men and women, with country landholders, mansions, fields with pasturing cattle, post station-houses with their sleepy agents, he felt such joy as though he saw it all for the first time in his life.

One thing especially kept him in a perpetual state of surprise and delight, and this was the sight of young and healthy women, who did not each have a dozen officers tagging after her all the time, and women who found it a flattering novelty to have an officer, as he passed by, stop and chatter with them.

In the most jovial frame of mind, Nikolai reached Voronezh at evening, put up at the inn, ordered all that he had so long been lacking at the front, and on the next day, after getting a clean shave, and putting on his long unused dress uniform, he went to pay his respects to the city officials.

The commander of the landwehr was a civil general, an old man who evidently took great delight in his military title and rank. He received Nikolai sternly, — thinking that this was proper in a military man of his importance, — and questioned him in a very significant way, approving or disapproving as though it were his special prerogative, and as though he were the judge of how the general course of the war was directed.

Nikolai was so happy that this merely amused him.

From the commander of the landwehr he went to the governor. The governor was a lively little man, very friendly and simple-hearted. He told Nikolai of several establishments where he might obtain horses, recommended to him a horse-dealer in the city and a landed proprietor twenty versts from the city, who kept good horses, and he promised him any sort of co-operation.

“Are you Count Ilya Andreyevitch’s son? My wife used

to be very good friends with your *mátushka*. On Thursdays I always have a reception: to-day is Thursday; do me the favor to come informally," said the governor as Nikolai took his leave.

Immediately on leaving the governor's, Nikolai took post horses, and, accompanied by his quartermaster, drove rapidly the twenty versts so as to see the stud owned by the landed proprietor.

Nikolai found everything jolly and comfortable during this his first visit at Voronezh, and, as is usually the case when a man is in a good frame of mind, everything was easily and satisfactorily settled.

The landed proprietor whom Nikolai went to see was an old bachelor, formerly a cavalryman, a connoisseur of horses, a huntsman, the master of spiced vodka * a hundred years old, of old Hungarian, and of marvellous horses.

Nikolai, in two words, bought, for six thousand rubles, seventeen stallions, "assorted," as he expressed it, "for the show pieces of his remount." After a good dinner, and drinking considerable of admirable Hungarian, Rostof, exchanging kisses with the proprietor, with whom he was already on the most intimate terms of friendship, drove back over the horrible road (which, however, did not affect his spirits), constantly urging his *yamshehik* to do his very best to get him back to the governor's in time for the reception.

Having changed his clothes, scented himself, and wet his hair down with cold water, Nikolai, though rather late, but with the proverb "better late than never" ready for use, appeared at the governor's.

It was not a ball, and it was not formally announced that there would be dancing; but Katerina Petrovna, as all knew, would play some *valse*s and *écossaises* on the harpsichord, and there might be some dancing; and all the guests took this for granted, and came in ball costumes.

Provincial life in 1812 was pretty much the same as ever, with this sole difference, that it was unusually gay in the little city, owing to the presence of a number of wealthy families from Moscow, and to the fact that, as a general thing, at this time there was unprecedented luxury of living observable (the sea being but knee-deep to drunken men), while the small talk that is a necessity among people, and which, hitherto, had been concerned merely with the weather and petty gossip, now turned on the state of Moscow, the war, and Napoleon.

* *Zapekanka* : vodka and honey boiled with spices.

The society that met at the governor's was the best society of Voronezh.

There were any number of ladies, there were several of Nikolai's Moscow acquaintances; but there was not a man who could in any way compare with the Georgievsky cavalier, the gallant hussar, the good-natured, well-bred Count Rostof!

Among the men was an Italian, who had been an officer in the French army, and was now a prisoner, and Nikolai felt that this prisoner's presence still further enhanced his consequence as a Russian hero. It was a kind of a trophy! Nikolai felt this, and it seemed to him that this was the way they all regarded the Italian, and so he treated him cordially, but with a certain dignity and reserve.

As soon as Nikolai entered the room in his hussar's uniform, diffusing around him an odor of perfumes and of wine, and he himself said, and heard others say, again and again, the words *vaut mieux tard que jamais* — better late than never, — he became the centre of the gathering; all eyes were fixed upon him, and he immediately felt that the position of general favorite, which he had taken in the province, was exceedingly appropriate to him, and pleasant, and, after such long deprivation, really intoxicating in its agreeableness. Not only at the post stations, the taverns, and the residence of the landed proprietor, were the servant maids flattered by his attentions, but here, at the governor's reception, it seemed to Nikolai that there was an inexhaustible array of young married women and pretty girls who were impatient to have him give them a share of his attention.

The ladies and young girls coquetted with him, and the old people, from the very first moment, took it upon themselves to find a wife for this mad-cap young hussar, and bring him to his senses. Among the latter was the governor's wife herself, who received Rostof like a near relative, and called him "Nicolas" and addressed him with the familiar *tui*, "thou."

Katerina Petrovna, as was expected, began to play her *valse*s and *écossaises*, and the dancing began, and, by his graces in this accomplishment, Nikolai still more captivated all the governmental society. He surprised every one by his peculiarly free and easy manner of dancing. Even Nikolai was somewhat surprised at himself by his manner of dancing that evening. He had never danced so at Moscow, and he would have been disposed to call such extravagance of freedom unbecoming, and *mauvais genre*, had he not felt the necessity upon him of surprising them all by something extraordinary, something which

they must be taught to regard as the proper thing in capitals, but as yet unknown in the provinces.

All that evening, Nikolai devoted the most of his attentions to a blue-eyed, plump and pretty little blonde, the wife of one of the governmental *chinovniks*. With that *naïve* persuasion with which young men flatter themselves that other men's wives were created especially for their diversion, Rostof staid by this lady, and treated her husband in a friendly, somewhat *conspiratical* way, as though it were to be quite taken for granted, though as yet nothing had been said about it, that they would get along splendidly, that is, Nikolai with this man's wife!

The husband, however, it seemed, did not share in this persuasion, and did his best to treat Rostof with marked coldness. But Nikolai's unaffected frankness was so unbounded, that more than once the husband was obliged, in spite of him, to give way to Nikolai's geniality.

Toward the end of the evening, however, in proportion as his wife's face grew more and more flushed and excited, her husband's face grew ever more and more set and melancholy, as though there were a common fund of vivacity shared by the two so that in proportion as it waxed in the wife, it waned in the husband.

CHAPTER V.

NIKOLAI, with a beaming smile on his lips, sat in his easy-chair, leaning over as near as possible to the pretty *blondinka*, whispering mythological compliments into her ear.

Briskly shifting his legs in their tight riding-trousers, exhaling the odor of perfumes, and contemplating his lady and himself, and the handsome shape of his calves under his top-boots, Nikolai was telling the pretty blonde that, while he was there at Voronezh, he intended to run away with a certain lady.

"Who is she?"

"Charming, divine! Her eyes" (Nikolai looked closely at his neighbor) "are blue; her lips, coral: her complexion" — he gave a significant look at her shoulders — "her form, Diana's!"

The husband rejoined them, and asked gloomily what she was talking about.

"Ah! Nikita Ivanutch," exclaimed Nikolai, politely ris

ing. And, as though he were anxious for Nikita Ivanuitch to share in his jokes, he confided to him his intention of eloping with a certain pretty blonde.

The husband smiled chillingly, the wife rapturously. The governor's worthy wife came up to them with a disapproving look on her face.

"Anna Ignatyevna is desirous of seeing you, *Nicolas*," said she, and by the tone in which she mentioned the name Anna Ignatyevna, Rostof instantly realized that Anna Ignatyevna was a very important individual. "Come, let us go, *Nicolas*. You permit me to call you so, don't you?"

"Oh, yes, *ma tante*. But who is she?"

"Anna Ignatyevna Malvintseva. She had heard of you through her niece; — how you rescued her! — Can you guess?"

"But I rescued so many there!" said Nikolai.

"Her niece the Princess Bolkonskaya. She is here with her aunt in Voronezh. Oho! how he reddens! What does that mean, now?"

"I could not imagine, — there, there, *ma tante*!"

"Pretty good, pretty good! Oh, what a boy you are!"

The governor's wife led him to a tall and very stately old lady with a blue toque on her head, who had just finished a hand at cards with the most consequential personages of the city. This was Malvintseva, the Princess Mariya's aunt on her mother's side, a rich, childless widow, who had always lived in Voronezh. She stood settling her card account when Rostof was brought to her. She was blinking her eyes with a stern and important expression, gave him a glance, and went on berating the general who had won her money.

"Very glad to see you, my dear," said she, extending her hand. "Pray come and see me."

After speaking a few words about the Princess Mariya and her late father, whom, evidently, Malvintseva had not loved, and asking a few questions as to what news Nikolai had to give about Prince Andrei, who also seemed not to enjoy her good graces, she dismissed him, repeating her invitation to visit her.

Nikolai promised, and again reddened as he took his leave of the widow.

At the remembrance of the Princess Mariya, Rostof experienced a feeling of bashfulness, even of fear, which he could not understand.

After leaving Malvintseva, Rostof intended to return to

the dancing again, but the little *gubernatorsha* laid her plump little hand on his sleeve and said that she wanted to have a talk with him, and led him into the divan-room, which was instantly evacuated by those who were in it and who did not want to be in her way.

"You must know, *mon cher*," said the governor's wife, with a serious expression on her good little face, "I have found exactly the right wife for you; do you want me to arrange the match?"

"Who is it, *ma tante*?" asked Nikolai.

"I propose the princess. Katerina Petrovna advises Lili; but that's not my idea — I say the princess. What do you say? I am sure your *maman* would be very thankful. Truly, she is a charming girl, and, after all, she is not so very plain!"

"Indeed, she isn't!" exclaimed Nikolai in an injured tone. "As for myself, *ma tante*, I do as a soldier should: I never intrude, and I never refuse anything," said Nikolai, without stopping to consider what reply he ought to make.

"But remember! This is no joke."

"What is no joke?"

"Yes, yes," said the governor's wife, as though speaking to herself. "And see here, *mon cher*, you are quite too attentive to that other lady, *la blonde*. Really, it's pitiful, her husband" —

"Oh, no; he and I are very good friends," replied Nikolai, who, in his simplicity of soul, never once dreamed that such a jolly way of whiling away time could be aught else than jolly to any one.

"What foolish nonsense did I speak to the governor's wife?" Nikolai suddenly asked himself while at supper. "She is trying to make a match — but Sonya?" —

And on bidding the governor's wife good-night, when she with a smile said to him, "Now remember" — he drew her to one side.

"*Ma tante*, I have something which I really ought to tell you."

"What can it be, my boy? Come in and let us sit down here."

Nikolai suddenly felt a desire and an irresistible impulse to confide in this almost perfect stranger all his private thoughts — thoughts which he would never have told his mother, his sister, his friend. Afterwards, when he remembered this outburst of needless, inexplicable frankness, which nevertheless

had very important consequences, it seemed to him as it always seems to people—that he had acted very foolishly; this outburst of frankness, together with other trivial circumstances, had for him and for his whole family portentous results.

“This is what I mean, *ma tante*. *Maman* has for a long time been anxious for me to marry a rich young lady. But the idea of marrying for money has always been extremely repugnant.”

“Oh, yes, I understand,” assented the governor’s wife.

“But the Princess Bolkonskaya: that is another thing. In the first place, I will tell you honestly, she pleases me very much; I like her extremely. And besides, after meeting her in such a way, in such a terrible position, the thought has often occurred to me that it was fate. You may remember, *maman* long, long ago thought about this, before I ever happened to meet her, and somehow it happened so: we never met. And then when my sister Natasha was engaged to her brother, why, of course, then it became out of the question to think of marrying her.* And now, just as Natasha’s engagement is broken off, it must needs happen that I meet her; well, it’s all—this is the trouble—I have never told any one about this, and I don’t intend to. Only to you.”

The governor’s wife gave his elbow an encouraging pressure.

“You know Sophie, my cousin. I love her, and I have promised to marry her and I shall marry her.—And so you see there is nothing to be said about this other matter,” explained Nikolai, incoherently and reddening.

“*Mon cher! mon cher!* how can you have such ideas? Why, you know Sophie has nothing, and you yourself have told me that your papa’s affairs were in a wretched state. And your *maman*? This would kill her surely! Then, Sophie, if she is a girl with any heart, what a life it would be for her! Your mother in despair, your property all dissipated!—No, *mon cher*, you and Sophie must see things as they are.”

Nikolai made no reply. It was pleasant for him to hear this reasoning.

“Still, *ma tante*, this cannot be,” said he with a sigh, after some little silence. “Then, do you suppose the princess would marry me? and besides she is in mourning. How can such a thing be thought of?”

* The marriage sacrament according to the Greek Church makes marriage relationship blood relationship.

"What? do you suppose I would have you marry her instantly? *Il y a manière et manière!*" said the governor's wife.

"What a match-maker, *ma tante!*" said Nikolai, kissing her plump hand.

CHAPTER VI.

THE Princess Mariya, on arriving at Moscow after her meeting with Rostof, found there her nephew and his tutor, and a letter from Prince Andrei, who enjoined upon them to go to Voronezh, to her aunt Malvintseva.

The labors consequent upon this move, her anxiety for her brother, the regulation of her life in her new home, new acquaintances, the education of her nephew, — all this tended to quench in the Princess Mariya's heart that seductive longing which had tormented her during her father's illness, and after his death, and especially after her meeting with Rostof.

She was unhappy.

The impression of her father's loss, associated in her mind as it was with the ruin of Russia, now, after a month spent in the conditions of a calm, equable life, grew more and more vivid to her. She was anxious; the thought of the perils to which her brother was exposed — the only man who was closely related to her — constantly tormented her.

She was occupied with the instruction of her nephew, but she felt all the time that she was peculiarly unfitted for it. Nevertheless in the depths of her soul there was a certain sense of quietude arising from the consciousness that she had crushed out the personal hopes and dreams that had sprung up in her heart, and were connected with the appearance of Rostof.

When, on the day following her reception, the governor's wife went to call upon Malvintseva, after a private conversation with her in regard to her scheme (making the reservation that, though under present circumstances it was impossible to think of a formal courtship, still the young people might be brought together and made acquainted), and when, after receiving the aunt's approval, the gubernatorsha spoke in the Princess Mariya's presence of Rostof, praised him, and told how he had reddened at the mere mention of the princess's name, the Princess Mariya experienced a feeling not of pleasure but of pain; her inward calm had entirely vanished,

and again arose her desires, doubts, self-reproaches, and hopes.

During the two days that intervened between hearing this news and her interview with Rostof, the Princess Mariya did not cease to think how it behooved her to behave toward him. At one moment she made up her mind that she would not go into the drawing-room when he came to call upon her aunt, that it was not becoming for her to receive callers when she was in deep mourning; then again she thought that it would be rude after all that he had done for her; then it occurred to her that the governor's wife and her aunt must have some designs on her and Rostof — their glances, and certain words that they had dropped, it seemed to her, confirmed this supposition — then she said to herself that nothing but her inborn depravity made her have such thoughts; they could not help remembering that, in her situation, she not having yet taken off her "weepers," — such a wooing would be an insult to her, as well as to her father's memory.

Assuming that she should go down to meet him, the Princess Mariya tried to imagine the words which he would say to her, and which she should say to him, and at one moment these words seemed undeservedly cold, at the next they seemed to possess too great significance.

More than all else she was apprehensive that on meeting him she should show that bashfulness which she was certain would take possession of her, and betray her as soon as she saw him.

But when on Sunday, after mass, the lackey announced at the drawing-room door that Count Rostof had come, the princess showed no symptoms of confusion; only a faint tinge of color suffused her cheeks, and her eyes shone with a new, luminous light.

"You have seen him, auntie?"* asked the Princess Mariya in a tranquil voice, surprised herself that she could be outwardly so calm and natural.

When Rostof entered the room, the princess for a moment dropped her head, as though for the purpose of allowing the guest time to exchange greetings with her aunt, and then at the very moment that Nikolai came toward her, she raised her head, and with radiant eyes met his glance.

With a movement full of grace and dignity, she arose with a joyful smile, offered him her slender, delicate hand, and spoke to him in a voice which for the first time vibrated with new, womanly, hearty tones.

* *Tiôtushka*: diminutive of *tiótka*.

Mlle. Bourienne, who happened to be in the drawing-room, looked at the Princess Mariya in wonder and perplexity. She herself, though a most accomplished coquette, could not have manœuvred better on meeting a man whom she wished to fascinate.

"Either black is becoming to her, or really she has grown pretty; I certainly never remarked it so before," said Mlle. Bourienne to herself.

If the Princess Mariya had been in a position to think at that moment, she would have been even more amazed than was Mlle. Bourienne at the change that had taken place in her. From the instant that she saw that kind face so beloved, a new power of life took possession of her, and compelled her, irrespective of her own will, to speak and to act. Her face from that moment that Rostof entered was suddenly transformed.

Just as the complicated artistic work on the sides of a painted or carved lamp comes out with sudden and unexpected details of beauty when a light is kindled within, though before it had seemed coarse, dark, and meaningless, so was the Princess Mariya's face unexpectedly transformed. For the first time all that pure, spiritual, inward travail which she had gone through for so many years was laid open to the light. All that inward travail, which had left her so dissatisfied with herself,—her suffering, her yearnings after the right, her submission, love, self-sacrifice,—all this now shone forth in those luminous eyes, in her gentle smile, in every feature of her tender face.

Rostof saw all this so clearly that it seemed to him he had known her all his life. He felt that the being before him was different, was better than all that he had hitherto met, and, what was more important, was better than himself.

Their conversation was extremely simple and insignificant. They talked about the war, involuntarily, like every one else, exaggerating their grief at the event; they talked about their last meeting, whereupon Nikolai tried to turn the conversation to something else; they talked about the good gubernators, about their respective parents.

The Princess Mariya did not speak of her brother, deflecting the subject to another topic as soon as her aunt spoke about Andrei. It was evident that, while there might be some pretence in her expressions of grief in the miseries of Russia, her brother was an object too near to her heart, and she would not and could not talk about him. Nikolai remarked this, for, with a keenness of observation that was not at all

characteristic of him, he remarked all the little shades of the princess's nature to the effect of greatly intensifying his conviction that she was a being entirely out of the common.

Nikolai, exactly the same as the princess, had changed color when her name was mentioned in his presence, and even when he thought about her; but in her presence he felt perfectly unhampered, and by no means confined himself to the set speeches which he had made ready in advance, but spoke whatever came into his head.

During Nikolai's short call there were, as always happens where a number of people are together, moments of silence, and during one of these Nikolai made up to Prince Andrei's little son, petted him, and asked him if he would like to be a hussar. He took hold of the boy's hands, spun him around and glanced at the Princess Mariya. Her tender, happy, and timid eyes followed the little lad whom she loved while he was in the arms of the man whom she loved. Nikolai also remarked this look, and, as though he understood its significance, he flushed with gratification, and with good-natured jollity began to kiss the little fellow.

The Princess Mariya, owing to her mourning, was not going into society, and Nikolai felt that it was unbecoming for him to repeat his call upon them; but the governor's wife, nevertheless, continued her task of match-maker, and, while she took occasion to repeat to Nikolai all the flattering things that the Princess Mariya had said about him, and *vice versa*, she insisted that he should declare himself to the princess.

In order to bring about this explanation, she arranged a meeting between the young people at the archbishop's, before mass.

Although Rostof had told the governor's wife that he would not come to any explanation with the princess, still he promised to be present.

Just as at Tilsit he had not allowed himself to doubt whether what had been enjoined upon all was good or not, so now, after a short but genuine struggle between his wish to arrange his life in his own way and a peaceful submission to circumstances, he chose the latter alternative, and gave himself up to that power which, as he could not help feeling, was irresistibly drawing him away, he knew not whither. He knew that, having plighted his troth to Sonya, if he confessed his feelings for the Princess Mariya, it would be nothing else than base. And he knew that he would never do anything base. But he knew also (not so much knew it as felt it in

the depths of his heart) that if he gave himself up into the control of men and of circumstances and let them guide him, he not only would do nothing wrong, but would rather do something very, very important, so important that nothing like it would ever again recur to him in his life.

After his meeting with the Princess Mariya, although his manner of life continued to be the same outwardly, still all his former pleasures lost for him their zest, and he frequently found himself thinking of the Princess Mariya; but he never thought of her as he had always, without exception, thought of the various young ladies whom he had met in society, nor even as he had for long and sometimes even enthusiastically thought of Sonya.

Like almost every pure young man, when he thought about any *báruishnya* as his possible wife, he strove to make her fit the condition of marital existence, as he imagined it — the white capote, the wife behind the samovar, his wife's carriage, wee bits of children, *maman* and *papa*, their relations to her, and so forth, and so forth; and these representations of the future gave him pleasure.

But when he thought about the Princess Mariya, whom they were trying to make a wife for him, he could not make the representations of his future married life in any way concrete. Even when he tried everything seemed incoherent and false. All that remained in his mind was a kind of dread.

CHAPTER VII.

THE terrible news of the battle of Borodino, of our losses in dead and wounded, and the still more terrible tidings of the loss of Moscow, were received in Voronezh toward the end of September.

The Princess Mariya, learning only from the bulletin that her brother was wounded, and having no definite information about him, determined to go in search of him. This was what Nikolai heard. He himself had not seen her again.

On learning of the battle of Borodino and the abandonment of Moscow, Nikolai, while not giving himself up to feelings of despair, anger, or desire for vengeance or the like, still suddenly began to feel bored and out of place at Voronezh; his conscience almost reproached him, and he felt awkward. All the talk that he heard seemed to him hypocritical; he knew not what judgment to pass upon events, and he was conscious

that not until he returned to his regiment would things become clear to him again. He made haste to accomplish his purchase of horses, and oftentimes without any just cause became impatient with his servant and the quartermaster.

Several days before Rostof's departure, a solemn service was held in the cathedral, in honor of the victory that had been won by the Russian troops, and Nikolai was present. He was standing a little behind the governor, and, with a gravity worthy of the occasion, was thinking of the most varied subjects, even while he listened to the service. When the *Te Deum* was ended, the governor's wife called him to her.

"Have you seen the princess?" she asked, with her head indicating a lady in black who stood behind the choir.

Nikolai instantly recognized the Princess Mariya, not so much by her profile, a glimpse of which could be seen under her hat, as by that feeling of shyness, fear, and pity which instantly came over him. The Princess Mariya, evidently absorbed in her thoughts, was crossing herself for the last time before she should leave the church.

Nikolai looked into her face with amazement. It was the same face which he had seen before, there was the same general expression of gentle, inward, spiritual travail; but now it was lighted up by a very different sort of light. It had a touching expression of sorrowfulness, entreaty, and hope.

As had been the case with Nikolai before when he was in her presence, he, without waiting for the gubernatorsha's advice to join her, without asking himself whether it were right or proper for him to address her there in the church, instantly went to her and said that he had heard of her sorrow, and that he sympathized with her with all his heart. She had hardly caught the first sound of his voice, when suddenly a bright light flashed into her face, giving witness at one and the same time of her sorrow and her joy.

"I only wanted to tell you this, princess," said Rostof, "that if Prince Andrei Nikolayevitch were not alive, it would be instantly announced in the bulletins, since he is a regimental commander."

The princess looked at him, not comprehending his words, but delighting in the expression of sympathy and sorrow in his face.

"And I have known so many cases where a wound caused by a splinter (and the bulletins would say a shell) was either fatal immediately, or, if not, very trifling," said Nikolai. "You must hope for the best, and I am certain"—

The Princess Mariya interrupted him, —

“Oh, this would be so hor” — she began, but her emotion overmastered her, and, without completing the word, she bent her head with a graceful motion (like everything that she did in his presence), and, giving him a grateful look, rejoined her aunt.

The evening of that same day, Nikolai accepted no engagements out, but remained at his lodgings in order to square up certain accounts with the horse-dealers.

Having completed his business, it being too late to go anywhere, but too early to retire for the night, Nikolai long walked up and down his solitary room, thinking over his life, which was an unusual thing for him to do.

The Princess Mariya had produced upon him an agreeable impression when he saw her near Smolensk. The fact that he had met her then in such extraordinary circumstances, and that she was the very one whom his mother had once recommended to him as an eligible heiress, caused him to regard her with peculiar interest.

When he came to see her again at Voronezh, this impression was not only agreeable but it was powerful. Nikolai was struck by that peculiar moral beauty which he for the first time observed in her.

He was ready to take his departure, however, and it had not occurred to him to regret the fact that in leaving Voronezh he was depriving himself of the chance of seeing the princess. But his meeting with her that morning at church (Nikolai was conscious of it) had sunk deeper into his heart than he could have foreseen, and deeper than he would have wished for his peace of mind.

That pale, gentle, sorrowful face, those luminous eyes, those quiet, graceful movements, and, above all, that profound and sweet expression of sorrow pervading all her being, troubled him and aroused his sympathy.

Rostof could not endure to see in men the expression of a lofty spiritual life — that was the reason he did not like Prince Andrei — he scornfully called it philosophy, *day-dreaming*; but in the Princess Mariya, especially in that sorrow which brought forth all the depth of that spiritual world so marvellous to Rostof, he felt an irresistible attraction.

“She must be a marvellous girl! A real angel!” said he to himself. “Why am I not free? Why was I in such haste with regard to Sonya?”

And involuntarily he began to institute a comparison

between the two: the poverty in one, the abundance in the other of those spiritual gifts which Nikolai himself had not, and which therefore he prized so highly.

He tried to imagine what would be if he had been free. How would he have made his proposal to her, and if she had become his wife! But no, he could not imagine it.

A strange feeling of dread came over him, and nothing clear presented itself to his imagination. Now he had long ago formulated the picture of his future with Sonya, and it was all clear and simple, for the reason that it had been thought out, and he knew all that was in Sonya; but it was impossible to formulate any scheme of life with the Princess Mariya, because he did not understand her, but only loved her.

His visions of Sonya had something about them that was jolly and frivolous. But it was always hard and rather terrible to think of Princess Mariya.

"How she was praying!" he mused, following his recollections. "It was evident her whole soul was in her prayer. Yes, that is the prayer that removes mountains, and I am sure that her prayer will be fulfilled. Why cannot I pray for what I need?" he asked himself. "What do I need? My freedom, to be released from Sonya. — She said what was true," he was recalling the gubernatorsha's words — "'Nothing but misfortune would come of my marrying her.' Confusion, grief to *maman* — business — confusion, terrible confusion! Yes, and I don't love her. I don't love her as I ought. My God! save me from this terrible, inextricable muddle!" he began, trying to offer a prayer. "Yes, prayer moves the mountain, but faith is needful, and to pray as Natasha and I used to pray when we were children, that the snow would change into sugar, and then run out of doors to see whether our prayer was answered. No, but I cannot pray about trifles now," said he, as he laid his pipe down in the corner, and, folding his hands, stood in front of the holy pictures. And, touched by his recollection of the Princess Mariya, he began to pray as he had not prayed for a long, long time. The tears were standing in his eyes and swelling his throat when Lavrushka suddenly came in with documents in his hand. "Idiot — *durak*! — what do you come sneaking in for when you weren't called?" exclaimed Nikolai, abruptly changing his position.

"From the governor," said Lavrushka, in a sleepy voice — "a courier came; letter for you."

"All right, thanks! Begone!"

Nikolai had two letters. One was from his mother, the

other from Sonya. He recognized them by their handwriting, and he opened Sonya's first. He had only read a few lines when his face grew pale and his eyes opened wide in terror and delight.

"No, it cannot be!" he exclaimed aloud. He could not sit still, but with the letter in his hand began to pace the room. He glanced through the letter, then read it once and a second time, and, shrugging his shoulders and opening out his hands, he stood still in the middle of the room with open mouth and set eyes.

The very thing which he had just been praying for with the faith that God would fulfil his prayer was granted; but Nikolai was amazed by this, as though it had been something extraordinary, and as though he had never expected it, and as though the very thing which had so quickly eventuated proved that this had come, not by the will of God, to whom he had offered his petition, but from ordinary chance.

This apparently unsolvable knot which fettered Rostof's freedom was cut by this letter from Sonya—so unexpected (as it seemed to Nikolai) and unsolicited. She wrote that the recent unfortunate events, the loss of almost all the Rostofs' property in Moscow, and the more than once expressed desire of the countess that Nikolai should marry Princess Bolkonskaya, and his own silence and coldness of late,—all taken together had caused her to decide to release him from his promise and give him perfect freedom.

"It was too trying for me to think that I might be a source of sorrow or dissension in a family which has loaded me with benefits," she wrote. "And my love has for its one single aim the happiness of those whom I love. And therefore I beseech you, Nicolas, to consider yourself perfectly free, and to know that, in spite of all, no one could love you more truly than your Sonya."

This letter was written from Troitsa.

The second letter was from the countess. In this there was given a full description of the last days in Moscow, their departure, the fire, and the loss of all their property. In this letter also, among other things, the countess wrote that Prince Andrei was among the wounded whom they had brought away with them. His position was very critical, but now the doctor declared that there was more hope. Sonya and Natasha were attending him as watchers.

On the following day, Nikolai took this letter, and went to see the Princess Mariya. Neither Nikolai nor the princess

said a word as to the significance of the fact that Natasha was attending the sufferer; but, thanks to this letter, Nikolai suddenly felt drawn closer to the princess, almost as though he were a relative.

On the next day, Rostof escorted the Princess Mariya to Yaroslavl, and not long after rejoined his regiment.

CHAPTER VIII.

SONYA's letter to Nikolai, coming so opportunely in answer to his prayer, had been written from Troitsa (Trinity).

This was the way it happened.

The old countess had become more and more occupied by the idea of Nikolai marrying a rich wife. She knew that Sonya was the chief obstacle in the way of this. And Sonya's life in the countess's home had been made more and more trying of late, especially since Nikolai wrote of meeting the Princess Mariya at Bogucharovo.

The countess lost no opportunity of addressing Sonya with insulting or cruel insinuations.

A few days before their departure from Moscow, however, the countess, exasperated and excited by all that was happening, had called Sonya to her, and, instead of loading her with reproaches and demands, had begged her with tears in her eyes to have pity on her, and, as a return for all that had been done for her, to release Nikolai from his engagement.

"I shall never be content until you have given me this promise."

Sonya sobbed hysterically, promised through her sobs that she would do anything, that she was ready for any sacrifice; but she did not give the promise in so many words, and in her heart she found it impossible to consent to do what they required of her. It was necessary for her to sacrifice herself for the happiness of the family which had fed and educated her.

To sacrifice herself for the happiness of others was second nature to Sonya. Her position in the household was such that it was only on the road of sacrifice that she could show her worth, and she was accustomed to sacrifice herself, and loved to do so.

But hitherto, in all her acts of self-sacrifice, she had enjoyed the pleasant consciousness that in thus sacrificing herself, she was by this very act enhancing her value in her own eyes and

the eyes of others, and was becoming more worthy of Nicolas, whom she loved above all else in the world.

But now her sacrifice was to consist in renouncing all that had promised to be the reward of her sacrifice, the whole meaning of life. And for the first time in her life she had bitter feelings against those very people who had loaded her with benefits only to torment her the more. She began to hate Natasha, who had never been called upon to experience any such trial, who had never been required to sacrifice herself, but who had obliged others to sacrifice themselves for her, and yet was loved by all.

And for the first time Sonya felt that her gentle, pure love for Nicolas was growing into a passion which was mightier than law and virtue and religion, and it was under the influence of this feeling that Sonya, who had been involuntarily taught by her life of dependence to be reserved, replied to the countess in general, indefinite terms, avoided having anything further to say to her, and made up her mind to wait until she should see Nikolai again, with the idea, not of giving him his freedom, but, on the contrary, of binding him to her forever.

The labors and terror incident to those last days that the Rostofs spent in Moscow put out of mind the gloomy thoughts that had been weighing her down. She was glad to find an escape from them in practical activity. But when she learned of Prince Andrei's presence in the house, notwithstanding the genuine pity which she felt for him and for Natasha, she was seized by a blithe and superstitious presentiment that God did not wish her to be separated from Nicolas.

She knew that Natasha had never loved any one beside Prince Andrei, and that she still loved him. She knew that, now being brought together in such terrible circumstances, their mutual affection would be renewed, and that then it would be impossible for Nikolai to marry the Princess Mariya, on account of the relationship which would be entailed upon them. Notwithstanding the horror of all that had taken place during the last days and during the early part of their journey, this feeling, this consciousness of the interference of Providence in her personal affairs, had rejoiced Sonya's heart.

The Rostofs made their first halt at the Troitskaya Lavra or Trinity Monastery.

At the hostelry of the Lavra, the Rostofs were assigned three large rooms, one of which was taken by Prince Andrei. The wounded man that day was much better. Natasha had been sitting with him. In the adjoining room were the count

and countess engaged in a polite conversation with the father superior, who had come to pay his respects to his old acquaintances and benefactors. Sonya was also sitting with them and was tormented by curiosity as to what Prince Andrei and Natasha were talking about; for she could hear the sounds of their voices, the door of Prince Andrei's room having been left open. Natasha with agitated face came running out, and not heeding the monk, who arose to meet her and offered her his right hand under his flowing sleeve, went straight to Sonya, and took her by the arm.

"Natasha! what is the matter? Come here!" said the countess.

Natasha submitted to the priest's blessing, and the father superior advised her to go for help to God and his saint.

As soon as the father superior was gone, Natasha took her cousin's hand, and drew her into the empty room.

"Sonya! Do you think he is going to live? Say yes!" said she. "Sonya! How happy I am, and how unhappy! Sonya darling,* but it is all just as it used to be. If only he would live!—he can't get well,—because—be—cause"—And Natasha burst into tears.

"Yes! he will. I have been sure of it! Glory to God! He will get well!"

Sonya was no less agitated than Natasha, not alone because of her friend's suffering and sorrow, but also because of her own private thoughts, which she shared with no one. Sobbing, she kissed Natasha, and tried to soothe her.

"If only he *would* get well!" she said to herself. Having had a good cry and a talk together, and wiping away their tears, the two friends went to Prince Andrei's door. Natasha, carefully opening it, glanced into the room. Sonya stood next her at the half-opened door.

Prince Andrei lay bolstered up high on three pillows. His white face was calm, his eyes closed, and apparently he was breathing regularly.

"Akh! Natasha!" Sonya almost screamed, suddenly seizing her cousin's hand, and starting away from the door.

"What—what is it?" asked Natasha.

"Let me tell you! this—this!" said Sonya, with pallid face and trembling lips.

Natasha gently closed the door, and went with Sonya to the window, no longer remembering what had been said to her.

"Do you remember," began Sonya, in a frightened and

* *Golubchik*.

solemn voice,—"do you remember when I looked for you at the mirror—at Otradnoye, on Twelfth Night? Do you remember what I saw?"—

"Yes, yes," replied Natasha, opening her eyes wide, and having a dim remembrance that at that time Sonya had said something about Prince Andrei, whom she claimed to have seen lying down.

"Do you remember?" continued Sonya: "I saw then and told you all—you and Dunyasha. I saw him lying on a bed," said she, at every detail waving her hand with outstretched finger, "and his eyes were closed, and he was covered with a pink spread, and his arms were folded," pursued Sonya, convinced that all these details, which she had just before seen, were the very same that she had *seen* at that time.

Really, at that time she had seen nothing, but she had related as having seen what first entered her mind: but what she had imagined then seemed to her the reality, like any other remembrance. What she had said then about his looking at her and smiling, and being covered with something blue and red, she did not remember, but was firmly persuaded that she had then said and seen how he was covered with something pink, indeed a pink coverlet, and that his eyes were closed!

"Yes, yes, certainly it was pink," said Natasha, who also at the present time remembered that the color mentioned had been pink, and in this fact she found the chief wonder and mystery of the prediction.

"But what does this mean?" queried Natasha, thoughtfully.

"Oh, I'm sure I don't know! How extraordinary it all is!" exclaimed Sonya, clasping her head with her hands.

In a few minutes, Prince Andrei rang, and Natasha went to him; but Sonya, experiencing an emotion and excitement such as she had rarely experienced, still stood by the window, thinking over all the strangeness of what had happened.

There happened to be on that day an opportunity to send letters to the army, and the countess was writing to her son.

"Sonya," said the countess, lifting her head from her letter as her niece passed her,—"Sonya, won't you write Nikólenka?" asked the countess, in a gentle, trembling voice; and by the look in her weary eyes, which the countess gave her over her spectacles, Sonya read what she meant by those

words. In that look was expressed a prayer, and fear of a refusal, and shame that she was obliged to ask such a thing, and readiness for implacable hatred in case of refusal.

Sonya went to the countess, and, kneeling down beside her, kissed her hand.

"I will write," said she.

Sonya was softened, excited, and touched by all that had happened on that day, especially by the mysterious coincidence of the divination which she had just seen. Now, when she knew that, in case of Natasha's engagement to Prince Andrei being renewed, Nikolai could not marry Princess Mariya, she had a sense of joy in the return of this condition of self-sacrifice in which she was in the habit of living. And with tears in her eyes and with a blissful consciousness of having accomplished a magnanimous action, she, though several times interrupted by the tears which clouded her velvety dark eyes, wrote the touching letter, the receipt of which had so amazed Nikolai.

CHAPTER IX.

AT the guard-house where Pierre was conducted, the officer and soldiers who had him in charge treated him like an enemy, but at the same time with consideration. In their treatment of him there seemed to be some suspicion that he might prove to be a man of very great importance, and the unfriendliness was due only to the remembrance of the struggle which they had just had with him.

But on the following morning, when the guard was relieved, Pierre was made aware that for the new guard — officers and men alike — he had not that importance which he had enjoyed with those who captured him. And indeed this great, portly man, in peasant's kaftan, the new guards did not know as that lively man who had fought so desperately with the marauder and with the horse patrol, and had spoken that solemn phrase about the saving of the child, but they saw in him merely No. 17 of the Russian prisoners who had been taken and held by order of men high in command.

If there had been anything special about Pierre, his appearance, devoid of timidity, and full of intense, concentrated thought, the perfection with which he expressed himself in elegant French, to the amazement of the men, would have been sufficient. Nevertheless, on this day Pierre was put in

with the other suspects that had been captured, for the reason that the special room which had been given him first was required by the officer.

All the Russians locked in with Pierre were men of the very lowest station. And all of them, recognizing that Pierre was a barin, shunned him, and all the more from the fact that he spoke French. Pierre felt a sense of melancholy as he listened to their sarcasms at his expense.

On the evening of that day Pierre learned that all these prisoners (and apparently he himself in the number) were to be tried for incendiarism. On the third day Pierre and the rest were conducted to a house where were a French general with a white mustache, two colonels, and several other Frenchmen with chevrons on their arms.

Pierre, the same as the rest, was subjected to a series of questions, — Who was he? — Where had he been? — What purpose? and so forth — put with that shrewdness and precision that affect to be superior to all human weaknesses and are characteristic of all ordinary dealings with prisoners at the bar.

These questions, making no account of the essence of the fact at issue, and presupposing the impossibility of getting at the truth, were like all questions put at legal examinations, having for their object the laying-down of a sort of gutter in which examiners wish the answers of the victim to trickle so that he may be brought to the requisite point; namely, incrimination!

The moment he began to make any remark that did not satisfy this end, the "gutter" was applied, and the water made to flow in the desired direction.

Moreover, Pierre experienced what is always experienced by men on trial: a sense of perplexity, of wonder why such and such questions are asked. He had a feeling that it was only out of condescension, or, possibly, courtesy, that the expedient of the question-gutter was made use of. He knew that he was in the power of these men, that it was merely brute force that had brought him where he was, that only might* gave them the right to demand of him answers to their questions, that the sole aim of this court was to prove him guilty.

And therefore, as they had the power and the desire to convict him, there was no need of the expedient of the interroga-

* The simple style of the original is shown by the fact that one word — *vlast* — stands for power, brute force and might.

tory and the court. It was evident that all his answers were taken as proof of his guilt.

To the question what he was doing when he was arrested, Pierre replied with a certain tragic force that he was restoring to its parents a child that he had rescued from the flames — *qu'il avait sauvé des flammes*.

Why had he fought with the marauder? Pierre replied that he was protecting a woman, that the defence of an insulted woman was the duty of every man, that —

He was interrupted: this was irrelevant.

Why had he been in the yard of the burning building, where the witnesses had seen him?

He replied that he had gone out to see what was happening in Moscow.

He was again interrupted: he had not been asked where he was going, but *why* he was in the vicinity of the fire.

Who was he? they asked, reiterating their first question, and he replied that he would not divulge his name.

"Write that down; it looks bad. Very bad," sternly said the white-mustachioed general with a florid complexion.

On the fourth day fires broke out on the Zubovsky Val.

Pierre and thirteen others were removed to the Kruimsky Brod or Crimean Ford and placed in the coach-house of a merchant's mansion. As they were marched along the streets, Pierre was suffocated by the smoke, which seemed to him to be settled down over the whole city. In various directions fires could be seen. Not even then did Pierre understand the significance of the burning of Moscow, and he looked upon these fires with horror.

In the coach-house of this solitary mansion by the Kruimsky Brod, Pierre spent four days more, and during this time he learned, from the talk of the French soldiers, that the decision of the marshal regarding the prisoners confined there was expected each day.

Pierre could not learn from the soldier what marshal it was. Evidently, for the soldier the term marshal connoted some elevated and mysterious link in the chain of power.

These days up till the twentieth of September, on which the prisoners were put through a second examination, were very trying for Pierre.

CHAPTER X.

ON the twentieth of September, an officer of very great importance, to judge by the respect shown him by the guards, came into the coach-house to see the prisoners. This officer, who apparently belonged to Napoleon's staff, had a list in his hand, and called a roll of all the Russians, designating Pierre as *celui qui n'avoue pas son nom* — the man who refuses to give his name.

Surveying the prisoners with a look of lazy indifference, he ordered the officer of the guard to see that they were decently clad and ordered before they were brought into the marshal's presence.

Within an hour, a file of soldiers appeared, and Pierre and thirteen others were taken out to the Dievitchye Pole.*

It was a bright, sunny day after rain, and the air was extraordinarily clear. The smoke did not hang low, as it had on that day when Pierre was removed from the watch-house of the Zabovsky Val. It rose in columns in the clear atmosphere. No flames were visible, but on all sides arose these columns of smoke, and all Moscow, so far as Pierre could see, was one vast conflagration. On all sides were ruins, with stoves and chimneys, and here and there the devastated walls of stone houses.

Pierre gazed at the fires, but could not recognize any part of the city. Here and there could be seen churches still standing. The Kremlin, undevastated, gleamed white in the distance, with its cupolas and Iván Veliki.†

Near by gleamed jocund the cupola of the Novo-dievitchy monastery, and with unusual clearness could be heard the sound of the chimes. This sound of the chimes reminded Pierre that it was Sunday, and the Festival of the Nativity of the Virgin. But it would seem as if there was no one to celebrate this festival. Everywhere was the ravage of the flames, and only rarely were any of the Russian populace to be seen, and these were ragged, panic-stricken folk, who concealed themselves at sight of the French.

Evidently, the Russian nest was wrecked and ruined; but

* Maiden's Field.

† The Tower of Iván Veliki, or John the Great, "a goodly steepill of hewen stoen in the inner Castell of Musco," built by Boris Godunof, 1600. It is 320 feet high, and provided with a chime of 34 bells, the largest of which weighs 64 tons.

Pierre had a dim consciousness that behind the overthrow of this old order of life, in place of this ruined nest, there would be established the new and entirely different but stable French order. He felt it at the sight of these soldiers who marched gallantly and blithely in perfectly unbroken ranks as they escorted him and the other offenders along; he felt it at the sight of an important French official in a two-horse calash, driven by a soldier, coming to meet him; he felt it by the inspiring sounds of the martial music which came across from the left of the field; and especially he felt it and realized it by the way in which the French officer had that morning read off the list containing the names of the prisoners.

Pierre had been taken by certain soldiers, carried to one place, then transferred to another with a dozen other men; it would seem as though they might have forgotten about him, have confused him with others. But no! the answer that he had given during the investigation returned to him in the form of an appellation: *celui qui n'avoue pas son nom* — the man who refuses to give his name.

And under this appellation, terrible to Pierre, he was now conducted somewhere, with the undoubted conviction written on all faces that he and the rest of the prisoners were the very ones required, and that they were being taken to the proper place. Pierre felt himself an insignificant chip falling into the wheels of a machine which he knew nothing about, but which acted with absolute regularity.

Pierre and the other prisoners were conducted to the right-hand side of the Dievitchye Pole, to a large white house with an immense park not far from the monastery. This was Prince Shcherbatof's house, where Pierre had often visited, and which now, as he ascertained from the talk of the soldiers, was occupied by the marshal, the Prince d'Eckmühl.

They were taken to the porch, and led into the house one at a time. Pierre was number six. Through the glass gallery, the entry, the anteroom, rooms all well known to Pierre, he was led into a long, low cabinet, at the door of which stood an aide-de-camp.

Davoust, with his spectacles on his nose, sat by a table at one end of the room. Pierre came close to him. Davoust, without raising his eyes, evidently consulted a document placed in front of him. Without even raising his eyes, he asked in a low voice: "*Qui êtes vous?* — Who are you?"

Pierre said nothing, from the reason that he had not the

power to utter a word. Davoust, in Pierre's eyes, was not simply a French general; for Pierre, Davoust was a man notorious for his cruelty. As he looked into Davoust's icy face, like that of a stern teacher who is willing to be patient for a time and wait for a reply, Pierre felt that every second of delay might cost him his life, but he knew not what to say. He could not make up his mind to repeat what he had said at the first examination; to conceal his name and station was at once dangerous and shameful.

Pierre said nothing.

But before he had time to come to any decision Davoust raised his head, pushed his spectacles up on his forehead, squinted his eyes, and gave Pierre a fixed stare.

"I know this man," said he in an icy tone, evidently meant to alarm Pierre. The chill which before had been running up and down Pierre's back clutched his head as in a vice.

"General, you cannot possibly know me: I have never seen you"—

"He is a Russian spy."* interrupted Davoust, turning to another general who happened to be in the room and had not before been observed by Pierre. And Davoust looked away.

With an unexpected rumbling in his voice, Pierre suddenly began to speak rapidly.

"No, your highness," said he, unexpectedly remembering that Davoust was duke (*herzog*).—"No, your highness, you cannot know me. I am an officer of militia, and I have not been out of Moscow."

"Your name?" demanded Davoust.

"Bezukhoi."

"Who will prove that you are not imposing on me?"

"Your highness!" expostulated Pierre, in a tone that betrayed not offence but entreaty.†

Davoust raised his eyes and stared at Pierre. For several seconds they looked into each other's eyes, and this look was what saved Pierre. In this look there was established between these two men, above and beyond all the conditions of war and the court-room, the relations of a common humanity. Both of them at that one moment became confusedly con-

* "*Mon général, vous ne pouvez pas me connaître, je ne vous ai jamais vu.*"

— "*C'est un espion russe.*"

† "*Non, monseigneur, vous n'avez pas pu me connaître. Je suis un officier milicien et je n'ai pas quitté Moscou.*" — "*Votre nom ?*" — "*Besoukhof.*" — "*Qu'est ce qui me prouvera que vous ne mentez pas ?*" — "*Monseigneur !*"

scious of an infinite number of things, and realized that they both were children of humanity, — that they were brothers.

For Davoust, who had only just raised his head from the list where the acts and lives of men were represented by numbers, Pierre at first glance was only an incident, and Davoust would have had him shot without his conscience regarding it as a wicked deed: but now he already began to see that he was a man. He deliberated for an instant.

“How will you prove the truth of what you tell me?” asked Davoust coldly.

Pierre remembered Ramball, and mentioned his regiment and name and the street where his lodgings would be found.

“You are not what you say you are,” reiterated Davoust.

Pierre, in a trembling, broken voice, began to adduce proofs of the correctness of his representation.

But at this instant an aide entered and made some report to Davoust. Davoust suddenly grew radiant at the news communicated by the aide-de-camp, and began to button up his coat. He had evidently forgotten Pierre’s existence.

When the aide reminded him of the prisoner, he frowned, and nodded in Pierre’s direction, and ordered him to be led away. But where was he to be led? Pierre had no idea, whether back to the coach-house or to the place prepared for the execution, which, as he had crossed the Dievitchye Pole, his comrades had pointed out to him.

He turned his head and looked back, and saw that the aide was making some inquiry.

“*Oui, sans doute* :” but what this “Yes, of course,” meant, Pierre had no idea.

Pierre had no idea how long he was kept walking or whither he was taken. In a condition of absolute stupor and abstraction, conscious of nothing around him, he mechanically moved his legs together with the others until they were all halted, and then he also halted.

During all this time one thought filled his mind. This thought was: Who had in last analysis condemned him to be executed? It was not the same men who had examined him at the court-martial; there was not one man among them who would have been willing, or, in all probability, could have done so. It was not Davoust, who had looked at him with such a human look. One instant more and Davoust would have understood that they were making a mistake, but that moment was disturbed by the aide who had come in. And this aide evidently would not have willingly done anything wrong, but he

could not help it. Who, then, was it that was the final cause of his being punished, killed, deprived of life — he, Pierre, with all his recollections, yearnings, hopes, ideas? Who was doing this?

And Pierre felt that it was no one.

It was the order of things, the chain of circumstances.

This order of things had somehow killed him — Pierre — deprived him of life, destroyed him.

CHAPTER XI.

FROM Prince Shcherbatof's house, the prisoners were conducted directly down along the Dievitchye Pole, to the left of the Dievitchy monastery, and were brought into a kitchen-garden where stood an upright post. Back of the post a great pit had been dug, the fresh earth was piled up at one side, and around the pit and the pillar stood a great throng of people. The throng consisted of a few Russians and a great number of Napoleonic troops out of military rank; Prussians, Italians, and French, in various uniforms. At the right and left of the post stood files of French troops in blue uniforms with red epaulets, in gaiters and shakos.

The condemned were stationed in the same order as that which they had occupied on the list — Pierre was number six — and they were brought up to the post. A number of drums were beaten suddenly on two sides, and Pierre felt that at these sounds a part of his very soul was torn from him. He lost the faculty of thinking and considering. He could only see and hear. And he had only one desire left, and that was that the terrible thing that had to be done should be done as speedily as possible. Pierre glanced at his comrades and observed them.

Two men at the end were shaven-headed convicts. One was tall, thin; the other, dark, hirsute, muscular, with a flattened nose. Number three was a domestic serf,* forty-five years old, with grayish hair and a plump, well-fed body. The fourth was a very handsome muzhik, with a bushy, reddish beard, and dark eyes. Number five was a factory hand, a sallow, lean fellow of eighteen, who wore a khalat.

Pierre listened to the French soldiers asking how the men should be shot: one at a time, or two at a time.

* *Dvorovui.*

"Two at a time," replied the senior officer in a tone of cool composure.

A stir ran through the rank and file of the soldiery, and it was plain to see that all were making ready, and making ready not as men do who make haste to do something that all comprehend, but rather as men make haste to finish some unusual task, that must be done, yet is unpleasant and incomprehensible.

A French official in a scarf directed his steps to the right-hand side of the file of the condemned, and read the sentence in Russian and in French.

Then two couples of the French soldiers advanced to the prisoners, and, by direction of the officer, pinioned the two convicts who stood at the end. The convicts were halted at the post, and while they were bringing the death-caps looked silently around them, as a disabled wild beast at bay glares on the hunter approaching.

One kept crossing himself, the other scratched his back and tried to force his lips to smile. The soldiers, with hasty hands, began to bind their eyes, to put on the death-caps, and fasten the men to the post.

A dozen musketeers, with their arms in their hands, stepped forth with firm, measured steps, and came to a halt eight paces from the post.

Pierre looked away so as not to see what was going to take place. Suddenly was heard a crash and a rattle, which seemed to Pierre louder than the most terrific thunder-clap, and he looked round. There was a smoke, and some Frenchmen with pale faces and trembling hands were doing something around the pit.

Two others were led out. In the same way, with the same eyes, these two also gazed at them all, vainly with their eyes alone — for their lips were silent — begging for help, and evidently not comprehending and not realizing what was going to be. They could not believe, because they alone knew what their life was for them, and therefore they understood not and believed not that it could be taken from them.

Pierre wished not to look, and again turned his head away; but again his ears were assailed as by a terrible explosion, and, at the same time, he saw the smoke, the blood of some one, and the pale, frightened faces of the Frenchmen again occupied with something near the post, — with trembling hands pushing one another.

Pierre, breathing heavily, glanced around him, as though to ask, "What is the meaning of this?"

The same question was expressed in all the eyes which met Pierre's.

On all the faces of the Russians, on the faces of the French soldiers and officers, all without exception, he read the same fear, horror, and battle which were in his heart.

"Yes, who is it that is really responsible for this? They all suffer just exactly as I do. Whose doings is it? whose?" Such was the question that flashed through Pierre's mind.

"*Tirailleurs du 86^{me}, en avant* — Squad of the 86th, forward," some one commanded.

The man who was fifth on the list, and stood next to Pierre, was led out — alone!

Pierre did not comprehend that he was saved; that he and all the others had been brought out simply to be witnesses of the execution. With ever increasing horror, but with no realizing sense either of joy or relief, he watched proceedings.

The fifth man was the factory workman in the khalat. The moment they laid their hands on him he seemed overwhelmed with terror, and clung to Pierre. Pierre shuddered, and shook him off.

The factory hand could not walk. He was seized under the arms and dragged away, yelling something. When they brought him to the post, he suddenly became quiet. An idea suddenly seemed to occur to him. Whether he realized that it was idle to scream, or felt that it was impossible that these men should really mean to kill him, — at all events, he stood by the post waiting for his eyes to be bandaged, just as the others had done, and like the wild beast at bay glared around him with flashing eyes.

Pierre could not bring himself to turn away or close his eyes. His curiosity and emotion, shared with the whole throng at the spectacle of this fifth execution, had arisen to the highest pitch. Like the other four, this new victim was composed. He wrapped his khalat around him, and rubbed one bare foot against the other.

When they proceeded to bind his eyes, he himself arranged the knot on the back of his head, as it was too tight for him. Then, when they placed him with his back to the blood-sprinkled post, he leaned back against it; but then, as though finding it uncomfortable in that position, he straightened himself up, and, standing on even feet, he coolly stood with his back to it.

Pierre did not take his eyes from him, or lose his slightest motion.

Some command must have been given; the command must have been followed by the reports of eight muskets. But Pierre, in spite of all his subsequent efforts to remember, heard not the slightest report from the fire-arms. He only saw how the factory hand, for some reason, suddenly leaned with all his weight on the ropes, how blood showed in two spots, and how the ropes themselves from the weight of the suspended body gave way, and the factory hand, unnaturally lolling his head, and his legs doubling under him, sat down.

Pierre ran up to the post. No one detained him. The pale, terror-stricken men were doing something or other about the workman. One old, mustachioed French soldier, as he untied the ropes, could not prevent his lower jaw from trembling. The body was laid on the ground. The soldiers clumsily and in all haste dragged it behind the post, and proceeded to push it into the pit.

They all, evidently, were well assured that these men were criminals, and that it was necessary as quickly as possible to put out of sight all traces of their crime.

Pierre glanced into the pit, and saw that the factory hand lay there with his knees drawn up near to his head, and one shoulder higher than the other. And this shoulder was convulsively but regularly falling and rising. But already shovelfuls of earth were falling on his whole body.

One of the soldiers sternly, impatiently, wrathfully called to Pierre to come back. But Pierre heard him not, and stood by the post, and no one drove him away.

When now the pit was all filled up, a word of command was heard. Pierre was brought back to his place, and the French troops, standing in files on both sides of the post, faced about, and marched by the post in measured step.

The twenty-four men whose muskets had been emptied, standing in the midst of the square, ran to their places, as their companies marched by them.

Pierre gazed with lack-lustre eyes at these men, who two by two left the circle. All but one had rejoined their companies. A young soldier with a deathly pale face, and wearing a shako on the back of his head, had grounded his musket, and still stood in front of the pit, in the spot where he had fired. He staggered like a drunken man a few steps forward, then back, and could scarcely keep from falling. An old soldier, a non-commissioned officer, ran from the ranks, and, seizing the young soldier, drew him back to his company. The throng of Russians and French began to disperse. All went off in silence, with dejected heads.

"*Cela leur apprendra à incendier.* — This 'll teach 'em to set fires," said one of the Frenchmen. Pierre glanced at the speaker, and saw that he was a soldier who wanted to get some consolation from what had been done, but could not. Without finishing what he had begun to say, he waved his hand, and went on his way.

CHAPTER XII.

AFTER the execution, Pierre was parted from the others, and placed by himself in a small, dilapidated church that had been burned.

Just before evening a non-commissioned officer of the guard, accompanied by two soldiers, came into the church, and explained to Pierre that he was reprieved, and was to be put into the barracks of the prisoners of war.

Without comprehending what was said to him, Pierre got up and went with the soldiers.

He was conducted to some huts at the upper part of the field, constructed of burned planks, beams, and scantling, and introduced into one of them. It was dark, and Pierre found himself surrounded by a score of various characters. Pierre looked at these men, without comprehending who they were, why they were there, or what they wanted of him. He heard the words that they spoke, but he saw no connection or coherence in them: he did not comprehend their meaning. He answered their questions, but he had no idea who listened to him or how his answers were received. He looked at the faces and forms, and they all alike seemed to him meaningless.

From the moment that Pierre had looked upon that horrid massacre perpetrated by men who did not wish to do it, it might have been thought that the mainspring by which everything had been co-ordinated and kept alive in his mind had been torn away, and everything had crumbled into a heap of incoherent dust. Although he made no attempt to explain how it happened, his faith in the beneficent ordering of the universe, in the human soul, and in his own and in God, was destroyed.

Pierre had passed through such a mental crisis before, but never one of such violence as this. Before, when this kind of doubts had come upon Pierre, they had had their origin in his own wrong-doing. And Pierre had felt in the depths of his heart that his salvation from such despair and doubt

was in himself. But now he was conscious that it was not his own fault that the universe had collapsed before his eyes, leaving only incoherent ruins. He felt that it was not in his power to return to faith in life.

Around him in the darkness stood a number of men: apparently, they found something in him to interest them. They told him things, they asked questions of him; then they led him somewhere, and at last he found himself in a corner of the balagán, together with certain men who were talking and laughing together. "Here, now, my brothers, is the prince himself *who*" — (special stress was laid on the word "who") said some one's voice in the opposite corner of the balagán.

Pierre sat motionless and silent on the straw next the wall, now opening and now closing his eyes. But as soon as he closed his eyes he saw before him the factory workman's face, terrible, yes, terrible, from its very simplicity of expression, and the still more terrible faces of the involuntary executioners, with their anxious looks. And he would again open his eyes, and again stared meaninglessly into the darkness around him.

Next him sat a little man all doubled up, whose presence Pierre was made aware of from the very first by the powerful odor of perspiration which emanated from him every time he moved. This man was engaged in doing something to his feet, and though Pierre could not see his face he felt conscious that this man kept looking at him. By straining his eyes to suit the darkness, Pierre made out that this man was baring his feet. And Pierre began to grow interested in the way in which he performed the operation.

Having unwound the long band which was twisted around one foot and leg, he carefully rolled it up, and then went to work on the other foot the same way, constantly glancing at Pierre. While one hand was hanging up the first leg-wrapper, the other had instantly begun to undo the one on the other leg. Having thus bared his feet with precise but flowing, well-directed motions whereby no time was lost, the man spread out his foot-gear on the pegs which were driven in just above his head, took out his pocket-knife, pared off something, shut up his knife, thrust it under his pillow, and, having settled himself more comfortably, he clasped his knees with both hands and stared straight at Pierre.

For Pierre there was something agreeable, soothing, and satisfying in these well-regulated motions, and in this man making himself so at home in his corner, — even in the odor

emanating from him ; and Pierre, without dropping his eyes, returned his gaze.

"Well, have you seen pretty hard times, *barin*? hah?" suddenly asked the little man. And there was such an expression of gentleness and simple-hearted goodness in the man's sing-song voice that Pierre would have instantly replied, but his jaw trembled and the tears came into his eyes. The little man at the same second, not giving Pierre time to betray his confusion, went on in the same pleasant voice:—

"Ah, my dear friend,* don't repine," said he, in that gentle, sing-song, affectionate tone with which old Russian peasant women talk, "don't repine, my friend. An hour to suffer, but an age to live! That's the way it is, my dear! But we live here, thank God, without offence. There's bad men and there's good men as well," said he, and, while still speaking, he got up on his knees with an agile motion, arose, and, coughing, went somewhere.

"Here, you little rascal,† you've come, have you!—There, there! that'll do!"

And the soldier, pushing off a puppy that was jumping upon him, returned to his place and sat down. He carried in his hand something wrapped up in a rag.

"Here's something to eat, *barin*," said he, returning to his former respectful tone, and, unwrapping the bundle, he gave to Pierre several baked potatoes. "We had porridge for dinner. But potatoes are excellent."

Pierre had eaten nothing all day, and the smell of the potatoes seemed to him extraordinarily pleasant. He thanked the soldier and began to eat.

"Well, how is it?" asked the soldier, with a smile, and taking one of the potatoes.—"do you relish it?"—He again got out his jack-knife, laid the potato on his palm, and cut it into halves, sprinkled salt on from the rag, and offered it to Pierre. "Potatoes excellent," he reiterated. "Eat it that way!"

It seemed to Pierre that he had never eaten any viands that tasted more appetizing.

"No, it makes no difference to me, one way or the other," said Pierre. "But why did they shoot those poor wretches? The last one wasn't twenty."

"*Ts! tts!*"—said the little man. "A sin!—a sin!" he quickly added; and as though words were always ready to his

* *É sokolik* (little hawk).

† *Ish sherma*.

lips, and winged to fly away very unexpectedly from them, he added, —

"How was it, barin, that you staid in Moscow?"

"I did not think they would come so soon. It was by accident I staid," replied Pierre.

"And how came they to take you? Was it from your own house, my dear?"*

"No: I was going to the fire, and it was then they seized me, and tried me as an incendiary."

"Where the tribunal is, there is injustice," said the little man sententiously.

"Have you been long here?" asked Pierre, as he munched the last potato.

"I? Since Sunday. I was taken from the hospital in Moscow."

"So you were a soldier, were you?"

"One of Apsheron's regiment. I was dying of fever. No one had ever told us anything about it. There were twenty of us lying there. We had no idea of such a thing — didn't dream of it!"

"Well, are you bored at being here?"

"How can I help being, my dear?"* My name is Platon; surname, Karatayef," he added, evidently so as to make Pierre's intercourse with him less formal. "They always called me *sokólik* in the army. How can one help being bored, my dear? Moscow is the mother of our cities! How can one look on and see her destruction and not be blue? The worm gnaws the cabbage, but perishes before it: that's the old folks' saying," he added quickly.

"What is that remark you made?" asked Pierre.

"I?" demanded Karatayef. "Oh, I said, 'Not by our wit, but as God sees fit,' "† said he, thinking he was repeating the former proverb. And immediately he pursued: — "And you have property, haven't you, barin? And have a house? Your cup must be full. And have a wife?‡ And old folks alive?" he asked. And Pierre, though he could not see because it was so dark, still knew that the soldier's lips were curved in a respectful smile of friendliness as he asked these questions.

He was evidently grieved to learn that Pierre had no parents, especially no mother.

"A wife for advice, a wife's mother for a welcome, but

* *Sokólik*, darling (little hawk). † *Nyé náshim umóm a Bózhym sudóm.*
‡ *Khozyaika*, mistress of the house.

nothing sweeter than one's own *mátushka!*" said he. "But have you any children?" he proceeded to inquire. Pierre's negative reply again evidently grieved him, and he hastened to add: "Well, you are young yet; God may give them. Only you should live in good understanding" —

"It's all the same to me now," said Pierre, involuntarily.

"Ekh! My dear man!" exclaimed Platon. "There's no getting rid of the beggar's sack nor of the prison cell!" He got into a more comfortable attitude, cleared his throat, and was evidently preparing to spin a long yarn. "This was the way, my dear friend,* I lived when I was at home," he began. "We had a rich estate — much land — peasants lived well, and we in the house too, glory to thee, O God! My *bátyushka* would harvest sevenfold. Lived well, as *Christians* should! But one time" —

And Platon Karatayef related a long story about how he went into another man's grove after firewood, and the watchman had caught him; how he had been flogged, tried, and sent off as a soldier. — "Well, my dear friend," † said he, his voice altered by his smile, "it seemed a misfortune; on the contrary, good thing! My brother would have had to go if it hadn't been for my sin. But my younger brother had five children, while, you see, I had only a wife to leave. I had a little girl once, but God took her back before I went soldiering. I went home on leave once. I will tell you about it. I see they live better than they did before. Yard full of live-stock; women at home; two brothers off at work. Only *Mikháilo*, the youngest, at home. And my *bátyushka*, he says, says he, 'All my children's alike to me; no matter which finger you pinch, it hurts just the same. And if they had not taken Platon, *Mikhailo'd* had to go.' He took us all in front of the 'images' — would you believe it? — and made us stand there. 'Mikhailo,' says he, 'come here. Bow down to the ground before him; and you, woman, bow down; and you, little ones, bow down all of you! Have you understood?' says he. And that's the way it is, my dear friend. 'No escaping fate.' ‡ And we are always declaring, 'This is not good, or this is all wrong.' But our happiness is like water in a trawl-net: pull it along and it's full; take it out and it's empty. That's the way it is."

And Platon shifted his seat on his straw.

* *Druk moï liubeznui.*

† *Sokólik*

‡ Literally, Fate, destiny, seeks heads. A variant of the proverb reads, 'If Fate does not find the man, the man goes to Fate.'

After a little space of silence, Platon arose: "Well, I suppose you'd like to go to sleep?" said he, and he began to cross himself, muttering, "Lord Jesus Christ! Saint Nikola! Frola and Lavra! Lord Jesus Christ, Saint Nikola! Frola and Lavra. Lord Jesus Christ — have mercy upon us and save us!" he said in conclusion, bowed down to the very ground, got up, drew a deep sigh, and lay down on his straw. "Now, O God! let me 'sleep like a stone, and rise like a loaf,'" * he exclaimed, and lay down, covering himself with his soldier's coat.

"What was that prayer you were repeating?" asked Pierre.

"Heh?" said Platon. He was already asleep. "Repeated what? I was praying to God. Don't you say your prayers?"

"Certainly I say my prayers," replied Pierre. "But what was that about Frola and Lavra?" †

"Why," swiftly replied Platon, "that's the horses' saints. For we must have pity on the cattle," said Karatayef. "Oh, you rascal! you have come back, have you? You want to get warm, do you, you nice little slut?" said he, fondling the puppy at his feet, and, turning over again, instantly fell asleep.

Outside in the distance were heard the sounds of wailing and yells, and through the cracks in the hut the glare of the fire could be seen, but in the balagán it was dark and still. It was long before Pierre could go to sleep; and he lay in his place in the darkness with wide-open eyes, listening to Platon's measured snoring, as he lay near him, and feeling that that formerly ruined world was now arising again in his soul, in new beauty and with new and steadfast foundations.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE balagán or hut where Pierre was confined, and where he spent four weeks, contained twenty-three soldiers, three officers, and two chinovniks, — all prisoners.

Afterwards all of them seemed to be misty memories to Pierre; but Platon Karatayef forever remained in Pierre's mind as a most powerful and precious recollection, the very embodiment of all that was good and worthy and truly Russian.

When, on the following day, at dawn, Pierre saw his neighbor, the first impression of something rotund was fully con-

* *Kaláchik* (kalatch), a sort of pretzel or light loaf.

† *Frola and Lavra*: *Flora and Laura*.

firmed; Platon's whole figure, in his French overcoat belted with a rope, in his forage cap and bast shoes, was rotund. His head was absolutely round; his back, his chest, his shoulders, even his arms, which he always carried as though he were always ready to throw them around something, were round; his pleasant smile and his large, thick brows and his gentle eyes were round.

Platon Karatayef must have been upwards of fifty, to judge by his stories of campaigns in which he had taken part as a soldier. He himself had no idea, and could never have told with any accuracy, how old he was. But his teeth, brilliantly white and strong, were always displayed in two unbroken rows whenever he laughed, — which he often did. — and not one was not good and sound. There was not a trace of gray in beard or hair, and his whole frame had the appearance of agility and especially of steadfastness and endurance.

His face, in spite of a multitude of delicate round wrinkles, gave the impression of innocence and youth: his voice was agreeable in its melodious sing song. But the chief peculiarity of his speech consisted in its spontaneity and shrewdness. He evidently never thought of what he said or what he was going to say. And from this arose the irresistible persuasiveness that was found in the rapidity and certainty of his intonations.

His physical powers and activity were so great during the early part of their term of captivity that it seemed as though he knew not what weariness or ill-health meant. Every morning and evening, as he lay on his couch of straw, he would say: "Lord, let me sleep like a stone, and rise like a loaf."

When he got up in the morning he always shrugged his shoulders in a certain way and said: "Turn over when you lie down, shake yourself when you get up." And, in point of fact, all he had to do was to lie down, and instantly he would be asleep like a stone; and all he had to do was to shake himself, and without a second's delay he would be ready to take up anything, just as children, when they are once up, take to their toys.

He was a jack-at-all-trades, but neither very good nor very bad at any. He could bake, cook, sew, cut hair, cobble boots. He was always busy, and only when it came night did he allow himself to enjoy social converse, though he enjoyed it, and to sing. He sang his songs, not as singers usually sing, knowing that they will be heard, but he sang as the birds

sing, evidently because it was just as much a necessity upon him as it was for him to stretch himself or to walk. And these sounds were always gentle, soft, almost like a woman's, plaintive, and his face, while he was engaged in this, was very grave.

During his captivity he let his beard grow, and evidently discarded everything extraneous that was foreign or military, and involuntarily returned to his former condition of the peasant and man of the people.

" 'A soldier on leave is a shirt made out of drawers,' " he would quote. He was not fond of talking about his soldiering days, although he regretted them not, and often declared that during all his term in the service he had not once been flogged. When he had stories to tell he much preferred to confine them to old and evidently precious recollections of the time when he was a serf — *Khristianin*, Christian, he called it, instead of *Krestyanin*!

The proverbs of which he made so much use were not that generally coarse and vulgar slang such as soldiers are apt to employ, but were genuine popular "saws," which seem perfectly insignificant when taken out of connection, but which suddenly acquire a meaning of deep wisdom when applied appositely.

He often said things that were diametrically opposed to what he had said before, but yet each statement would be correct. He loved to talk, and talked well, embellishing his discourse with affectionate diminutives and proverbs, which, it seemed to Pierre, the man himself improvised; but the chief charm of his narrations arose from the fact that the simplest events, those which Pierre himself had participated in without being any the wiser, assumed a character of solemn beauty.

He liked to listen to the yarns — though they were all of a single stamp — which a certain soldier used to tell evenings, but above all he liked to listen to tales of actual life.

He smiled blithely while listening to such tales, suggesting words and asking questions conducive to bringing out all the beauty of what was related to him.

Special attachments, friendships, loves, as Pierre understood them, Karatayef had none; but he liked all men, and lived in a loving way with all with whom his life brought him in contact, and especially with men — not any particular men — but with such as were in his sight. He loved his dog; he loved his comrades, the French; he loved Pierre, who was his

companion ; but Pierre felt that Karatayef, in spite of all that affectionate spirit which he manifested toward him, — and which he could not help giving as a tribute to Pierre's spiritual life, — not for one moment would grieve over separation. And Pierre also began to have the same feeling toward Karatayef.

Platon Karatayef was, in the eyes of all the other prisoners, a most ordinary soldier. They called him *sokólik*, "little hawk," or *Platósha*, good-naturedly quizzed him, made him do odd jobs for them.

But for Pierre he remained forever what he had seemed to him the first night, — the incomprehensible, rotund, and eternal personification of the spirit of simplicity and truth.

The only thing that Platon Karatayef knew merely by rote was his prayer. When he talked, he, it would appear, would have no idea where, having once begun, it would bring him out.

When Pierre, as sometimes happened, missed the sense of what he said, and would ask him to repeat himself, Platon would not be able to remember what he had spoken only the minute before, just as in the same way he could not give Pierre the words of his favorite song. The words were : *Rodímaya, beryózanka i tóshnenko mnyé*. — Mother, little birch-tree, sick at heart am I, — but there was no coherent sense in those words. He could not remember or define words apart from the context.

Every word he spoke and everything that he did was the manifestation of that, to him, incomprehensible activity, his life. But his life, as he himself looked upon it, had no sense as a separate existence. It had sense only as it was a part of the great whole of which he was constantly conscious. His words and deeds flowed from him as regularly, unavoidably, and spontaneously as the fragrance exhales from a flower. He could not comprehend either the object or the significance of words or deeds taken out of their proper connection.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE Princess Mariya, having learned from Nikolai that her brother was with the Rostofs at Yaroslavl, immediately, in spite of her aunt's dissuasion, made her arrangements to join him, not alone, but with her nephew.

She did not ask herself whether this would be hard or easy,

feasible or impossible, and she cared not to know: it was her duty not only to be with her brother, who perhaps was dying, but also to put forth her utmost endeavors to bring his son to him, and she was bound to go.

If Prince Andrei himself did not send her word, it was to be explained, the princess was certain, either because he was too feeble to write, or because he felt that the long, roundabout journey would be too hard and perilous for her and his son.

In a few days the Princess Mariya was ready for the journey. Her outfit consisted of the vast, princely coach in which she had made the journey to Voronezh, a britchka and a baggage-wagon. She was accompanied by Mlle. Bourienne, Nikolushka with his tutor, the old nyanya, three maids, Tikhon, a young footman, and a haiduk whom her aunt sent with her.

To go by the usual route, by way of Moscow, was not even to be thought of, and therefore the roundabout journey which the princess had to take through Lipetsk, Riazan, Vladimir, Shuya, was very long, and, by reason of the dearth of post-horses, very difficult, and in the vicinity of Riazan, where, so it was said, the French had begun to appear, even perilous.

During this trying journey, Mlle. Bourienne, Dessalles, and the Princess Mariya's servants, were amazed at her steadfastness and activity. She was the last of all to retire, she was the first of all to rise, and no difficulties sufficed to daunt her. Thanks to her activity and energy, which inspirited her companions, at the end of the second week they reached Yaroslavl.

During the last part of her stay in Voronezh, the Princess Mariya had experienced the keenest joy of her life. Her love for Rostof no longer tormented her or excited her. This love filled her whole soul, had made itself an inseparable part of her being, and she no longer struggled against it. Of late, the Princess Mariya had persuaded herself — though she never said this in so many words even to herself — that she loved, and was loved in return. She was convinced of this at her last meeting with Nikolai, when he came to explain that her brother was with his parents.

Nikolai had not intimated by a single word that now, in case of Prince Andrei's restoration to health, the former relations between him and Natasha would be renewed, but the Princess Mariya saw by Nikolai's face that he knew it was possible and had thought of it.

And, nevertheless, his relations toward her, so considerate, so gentle, and so affectionate, not only underwent no change,

but he was apparently delighted, because now the kinship between him and the Princess Mariya gave him greater freedom in manifesting to her his friendship-love, for such the princess sometimes considered it to be. The Princess Mariya knew that this, in her case, was love for the first and last time in her life, and she felt that she was loved, and she was happy and calm in this state of things.

But this happiness did not prevent her from feeling grief in all its force for her brother: on the contrary, this spiritual composure, in one sense, permitted her greater possibility of giving herself up completely to this feeling for her brother.

This feeling was so intense at the first moment of her departure from Voronezh that her attendants were convinced, as they looked into her anguished, despairing face, that she would assuredly fall ill on the way; but the difficulties and trials of the journey, which employed so much of her energies, saved her for the time being from her grief, and imparted strength to her.

As is always the case during a journey, the Princess Mariya had no other thought than about the journey, and forgot the object for which it was undertaken. But, as she approached Yaroslavl, when what was possibly before her recurred to her, and she realized that it was to be that very evening and not at the end of days, the Princess Mariya's agitation reached its utmost limits.

When the *haïduk* who had been sent forward to find where in Yaroslavl the Rostofs were quartered, and how Prince Andrei was, rode back and met the great travelling-coach at the barriers, he was horror-struck to see the princess's terribly pallid face, as she put it out of the window.

"I have found out all about it, your ladyship:* the Rostofs are on the square, at the house of the merchant Bronnikof. Not very far from here, right on the Volga," said the *haïduk*.

The Princess Mariya looked into his face anxiously and inquiringly, not understanding why he did not reply to the question that chiefly occupied her: "How is my brother?"

Mademoiselle Bourienne asked this question for the princess.

"How is the prince?" asked she.

"His illustriousness is with them in the same house."

"Of course, then, he must be alive," thought the princess, and she softly asked: "How is he?"

* *Vashe siyatelstvo* (illustriousness).

"The servants say he is still in the same condition."

The princess did not dream of asking what he meant by being "in the same condition," and imperceptibly giving a swift glance at the seven-year-old Nikolushka, who was sitting next her and rejoicing in the sight of the city, she dropped her head and did not look up again until the heavy carriage, rumbling, jolting, and swaying, stopped somewhere. The steps were let down with a clatter. The door was thrown open. At the left was water—the great river; at the right, a door-step; on the door-step were servants and a young, ruddy-faced girl, with a long, dark switch of hair, who wore what seemed to the Princess Mariya a disagreeably hypocritical smile.

This was Sonya.

The princess got out and mounted the steps; the hypocritically smiling young girl said, "This way, this way," and the princess found herself in the anteroom, in the presence of an elderly woman, with an Eastern type of face, who, with a flurried expression, came swiftly to meet her.

This was the old countess.

She threw her arms around the Princess Mariya and began to kiss her.

"My child!" she exclaimed, "I love you and I have known you for a long time." *

In spite of all her agitation the princess realized that this was the countess and that she must say something to her. She, without knowing how she did it, murmured a few polite words in French, in the same tone in which those spoken to her were said, and then she asked, "How is he?"

"The doctor says that there is no danger," said the countess; but even while she made that remark she sighed and raised her eyes to heaven, and in this action contradicted what she had just said.

"Where is he? May I see him? May I?" asked the princess.

"Directly, princess, directly, dear friend!—Is this his son?" she asked, turning to Nikolushka, who had come in with Dessalles. "There will be room enough for us all. It is a large house. — Oh, what a lovely little boy!"

The countess took the princess into the drawing-room. Sonya engaged in conversation with Mademoiselle Bourienne. The countess fondled the boy. The old count came into the room to pay his respects to the princess.

* *Mon enfant ! je vous aime et vous connais depuis longtemps.*

The old count had completely altered since the princess had seen him the last time. Then he was a lively, jovial, self-confident little old man; now he seemed like a melancholy wreck of himself. As he talked with the countess he kept looking round, as though he were asking all present whether he were doing the proper thing. After the destruction of Moscow and his property, being taken out of the ruts in which he was accustomed to run, he had apparently lost his bearings, and felt that there was no longer any place for him in life.

In spite of her one desire to see her brother as speedily as possible, and her annoyance because at the moment when she might be gratifying this desire, and seeing him, she was obliged to exchange courtesies with these people, and to listen to pretended praise of her nephew, still the princess kept a close watch on everything around her, and felt that it was incumbent upon her to conform to the new order of things into which she had fallen. She knew that it was a necessity, and, hard as it was, still she kept her temper.

"This is my niece," said the count, introducing Sonya. "You have not met her, have you, princess?"

The princess turned to her, and, trying to overmaster the feeling of hostility that this young lady caused in her heart, she gave her a kiss. But it was made hard for her because of the want of harmony between all these people and what was in her own heart.

"Where is he?" she asked again, addressing no one in particular.

"He is downstairs. Natasha is with him," replied Sonya, coloring. "They've sent word to him. I think you must be tired, princess."

Tears of vexation arose to the princess's eyes. She turned away, and was going once more to ask the countess how she could go to him, when light, impetuous, one might almost say jocund, steps were heard in the adjoining room. The princess glanced round and saw Natasha almost running, — that same Natasha who, when she had last seen her in Moscow, had so completely failed to please her.

The princess had scarcely glanced into the face of this Natasha before she perceived that this was a genuine sympathizer in her grief, and hence her friend. She went to meet her, and, throwing her arms around her, melted into tears on her neck.

As soon as Natasha, who had been sitting by Prince Andrei's bedside, learned of the princess's arrival, she had

quietly left the room, and with the same swift and, as it seemed to the Princess Mariya, jocund steps, hurried to meet her.

On her agitated face there was only one expression when she came into the room — the expression of love, unbounded love for him, for his sister, for everything that was near and dear to this beloved man, the expression of pity, of sympathy for others, and a passionate desire to give herself up entirely if only he might find help. It was evident that, at that moment, there was no room in Natasha's soul for thoughts about herself, or about her relations toward him.

The sensitive Princess Mariya, at the first glance into Natasha's face, realized all this, and, with a bitter sweetness, she wept on her neck.

"Let us go to him; come, Marie!" exclaimed Natasha, leading her into the next room.

The Princess Mariya looked up, wiped her eyes, and was about to ask Natasha a question. She felt that from her she could ask and learn all that she wanted to know.

"How" — she began to ask, but suddenly paused. She felt that her question could not be asked or answered in words. Natasha's face and eyes would tell her everything more clearly and with profounder meaning.

Natasha looked at her, but, it seemed, she was in too great fear or doubt, either to tell or not to tell all that she knew; she seemed to feel that, in presence of those lucid eyes, searching the very depths of her soul, it was impossible not to tell the whole truth, everything as she herself saw it. Natasha's lip suddenly trembled, the ugly wrinkles grew more pronounced around her mouth, and she burst into tears, and hid her face in her hands.

The Princess Mariya understood all.

But still she hoped, and she asked in words in which she had no faith, —

"But how is his wound? What is his general condition?"

"You — you — will see for yourself," was all that Natasha could manage to say.

The two waited for some time downstairs, next his room, so as to finish crying, and to go to him with composed faces.

"How has his whole illness gone? Has the change for the worse been of recent occurrence? When did *this* take place?" asked the Princess Mariya.

Natasha had told her that during the first part of the time there was danger from his fever and suffering, but that at

Troitsa this had passed off, and the doctor had only feared Anthony's fire. But even this danger of mortification had been avoided. When they reached Yaroslavl, the wound began to suppurate (Natasha understood all about suppuration and such things), and the doctor said that the suppuration might take its normal course. There had been some fever. The doctor declared that this fever was not ominous. "But two days before," Natasha said, "*this* had suddenly come upon him." — She restrained her sobs. — "I don't know why, but you will see how he is."

"Has he grown weaker? Has he grown thin?" — asked the princess.

"No, not exactly, but thinner. You will see. Ah, Marie! he is too good; he cannot, cannot live — because" —

CHAPTER XV.

WHEN Natasha, with her ordinary composure, opened the door of his room, allowing the princess to enter before her, the Princess Mariya felt that the sobs were already swelling her throat. In spite of her preparations, her endeavors to compose herself, she knew that she should not be able to see him without tears.

The Princess Mariya comprehended what Natasha meant by the phrase, "*Two days before, this had suddenly come upon him.*" She realized what it meant that he had suddenly grown softened: this sweetness and humility were the symptoms of death. As she entered the doorway, she already saw in her fancy that face of her Andriusha, which she had known in childhood, gentle, sweet, full of feeling, sensitive, in a way that later had rarely shown itself, and which had, therefore, always made such a vivid impression upon her. She knew that he would speak to her those subdued, affectionate words, like what her father had spoken just before he died, and that she would not be able to endure it, and would burst into tears before him.

But sooner or later it had to be, and she entered the room. The sobs rose higher and higher in her throat, as, with greater and greater distinctness, with her near-sighted eyes, she distinguished his form and searched his features, and then she saw his face and met his eyes.

He lay on a sofa, propped up with pillows, and wrapped in a squirrel-skin khalat. He was thin and pale. One thin,

transparently white hand held his handkerchief; with the other he was, by a gentle motion of the fingers, caressing the long ends of his mustache. His eyes were turned toward the visitors.

When the Princess Mariya saw his face and her eyes met his, she suddenly modified the haste of her steps, and felt that her tears were suddenly dried and her sobs relieved. As she caught the expression of his face and eyes, she suddenly grew awestruck, and felt that she was guilty.

"But what am I guilty of?" she asked herself.

"Because thou art alive, and art thinking of the future, while I?" — was the reply of his cold, stern look.

In that look of his, not outward from within, but turned inward upon himself, there was almost an expression of hostility, as he slowly turned his eyes on his sister and Natasha. He exchanged kisses with his sister, and shook hands as usual.

"How are you, Marie? How did you get here?" he asked, but his voice had the same monotonous and alien sound that was in his look. If he had uttered a desperate cry, this cry would have filled the Princess Mariya with less horror than the sound of his voice. "And have you brought Nikolushka?" he asked, in the same slow, indifferent way, and evidently finding it hard to recollect.

"How are you now?" inquired the Princess Mariya, amazed, herself, at her question.

"That you must ask of the doctor," he replied, and evidently collecting his strength, so as to be more gracious, he said with his lips alone (it was evident that he did not think at all of what he was saying), "*Merçi, chère amie, d'être venue* — Thank you for coming!"

The Princess Mariya pressed his hand. He almost noticeably frowned at the pressure of her hand. He was silent, and she knew not what to say. She now understood what had come over him two days before. In his words, in his tone, especially in this glance of his, this cold, almost hostile look, could be perceived that alienation from all that is of this world, that is so terrible for a living man to witness. He evidently found it difficult to understand the interests of life, but at the same time one could feel that this was so not because he was deprived of the power of remembrance, but because his mind was turned to something else, which the living comprehend not and cannot comprehend, and which was absorbing him entirely.

"Yes see what a strange fate has brought us together again!" said he, breaking the silence, and indicating Natasha. "She has taken care of me all the time."

The Princess Mariya heard him and understood not what he said. He, the sensitive, gentle Prince Andrei, how could he say this of her whom he loved and who loved him? If he had had any thought of living he could never have made such a remark in such a coldly insulting tone. If he had not known that he was going to die, how could he have failed to pity her, how could he have said such a thing in her presence! The only explanation could be that to him it was a matter of indifference and wholly of indifference, because something else, something far more important, had been revealed to him.

The conversation was cold, desultory, and interrupted every instant.

"Marie came through Riazan," said Natasha.

Prince Andrei did not remark that she had spoken of his sister as Marie. But Natasha, having called her so for the first time, noticed it herself.

"Well, what about it?" he asked.

"They told her that Moscow was all on fire, all burned up, and that" —

Natasha paused: it was impossible for her to speak. He was evidently making an effort to listen, and still could not.

"Oh, yes, burned," said he. "Too bad!" and again he looked straight ahead, smoothing his mustache abstractedly with his fingers.

"And so you met Count Nikolai, did you, Marie?" suddenly asked Prince Andrei, evidently trying to say something pleasant. "He wrote home that he was very much in love with you," he pursued very simply and calmly, evidently not being strong enough to realize all the complicated significance which his words had for the living. "If you love him also, then it would be a very good thing — if you were to marry," he added a little more rapidly, as though rejoiced to find at last words which he had been long trying to find.

The Princess Mariya heard his words, but they had for her no meaning, except as they showed how terribly far he was now from all earthly interests.

"Why speak about me?" she asked composedly, and glanced at Natasha. Natasha, feeling conscious of this glance, did not look at her.

Again all were silent.

"André, do you wa—," suddenly asked the princess in a

trembling voice — “do you want to see Nikolushka? He is always talking about you.”

Prince Andrei for the first time smiled, though almost imperceptibly; but his sister, who knew his face so well, observed to her horror that this was not a smile of pleasure or of affection for his son, but one of quiet, sweet irony at his sister employing, as he supposed, this final means of bringing him back to conscious emotion.

“Yes, very glad to see Nikolushka. Is he well?”

When they brought to Prince Andrei his little Nikolushka, who gazed in terror at his father, but did not weep, because no one else was weeping, Prince Andrei kissed him, and evidently knew not what to say to him.

When Nikolushka was led away again, the Princess Mariya returned to her brother, kissed him, and, unable to control herself longer, burst into tears.

He gazed at her steadily.

“Are you crying for Nikolushka?” he asked.

The princess, weeping, nodded affirmatively.

“Marie, you know the New Tes—” but he suddenly stopped.

“What did you say?”

“Nothing. But you must not weep here,” he added, looking at her with the same cold look.

When the Princess Mariya burst into tears, he understood that she was weeping because Nikolushka would be left fatherless.

By a great effort of self-mastery he tried to return to life and look upon things from their standpoint.

“Yes, it must seem very sad to them,” he thought, “but how simple this is!—the fowls of the air sow not, neither do they reap, yet your heavenly Father feedeth them,” he said to himself, and that was what he was going to say to the princess; “but no, they understood that in their way; they will not comprehend it. They cannot comprehend that all these feelings which they cherish, all these ideas—which seem to us so important, are of *no consequence*. We cannot understand each other.” And so he held his peace.

Prince Andrei’s little son was seven years old. He scarcely knew how to read. He really knew nothing. He went through much subsequent to that day, acquiring knowledge,

the habit of observation, experience; but if he had at that time enjoyed the mastery of all that he acquired later, he could not have had a deeper, truer comprehension of the significance of that scene between his father, the Princess Mariya, and Natasha, than he had then. He understood it perfectly, and, not shedding a tear, he left the room, silently crept up to Natasha, who followed him, and shyly looked at her out of his beautiful, dreamy eyes; his short hair trembled; he leaned his head against her and wept.

From that day he avoided Dessalles, avoided the countess, who petted him, and either staid alone by himself or timidly joined the Princess Mariya and Natasha, whom he, as it seemed, liked better than his aunt, and quietly and shyly staid by them.

The Princess Mariya, on leaving her brother, perfectly comprehended what Natasha's face had told her. She said nothing more about any hope of saving his life. She took turns with her in sitting by his sofa, and she ceased to weep; but she prayed without ceasing, her soul turning to that eternal, searchless One, whose presence so palpably hovered over the dying man.

CHAPTER XVI.

PRINCE ANDREI not only knew that he was going to die, but he also felt that he was dying, that he was already half-way toward death.

He experienced a consciousness of alienation from everything earthly, and a strange, beatific exhilaration of being. Without impatience and without anxiety, he waited for what was before him.

That ominous, Eternal Presence, unknown and far away, which had never once ceased, throughout all his life, to haunt his senses, was now near at hand, and, by reason of that strange exhilaration which he felt, almost comprehensible and palpable.

Before, he had feared the end. Twice he had experienced that terribly tormenting sense of the fear of death, of the end, and now he did not realize it.

The first time he had experienced that feeling was when the shell was spinning like a top before him, and he looked at

the stubble field, at the shrubbery. at the sky, and knew that death was before him.

When he waked to consciousness, after his wound, and in his soul, for an instant, as it were, freed from the burden of life that crushed him, had sprung up that flower of love eternal, unbounded, independent of all life, he no longer feared death, and thought no more of it.

During those tormenting hours of loneliness and half-delirium which he had spent since he was wounded, the more he pondered over this new source of eternal love which had at first been concealed from him, the more he became alienated from the earthly life, though the process was an unconscious one.

To love everything, all men, always to sacrifice self for love's sake, meant to love no one in particular, meant not to live this mundane life. And the more he imbued himself with this source of love, the more he let go of life, and the more absolutely he broke down that terrible impediment which, if love be absent, holds between life and death.

When, during this first period, he remembered that he must die, he said to himself, "Well, then, so much the better."

But after that night at Muitisheln, when in his semi-delirium she whom he had longed for appeared before him, and when he, pressing his lips to her hand, had wept gentle tears of joy, then love for one woman imperceptibly took possession of his heart and again attached it to life. And joyful but anxious thoughts began to recur to him. As he remembered the moment at the field lazaret, when he had seen Kuragin, he could not now renew that former feeling—he was tortured by the question "Is he alive?" But he dared not make the inquiry.

His illness followed its physical course, but what Natasha had spoken of as *having come over him* happened two days before the Princess Mariya's arrival. This was the last moral combat between life and death, and death had been victorious. It was the unexpected discovery that he still prized his life, which presented itself in the guise of his love for Natasha, and the last victorious attack of horror before the unknown.

It was evening. As was usually the case after dinner, he was in a slightly feverish condition, and his mind was preternaturally acute. Sonya was sitting by the table. Suddenly, a realizing sense of bliss took possession of him.

"Ah! she has come!" he said to himself.

In point of fact, Sonya's place was occupied by Natasha, who had just come in with noiseless steps.

Ever since the time when she had begun to be his nurse, he had always experienced this physical sense of her presence.

She sat in the easy-chair, with her side toward him, shading his eyes from the candle-light, and knitting stockings. (She had learned to knit stockings because one time Prince Andrei had told her that no one made such admirable nurses for the sick as old nyanyas, who are always knitting stockings, because there is something very soothing in the operation of knitting.) Her slender fingers swiftly plied the occasionally clicking needles, and the pensive profile of her bended head was full in his sight. She moved—the ball of yarn rolled from her lap. She started, glanced at him, and shading the candle with her hand, with a cautious, lithe, and graceful movement, she bent over, picked up the ball, and resumed her former position.

He looked at her without stirring, and noticed that after she had picked up the ball she had wanted to draw a long breath, with her full bosom, but had refrained from doing so, and had cautiously masked her sigh.

At the Troitskaya Lavra they had talked over the past, and he had told her that in case he lived he should eternally thank God for his wound, which had brought him back to her; but from that time they had not spoken of the future.

"Can it possibly be?" he was now musing, as he looked at her and listened to the slight steely click of her knitting needles, "can it be that fate has so strangely brought us together again only that I may die? . . . Can it be that the true meaning of life was revealed to me only that I might live in a lie? I love her more than all else in the world. But what can I do if I love her?" he asked himself, and he suddenly, in spite of himself, groaned, as he often did, out of a custom acquired while he had been suffering.

Hearing this sound, Natasha laid down her stocking, bent nearer to him, and, suddenly noticing his flashing eyes, she went over to him and bent down to him.

"Haven't you been asleep?"

"No. I have been looking at you this long time. I knew by feeling when you came in. No one except you gives me such a sense of gentle restfulness. — Such light! I feel like weeping from very joy."

Natasha moved still closer to him. Her face was radiant with solemn delight.

"Natasha, I love you too dearly! More than all in the world!"

"And I?" She turned away for an instant. "Why 'too dearly'?" she asked.

"Why too dearly? — Now tell me what you think — what you think in the depths of your heart! shall I get well? How does it seem to you?"

"I am sure of it, sure of it," Natasha almost screamed, with a passionate motion seizing both his hands.

He was silent.

"How good it would be!" And, taking her hand, he kissed it.

Natasha was happy and agitated; and instantly she remembered that this was all wrong, that he needed to be kept perfectly quiet.

"However, you have not been asleep," said she, calming her pleasure. "Try to get a nap — please do."

He relinquished her hand, after pressing it once again, and she went back to the candle and resumed her former position. Twice she looked at him; his eyes met hers. She set herself a stint on the stocking, and resolved that she would not look up until she had finished it.

In point of fact, soon after this he closed his eyes, and went to sleep. He did not sleep long, and woke suddenly in a cold perspiration of anxiety.

While he slept, his mind was constantly occupied with the question: death, or life? And death more than life! He felt that it was near.

"Love? What is love?" he asked himself.

"Love is the antidote to death. Love is life. All, all that I understand, I understand solely because I love. All is, all exists simply and solely because I love. All is summed up in this alone. Love is God; and death for me, who am a tiny particle of love, means returning into the universal and eternal source of love."

These thoughts seemed to him a consolation. But they were only thoughts. There was something lacking in them, something that was exclusive and personal — there was no basis of reality. And he was a prey to the same restlessness and lack of clearness.

He fell asleep.

It seemed to him, in his dream, that he was lying in the same room in which he was actually lying, but that he was not wounded, but quite well. Many different persons, insignificant,

indifferent, appear before him. He is talking with them, discussing something of no earthly consequence. They are preparing to go somewhere. Prince Andrei dimly comprehends that all this is mere waste of time, and that he has something of real importance to accomplish, but still he goes on talking, filling them with amazement at his words, which are witty but devoid of sense.

Gradually, but imperceptibly, all these persons begin to disappear, and his attention is wholly occupied by the question of a closed door. He gets up and goes to the door, with the intention of pushing the bolt and closing the door.

Everything depends on whether he succeeds or not in closing it. He starts, he tries to make haste, but his legs refuse to move, and he knows that he will not have time to close the door, but still he morbidly puts forth all his energies. And a painful anguish of fear takes hold of him. And this fear is the fear of death behind the door *It is standing.*

But by the time that he feebly, awkwardly drags himself to the door, this *something* horrible, pushing its way from the other side, breaks through. Something that is not human — Death — is pushing the door open, and he must keep it shut. He clutches the door, exerts his final energies, — not indeed to shut it, for that is impossible, but to hold it; his energies, however, are weak and maladroit, and, crushing him with its horror, the door opens and again closes.

Once more the pressure came from without. His last, superhuman energies were vain, and both wings of the door noiselessly swung open. *It came in, and it was death.*

And Prince Andrei was dying.

But at the very instant that he seemed to be dying, Prince Andrei remembered that he was asleep, and at the very instant that he was dying, he made one last effort and awoke.

"Yes, that was *death*. I died — I woke up. Yes, death is an awakening."

This thought suddenly flashed through his soul, and the veil which till then had covered the unknown was lifted from before his spiritual eyes. He felt as it were a deliverance from the bonds which before had fastened him down, and that strange buoyancy that henceforth did not forsake him.

When he woke in a cold sweat and stirred on his couch, and Natasha came to him and asked him what was the matter, he made no reply, and, not understanding what she said, gave her a strange look.

This was what had taken place two days before the Princess

Mariya's arrival. From that day, as the doctor said, his slow fever took a turn for the worse, but Natasha had no need to depend on what the doctor said: she could see for herself those terrible moral symptoms which allowed less and less room for doubt.

From that time forth began for Prince Andrei, simultaneously with the awakening from his dream, the awakening from life. And, considering the length of life, this seemed to him no slower than the awakening from the dream when compared to the length of his nap.

There was nothing terrible and nothing cruel in this relatively slow awakening.

The last days and hours glided away peacefully and simply. Both the Princess Mariya and Natasha, who staid constantly by his side, felt this. They wept not, they trembled not, and the last part of the time, as they themselves realized, they were watching, not the man himself, — for he was no more, he had gone from them, — but simply the most immediate remembrance of him, simply his body.

The feelings of both were so strong that the external, terrible side of death had no effect upon them, and they found it unnecessary to give vent to their grief. They wept neither in his presence nor when away from him, and they never talked about him among themselves. They felt that they could not express in words what was real to their understandings.

They both saw how he was sinking, deeper and deeper, slowly and peacefully away from them into the *whither*, and they both knew that this was inevitable and that it was well. He was shrived and partook of the sacrament. All came to bid him farewell.

When his little son was brought, he kissed him and turned away, not because his heart was sore and filled with pity (the Princess Mariya and Natasha understood this), but simply because he supposed that this was all that was required of him. But when he was told that he should give him his blessing, he did what was required of him, and looked around as though asking whether it were necessary to do anything more.

When the last gentle spasms shook the body, as it was deserted by the spirit, the princess and Natasha were present.

"It is over!" said the Princess Mariya, after his body had lain motionless and growing cold for several moments. Natasha came to the couch, looked into his dead eyes, and made

haste to close them. She closed them and kissed them not, but reverently kissed that which had been the most immediate remembrance of him.

"Where has he gone? Where is he now?"

When the mortal frame, washed and clad, lay in the coffin on the table, they all went in to say farewell, and all shed tears.

Nikolushka wept from the tormenting perplexity that tore his young heart.

The countess and Sonya wept from sympathy for Natasha, and because he was no more.

The old count wept because very soon, as it seemed to him, he also would have to tread this terrible path.

Natasha and the princess also wept now, but they wept not because of their own personal sorrow; they wept from a reverent emotion which took possession of their souls in presence of the simple and solemn mystery of death, which had been accomplished before their eyes.

PART SECOND.

CHAPTER I.

THE association of cause and effect is something beyond the comprehension of the human mind. But the impulse to search into causes is inherent in man's very nature. And the human intellect, unable to search the infinite variety and complicated tangle of conditions accompanying phenomena, — every one of which may seem to be the ultimate cause, — seizes upon the first and most obvious coincidence, and says, "This is the cause!"

In historical events where the acts of men are the object of investigation, that which first suggests itself seems to be the will of the gods; then the will of those men who stand in the forefront of historical prominence — historical heroes.

But it requires only to penetrate into the essence of any historical event, that is, the activity of the whole mass of the people who took part in the event, to become convinced that the will of the historical hero not only did not guide the actions of the masses, but, on the contrary, was constantly guided by them.

It would seem as though it were a matter of indifference whether the significance of an historical event were explained in one way or another. But between the man who should say that the nations of the west marched against the east because Napoleon wished them to do so, and the man who should say that this happened because it had to happen, there is as wide a difference as between men who are convinced that the earth stands fixed and that the planets move around it, and those who assert that they know not what holds the earth, but they know that there are laws which govern the motion of the earth and the other planets.

The causes of historical events can be nothing else than the only cause of all causes. But there are laws which govern events, and some of them are unknown to us, and some of them we have investigated. The discovery of these causes is possible only when we repudiate the idea that these causes

may be found in the will of a single man, exactly in the same way as the discovery of the laws governing the motions of the planets became possible only when men repudiated the notion of the fixity of the earth.

After the battle of Borodino and the occupation of Moscow by the enemy and its destruction by fire, the most important episode of the war of 1812, according to the historians, is the movement of the Russian army from the Riazan road toward the camp of Tarutino by way of the Kaluga road, the so-called flank movement beyond Krasnaya Pakhra.

Historians ascribe the glory of this stroke of genius to various individuals, and do not agree upon any one to whom it belongs. Foreign historians, even the French historians, in speaking of this "flank movement," recognize the genius of the Russian generals.

But why military writers and everybody else suppose that this flank movement was the perspicacious invention of any single person, which thus saved Russia and overthrew Napoleon, is something hard to understand.

In the first place it is hard to understand in what consists the perspicacity and genius displayed by this movement, for it does not require a great intellectual effort to see that the best position for an army when not enduring attacks is where there is the greatest abundance of supplies. And any one, even a dull boy of thirteen, might suppose that in 1812 the most advantageous position for the Russian army after the retreat from Moscow was on the road to Kaluga. Thus it is impossible in the first place to understand by what arguments historians persuade themselves that they see perspicacity in this manœuvre.

In the second place it is still more difficult to understand exactly how historians attribute the salvation of the Russians and the destruction of the French to this manœuvre; for if this "flank movement" had been carried out under other conditions, preceding, accompanying, or following, it might have brought about the destruction of the Russian army and the salvation of the French. Even though the situation of the Russian army began to improve from the time that this movement was effectuated, still it does not follow that this movement was the cause of it.

This flank movement not only might not have brought any advantage, but might even have been fatal to the Russian army had there not been a coincidence of other conditions.

What would have happened if Moscow had not been burned? If Murat had not lost sight of the Russians? If Napoleon had not remained inactive? If at Krasnaya Pakhra the Russian army had followed the advice of Benigsen and Barclay, and given battle?

What would have happened if the French had attacked the Russians when they were on the march beyond Pakhra?

What would have happened if Napoleon, after approaching Tarutino, had attacked the Russians with even a tenth part of the energy with which he had attacked at Smolensk?

What would have happened if the French had marched toward Petersburg? —

In any one of these suppositions, the flank movement, instead of being the salvation of Russia, might have been a disaster.

In the third place, most incomprehensible of all it is that those who make a study of history are unwilling to see that it is impossible to attribute the flank movement to any particular person, that no one could ever have foreseen it, that this manœuvre, like the retreat to Fili, never presented itself to anybody in its totality, but, step by step, event by event, moment by moment, it came about as the result of an infinite number of most heterogeneous conditions, and it appeared clearly in its totality only when it had been consummated and was an accomplished fact.

At the council of war held at Fili among the Russian generals the predominant opinion was for retreat by the most direct and obvious route, the Nizhni-Novgorod road. This is proved by the fact that the majority of votes at the council were thrown in favor of this plan, and above all by the conversation that occurred after the council between the commander-in-chief and Lanskoi, who was in charge of the commissary department.

Lanskoi informed the commander-in-chief that the army stores were concentrated principally along the Oka in the provinces of Tula and Kazan, and that in case of retreat upon Nizhni, the army would be separated from its stores by the great river Oka, which, during the first stages of winter, it would be impossible to cross with supplies.

This was the first indication of the necessity for renouncing the plan of a direct retreat to Nizhni, which at first had seemed the most natural.

The army kept farther to the south, on the road to Riazan, so as to be nearer its base of supplies.

Afterwards the inactivity of the French, who seemed even to

have lost sight of the Russian army, the work of protecting the arsenal at Tula, and above all the advantage of proximity to its supplies, compelled the Russian army to move still farther to the south along the Tula road.

When at length Pakhra had been passed by this bold movement along the Tula road, the chiefs of the Russian army thought of halting at Podolsk, and there was no idea at all of taking up a position at Tarutino; but an infinite number of circumstances — the re-appearance of the French army, which before had lost the Russians out of sight, and plans of battle, and above all the abundance of stores at Kaluga — compelled our army still more to swerve to the southward, and, taking a route right through the midst of its abundance, to cross over from the Tula road to the Kaluga road and approach Tarutino.

Just as it is impossible to answer the question when Moscow was abandoned, so it is impossible to tell when and by whom it was decided to go to Tarutino.

Only when the troops had already reached Tarutino, by reason of an infinite number of differentiated efforts, then men began to persuade themselves that this had been their wish and their long predetermination.

CHAPTER II.

THE celebrated flank movement consisted simply in this: — The Russian army, which had been retreating straight back as the invaders pushed forward, turned aside from the straight direction when they saw the French no longer pursuing, and naturally took the direction in which they were attracted by an abundance of supplies.

If there had not been men of genius at the head of the Russian army, if it had been merely an army without generals, it could have done nothing else than return to Moscow, describing a semicircle in that direction where there were more provisions and where the country was richer.

The change of route from the Nizhni road toward the Riazan, Tula, and Kaluga roads was so natural that the foragers of the Russian army took that very direction, and that very direction was the one in which Kutuzof was ordered from Petersburg to conduct his army.

At Tarutino, Kutuzof received almost a reproach from the sovereign because he had led his army in the direction of Riazan, and he was ordered to take up the very position relative

to Kaluga, which he was already occupying at the time when he received the letter from the sovereign.

The Russian army, like a ball which had been rolling in the direction of the blow given it all through the campaign and especially at the battle of Borodino, assumed its natural position of stable equilibrium, as soon as the force of the blows diminished and no new ones were communicated.

Kutuzof's merit lay not in what is called the genius of strategical manœuvres, but simply in the fact that he was the only one who understood the meaning of what was taking place about him.

He alone understood what the inactivity of the French army signified, he alone persisted in declaring that the battle of Borodino was a victory for the Russians. He alone — the very man who, it would seem, from his position as commander-in-chief, ought to have been disposed to favor objective measures — used all his power to restrain the Russian army from undertaking useless battles.

The Beast wounded at Borodino lay where it had been left by the escaping huntsman; but whether it was alive, or whether it still had strength left, or whether it was hiding itself, the huntsman knew not.

Suddenly was heard this wild beast's cry.

The cry of this wounded beast, — the French army, — the betrayal of its destruction, was the sending of Lauriston to Kutuzof's camp with a request for peace.

Napoleon, with his conviction that whatever it occurred to him to do was as right as right could be, wrote to Kutuzof the first words that entered his mind, and entirely lacking in sense.

"Prince Kutuzof," he wrote, "I send you one of my general aides to discuss with you on various matters of interest. I wish your highness to repose confidence in what he will say, *especially when he expresses the sentiments of esteem and respect which I have long felt for you personally. This letter having no other purpose, I pray God, prince, that he have you in His holy and beneficent care.*

Moscow, Oct. 30, 1812.

Signed, NAPOLEON." *

* "*Monsieur le Prince Koutousov! j'envoie près de vous un de mes aides de camp généraux pour vous entretenir de plusieurs objets intéressants. Je désire que votre Altesse ajoute foi à ce qu'il lui dira, surtout lorsqu'il exprimera les sentiments d'estime et de particulière considération que j'ai depuis longtemps pour sa personne. Cette lettre n'étant à autre fin, je prie Dieu, Monsieur Prince Koutousov, qu'il vous ait en Sa sainte et digne garde.*

Moscou, le 30 Octobre, 1812.

Signé, NAPOLEON."

"I should be cursed by posterity if I were regarded as the first to move toward any compromise. *Such is the spirit of our people,*" * replied Kutuzof, and he continued to put forth all his energies to keep his troops from an attack.

During the month spent by the French army in the pillage of Moscow, and by the Russian army in tranquil recuperation at Tarutino, a change had taken place in the relative strength of the two armies, — their spirit and effective, — the result of which redounded to the advantage of the Russians.

Although the condition of the French army and its effective were unknown to the Russians, yet as soon as the relative position was changed, the inevitability of an attack was shown by a multitude of symptoms.

These symptoms were the sending of Lauriston and the abundance of provisions at Tarutino, and the reports coming in from all sides of the inactivity, lack of order, of the French, and the filling-up of our regiments with recruits, and the fine weather, and the long rest accorded to the Russian soldiers, and the general impatience caused among the troops by the long rest, and their desire to finish the work for which they had been brought together, and the curiosity about what was going on in the French army, which had lost them out of sight so long, and the audacity with which now the Russian outposts skirmished around the French stationed at Tarutino, and the news of easy victories over the French won by Russian muzhiks and "partisans," and the jealousy aroused by this, and the desire of vengeance kindled in every man's soul from the moment that the French occupied Moscow, and, above all, the indefinite but genuine consciousness that filled the heart of every soldier that the relative positions were reversed, and the superiority was on our side.

The material relations were changed, and the attack was becoming inevitable. And instantly, just as the chime of bells in the clock begin to strike and to play when the hand has accomplished its full circuit of the hour, so in the higher circles, by the correspondingly essential correlation of forces, the increased motion was effectuated, — the whizzing of wheels and the playing of the chimes.

* "*Je serais maudit par la posterité si l'on me regardait comme le premier moteur d'un accommodement quelconque. Tel est l'esprit actuel de ma nation.*"

CHAPTER III.

THE Russian army was directed by Kutuzof and his staff, and by the sovereign, who was at Petersburg.

Even before news of the abandonment of Moscow had reached Petersburg, a circumstantial plan of the whole war had been drawn up and sent to Kutuzof for his guidance. Although the plan was made with the presupposition that Moscow was still in our hands, it was approved by Kutuzof's staff and accepted as the basis of action.

Kutuzof merely wrote that plans made at a distance were always hard to carry out. And then further instructions, meant to solve the difficulties that might arise, were sent, and individuals charged to watch his movement and to send back reports.

Moreover, at this time great changes were made in the staff of the Russian army. They had to fill the places of Bagration, who had been killed, and of Barclay, who, considering himself insulted, had resigned.

They debated with perfect seriousness what would be best: to put A in the place of B, and B in the place of D, or, on the contrary, to put D in the place of A, and so on; as though anything else than the pleasure given to A and B could depend on this.

In the army staff, owing to the animosity between Kutuzof and Benigsen, his chief of staff, and the presence of the sovereign's inspectors, and these changes, there arose a much more than usually complicated play of party intrigues; by all possible plans and combinations A was undermining the authority of B, and D that of C, and so on.

In all these operations the object of their intrigues was for the most part the war which all these men thought they were conducting, but all the while the war was going on independently of them in its own destined way, that is, never conforming to the schemes of these men, but resulting from the real relations of masses. All these schemes, crossing and conflicting, merely represented in the higher spheres the faithful reflection of what had to be accomplished.

On October 14, the sovereign wrote the following letter, which was received by Kutuzof after the battle of Tarutino:—

Prince Mikhail Ilarionovitch! —

Since September 14, Moscow has been in the hands of the enemy. Your latest reports are dated October 2; and in all this time not only nothing has been done in the way of a demonstration against the enemy and to deliver the first capital, but according to your last reports you have been retreating again. Serpukhof is already occupied by a detachment of the enemy, and Tula, with its famous arsenal so indispensable to the army, is in peril.

From General Winzengerode's report, I see that a body of the enemy, of ten thousand men, is moving along the Petersburg road. Another of several thousand men is marching upon Dmitrovo. A third is advancing on the road to Vladimir. A fourth, of considerable size, is between Ruza and Mozhaisk. Napoleon himself, on the 7th, was at Moscow.

Since, according to all this information, the enemy has scattered his forces in strong detachments, since Napoleon himself is still at Moscow with his Guard, is it possible that the strength of the enemy before you has been too great to prevent you from taking the offensive?

One might assume, on the contrary, with certainty that he would pursue you with detachments, or at least by an army corps far weaker than the army which you command.

It seems as if, profiting by these circumstances, you might with advantage have attacked an enemy weaker than yourself, and exterminated him, or, at least, by obliging him to retire, have regained a great part of the province now occupied by the enemy, and at the same time have averted the peril of Tula and our other cities of the interior.

On your responsibility it will rest if the enemy send a considerable body of troops to Petersburg to threaten this capital, which is almost destitute of troops; for, with the army confided to you, if you act with firmness and celerity, you have all the means needed to avert this new misfortune.

Bear in mind that you are still bound to answer before an insulted country for the loss of Moscow!

You have already had proof of my readiness to reward you. This good will shall not grow less, but I and Russia have a right to demand from you all the zeal, fortitude, and success that your intellect, your military talents, and the gallantry of the troops under your command, assure us.

But while this letter, which shows how the state of things was regarded in Petersburg, was on its way, Kutuzof could no longer restrain the army which he commanded from taking the offensive, and the battle had already been fought.

On October 14, a Cossack, Shapovalof, while on patrol duty, killed one hare and shot at another. In pursuing the wounded hare, Shapovalof struck into the forest at some distance and stumbled upon the left flank of Murat's army, which was encamped without outposts.

The Cossack laughingly told his comrades how he had almost fallen into the hands of the French. A cornet who heard this tale told it to his commander.

The Cossack was sent for and questioned. The Cossack chiefs wished to profit by this chance to get horses; but one

of them, who was acquainted at headquarters, told a staff general what had occurred.

Latterly, the relations of the army staff had been strained to the last degree. Yermolof, several days before, had gone to Benigsen and implored him to use all his influence with the commander-in-chief in favor of assuming the offensive.

"If I did not know you," replied Benigsen, "I should think that you did not wish what you were asking for. I have only to advise anything and his serene highness will do exactly the contrary."

The news brought in by the Cossacks being confirmed by scouts sent out, it became evident that the time was ripe for action.

The strained cord broke, and the clock whizzed and the chimes began to play. Notwithstanding all his supposed power, his intellect, his experience, and his knowledge of men, Kutuzof—taking into consideration Benigsen's report sent directly to the sovereign, and the one desire expressed by all of his generals, and the sovereign's supposed wishes, and the information brought by the Cossacks—could no longer restrain a movement that was inevitable, and gave the order for something that he regarded as useless and harmful, consented to an accomplished fact!

CHAPTER IV.

BENIGSEN's note and the report of the Cossacks about the uncovered left flank of the French were only the last symptoms that it was absolutely inevitable to give the order for the attack, and the attack was ordered for October 17.

On the morning of the sixteenth Kutuzof signed the order for the disposition of the troops. Toll read it to Yermolof, proposing to him to take charge of the further arrangements.

"Very good, very good, but I can't possibly attend to it now," said Yermolof, and left the room.

The plan of attack drawn up by Toll was very admirable. Just as for the battle of Austerlitz it had been laid down in the "disposition:" *die erste Kolonne marschirt* this way and that way, *die zweite Kolonne marschirt* this way and that way, so here also, only not in German, it was prescribed where the first column and the second column should march.

And all these columns were to unite at a designated time and at a designated place, and annihilate the enemy. Everything

was beautifully foreseen and provided for as in all "dispositions," and as in all "dispositions" not a single column was in its place at the right time.

When the proper number of copies had been made of the order, an officer was summoned and sent to Yermolof, to give him the papers that he might do the business.

A young cavalry officer, Kutuzof's orderly, delighted with the important commission, hastened to Yermolof's lodgings.

"He is out," replied Yermolof's servant.

The cavalry officer went to the lodgings of the general in whose company Yermolof was frequently found.

"No, — and the general is also out."

The cavalry officer, mounting his horse, went to still another.

"No, gone out."

"Hope I shan't be held accountable for the delay. What a nuisance!" said the officer to himself. He rode entirely around the camp. One man declared that Yermolof had been seen driving off somewhere with some other generals; another said that he was probably at home again.

The officer, without even taking time to eat his dinner, searched till six o'clock. Yermolof was nowhere to be found, and no one knew where he was. The officer took a hasty supper at a comrade's, and started off once more, this time in search of Miloradovitch, who was with the advance guard.

Miloradovitch also was not at home, but there he was told that Miloradovitch was at a ball given by General Kikin, and that Yermolof was probably there also.

"And where is that?"

"Over yonder at Yetchkino," said a Cossack officer, indicating the estate of a landed proprietor at some distance.

"But how is that? It's beyond the lines!"

"Two regiments of ours were sent up to the lines, and they're having a spree there this evening; that's just the mischief of it! Two bands, three choirs of regimental singers."

The officer crossed the lines to Yetchkino. While still a long way off, as he rode toward the mansion, he heard the jovial, reckless sounds of the soldiers' choragic song.

"*Vo-obluziakh — vo-obluziakh!*" rang the meaningless words of the song, mingled with whistling and the sounds of the torban,* occasionally drowned out by the roar of voices.

These jolly sounds made the officer's heart beat faster, but

* A kind of musical instrument.

at the same time he was terribly alarmed lest he should be blamed for having been so long in delivering the weighty message which had been intrusted to him.

It was already nine o'clock in the evening. He dismounted and climbed the steps of the great mansion, which had been preserved intact, though it was situated between the French and the Russians. Servants were flying about in the dining-room and the anteroom with wines and refreshments. The singers stood under the windows.

The officer was shown in, and he suddenly caught sight of all the most distinguished generals of the army gathered together, and in their number he recognized the tall, well-known figure of Yermolof. All the generals wore their uniform-coats unbuttoned; their faces were flushed and full of excitement, and they were laughing noisily as they stood round in a semicircle. In the middle of the room a handsome, short general with a red face was skilfully and vigorously dancing the *triepaká*.

"Ha! ha! ha! bravo! *ai da!* — Nikolai Ivanovitch! ha! ha! ha!" —

The officer felt that to come in at such a moment with an important order he should be doubly in the wrong, and he wanted to wait; but one of the generals caught sight of him, and, understanding why he had come, called Yermolof's attention to him. Yermolof, with a frowning face, advanced to the officer, and, after listening to his story, took from him the paper, without saying a word.

"Perhaps you think that it was a mere accident that he had gone off?" said a staff comrade to the cavalry officer, in reference to Yermolof.

"'Twas a joke! it was all cut and dried. It was to play it on Konovnitsuin. See what a stew there'll be to-morrow!"

CHAPTER V.

ON the following day, Kutuzof was awakened early in the morning, prayed to God, dressed, and, with the disagreeable consciousness that he was obliged to direct an engagement of which he did not approve, took his seat in his calash, and from Letashévka, five versts behind Tarutino, drove to the place where the attacking columns were to rendezvous. As he was driven along he kept dozing and awakening again, all

the time listening if he could hear the sounds of firing at the right, and if the battle had begun.

But as yet all was silent. A damp and gloomy autumn morning was only just beginning to dawn. On reaching Tarutino, he noticed some cavalymen who were leading their horses to water beyond the road along which the calash was driven. Kutuzof looked at these cavalymen, stopped the calash, and asked to what regiment they belonged. These cavalymen belonged to the column which should have long before been far forward in ambush.

"A mistake, perhaps," thought the old commander-in-chief.

But when he had driven a little farther, Kutuzof saw some infantry regiments with stacked arms, the soldiers in their drawers, cooking their kasha and getting firewood.

An officer was summoned. The officer reported that no orders had been received about any attack.

"How could it?" — Kutuzof began, but he instantly checked himself, and ordered the senior officer to be brought to him.

He got out of his calash, and walked back and forth, with sunken head, drawing long sighs as he silently waited. When Eichen, an officer of the general staff, who had been sent for, appeared, Kutuzof grew livid with rage, not because this officer was to blame for the blunder, but because he was a convenient scapegoat for his wrath. Trembling and panting, the old man, who was falling into that state of fury which sometimes would cause him to roll on the ground in his paroxysm, attacked Eichen, threatening him with his fists, screaming, and loading him with the grossest abuse. Another officer who happened to be present, Captain Brozin, though in no respect to blame, came in also for his share.

"These wretched dogs! Let 'em be shot! Scoundrels!" he hoarsely screamed, gesticulating and reeling. He suffered physical pain. He, the commander-in-chief, "his highness," who, as every one believed, held more power than any one in Russia had ever before possessed, how came he, he, to be placed in such a position — to be made the laughing-stock of the whole army!

"Was it all in vain that I tried so hard to pray for to-day, all in vain that I passed a sleepless night and planned and planned?" he asked himself. "When I was a mere little chit of an officer,* no one would have dared to turn me into ridicule so — but now?" —

He suffered physical pain, as though from corporal punish

* *Malchishka-oftser.*

ment, and he could not help expressing it in cries of pain and fury : but soon his strength began to fail him, and he took his seat in his calash, looking around with the consciousness that he had said much that was unseemly, and silently rode back.

His fury was spent, and returned no more ; and, feebly blinking his eyes, Kutuzof listened to Benigsen, Konovnitsuin, and Toll, — Yermolof kept out of sight for a day or two, — and their excuses and words of justification, and their urgent representations that the movement which had so miscarried should be postponed till the following day. And Kutuzof was obliged to consent.

CHAPTER VI.

ON the following evening, the troops rendezvoused in the designated places, and moved during the night.

It was an autumn night, with dark purple clouds, but no rain. The ground was moist, but there was no mud, and troops proceeded noiselessly ; the only sound was the occasional dull clanking of the artillery. The soldiers were stringently forbidden to talk above a whisper, to smoke their pipes, to strike a light ; even the horses refrained from neighing. The mysteriousness of the enterprise enhanced the fascination of it. The men marched blithely. Several of the columns halted, stacked their arms, and threw themselves down on the cold ground, supposing that they had reached their destination ; others — the majority — marched the whole night, and came to a place that was obviously not their destination.

Count Orlof-Denisof with his Cossacks — the smallest detachment of all the others — was the only one who reached the right place and at the right time. This detachment was halted at the very skirt of the forest, on the narrow footpath that led between the villages of Stromilova and Dmitrovskoye.

Before dawn, Count Orlof, who had fallen asleep, was aroused. A deserter from the French camp had been brought in. This was a Polish non-commissioned officer from Poniatowsky's corps. This non-commissioned officer explained in Polish that he had deserted because he had been insulted in the French service, that he ought long before to have been promoted to be an officer, that he was the bravest of them all, and therefore he had given them up, and was anxious to have his revenge on them. He declared that Murat was spending

the night only a verst from there, and that if they would give him an escort of a hundred men he would take him alive.

Count Orlof-Denisof consulted with his comrades. The proposal was too attractive to be refused. All offered to go; all advised to make the attempt. After many discussions and calculations, Major-General Grekof, with two regiments of Cossacks, decided to go with the non-commissioned officer.

"Now mark my word," said Count Orlof-Denisof to the Pole, as he dismissed him; "in case you have lied, I will have you hanged like a dog; but if you have told the truth—a hundred ducats!"

The non-commissioned officer with a resolute face made no reply to these words, leaped into the saddle, and rode off with Grekof, who had swiftly mustered his men.

They vanished in the forest.

Count Orlof, pinched by the coolness of the morning, which was now beginning to break, excited and made anxious by the responsibility which he had incurred in letting Grekof go, went out a little from the forest and began to reconnoitre the enemy's camp, which could be seen now dimly in the light of the dawn and the dying watch-fires.

At Count Orlof's right, on an open declivity, our columns were to show themselves. Count Orlof glanced in that direction; but, although they would have been visible for a long distance, these columns were not in sight. But in the French camp, it seemed to Count Orlof-Denisof, who also put great confidence in what his clear-sighted adjutant said, there were signs of life.

"Akh! too late!" said Count Orlof, as he gazed at the camp.

Just as often happens when a man in whom we have reposed confidence is no longer under our eyes, it suddenly seemed to him clear and beyond question that the Polish non-commissioned officer was a traitor, that he had deceived them, and the whole attack was going to be spoiled by the absence of the two regiments which this man had led off no one knew where. "How could they possibly seize the commander-in-chief from among such a mass of troops!" "Of course he lied, that scoundrel!" exclaimed the count.

"We can call them back," said one of the suite, who, exactly like Count Orlof-Denisof, felt a distrust in the enemy on seeing the camp.

"Ha? So?—What do you think? Shall we let them go on, or not?"

"Do you order them called back?"

"Yes, call them back, call them back," cried Count Orlof, coming to a sudden decision, and looking at his watch. "It would be too late; it's quite light."

And the adjutant galloped off through the forest after Grekof. When Grekof returned, Count Orlof-Denisof, excited both by the failure of this enterprise and by his disappointment at the non-arrival of the infantry columns, which had not even yet showed up, and by the proximity of the enemy — all the men of his division experienced the same thing — decided to attack.

He gave the whispered command: "To horse!"

They fell into their places. They crossed themselves. — "*S Bogom!* — Away!"

"Hurra-a-a-ah!" rang through the forest, and the sotnias or Cossack companies, one after another, as though poured out of a sack, flew, with lances poised, across the brook against the camp.

One desperate, startled yell from the first Frenchman who saw the Cossacks, and all in the camp, suddenly awakened from their dreams, fled undressed in all directions, abandoning their artillery, their muskets, and their horses.

If the Cossacks had followed the French without heeding what was back of them and around them, they would have captured Murat and his whole staff. This was what the officers wanted. But it was an impossibility to make the Cossacks stir when once they had begun to occupy themselves with the booty and their prisoners. No one would heed the word of command.

Fifteen hundred prisoners were captured, thirty-eight cannons, flags, and — what was more important than all for the Cossacks — horses, saddles, blankets, and various articles. They must needs oversee all this, secure the prisoners and the cannon, divide the spoils, shout, and even quarrel among themselves: with all this the Cossacks were busying themselves.

The French, finding that they were no longer pursued, came to their senses, formed their lines, and began to fire. Orlof-Denisof was all the time expecting the infantry columns, and refrained from further offensive action.

Meantime, according to the "disposition" by which *die erste Kolonne marschirt*, and so on, the infantry forces of the belated columns, commanded by Benigsen and led by Toll, had set out according to orders, but, as always happens, had come out somewhere, but not at the place where they ought to have been.

As it always happens, the men who had started out blithely began to straggle. Tokens of dissatisfaction were shown; there was the consciousness that a blunder had been made; they started back in another direction.

Adjutants and generals were galloping about and shouting, scolding, and quarrelling, and declaring that they were wrong, and that they were too late, and trying to find some one to reprimand, and so on, and finally they all waved their hands, and marched on simply for the purpose of going somewhere.

"Come, let us go somewhere!"

And in fact they went somewhere, but some of them went in the wrong direction, and those who went in the right direction arrived so late that they did no good in coming, but simply became targets for musket-shots!

Toll, who in this battle played the part that Weirother played at Austerlitz, diligently galloped from place to place, and everywhere found everything at loose ends. For instance, just before it was quite daylight, he found Bagovut's corps in the woods, though this corps should have been with Orlof-Denisof long before. Exasperated and excited by the failure of the movement, and supposing that some one must be to blame for this, Toll dashed up to the corps commander and began sternly berating him, declaring that he ought to be shot for this.

Bagovut (an old general, gallant but placid), who was also exasperated by all these delays, this confusion, and by contradictory orders, fell into a fury, much to the surprise of every one, for it was contrary to his nature, and said disagreeable things to Toll:—

"I will not be lectured by any one! I and my men can die as well, as bravely, as others!" said he, and he moved forward with only one division.

When he reached the field, swept by the French fire, the gallant and excited Bagovut, not stopping to consider whether (at such a time and with only one division) his participation in the action would be advantageous or not, marched straight ahead and led his troops under the fire. Peril, shot, and shell were the very things that he required in his angry mood. Almost the first thing a bullet killed him; succeeding bullets killed many of his men. And this division remained for some time needlessly under fire.

CHAPTER VII.

MEANTIME, at the front another column should have been attacking the French, but Kutuzof was present with this column. He knew perfectly well that nothing but confusion would result from this battle, which was undertaken against his will, and he held back his troops as much as he could. He did not stir.

Kutuzof rode silently on his gray cob, indolently replying to those who proposed to attack, —

“All of you are very ready to say the word attack, but don’t you see that we can’t make complicated manœuvres?” said he to Miioradovitch, who asked permission to move forward.

“You weren’t smart enough this morning to take Murat: you were quite too late; now there is nothing to be done,” he replied to another.

When the report was brought to Kutuzof that there were now two battalions of Poles back of the French, where before, according to the report of the Cossacks, there had been no troops, he gave Yermolof a side glance. He had not spoken to him since the day before.

“This is the way they ask to make attacks; all sorts of plans are proposed, and when you come to it, nothing is ready, and the enemy, warned, take their measures.”

Yermolof, screwed up his eyes and slightly smiled as he overheard those words. He understood that the storm had passed, and that Kutuzof would content himself with this innuendo. “He is entertaining himself at my expense,” said Yermolof in a low tone, touching Rayevsky’s knee.

Shortly after this, Yermolof approached Kutuzof, and respectfully made his report: —

“It is not too late yet, your highness: the enemy have not moved. If you will only give the order to attack! If you don’t, the guards will not have smelt gunpowder!”

Kutuzof made no reply; but when he was informed that Murat’s troops were in retreat, he ordered the attack, but at every hundred paces he halted for three-quarters of an hour.

The whole battle was summed up in what Orlof-Denisof’s Cossacks did: the rest of the troops simply lost several hundred men absolutely uselessly.

As a consequence of this battle, Kutuzof received a diamond order, Benigsen, also, some diamonds and a hundred thousand

rubles; the others, according to their ranks, also received many agreeable tokens, and after this battle some further changes were made in the staff.

"That is the way it *always goes with us* — everything at cross-purposes," said the Russian officers and generals, after the battle of Tarutino, just exactly as is said at the present day, giving to understand that there is some stupid person responsible for this blundering way, whereas *we* should have done it in quite another way.

But the men who talk that way either know not what they are talking about, or purposely deceive themselves.

Any battle — Tarutino, Borodino, Austerlitz — is fought in a different way from what those who planned for it suppose it will be. That is the essential condition.

An infinite number of uncontrollable forces — for never is a man more uncontrollable than in a battle, where it is a matter of life or death — and an infinite number of these independent forces influence the direction of the battle, and this direction can never be foreseen, and will never be governed by the direction of any one force whatever.

If many forces act in different directions upon any particular body at the same time, then the direction in which this body will move cannot be that of any one of the forces; but it will always take a middle direction which is a combination of these forces — which in physics is called the diagonal of the parallelogram of forces.

If we find in the writings of the historians, and especially of the French historians, that they make wars and battles conform to any prescribed plan, then the only conclusion which we can draw from this is that their descriptions are not to be relied upon.

The battle of Tarutino evidently failed of attaining the object which Toll had in mind, — to lead the troops into the battle in proper order according to the "disposition;" or the object which Count Orlov may have had in mind, — to take Murat prisoner; or that which Benigsen and many others may have had, — of destroying the whole corps at a single blow; or the object of the officer who wished to fall in the battle and distinguish himself, or that of the Cossack who was desirous of getting more booty than he got, and so on.

But if the object of the battle was what actually resulted, and which, at that time, was the chief desire of all the Russians, — the driving of the French from Russia and the destruction of their army, — then it is perfectly clear that the

battle of Tarutino, precisely in consequence of its absurdity, was the very thing that was necessary at that period of the campaign.

It is hard, nay, it is impossible, to imagine anything more favorable as the outcome of that battle than what actually resulted from it. With the very slightest effort, in spite of the most extraordinary confusion, with the most insignificant loss, the most important results of the whole campaign were attained; a change from retreat to advance was made, the weakness of the French was manifested, and that impulse was communicated to the Napoleonic army which alone was needed to make them begin their retreat.

CHAPTER VIII.

NAPOLÉON enters Moscow after the brilliant victory *de la Moskowa*; there can be no doubt that it is a victory, since the French remain masters of the field of battle!

The Russians retreat and give up their capital. Moscow, stored with provisions, arms, ammunition, and infinite riches, falls into the hands of Napoleon.

The Russian army, twice as weak as the French, during a whole month makes not a single effort to assume the offensive.

Napoleon's situation was most brilliant. Whether, with doubly superior forces, he fell upon the remains of the Russian army and exterminated it; or whether he offered advantageous terms of peace, or, in case his offer were rejected, should make a threatening movement upon Petersburg, or even, in case of non-success, he should return to Smolensk, or to Vilno, or whether he should remain in Moscow — in a word, whether he should retain the excellent position which the French army held, it would seem that no extraordinary genius was demanded.

To do this was necessary only to take the simplest and easiest way: not to allow the army to pillage, to prepare winter clothing (there would have been enough in Moscow for the whole army), and to make systematic collection of provisions, which, according to the French historians, were abundant enough to supply the French troops for half a year.

Napoleon, this genius of geniuses, who had, as historians assure us, the power to control his army, did nothing of the sort.

He not only did nothing of the sort, but on the contrary he

used his power to select out of all possible measures open to him the one that was most stupid and the most disastrous.

Of all that Napoleon might have done, — to winter at Moscow, to go to Petersburg, to move upon Nizhni-Novgorod, to return by a more northerly or southerly route, following Kutuzof's example, — what could be imagined more stupid or more disastrous than what Napoleon actually did? Which was this: —

To remain in Moscow till October, allowing his soldiers to pillage the city; and then, after deliberating whether or not to leave a garrison behind him, to leave Moscow, to approach Kutuzof, not to give battle, to move to the right as far as Malo-Yaroslavetz again without seeking an opportunity of making a route of his own, and, instead of taking the course followed by Kutuzof, to retreat toward Mozhaisk along the devastated Smolensk highway. A plan more absurd than this, more pernicious to the army, could not be imagined, as is fully proved by the results.

Let the ablest masters of strategy, granting that Napoleon's design was to destroy his army, conceive any other plan which would so infallibly and so independently of any action on the part of the Russian army have so completely destroyed the French army as what Napoleon did.

Napoleon, with all his genius, did this. But to say that Napoleon destroyed his army because he wished to destroy it, or because he was very stupid, would be just as false as to say that Napoleon led his troops to Moscow because he wished to do so and because he was a man of great intelligence and genius.

In both cases, his personal action, which was of no more consequence than the personal action of any soldier, only coincided with the laws by which phenomena take place.

It is absolutely false, simply because the consequences did not justify Napoleon's action, for historians to say that his powers grew weaker at Moscow.

He employed all his intellect and all his power to do the best thing possible for himself and his army, just as he had always done before, and as he did afterwards in 1813. Napoleon's activity at this time was no less amazing than it was in Egypt, in Italy, in Austria, and in Prussia.

We know not sufficiently well the real state of activity of Napoleon's genius in Egypt, where forty centuries looked down upon his greatness, for the reason that all his great exploits there were described exclusively by the French.

We cannot rate at its proper value his genius in Austria and in Prussia, for with regard to his activity there we must draw our information from French and German sources; but the surrender of army corps without striking a blow, and of forts without a siege, could not fail to incline the Germans to regard his genius as the only explanation of the victorious campaign which he carried on in Germany.

But, glory to God, we Russians have no reason for acknowledging the genius of Napoleon in order to hide our shame. We paid for the right to look at facts simply as they are, and this right we will not yield!

Napoleon's activity at Moscow was as astonishing and full of genius as it was everywhere else. From the time that he entered Moscow until he left it, order upon order and plan upon plan emanated from him. The absence of the inhabitants and of deputations, even the burning of the city, disturbed him not. He forgot not the welfare of his army, or the activity of the enemy, or the good of the people of Russia, or the administration of affairs at Paris, or diplomatic combinations concerning the possible conditions of peace.

CHAPTER IX.

IN relation to military matters, Napoleon, immediately on entering Moscow, gives strict orders to General Sebastiani to watch the movements of the Russian army; sends troops in various directions, and orders Murat to pursue Kutuzof. Then he proceeds diligently to fortify the Kreml. Then he traces upon the whole map of Russia a brilliant plan for the rest of the campaign.

In relation to diplomatic matters Napoleon sends for the robbed and despoiled Captain Yakovlef, who had not succeeded in getting away from Moscow, and gives him a detailed exposition of all his political views, and of his magnanimity, and having written a letter to the Emperor Alexander, in which he counts it his duty to inform his friend and brother that Rostopchin has behaved very badly at Moscow, he sends Captain Yakovlef with it to Petersburg. Having, in the same way, expressed in detail his views and his magnanimity before Tutolmin, he sends this little old man also to Petersburg to enter into negotiations.

In relation to judicial affairs, Napoleon, immediately after the conflagrations, gives orders that the guilty shall be found

and executed; and, to punish the malefactor Rostopchin, orders his houses to be set on fire.

In relation to administrative affairs, Napoleon grants a constitution to Moscow, organizes the municipal government, and published the following:—

INHABITANTS OF MOSCOW!

Your miseries are great, but His Majesty the Emperor and King desires to put an end to them.

Terrible examples have taught you how he punishes disobedience and crime. Severe measures have been taken to put an end to disorder and to restore general security.

A paternal administration, composed of men from among yourselves, will constitute your municipality, or city government. This will care for you, for your needs, for your interests.

The members thereof will be distinguished by a red scarf, which they will wear over the shoulder, while the mayor* will wear, in addition to the scarf, a white belt.

But when not on duty the members will wear simply a red band around the left arm.

The municipal police is established upon its former organization, and, thanks to its vigilance, the best of order already exists.

The government has named two commissioners-general or *politsëi-meisters*, and twenty commissioners or *tekhstov priistafs* assigned to different portions of the city. You will recognize them by the white band worn around the left arm.

A number of churches of different denominations are open, and divine service is there celebrated without hindrance.

Your fellow-citizens are daily returning to their dwellings, and orders have been given that they shall find the aid and protection due to their misfortune.

Such are the means which the government is using to restore order and mitigate your position; but to attain this end, you must unite your efforts with theirs, you must forget, if possible, the misfortunes that you have endured, you must cherish the hope of a less cruel destiny, must be convinced that an inevitable and infamous death awaits all those who make any assault upon your persons or the property that remains to you, and you must not doubt that they will be guarded, for such is the will of the greatest and most just of all monarchs.

Soldiers and citizens, of whatever nation you may be!—re-establish public confidence, that source of happiness in every state, live like brethren, mutually aid and protect one another, unite to oppose all criminal manifestations, obey the military and municipal authorities, and soon your tears will cease to flow.

In relation to the provisioning of the army, Napoleon gave orders for the troops to take turns in foraging *à la maraude* through the city to procure food, that thus the army might be secured for the future.

In relation to religion, Napoleon ordered that the popes

* *Grádskaïi golová*, head of the city.

should be brought back — *ramener les popes* — and worship be re-established in the churches.

In relation to trade and the provisioning of the army, the following was posted everywhere: —

PROCLAMATION.

You, peaceable inhabitants of Moscow, artisans and workmen whom misfortunes have driven from this city, and you, dispersed farmers, who through unfounded terror remain concealed in the fields, — listen!

Peace reigns in this capital, and order is re-established within it. Your compatriots are boldly leaving their retreats, finding that they are respected.

All violence shown to them or their property is immediately punished.

H. M. the Emperor and King protects them, and considers none among you his enemies except those who disobey his orders.

He desires to put an end to your misfortunes, and restore you to your homes and families.

Respond to his benevolent intentions, and come to us without fear.

Inhabitants!

Return with confidence to your dwellings; you will soon find means of satisfying your wants.

Mechanics and laborious artisans!

Come back to your trades: houses, shops, watchmen await you, and for your labor you will receive the wage which is your due!

And you, finally, peasants, come forth from the forests, where you have been hiding in fear; return boldly to your cottages, with the firm assurance that you will find protection.

Grain shops have been established in the city, where the peasants may bring all their surplus provisions and the products of the soil.

The government has taken the following measures to assure the free sale of these products:—

1. From this date, peasants, farmers, and the inhabitants of the suburbs of Moscow, may without danger bring their products, whatever they may be, into town, to the two markets established for the purpose — in Mokhovaya Street, and in the Okhotnui Riad.

2. These products will be purchased of them at such prices as may be agreed upon between seller and buyer; but if the seller cannot obtain the just price demanded, he is free to take his goods back to his village, and no one under any pretext shall prevent him from doing so.

3. Every Sunday and Wednesday are legalized as “chief market days;” therefore sufficient numbers of soldiers will be placed, Tuesdays and Saturdays, in the principal thoroughfares at such a distance from the city as to protect the provision trains.

4. Similar measures will be taken to expedite the return of the peasants to their villages with their horses and teams.

5. Measures will be taken immediately to re-establish the ordinary markets.

Inhabitants of the city and the villages, and you workmen and artisans, to whatever nation you may belong!

We urge you to follow the paternal wishes of H. M. the Emperor and King, and co-operate with him for the general welfare.

Bring to his feet respect and confidence, and hesitate not to unite with us.

To keep up the spirits of the troops and the people, reviews were constantly held and decorations distributed. The emperor rode through the streets on horseback and consoled the inhabitants, and, in spite of all his devotion to state matters, he visited the theatres established by his orders.

In relation to charity, that best virtue of crowned heads, Napoleon also did all that could be expected of him.

He ordered the words *Maison de ma mère* to be inscribed upon the buildings devoted to charity, by this act uniting the sentiment of a loving son with the grand virtue of a monarch.

He visited the Foundling Asylum,* and, allowing his white hands to be mouthed by the orphans saved by him, he conversed graciously with Tutolmin.

Then, according to Thiers's eloquent narrative, he ordered his troops to be paid in counterfeit Russian money which he had manufactured!

"Exalting the employment of these means by an act worthy of him and of the French army, he commanded to give aid to those who had suffered from the fires. But as provisions were too precious to furnish to men of a foreign land, and, for the most part, enemies, Napoleon found it better to give them money, and let them procure provisions outside, and he ordered paper rubles to be distributed among them." †

In relation to the discipline of the army, he constantly issued orders threatening severe punishments for all infractions of the rules of the service, and to stop pillaging.

CHAPTER X.

BUT, strangely enough, all these arrangements, measures, and plans, which were in no respect inferior to those which he had taken under similar circumstances, did not touch the essence of the matter, but, like the hands of a clock disconnected with the mechanism behind the dial, moved at random and aimlessly, having nothing to do with the wheels.

As for military matters, the plan for the campaign, of which Thiers says, "Napoleon's genius never imagined any-

* *Vospitatelnui Dom.*

† "Reliant l'emploi de ces moyens par un acte digne de lui et de l'armée française, il fit distribuer des secours aux incendiés. Mais les vivres étant trop précieux pour être donnés à des étrangers, la plupart ennemis, Napoléon crut mieux leur fournir de l'argent à fin qu'ils se fournissent au dehors, et il leur fit distribuer des roubles papiers." — THIERS, "*Histoire du consulat et de l'empire.*" Tom. xiv

thing more profound, more skilful, or more admirable," * and which, in his argument with M. Fain, he proves was conceived, not on the fourth of October, but on the fifteenth of that month, — this plan, full of genius as it was, was not and could not have been carried out, for it had no basis whatever in reality.

The fortifying of the Kreml, to accomplish which it was necessary to destroy the mosque, *la mosquée*, — for so Napoleon called the church of Vasili Blazhennui, — was perfectly unnecessary.

The placing of mines under the Kreml served only to carry out the personal desire of the emperor, who wished, on leaving Moscow, to see the Kreml blown up, — in other words, that the floor upon which the child has hurt himself might be beaten.

The pursuit of the Russian army, which so engrossed Napoleon's attention, presented a most unheard-of phenomenon. The French generals lost sight of the Russian army, numbering not less than sixty thousand men, and, according to Thiers, it was only through Murat's ability — his genius, one might say — that the French succeeded in discovering, like a needle in a haystack, the Russian army, sixty thousand strong!

As for diplomatic matters, all Napoleon's declarations of magnanimity and justice, made to Yakovlef and to Tutolmin, who was chiefly solicitous about cloaks and teams, proved without effect.

Alexander did not receive these ambassadors, and did not reply to their letters.

As for justice, after the execution of the supposed incendiaries, the other half of Moscow was burned!

As for administration, the establishment of a municipality did not put an end to pillage, and was of service only to the few individuals who took a part in this municipal government, and, under the pretext of establishing order, plundered Moscow, or saved their own property from pillage.

As for religion, the thing he had found so easy to arrange in Egypt, by visiting a mosque, here in Moscow produced no results. Two or three priests, found in Moscow, were compelled to fulfil the emperor's wishes; but a French soldier struck one of them on the cheeks while conducting divine service, and of the other the French official reported as follows: —

* "— *que son génie n'avait jamais rien imaginé de plus profond, de plus habile, et de plus admirable.*"

"The priest whom I found and commanded to begin once more the saying of mass, cleaned and locked the church. That same night they went again and smashed the doors and the locks, tore the books in pieces, and committed other disorders." *

As for the re-establishment of trade, the proclamation to laborious artisans and to all peasants met with no response. There were no laborious artisans; while the peasants seized the commissioners who ventured too far outside the city with the proclamation, and killed them.

As for amusing the people and the troops by theatrical representations, the result was a failure. The theatres that were established in the Kreml and in Posniakof's house were immediately closed because the actors and actresses were robbed.

Even his charities did not bring forth the anticipated results. Counterfeit and genuine assignats were so abundant in Moscow that they were alike valueless. The French, who were laden with booty, would have nothing but gold. Not only the false assignats that Napoleon so kindly distributed among the unfortunates were worthless, but the discount on silver was greater than that on gold.

But the most striking proof of the inefficiency of all these orders was Napoleon's effort to put an end to pillage and restore discipline.

Here are some of the reports made by the commanding officers :—

"Pillage continues in the city in spite of the order that it shall be stopped. Order is not yet re-established, and there is not a merchant engaged in legitimate trade. Pedlars alone venture to sell anything, and what they sell are objects pillaged."

"A part of my district continues to be pillaged by soldiers of the Third Corps, who, not content with taking from the wretched citizens hiding in the cellars the little that they have, are even brutal enough to strike them with their swords, as I myself saw in many instances." †

"There is nothing new; the soldiers still continue theft and pillage. (October 9.)" ‡

* "*Le prêtre que j'avais découvert et invité à recommencer à dire la messe a nettoyé et fermé l'église. Cette nuit on est venu de nouveau enfoncer les portes, casser les cadénas, déchirer les livres et commettre d'autres désordres.*"

† "*La partie de mon arrondissement continue à être en proie au pillage des soldats du 3 Corps, qui, non contents d'arracher aux malheureux réfugiés dans des souterrains le peu qui leur reste, ont même la ferocité de les blesser à coups de sabre, comme j'en ai vu plusieurs exemples.*"

‡ "*Rien de nouveau outre que les soldats se permettent de voler et de piller. (Le 9 Octobre.)*"

"Theft and pillage continue. There is a band of robbers in our district who ought to be put down by strong measures. (October 11.)" *

"The emperor is greatly displeased that, in spite of his strict orders to restrain pillage, detachments of marauders from the guard are continually entering the Kreml. . . . In the Old Guard disorder and pillage were renewed yesterday, last night, and to-day more vigorously if possible than ever. The emperor sees with sorrow that his chosen soldiers, detailed to defend his own person, who ought to set an example of subordination, carry disobedience so far as to despoil cellars and warehouses stocked with stores for the army. Others have fallen so low that they have refused to obey the watchmen and sentinels, and have reviled and beaten them."

"The grand marshal of the palace complains bitterly," wrote the governor, "that, notwithstanding his reiterated commands, the soldiers continue to perform the offices of nature in all the courts, and even under the windows of the emperor." †

This army, like a herd let out in disorder, and trampling under its feet the fodder that would have saved it from starvation and death, was each day of its delay in Moscow nearer its disorganization and its destruction.

But it did not stir.

It started in flight only when panic fear suddenly seized it at the capture of the provision train on the Smolensk road, and at the battle of Tarutino.

This same news of the battle of Tarutino, unexpectedly received by Napoleon during a review, inspired in him, Thiers tells us, the desire to punish the Russians, and he gave the order to retreat, which the whole army demanded.

On leaving Moscow, the men of this army loaded themselves with all the booty they could get together.

Napoleon also had his own *trésor* to take with him. Seeing the vehicles encumbering the army, Napoleon, as Thiers says, was horror-struck. But, with all his experience in war, he did not order the superfluous wagons to be destroyed, as he had ordered in regard to his marshals' when they were approaching Moscow. He glanced at the calashes and coaches in which the soldiers were travelling, and said that it was very good — that these vehicles would be useful for carrying provisions, the sick, and the wounded.

The situation of the whole army was like that of a wounded animal feeling death to be near and not knowing what to do.

To study the artful manœuvres and the purposes of Napo-

* "*Le vol et le pillage continuent. Il y a une bande de voleurs dans notre district qu'il faut faire arrêter par de fortes gardes. (Le 11 Octobre.)*"

† "*Le grand maréchal du palais se plaint vivement que malgré les défenses reiterées les soldats continuent à faire leurs besoins dans toutes les cours, et même jusque sous les fenêtres de l'empereur.*"

leon and his army, from the time he entered Moscow to the destruction of this army, is like watching the convulsions and the death struggles of an animal mortally wounded. Often the wounded animal, hearing a noise, runs directly into the hunter's fire, turns this way and that way, and hastens its own end.

Thus acted Napoleon, under the pressure of his army.

The noise of the battle of Tarutino alarmed the beast, and it threw itself forward directly into the fire, ran toward the hunter, turned back again, and, like every wild beast, suddenly fled by the most dangerous, the most disadvantageous, but the best known road — its former trail.

Napoleon, whom we imagine to have been the director of all these movements, just as the figure-head upon the prow of a ship is supposed by the savage to be the power that moves the ship, — Napoleon, throughout the whole of his activity, was like a child seated in a carriage clasping the straps that hang on the inside, and imagining that he makes it go.

CHAPTER XI.

On the eighteenth of October, early in the morning, Pierre stepped out of the balagán, or prison-hut, and then, turning back, stood in the doorway, playing with the long-bodied, bandy-legged, little pink puppy, which was gambolling around him.

This puppy had made her home in the balagán, sleeping next Karatayef; but sometimes she made excursions out into the city, from which she would always return again. She had evidently never belonged to any one, and now no one was her master, and she had no name. The French called her Azor; the wit of the company called her Femme-gálka, or Jenny Daw; Karatayef and the others called her Serui or Gray; sometimes Vislui — the Hanger-on.

The fact that she belonged to no one and had no name or breed and no definite color seemed in no wise to trouble the little pink dog. She held her furry tail like a plume, boldly and gallantly; the crooked bow legs served her so well that often, as though disdaining to use all four of them, she would lift gracefully one of the hind-legs, and run with great agility and adroitness on three. Everything that came along was for her an object of satisfaction. Now grunting with delight she

would roll on her back, now she would warm herself in the sun with a thoughtful and significant expression, now she would gambol and play with a chip or a straw.

Pierre's costume now consisted of a torn and dirty shirt, — the only remains of his former dress, — soldiers' trousers, for the sake of greater warmth tied with string around the ankles by Karatayef's advice, a kaftan, and his peasant's cap.

Physically, during this time Pierre had greatly changed. He no longer seemed portly, although he still retained that appearance of rotundity and strength which in their nature are hereditary. His beard and mustache had grown, and covered the lower part of his face. His long hair, all in a tangle on his head and full of lice, fell in tangled locks from under his cap. The expression of his eyes was firm, steadfast, calm, and full of an alertness which had never before been characteristic of him. His old-time indolence, manifested even in his eyes, had now given place to an energetic spirit that was ready for activity and resistance.

His feet were bare.

Pierre looked now at the field along which, that morning, teams and mounted men were moving, now far off across the river, now at the puppy which was pretending that she was going to bite him in real earnest, and now at his bare feet, which, for the sport of the thing, he was placing in various attitudes, wagging his dirty, thick toes. And every time that he looked at his bare feet, a smile of lively satisfaction illumined his face. The sight of those bare feet reminded him of all that he had been through and had learned to understand in that time, and this recollection was agreeable to him.

The weather for several days had become mild and bright, with light frosts in the morning — the so-called *Bábye liéto* — Indian summer.

In the sun, the air felt warm; and this warmth, together with the invigorating freshness of the morning frosts, which left its influence in the air, was very pleasant. Over everything, objects remote and objects near at hand, lay that magical crystalline gleam which is seen only at this time of the autumn. In the distance could be seen the Vorobyevui Gorui — the Sparrow Hills — with a village, a church, and a great white house. And the leafless trees and the sand and the rocks and the roofs of the houses, the green belfry of the church, and the angles of the distant white house, — everything stood out with unnatural distinctness, with all its delicacy of outline, in the transparent atmosphere.

Near at hand were the well-known ruins of a noble mansion half burned, occupied by the French, with its lilac bushes still dark green, which had once adorned the park along by the fence. And even this house, ruined and befoiled, which in gloomy weather would have been repulsive from its disorder, now, in the bright, immovable light, seemed like something tranquilly beautiful.

A French corporal, in undress uniform, in his night-cap, with a short pipe between his teeth, came from behind the corner of the balagán, and, tipping Pierre a friendly wink, joined him.

"*Quel soleil, hein ! Monsieur Kirill.*" — for that was what all the French called Pierre, — "*on dirait le printemps* — you'd think it was springtime."

And the corporal leaned up against the door-post and offered Pierre his pipe, although Pierre always declined it just as surely as he was always sure to offer it.

"*Si l'on marchait par un temps comme celui-là* — If we should start in such weather as this" — he began.

Pierre asked what the news was in regard to a retreat, and the corporal told him that almost all the troops were beginning to move, and that the order in regard to the prisoners was to be issued that day.

In the balagán in which Pierre was confined, a soldier named Sokólof was sick unto death, and Pierre told the corporal that something ought to be done about this soldier.

The corporal replied that Pierre might be easy on that score, that there were permanent and movable hospitals, and that the sick would be cared for, and that the authorities had provided for all emergencies.

"And besides, Monsieur Kirill, you have only to say a single word to the captain, you know. Oh, he is a — he never forgets anything! Tell the captain when he makes his tour of inspection, and he will do anything for you." —

The captain of whom the corporal was speaking had often talked with Pierre and showed him all manner of condescension. —

"Do you see, St. Thomas,' says he to me the other day, 'Kirill is a man of education who speaks French; he is a Russian seigneur who has been unfortunate, but he's a man! And he knows what — If he asks for anything,' says he, 'let him tell me; I couldn't refuse him. When one has been studying, you see, you like education and the right kind of people.' It's for your sake I tell you this, Monsieur Kirill."

In that affair the other day, if it hadn't been for you, it might have come out pretty bad!" *

And after chatting a little while longer the corporal went off.

The "affair" which the corporal mentioned as having taken place a few days before was a squabble between the prisoners and the French in which Pierre had taken it upon him to act as peacemaker.

Several of the prisoners had been listening to the conversation between Pierre and the corporal, and they immediately began to ask what had been said. While Pierre was telling his comrades what the corporal had said about the retreat of the French, a lean, sallow, and ragged French soldier made his appearance in the door of the balagán. With a quick, timid gesture he addressed himself to Pierre, raising his fingers to his forehead as a salute, and asked him if there were a soldier in that balagán named Platoche, who had been given a shirt to make.

The week before the French had received leather and linen, and had distributed them among the Russian prisoners to make boots and shirts.

"All ready, all ready, my dear," said Platon Karatayef, coming forth with a carefully folded shirt.

Karatayef, owing to the warmth of the weather, and for convenience of working, wore only his trousers and a torn shirt as black as earth. His hair, after the fashion of master workmen, was tied up with a bast string, and his round face seemed rounder and more good-natured than ever.

"'Agreement's own brother to business.' I promised it for Friday, and here it is!" said Platon, smiling, and unfolding the shirt which he had made.

The Frenchman glanced round uneasily, and, as though conquering a doubt, he quickly stripped off his uniform, and put on the shirt. The Frenchman had no shirt on under his uniform, but his bare, yellow, lean body was clad in nothing but a long, greasy, silk brocade waistcoat.

* "Et puis, M Kirill, vous n'avez qu'à dire un mot au capitaine, vous savez. Oh! c'est un — qui n'oublie jamais rien. Dites au capitaine quand il fera sa tournée, il fera tout pour vous. — 'Vois-tu, St. Thomas,' qu'il me disait l'autre jour, 'Kiril c'est un homme qui a de l'instruction, qui parle français; c'est un seigneur russe, qui a eu des malheurs, mais c'est un homme. Et il s'y entend le — s'il demande quelque chose, qu'il me dise, il n'y a pas de refus. Quand on a fait ses études, voyez-vous, on aime l'instruction et les gens comme il faut.' C'est pour vous que je dis cela, M. Kirill! Dans l'affaire de l'autre jour si ce n'était grâce à vous, ça aurait fini mal."

The Frenchman was evidently afraid that the prisoners who were staring at him would make sport of him, and he hastily thrust his head into the shirt. Not one of the prisoners said a word.

"There, it was time," exclaimed Platon, pulling down the shirt. The Frenchman, getting his head and arms through, without lifting his eyes, inspected the fit of the shirt and scrutinized the sewing.

"You see, my dear, this is not a tailor's shop, and I hadn't suitable tools; and the saying is, 'You can't kill even a louse without a tool,'" said Platon, with a round smile, and taking evident delight in his handiwork.

"*C'est bien, c'est bien, merci!*" But you ought to have some of the cloth left over," said the Frenchman.

"It will set on you better when you get it fitted to your body," said Karatayef, continuing to delight in his production. "It will suit you nicely and be very comfortable."

"*Merci, merci, mon vieux. — le reste.*" insisted the Frenchman, smiling; and, getting out an assignat, he gave it to Karatayef, "*mais le reste.*"

Pierre saw that Platon had no wish to understand what the Frenchman said, and, without interfering, he looked at them. Karatayef thanked him for the money, and continued to admire his work. The Frenchman was bound to have the pieces that were left over, and begged Pierre to translate what he said.

"What does he want of the pieces?" asked Karatayef. "They would come in handy as leg-wrappers. Well, then, God go with him — *Bog s nim!*" and Karatayef, his face suddenly changing to an expression of deep depression, took out from his breast a bundle of rags, and handed them to the Frenchman without looking at him. "Ekh-ma!" exclaimed Karatayef, and he started back into the hut.

The Frenchman looked at the cloth, deliberated a moment, gave Pierre a questioning look, and, as though Pierre's look said something to him, —

"*Platoche, dites donc! Platoche, Platoche!*" cried the Frenchman, suddenly flushing, and speaking in a piping voice! "*Gardez pour vous — keep it!*" said he, giving him the rags, and, turning on his heel, went off.

"Good-by," said Karatayef, nodding his head. "They say they're heathens, but that one has a soul. It used to be a saying in old times, 'Sweaty hand's lavish, dry hand close.' That man was naked, but he gave all the same." Karatayef, thought-

fully smiling and looking at the rags, remained silent for some time.

"But they'll come handy as leg-wrappers, my friend," said he, and returned to the *balagán*.

CHAPTER XII.

FOUR weeks had passed since Pierre was made prisoner. Although the French had proposed to transfer him from the privates' *balagán* to the officers', he preferred to remain in the one where he had been placed on the first day.

In Moscow plundered and burned, Pierre experienced almost the utmost privations which it is in the power of man to endure; but owing to his vigorous constitution and health, — a blessing which he had never realized till then, — and especially owing to the fact that these privations had come on him so imperceptibly that it was impossible to say when they began, he not only bore them easily but even cheerfully.

And it was at this very time that he began to feel that calmness and self-satisfaction which he had before vainly striven to attain. He had been long seeking in various directions for this composure and self-agreement, that quality which had amazed him so in the soldiers at the battle of Borodino: he had sought it in philanthropy, in Free-Masonry, in the diversions of fashionable life, in wine, in the heroic effort of self-sacrifice, in his romantic love for Natasha. He had sought it in the path of thought, and all these efforts and experiments had disappointed him.

And now without any effort or thought he had discovered this calmness and self-contentment only by the horror of death, by privations, and by what he had found in Karatayef.

Those terrible moments which he had passed through at the time of the executions had, as it were, cleared forever from his imagination and his recollection those anxious thoughts and feelings which had formerly seemed to him of consequence. He no longer thought about Russia, or the war, or politics, or Napoleon. It was evident to him that all this concerned him not, that he was not called upon, and therefore could not judge about all this.

"No love is lost
'Twixt Russia and frost," *

* *Rossii da liétu —
Soyúzu niétu.*

A variant of the popular saw, *Rusi i liétu — Soyúzu niétu.* — "Winter and summer have no alliance."

he would say, quoting one of Karatayef's proverbs, and these words strangely calmed him.

His scheme of killing Napoleon seemed to him now incomprehensible and even absurd, and so also his calculations concerning the cabalistic number and the Beast of the Apocalypse. His indignation against his wife, and his anxiety that his name should not be disgraced, seemed to him now not only insignificant, but even ludicrous. What difference did it make to him whether or not this woman led the life that best pleased her, or where? Whose business was it and what difference did it make to him whether it were known or not known to the French that their prisoner was Count Bezukhoï.

He now frequently recalled his conversation with Prince Andrei and fully agreed with him, except that he understood Prince Andrei's words in a slightly different way.

Prince Andrei thought and declared that happiness is merely negative, but he said this with a shade of bitterness and irony. It seemed as if in saying this he had expressed the corresponding thought, — that all our aspirations for real, positive happiness are given to us merely to torment us, without ever being satisfied.

But Pierre, without any mental reservation, acknowledged the correctness of this. The absence of pain, the gratification of desires, and consequently the free choice of occupations, in other words, the manner of life, seemed now to Pierre man's indubitable and highest happiness.

Here and now, for the first time, Pierre appreciated the pleasure of eating when he was hungry, of drinking when he was thirsty, of sleeping when he was sleepy, of warmth when he was cold, of converse with his fellow-men when he felt like talking and hearing a human voice. The gratification of desires, — good food, cleanliness, independence, — now that he was deprived of them all, seemed to Pierre perfect happiness, and the choice of occupation, — that is life, — now when this choice was so limited, seemed to him such an easy matter that he forgot that the superfluity of the comforts of life destroyed all the happiness of gratifying the desires, while great freedom in choice of occupations, that freedom which in his case was given him by his culture, his wealth, his position in society, that such freedom is exactly what makes a choice of occupations hopelessly difficult, and destroys the very desire and possibility of occupation.

All Pierre's thoughts of the future were directed toward

the time when he should be free. But nevertheless, afterwards, and all his life long, Pierre thought and spoke with enthusiasm of that month of imprisonment, of those strong and pleasurable sensations which would never return again, and above all of that utter spiritual peace, of that perfect inward freedom, which he had experienced only at that time.

When on the first day of his imprisonment he arose early in the morning and went out at daybreak from the balagán and saw the cupolas, dim and dark at first, the crosses on the Novo-Dievitchy monastery, saw the frosty dew on the dusty grass, saw the tops of the Sparrow Hills, and the winding woody banks of the river vanishing in the purple distance, when he felt the contact of the fresh, cool air, and heard the cawing of the daws flying from Moscow across the field, and when afterwards suddenly flashed forth the light from the east, and the disk of the sun arose solemnly above the cloud and the cupolas and the crosses, and the dew and the distance and the river all were bathed in gladsome light, then Pierre felt a new sense of joy and vital vigor such as he had never before experienced.

And this feeling not only did not once leave him during all the time of his imprisonment, but, on the contrary, it grew more and more, according as the difficulties of his position increased.

This feeling of readiness for anything, of moral elevation, was still more enhanced in Pierre by that lofty recognition which immediately on his incarceration in the balagán he began to enjoy among his companions.

Pierre, by his knowledge of languages, by that respect which was shown him by the French, by the simplicity with which he gave anything that was asked of him, — he received three rubles a week, the same as the officers, — by the strength which he manifested before the soldiers by driving in the pegs in the wall of the balagán, by the sweetness of disposition which he showed in his treatment of his companions, by his power, which they could not understand, of sitting motionless, thinking, seemed to the soldiers a somewhat mysterious and superior being.

Those very characteristics of his which had been, if not injurious, at least a hinderance, in that society where he had moved before, — his strength, his scorn for the amenities of life, his fits of abstraction, his simplicity, — here, among these people, gave him almost the position of a hero. And Pierre felt that this view imposed responsibilities upon him.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE French armies started to retreat on the night of the eighteenth of October. Kitchens and balagáns were dismantled; wagons were loaded, and the troops and trains set forth.

At seven o'clock in the morning, in marching trim, in shakos, with muskets, knapsacks, and huge bundles, they stood in front of the balagáns, and a lively interchange of French talk, interspersed with oaths, rolled along the whole line.

In the balagán all were ready, clothed, belted, shod, and only awaiting the word of command to start.

The sick soldier Sokólof, pale and thin, with livid circles under his eyes, was the only one unshod and unclad; and he lay in his place, and his eyes, bulging from his very leanness, looked questioningly at his comrades, who paid no heed to him or his low and regular groans. Evidently it was not so much his sufferings—he was ill with dysentery—as it was the fear and grief at being left alone that caused him to groan.

Pierre, with his feet shod in slippers fabricated for him by Karatayef out of remnants of goat-skin which a Frenchman had brought him to make into inner soles for his boots, and belted with a rope, came to the sick man and squatted down beside him on his heels.

"Now, see here, Sokólof, they're not absolutely all going away. They're going to have a hospital here. Maybe you'll be better off than the rest of us," said Pierre.

"Oh, Lord, oh! The death of me! Oh, Lord!" groaned the soldier, louder than ever.

"There, I'll go directly and ask them," said Pierre, and getting up, he went to the door of the balagán.

Just as Pierre reached the door, the very corporal who, the day before, had offered Pierre his pipe, appeared at the outside with two soldiers. The corporal and the soldiers also were in marching trim, with knapsacks, and wearing shakos with chin-straps on, which gave a new appearance to their well-known faces. The corporal approached the door for the purpose of locking it, according to the order of the authorities. Before letting out the prisoners they had to call the roll.

"Corporal, what is to be done with the sick man?"—

Pierre began to say; but at the instant that he said this, the doubt arose in his mind whether this was the corporal whom he had known, or an entirely different man: the corporal was so unlike himself at that instant. Moreover, at the instant that Pierre spoke, on two sides the rolling of drums was suddenly heard.

The corporal scowled at Pierre's words, and, uttering a meaningless oath, he clapped the door to.

In the *balagán* there was semi-darkness; on two sides the sharp rattle of the drums drowned the sick man's groans.

"Here it is! — here it is again!" said Pierre to himself, and an involuntary chill ran down his back.

In the changed face of the corporal, in the sounds of his voice, in the exciting and deafening rattle of the drums, Pierre recognized that mysterious, unsympathetic power which compels men against their wills to murder their kind, that power the working of which he had seen during the executions.

To fear this power, to try to escape it, to address with petitions or with reproaches the men who served as its instruments, was idle.

Pierre now realized this. It was necessary to wait and have patience.

Pierre did not go back to the sick man, or even look in his direction. Silent, scowling, he stood at the door of the *balagán*.

When the doors of the *balagán* were thrown open, and the prisoners, crowding against each other, came flocking out, Pierre threw himself in front of them and went to the very captain who, according to the corporal's account, was ready to do anything for him.

This captain was in marching trim, and from his cold face looked forth that same "it" which Pierre had recognized in the corporal's words and in the rattle of the drums.

"*Filez, filez* — On with you!" commanded the captain, frowning sternly, as he looked at the prisoners crowding past him. Pierre knew beforehand that his effort would be wasted, but still he went up to him.

"*Eh bien, qu'est-ce-qu'il y a?* — What do you want?" asked the officer coldly, scanning Pierre as though he did not recognize him.

Pierre told him about the wounded.

"He can walk, the devil take him!" replied the captain. "*Filez, filez!*" he went on saying, not looking at Pierre.

"No, but he is dying," began Pierre.

"Go to the ——!" cried the captain, scowling wrathfully.

Dram-da-da-dam-dam-dam went the rattle of the drums. And Pierre realized that this mysterious force was already in full possession of these men, and that to say anything now was useless.

The officers among the prisoners were separated from the privates and ordered to go forward. The officers, including Pierre, numbered thirty, the privates three hundred.

The officers who were taken out of the other prison-barracks were otherwise and far better dressed than Pierre, and they looked at him and his foot-gear with distrust and even repulsion.

Not far from Pierre marched a stout major in a fine Kazan khalat, belted with a towel, with a puffy, sallow, cross face who evidently enjoyed general distinction among his fellow prisoners. He kept one hand holding his tobacco-pouch in his bosom; in the other he clutched his pipe. This major puffing and breathing hard, growled and scolded at everybody because it seemed to him they were pushing him, and were in a hurry, when there was no sense in being in a hurry and were wondering at everything when there was nothing to wonder at.

Another officer, a little lean man, was chattering with every one, expressing his suppositions as to where they were to be taken now, and how far they would succeed in moving that day.

A chinovnik, in felt boots and wearing the uniform of the commissariat department, ran from one side to another and gazed at the burned city, loudly communicating his speculations in regard to the buildings burned, or whether it was this or that part of Moscow where they were.

A third officer, of Polish origin, judging by his accent, disputed with the commissariat chinovnik, arguing that he was mistaken in his identification of the different parts of Moscow.

"What are you disputing about?" angrily asked the major. "Whether Nikola or Vlas, 'tis all one; can't you see 'tis all burnt, and that's the end of it? . . . What are you pushing so for? isn't there room enough?" he exclaimed, turning wrathfully on the one next to him, who did not even touch him.

"Ai! ai! ai! what have they done!" was heard on all sides as the prisoners gazed at the ruins wrought by the conflagration.

"The ward across the river * and Zubovo and even in the Kreml!"

"Look! half of the city's gone!"

"Yes, and I told you that the ward across the river was burnt, and there! you see, it is so!"

"Well, now you know it's burnt, and what's the use of talking about it?" grumbled the major.

As they passed through Khamóvniki,† one of the few unscathed quarters of Moscow, and went by a church, the whole throng of prisoners suddenly swerved to one side, and exclamations of horror and disgust were heard:—

"Oh, the scoundrels!"

"Aren't they heathens?"

"Oh, it's a corpse, it's a corpse!"

"They've smeared his face with something."

Pierre also moved toward the church, where the object that had called forth the exclamations was, and he vaguely discerned something leaning up against the walls of the church.

From the words of his comrades who had better eyesight than he, he made out that this object was a man's dead body, placed in a standing posture by the fence, and with its face smeared with lamp-black.

"*Marchez! Sacré nom! Filez! . . . trente mille diables!*" shouted the soldiers of the guard; and the French soldiers, with fierce objurgations and abuse, applied their sabres to drive on the throng of the prisoners, who had stopped to gaze at the dead.

CHAPTER XIV.

ON the streets that crossed Khamovniki, the prisoners marched along with their convoy and the wagons and teams that belonged to the soldiers composing it and followed behind them; but when they reached a storehouse of provisions, they found themselves in the midst of a tremendous detachment of artillery, moving in close order, which had got mixed up with a number of private conveyances.

On the bridge itself a halt was called, and they all waited for those in the van to move on. From the bridge the prison-

* The Zamoskvorietchye.

† The Weavers'. Count Tolstoï's present Moscow residence is in Khamóvniki.

ers could see before them and behind them endless lines of moving vehicles.

At the right, where the Kaluga road bends away past Neskutchnui, stretched endless files of troops and trains, disappearing in the distance. These were the troops belonging to Beauharnais's corps, which had left the city before the others.

Behind, along the Náberezhnaya quai and across the Kámen nui Most or Stone Bridge, stretched the troops and trains of Ney.

Davoust's troops, in whose charge the prisoners were, had crossed the Kruimsky Brod, or Crimean Ford Bridge, and already some of the divisions were debouching into Kaluga Street. But the teams stretched out so endlessly that the last ones belonging to Beauharnais's division had not yet left Moscow to enter Kaluga Street, while the head of Ney's troops had already left Bólshaya Orduinka.

After the prisoners had crossed the Crimean Ford Bridge, they moved on some little distance, and were halted, and then moved on again, while from all sides equipages and men were blocked together more and more. After marching more than an hour, accomplishing those few hundred steps which separated the bridge from Kaluga Street, and reaching the square where Kaluga Street and the Trans-Moskva Streets meet, the prisoners, closely squeezed into one group, were halted again and kept standing for some hours at the crossway.

In every direction was heard the incessant roar of carriages like the tumult of the sea, and trampling of feet and incessant shouts and curses. Pierre stood crushed up against the wall of a house that had been exposed to the flames, and listened to this uproar, which blended in his imagination with the rattle of the drum.

Several of the officers in the group of prisoners, in order to get a better view, climbed up on the wall of the house next which Pierre was standing.

"What crowds of people! oh, what crowds!" — "They're even riding on the guns! See the furs!" they exclaimed. "Oh! the carrion-eaters! what thieves!" — "Look yonder, on that telyega!" — "Do you see that, they've got an ikon, by God!" —

"Those must be Germans." — "And our muzhiks, by God!" —

"Akh! the scoundrels!" — "See how they're loaded down much as they can do to get along! And there's one got drozhsky — they stole even that!" —

"See! he's sitting on the trunks! Ye saints!" — "There they're having a fight." —

"See! he hit him in the snout, right in the snout!"

"At this rate they won't get through till night!" —

"Look! Just look! Those must be Napoleon's! See what fine horses! With monogram and crown!" —

"That was a fine house!" — "See, he's dropped a bag and didn't notice it!" —

"There! they're fighting again!" —

"There's a woman with a baby! Not so bad-looking either!" —

"See! There's no end to it. Russian wenches! there's the wenches for you, by God!" —

"They're having an easy time in that carriage there, hey!"

Again the wave of general curiosity, just as had been the case at the church at Khamovniki, drove all the prisoners into the street; and Pierre, thanks to his stature, could, over the heads of the others, see what had so awakened the curiosity of the prisoners: in three calashes, jammed in among some artillery caissons, rode several women, sitting close together, adorned with bright colors, painted, and shouting at the top of their sharp voices.

From the moment that Pierre recognized the re-appearance of that mysterious power, nothing seemed to him strange or terrible; neither the corpse smeared with lamp-black for a joke, nor these women hastening no one knew where, nor the conflagration that had destroyed Moscow. All that he now saw produced scarcely any impression upon him — as though his soul, preparing for a hard struggle, refused to submit to any impressions that might render it weaker.

The teams with the women drove past. Again behind them stretched on telyegas, soldiers, baggage wagons, soldiers, powder-trains, carriages soldiers, caissons, soldiers, and here and there women.

Pierre could not distinguish faces, but he could make out the general movement of the masses.

All these people and these horses seemed to be driven forth by some invisible force. All of them, during the course of the hour that Pierre spent in watching them, came pouring forth from different streets with one and the same wish, to get along as rapidly as possible; all of them were alike apt to interfere with each other, to quarrel, even to come to blows. White teeth were displayed, brows scowled, oaths and curses intermingled, and all faces bore one and that same youthfully

resolute and cruelly cold expression which, that morning, had struck Pierre in the corporal's face at the sound of the drum.

Some time before nightfall the *chef* of the convoy mustered his command, and with shouts and disputes marched them in amongst the teams, and the prisoners, guarded on every side, debouched into the Kaluga road.

They proceeded very rapidly, without stopping to rest, and only halted at sunset. The teams ran into each other, and the men prepared for their night encampment. All seemed angry and dissatisfied. It was long before the curses and shouts and blows ceased on all sides. A private carriage, that had been following the prisoners' guard, came up against one of the wagons belonging to the same, and the pole ran into it. Several soldiers ran up from various sides; some struck the heads of the horses that drew the private carriage, and tried to turn them aside; others squabbled among themselves, and Pierre saw a German severely wounded in the head with a short sabre.

It seemed as if all these people, now that they found themselves in the open country in the chill twilight of an autumn evening, experienced one and the same feeling of disagreeable re-action which had come on after the haste and excitement that had occupied them all during the march. They halted all as though they realized that it was inevitable that they should still move forward somewhere, and that in this march there would be much that was stern and hard.

During this halt, the soldiers in charge of the prisoners treated them far worse than they had during the march. At this halt horse-flesh was for the first time served out to the prisoners.

From officers down to humblest soldiers, all seemed alike to feel, as it were, a personal sense of anger against each one of the prisoners, all the more noticeable from the unexpected change from their former friendliness.

This ill will grew more and more pronounced, when, at calling the roll of the prisoners, it transpired that during the bustle attendant upon leaving Moscow a Russian soldier, feigning to be ill with colic, had escaped.

Pierre saw a Frenchman strike a Russian soldier for having strayed away from the road too far; and he heard the captain, his friend, reprimand a non-commissioned officer for the escape of the Russian soldier, and threaten him with court-martial.

At the corporal's excuse that the soldier was ill, and could not march, the officer replied that it was commanded to shoot those who had to be left.

Pierre felt that that fateful power which had taken possession of him during the executions, and which had been in abeyance during the time of his imprisonment, now once more ruled his existence.

It was terrible to him; but he felt that in proportion to the efforts made by this fateful force to crush him, in his own soul waxed and strengthened the force of life that was independent of it.

Pierre made his supper of rye-meal porridge and horse-flesh, and chatted with his comrades.

Neither Pierre nor any of his companions said a word of what they had seen in Moscow, or about the cruelty of the French, or about the order to have stragglers shot, which had been explained to them: all of them were especially cheerful and lively, as though to counteract the wretchedness of their position. They called up their personal recollections, and the comical incidents which they had seen during the march, and avoided all mention of their actual position.

The sun had long ago set; the bright stars were everywhere glittering in the sky; along the horizon spread the ruddy glow of the rising full moon like the glare of a conflagration, and soon the huge red globe hung swaying wonderfully in the grayish mists. It grew light. The evening was over, but the night had not fairly begun.

Pierre left his new comrades, and, stepping among the watch-fires, started to cross to the other side of the road, where he had been told the privates of the prisoner party were encamped. He wanted to have a talk with them. But a sentinel halted him on the road and ordered him back.

Pierre returned, but not to the watch-fire, to his companions, but to an unharnessed wagon where there was no one. Doubting up his legs and dropping his head, he sat down on the cold ground by the wagon-wheel, and remained there long motionless, thinking.

More than an hour passed in that way. No one disturbed him.

Suddenly he burst out into a loud and burly peal of jovial laughter, so loud that men gathered round from various directions in amazement, to see what caused this strange and solitary fit of laughter.

"Ha! ha! ha!" roared Pierre, and he went on talking

aloud to himself. "The soldier would not let me pass. I was caught, I was shut up. They still keep me as their prisoner. Who am I? I? I?—my immortal soul! Ha! ha! ha!" and he laughed until the tears ran down his cheeks.

Some one got up and came over to see what this strange, big man found to laugh at all alone by himself. Pierre ceased to laugh, got up, went off to some distance from the inquisitive man, and glanced around him.

The huge, endless bivouac, which shortly before had been noisy with the crackling of camp-fires and the voices of men, was now silent. the ruddy fires were dying down and paling. High in the bright sky stood the full moon. Forest and field, before invisible beyond the confines of the bivouac, could now be seen stretching far away. And still farther beyond these forests and fields the eye followed the bright, quivering, alluring, infinite distance.

Pierre gazed up into the sky, into the depths of the marching host of twinkling stars.

"And all that is mine, and all that is in me, and all that is *me*," thought Pierre. "And they took all that and shut it in a hut made of boards!"

He smiled, and went back to his comrades, and lay down to sleep.

CHAPTER XV.

TOWARD the middle of October, a messenger came to Kutuzof with still another letter from Napoleon, and a proposal for peace. It was deceitfully dated from Moscow, since at that time Napoleon was not far in advance of Kutuzof on the old Kaluga highway.

Kutuzof replied to this letter exactly as he had replied to the first one with which Lauriston had been sent: he declared that there could be no question of peace.

Shortly after this, word was received from Dorokhof, who was in command of a band of "partisans" operating at the left of Tarutino, that the enemy had appeared in Fominskoye, that these troops consisted of Broussier's division, and that this division, being separated from the rest of the army, might be easily destroyed.

Soldiers and officers again demanded offensive operations. The staff generals, animated by their remembrance of the easy victory at Tarutino, brought all their influence to bear on Kutuzof to grant Dorokhof's proposal.

Kutuzof considered it unnecessary to make any attack. A middle course was adopted: a small detachment was sent to Fominskoye, charged to attack Broussier.

By an odd coincidence, this operation — most difficult and most important, as it turned out, in its consequences — was intrusted to Dokhturof — that same modest little Dokhturof whom no one ever thought of describing for us as concocting plans for engagements, flying at the head of regiments, scattering crosses on the batteries, and so on; who was considered and counted irresolute and lacking in penetration, but nevertheless that same Dokhturof whom, during all the wars between the Russians and the French, from Austerlitz until 1813, we find always in command where there was anything difficult to do.

At Austerlitz, he stays until the last on the dike of Augest, re-forming the regiments, saving what he can, when all are fleeing and perishing, and not one general is left in the rear.

Though ill with fever, he goes to Smolensk with twenty thousand men to defend the city against the whole army of Napoleon. At Smolensk, he had just caught a wink of sleep at the Malakhof gates, during a paroxysm of his fever, when he is awakened by the cannonade of the city, and Smolensk holds out the whole day.

In the battle of Borodino, when Bagration is struck down, and nine men in every ten from among the troops of our left flank are killed, and all the force of the French artillery fire is concentrated in that direction, no one else but Dokhturof, irresolute and lacking in penetration, is sent there, and Kutuzof makes haste to retrieve the blunder which he had made in sending some one else there. And the little, mild Dokhturof goes there, and Borodino becomes the brightest glory of the Russian arms. And many heroes have been celebrated by us in verse and prose, but of Dokhturof scarcely a word!

Again, Dokhturof is sent to Fominskoye and from there to Malui Yaroslavetz, to the place where the last battle with the French took place, and where evidently the destruction of the French began; and again many heroes and geniuses have been celebrated by us at that period in the campaign, but of Dokhturof never a word, or almost nothing, or half-heartedly. This silence concerning Dokhturof more palpably than aught else proves his merit.

Naturally, for a man who understands not the working of a machine, it seems, on first seeing it in motion, that the most important part of it is the shaving which accidentally got into

it, and, while interfering with its movement, makes a buzzing noise. The man, not knowing the virtues of the machine, cannot comprehend that not this shaving vitiating and deranging the works, but that little distributing cog-wheel which turns noiselessly, is the most essential part of the machine.

On the twenty-second of October, the same day on which Dokhturof traversed the half of the road toward Fominskoye, and had halted in the village of Aristovo, preparing himself accurately to carry out the orders that had been given him, the whole French army, in its spasmodic motion moving down as far as Murat's position, as though for the purpose of giving battle, suddenly, without any reason, swerved to the left to the new Kaluga highway, and moved toward Fominskoye, where shortly before only Broussier had been.

Dokhturof, at this time, had under his command, with the exception of Dorokhof's men, only the two small divisions of Figner and Seslavin.

On the afternoon of October twenty-third, Seslavin came to the commander at Aristovo with a French guardsman, who had been taken prisoner. The prisoner said that the troops which had that day occupied Fominskoye consisted of the vanguard of the main army, that Napoleon was there, that the whole army had left Moscow on the seventeenth.

That same evening a domestic serf, who had come from Borovsko, declared that he had seen a tremendous host entering the town.

The Cossacks of Dorokhof's division brought word that they had seen the French guard marching along the road to Borovsko.

From all these rumors it was evident that at that place where they expected to find a single division was now the whole army of the French, which had marched out of Moscow in an unexpected route — along the old Kaluga highway.

Dokhturof was loath to make any demonstration, since it was not now at all clear to him what it was his duty to do. He had been commanded to attack Fominskoye.

But where before Broussier had been alone in Fominskoye, now there was the whole French army.

Yermolof wanted to act on his own judgment, but Dokhturof insisted that it was necessary to have orders from his serene highness. It was determined to send a messenger back to headquarters.

For this duty was chosen a highly intelligent officer, Bolkhovitínof, who, in addition to the written report, was to give

a verbal report of the whole matter. At midnight Bolkhovitinof, having received the envelope and the verbal message, galloped off, accompanied by a Cossack, with extra horses, to headquarters.

CHAPTER XVI.

It was a dark, warm, autumn night. There had been a steady rain for four days. After changing horses twice, and riding thirty versts in an hour and a half over the muddy, sticky road, Bolkhovitinof reached Letashevko at two o'clock in the morning. Dismounting in front of an izba, on the wattled fence of which was the sign, "GLAVNUI SHTAP," or "Headquarters," and throwing the bridle to his Cossack, he went into the dark entry.

"The general on duty, instantly! Very important!" he exclaimed to some one, who had been snoring in the darkness of the entry and started up.

"He was very unwell last evening; he hasn't slept for two nights," whispered a denshchik's voice, apologetically. "Better wake the captain first."

"Very important—from General Dokhturof," said Bolkhovitinof, entering the door which was held open for him. The denshchik led the way, and tried to awaken some one.

"Your nobility! your nobility!—A courier!"

"What, what is it? From whom?" exclaimed some one's sleepy voice.

"From Dokhturof and from Aleksei Petrovitch. Napoleon is at Fominskoye," said Bolkhovitinof, not being able to make out, by reason of the darkness, who it was that was questioning him, but judging by the sound of the voice that it was not Konovnitsuin.

The man who had been aroused yawned and stretched himself.

"I don't like to wake him," said he, fumbling about for something. "He's very sick. Maybe it's a rumor."

"Here is the despatch," said Bolkhovitinof. "I was ordered to hand it instantly to the general on duty."

"Wait, I will strike a light. Where are you, you scamp, always asleep!" he cried, addressing the denshchik.

This was Shcherbínin, Konovnitsuin's adjutant. "I have found it, I have found it," he added.

The denshchik kindled a light. Shcherbínin had been

searching for the candlestick. "Akh! the wretched business!" he cried, with disgust.

By the candle-light Bolkhovitinof saw Shcherbínin's youthful face, and in the opposite corner a man still sound asleep. This was Konovnitsuin.

When the tinder flared up first with blue and then with ruddy flame, Shcherbínin lit the tallow candle, from which the cockroaches that had been feasting on it dropped to the ground, and stared at the messenger.

Bolkhovitinof was all mud, and in wiping his face on his sleeve he smeared it all over him.

"Who brought the news?" asked Shcherbínin, taking the envelope.

"The news is trustworthy," replied Bolkhovitinof. "The prisoners and the Cossack and the scouts are all unanimous in saying the same thing."

"We can't help it — must wake him," said Shcherbínin, getting up and going over to the man asleep in a nightcap, and covered with a cloak.

"Piotr Petrovitch!" he called.

Konovnitsuin did not stir.

"Headquarters!" he cried, with a smile, knowing that that would assuredly waken him. And, in point of fact, the head in the nightcap was immediately lifted. In Konovnitsuin's handsome, resolute face, with the cheeks inflamed with fever, there remained for an instant the expression of the visions of sleep, far enough removed from the reality; but suddenly he shivered; his face assumed its ordinarily calm and resolute expression.

"Well, then, what is it? From whom?" he asked, not hastily, but without unnecessary delay, blinking his eyes at the light.

On hearing the officer's report, Konovnitsuin broke the seal and read the letters. He had hardly finished reading them before he set his feet in woollen stockings down on the earth floor, and began to put on his shoes. Then he took off his cap, and, running the comb through the locks on his temples, he put on his forage cap.

"Did you come quickly? Let us go to his serene highness."

Konovnitsuin immediately realized that this news was of the greatest importance, and that it brooked no delay. He did not take into consideration, or even ask himself, whether it were good news or bad news. This did not interest him.

He looked on the whole business of war not with his intellect nor with his reason, but with something else. His soul had a deep but unexpressed conviction that all would be well; but the confession or expression of this faith that was in him seemed to him entirely unnecessary: he had only to do his duty. And his duty he did, giving to it all his powers.

Piotr Petrovitch Konovnitsuin, just like Dokhturof, seemingly out of mere formality, had his name inscribed on the list of the so-called heroes of 1812, — the Barclays, the Rayevskys, the Yermolofs, the Platofs, the Miloradovitches; just like Dokhturof, enjoyed the reputation of being a man of very limited capacity and talent; and again, like Dokhturof, Konovnitsuin never made plans of battles, but he was always found where the greatest difficulties were to be met. Ever since his appointment as general on duty he had slept with an open door, insisting that he should be awakened whenever a courier should come; in battle he was always under fire, so that Kutuzof chided him for exposing himself recklessly, and for that reason dreaded to send him into service; and thus again, like Dokhturof, he was one of these invisible springs which, without fuss or racket, constitute the most essential part of the machine.

On coming out from the izbá into the damp, dark night, Konovnitsuin scowled, partly because his headache had grown worse, and partly from the disagreeable thought that occurred to him, that now, at this news, would be aroused all that nest of influential men connected with the staff, and especially Benigsen, who since Tarutino had been at swords' points with Kutuzof. How they would propose, discuss, give orders, interfere! And this presentiment was disagreeable to him, although he knew that it was inevitable.

In point of fact, Toll, to whom he went to communicate this news, immediately began to lay down his ideas for the benefit of the general who shared his lodgings with him; and Konovnitsuin, after listening in silence until he was tired, reminded him that they ought to go to his serene highness's.

CHAPTER XVII.

KUTUZOF, like all old people, slept little at night. In the daytime he frequently dozed at unexpected times, but at night, throwing himself, still dressed, down on his couch, he would lie awake and think.

Thus it was at this time. He was lying on his bed, leaning his heavy, big, scarred head on his fat hand, and thinking, his one eye staring out into the darkness. Since Benigsen, who was in correspondence with the sovereign, and had more influence with the staff than any one else, had kept out of his way, Kutuzof was more at ease in reference to his being urged again to let the troops take part in useless offensive movements. The lesson of the battle of Tarutino and of the day before it, ever memorable to Kutuzof, must have its effect, he thought.

"They must understand that it can only be a losing game with us to act on the offensive. *Patience and Time*, they are my warrior-heroes," said Kutuzof to himself.

He knew that it was not best to pluck the apple while it was green. It would fall of itself when it got ripe; but if you pluck it green, then it spoils the apple and the tree, and sets your teeth on edge as well.

Like an experienced huntsman, he knew that the wild beast was wounded, — wounded as only the whole force of Russia could wound; but whether the wound was mortal or not was as yet an undecided question.

Now, by the sending of Lauriston and Berthémi, and by the reports of the guerillas, Kutuzof was almost certain that the wound was mortal.

But proofs were still requisite: it was necessary to wait.

"They want to rush forward and see how they have killed him. Wait, and you'll see. Always 'manœuvres,' always 'offensive movements!'" he said to himself. "What for? So as to gain distinction. One would think there was something jolly in this fighting. They are just like children, from whom you can't expect reason, for the whole business lies in the fact that they all want to prove how well they can fight. But that is not the case now. And what fine manœuvres they are always proposing to me! It seems to them that when they have devised two or three chances" — he was thinking about the general plan sent from Petersburg — "they have exhausted the list, but there's no end to them."

The vexed question whether the Wild Beast was mortally wounded or not at Borodino had been for more than a month suspended over Kutuzof's head.

On the one hand, the French had taken possession of Moscow; on the other, Kutuzof undoubtedly felt in his whole being that that terrible blow, in the dealing of which had been concentrated the force of the united Russian people, must have been mortal.

* But, in any case, proofs were required, and he had been waiting for them for more than a month; and in proportion as time slipped away, the more impatient he became.

As he lay on his couch during these sleepless nights of his, he did the same thing that the younger element among his generals did, — the very thing for which he reproached them. He thought out all possible contingencies, just as the younger generals did, but with this difference only, that he placed no dependence on these prognostications, and that he saw them, not in twos or threes, but in thousands.

The more he thought about them, the more abundantly they arose before him. He imagined every kind of motion that the Napoleonic army might make, whether as a whole or in parts; against Petersburg, against himself, against his flank. There was one contingency that he imagined, and this he dreaded more than any other, which was that Napoleon might turn against him his own weapon, — that he might settle down in Moscow and wait for him.

Kutuzof even imagined Napoleon's army marching back to Meduin and Yukhnof, but the one thing that he could not have foreseen was the very thing that happened, that senseless, cautious doubling to and fro of Napoleon's army during the first eleven days after it left Moscow; that indecision which rendered possible what Kutuzof had not till then dared even to think about — namely, the absolute destruction of the French.

Dorokhof's report about Broussier's division, the information imparted by the "partisans" in regard to the distresses of Napoleon's army, the rumors of preparation for evacuating Moscow, all taken together, confirmed the presumption that the French army was worsted and was preparing to flee. But these presumptions only appealed to the younger men, not to Kutuzof.

He, with his sixty years' experience, knew how much dependence was to be put upon hearsay, knew how prone men who wished anything were to group all the indications in such a way as to conform with their desire, and he knew how in such a case as this they are glad to drop out of sight anything that might seem opposed to it.

And the more Kutuzof desired this the less he permitted himself to put any trust in it. This question engaged all the energies of his mind. Everything else was for him merely the ordinary business of life. And such subordinate business of life included his conversation with his staff officers, his letters to Madame Stahl* which he wrote from Tarutino, the

* Mme. de Staël ?

reading of novels, the granting of rewards, his correspondence with Petersburg, and the like.

But the destruction of the French, which he had been the only one to foresee, was the only real desire of his soul.

On the night of the twenty-third of October, he was lying down, his head resting on his hand, and was thinking about this.

There was a commotion in the next room, and steps were heard: it was Toll, Konovnitsuin, and Bolkhovitinof.

"Ei! who is there? Come in, come in! What news?" cried the field-marshal to them.

While the servant was lighting a candle, Toll told the gist of the news.

"Who brought it?" asked Kutuzof, his face amazing Toll, when the light was made, by its cold sternness.

"There can be no doubt about it, your serene highness."

"Bring him in, bring him in."

Kutuzof sat down, stretching out one leg on the bed, and resting his huge paunch on the other, which he doubled up. He blinked his sound eye, in order to get a better sight of the messenger, as though he expected in his features to read the answer to what was occupying him.

"Go on, tell us about it, friend," said he to Bolkhovitinof in his low, senile voice, gathering together over his chest his shirt, which had fallen open. "Come here, come nearer. What is this bit of news you have brought me? What! Napoleon left Moscow? And his army too? Ha?"

Bolkhovitinof gave him a detailed account, from the very beginning, of all that had been committed to him.

"Speak faster, faster; don't torment my very soul," Kutuzof said, interrupting him.

Bolkhovitinof told the whole story and then remained silent, awaiting orders.

Toll began to make some remark, but Kutuzof interrupted him. He wished to say something, but suddenly his face wrinkled and frowned. Waving his hand to Toll, he walked across the room, to the "red corner" of the izbá, where the holy pictures were ranged black against the wall.

"Lord, my Creator! Thou hast heard our prayer," said he in a trembling voice, folding his hands. "Saviour of Russia! I thank thee, O Lord."

And he burst into tears.

CHAPTER XVIII.

FROM the time that this news came until the end of the campaign, all Kutuzof's activity is confined to exercising his power, shrewdness, and persuasion to prevent his troops from useless attacks, manœuvres, and encounters with an enemy already doomed.

Dokhturof goes to Malo-Yaroslavetz; but Kutuzof dawdles along with his whole army, and gives orders for the evacuation of Kaluga, retreat behind that town seeming to him perfectly practicable.

Kutuzof falls back; but the enemy, not waiting for his retreat, takes to flight in the opposite direction.

The historians of Napoleon describe for us his clever manœuvres at Tarutino and Malo-Yaroslavetz, and make hypotheses as to what would have happened if Napoleon had succeeded in entering the rich southern provinces.

But, not to mention the fact that nothing prevented Napoleon from entering these southern provinces, since the Russian army gave him a free road, the historians forget that nothing could have saved the French army, for it already carried within itself the inevitable elements of its own destruction.

How could an army which had found an abundance of provisions at Moscow, and, instead of keeping them, had trampled them under its feet, an army which, on arriving at Smolensk, had, instead of gathering stores, given itself up to pillage, — how could this army have saved itself in the province of Kaluga, inhabited as it was by a Russian population similar to that of Moscow, and where fire had the same property of burning up whatever was set on fire?

This army could nowhere have retrieved itself. After Borodino and the pillage of Moscow it henceforth bore in itself the chemical conditions of decomposition.

The men of this, which was once an army, ran, like their leaders, knowing not whither, having (Napoleon and every soldier) but one desire, to escape as soon as possible from this situation, which they all, though vaguely, realized was inextricable.

This was the only reason that at Malo-Yaroslavetz, when Napoleon's generals pretended to hold a council, and various opinions were offered, the last opinion of all, General Mouton's, who, being a simple-minded soldier, spoke what all

thought, that they must get away as quickly as possible, closed all mouths; and no one, not even Napoleon, could say anything against a truth recognized by all.

But though all knew that they must depart, there still remained the shame of confessing that they must take to flight. Some external impulse was needed to overcome this shame. And the impulse came at the proper time. It was what the French called "the emperor's ambush." *

Early the next morning, after the council, Napoleon, pretending that he was going to inspect his troops and examine the field of battle, past and to come, rode to the centre of his lines, accompanied by his suite of marshals and by his guard.

Some Cossacks, prowling about in search of plunder, stumbled upon the emperor, and almost made him prisoner.

If the Cossacks failed this time to capture Napoleon, it was because he was saved by the very thing that proved the destruction of the French: love of booty, which on this occasion, as at Tarutino, led the Cossacks to neglect men, and think only of pillage. They paid no attention to the emperor, but flung themselves on the spoils, and Napoleon succeeded in escaping.

When the "children of the Don" — *les enfants du Don* — were able to lay hold on the emperor himself in the midst of his army, it became clear that there was nothing else to be done but beat a retreat by the shortest known road.

Napoleon, with the rotund abdomen of his forty years, no longer felt his former agility and courage, and accepted the omen. Under the influence of the fright given him by the Cossacks, he immediately sided with Mouton, and, as the historians say, gave the order to retreat along the road to Smolensk.

The fact that Napoleon agreed with Mouton and that the French troops retreated does not prove that Napoleon ordered the movement, but that the forces which were acting upon the army to push it in the direction of Mozhaisk had simultaneously exerted their influence upon Napoleon himself.

CHAPTER XIX.

WHEN a man undertakes any movement he has always an object in view. If he has a journey of a thousand versts before him he must expect something good at the end of those thousand versts. He must anticipate a promised land, in order to have strength enough to cover the distance.

* *Le hourra de l'Empereur.*

When the French invaded Russia their promised land was Moscow; when they began their retreat it was their native land. But their native land was far, far away; and when a man starts out on a journey of a thousand versts, he must surely forget the end in view, and say to himself, "To-day, I will go forty versts, and there I shall find rest and lodging;" and during this first stage of his journey this resting-place becomes for the time being his ultimate destination, and he concentrates upon it all his hopes and desires.

Aspirations which are found in any isolated man are always intensified in a body of men.

To the French, returning over the old Smolensk highway, the final end in view — the return to the fatherland — was too far off; and the immediate goal toward which all their desires and hopes, magnified to enormous proportions in the whole body of men, were directed, was Smolensk.

It was not because they expected to find in Smolensk many provisions or fresh troops, or because they had been told any such thing; on the contrary, all the generals of the army, and Napoleon as well, knew that there was very little to be found at Smolensk, — but because this was the only thing that could give the soldiers the power to march and to endure the privations of the moment, that those who knew the truth and those who knew it not, alike deceiving themselves, struggled toward Smolensk as their promised land.

Once on the high-road, the French hurried toward this fictitious destination, with a remarkable energy and unprecedented velocity.

Besides the general yearning for a single object, on which the whole body of the French army was united and which imparted a certain additional energy, there was still another cause uniting them. This cause was found in their aggregation.

This enormous multitude, as if obedient to the physical law of attraction, drew to itself all isolated atoms of men. These hundred thousand men moved on in a compact mass like a whole empire!

Each man among them wished for but one thing — to fall into captivity, and so to be delivered from all their horrors and sufferings. But, on the one hand, the power of the common impulse toward their goal, Smolensk, carried each one in the same direction.

On the other hand it was impossible for an entire corps to surrender to a single company, and, although the French took

advantage of every convenient occasion to separate from their fellows, and at even the slightest pretext surrendered to the Russians, these pretexts did not always offer.

The great numbers of them and their hard, rapid march deprived them of these possibilities, and made it not only difficult, but impossible, for the Russians to arrest this movement in which was concentrated the entire energy of such a mass of the French.

The mechanical disruption of the body could not hasten, beyond a certain limit, the process of decomposition in progress.

It is impossible to melt a snowball in an instant. There exists a certain limit of time before which no power of heat can melt the snow. On the contrary, the greater the heat the more solidified is the snow which remains.

With the exception of Kutuzof, none of the Russian generals understood this. When the retreat of the French army took the definite shape of flight along the Smolensk road they began to realize the truth of what Konovnitsuin had foreseen on the night of October 23.

All the superior generals of the army wished to distinguish themselves, to cut the French off, to take them prisoners, to set upon them; and all demanded offensive operations.

Kutuzof alone employed all his powers—the powers of any commanding general are very small—to resist offensive operations.

He could not say what we can say to-day—why fight battles, why dispute the road, why lose your own men, and why inhumanly kill unfortunate wretches? why do all this, when from Moscow to Viazma, without any combat whatever, a third of this army has disappeared? but drawing from his wisdom what they might have understood, he told them about “the golden bridge;” * and they mocked him, slandered him, and hurled themselves upon the dying Beast to rend it and cut it in pieces.

At Viazma, Yermolof, Miloradovitch, Platof, and others, finding themselves near the French, could not restrain themselves from cutting off and destroying two French army corps. Kutuzof they derided by sending him a sheet of blank paper in an envelope, instead of a report of their undertaking.

And in spite of all Kutuzof's efforts to restrain our troops, the troops assailed the French, and endeavored to dispute

* “Let them cross the golden bridge;” that is, “Give them every chance of self-destruction.”

their way. Regiments of infantry, we are told, with music and drums, boldly advanced to the attack, and killed and lost thousands of men.

But they could not cut off the fugitives, or exterminate the enemy. And the French army, drawing its ranks more closely together, because of the danger, and regularly melting away, advanced along this — its fatal road to Smolensk.

PART THIRD.

CHAPTER I.

THE battle of Borodino, with the successive occupation of Moscow and the flight of the French army without further battles, is one of the most instructive events of history.

All historians agree that the external activity of states and peoples, in their mutual collisions, is expressed by war; that immediately after great or petty military successes the political power of states and nations is increased or diminished.

Strange as it seems in reading history to find that such and such a king or emperor, on quarrelling with other emperors or kings, gets his troops together, attacks the enemy's army, wins the victory, kills three thousand, five thousand, ten thousand men, and in consequence of this vanquishes a whole state and a whole population of millions of men; hard as it is to understand why the defeat of an army — the loss of a hundredth part of all a nation's forces — should compel the submission of the entire nation, yet all the facts of history, so far as it is known to us, confirm the justice of the assertion that the greater or less success of the army of any nation at war with another is the cause, or at least the essential indication, of the increase or decrease of the power of those nations.

When an army has won a victory, instantly the "rights" of the victorious nation are increased to the detriment of the vanquished. When an army has suffered defeat, immediately the nation is deprived of "rights" in proportion to the defeat; and when the army has been completely defeated, the nation is completely vanquished.

This has been the case, according to history, from the most ancient to the most recent times. All of Napoleon's wars serve to confirm this truth.

In proportion as the Austrian troops were defeated, Austria lost its "rights," while the rights and powers of France were magnified.

The victories of the French at Jena and Austerlitz destroyed the independence of Prussia.

But suddenly in 1812 the "battle of the Moskva" was won by the French. Moscow was captured; and yet, though no more battles were fought, Russia ceased not to exist, while this army of six hundred thousand men did cease to exist, and subsequently the France of Napoleon.

To force facts to fit the rules of history, to say that the battle-field of Borodino was won by the Russians, or that, after the occupation of Moscow, battles were fought that exterminated Napoleon's army, — is impossible.

After the victory of the French at Borodino, not only was there no general battle, but no battle of any importance; and yet the French army ceased to exist.

What does this fact signify?

If such a thing had occurred in the history of China, we might say that it was not a historical event — the favorite loophole of historians when facts do not fit theories; if it were a question of a conflict of short duration in which small forces took part, we might declare the event an exception to the general rule.

But this event took place under the eyes of our fathers, for whom the question of the life or death of their country was decided, and this war was the most momentous of all known wars.

That period in the campaign of 1812, from the battle of Borodino to the retreat of the French, proved not only that a battle won is not always a cause of conquest, but also that it may not be even a sign of conquest; proved that the force which decides the destiny of nations consists not in conquerors, or even in armies and battles, but in something different.

The French historians, describing the condition of the troops before the evacuation of Moscow, assure us that everything was in good order in the "Grand Army," excepting the cavalry, the artillery, and the wagon-trains; forage being also lacking for the horses and cattle. There was no help for this evil, for the muzhiks of the region around burned their hay, and would not let the French have it.

The victory won by the French did not bring the usual results, because of the muzhiks Karp and Vlas, who, after the departure of the French, went to Moscow with carts to plunder the city, and who personally, as a rule, manifested no heroic sentiments; and yet the whole innumerable throng of similar muzhiks refused to carry hay to Moscow in spite of the money offered to them, but burned it.

Let us imagine two men engaged in a duel with swords according to all the rules of the art of fencing. For a considerable time the parrying has continued; then suddenly one of the contestants, feeling that he has been wounded, realizing that the affair is no joke, but that his life depends upon it, throws aside his sword, and, seizing the first club that comes to hand, begins to wield it.

Now let us imagine that this man, who so wisely employs the best and simplest method for attaining his object, is at the same time imbued with the traditions of chivalry, and, wishing to conceal the truth, should insist upon it that he was victorious over the sword according to the rules of the art of fencing. It can be imagined what confusion and lack of clearness would arise from such a story.

The duellist who demands an encounter according to the rules of the art is the French; his enemy, who throws away his sword and takes up a club, is the Russians; those who try to explain everything according to the rules of fencing are the historians who have described these events.

From the time of the burning of Smolensk began a form of war which does not belong to any of the former traditions of war.

The burnings of towns and villages, battles followed by retreats, the blow at Borodino and the retreat, the burning of Moscow, the hunting down of marauders, the intercepting of provision-trains, the "partisan" warfare,—all this was contrary to the rules.

Napoleon felt this; and from the very time when he stood in Moscow, in the regular position of fencing, and discovered that the hand of his opponent held a club over him instead of a sword, he did not cease to complain to Kutuzof and the Emperor Alexander that the war was conducted contrary to all rules—as if there were rules for the killing of men!

But, in spite of all the complaints of the French about the breaking of rules, in spite of the fact that the Russians highest in position were ashamed of fighting with the cudgel, and desired to stand in a position where, according to all the rules, they could fight, — *en quarte*, *en tierce*, and make the clever thrust, *en prime*, and so on, — the club of the popular war was lifted in all its threatening and majestic power, and, caring nothing for good taste and rules, with stupid simplicity but sound judgment, not making distinctions, it was lifted, and fell and pounded the French until the whole army of invaders perished.

And honor be to that people who did not as the French did in 1813, who saluted the enemy according to all the rules of the art, and, reversing their swords, politely and gracefully handed them to their magnanimous conqueror. Honor be to that people who in the moment of trial, not asking how others had acted in conformity to rules in similar circumstances, simply and quickly seized the first club at hand, and wielded it until the feeling of anger and vengeance in their hearts gave way to contempt and pity !

CHAPTER II.

ONE of the most obvious and advantageous infractions of the so-called rules of war is the action of isolated individuals against troops crowded together into a mass.

This sort of activity is always seen in wars which assume a popular character. This form of warfare consists in this, that, instead of one compact body meeting another compact body, men disperse, attack separately, and instantly retire when threatened by superior forces, and then re-appear at the first favorable opportunity.

Thus did the Guerillas in Spain, thus did the mountaineers in the Caucasus, thus did the Russians in 1812.

Warfare of this sort is called "partisan" or guerilla warfare, and when it is thus named its meaning is explained.

This sort of warfare, however, not only fails to come under any rules, but is opposed directly to a well-known and infallible law of tactics. This law demands that the assailant shall concentrate his troops so as to be, at the moment of combat, stronger than his enemy.

Partisan warfare (always successful, as history proves) is directly opposed to that law.

This contradiction arises from the fact that military science takes the strength of armies to be identical with their numbers. Military science says: The more troops, the greater the strength. Great battalions are always right: *Les gros bataillons ont toujours raison*. In making this assertion, military science is like the science of mechanics, which, considering the momenta of moving bodies only in relation to their masses, affirms that these forces will be equal or unequal as their masses are equal or unequal.

Momentum (the *quantity* of movement) is the product of the mass into the velocity.

In war the momentum of troops is likewise the product of the mass multiplied by some unknown quantity, x .

Military science, seeing in history an infinite collection of examples, that the mass of armies does not coincide with the strength, and that small detachments have conquered large ones, confusedly recognizes the existence of this unknown factor, and tries to discover it now in geometrical combinations, now in differences of armament, now, and this most generally, in the genius of the commanders.

But the values given to all these factors do not suffice to account for the results in accordance with historical facts.

Meantime it is sufficient for us to rid ourselves of the false idea, invented for the pleasure of heroes, that in the effect of the arrangements made by the commanders in time of war, we shall find this unknown x .

This x is the spirit of the army; in other words, the more or less intense desire of all the men composing the army to fight and expose themselves to perils, independently of the question whether they are under the command of men of genius or otherwise, whether they fight in three or two ranks, whether they are armed with clubs, or with guns delivering thirty shots a minute.

Men who have the most intense desire to fight always put themselves in the most advantageous position for fighting.

The spirit of the army is the factor, multiplied by the mass, which gives the product, power. To determine and express the meaning of the spirit of the army — that unknown factor — is the problem of science.

The problem is possible only when we cease to put arbitrarily, in place of this unknown x , the conditions under which the momentum is produced, such as the dispositions of the commander, the armament, and so on, and disregarding them as the significant factor, realize this unknown quantity in all its integration as the more or less active desire animating the men to fight and confront danger.

Only then when we express known historical facts by means of equations can we, by a comparison of the relative value of this unknown factor, determine the unknown factor.

Ten men, battalions, or divisions, fighting with fifteen men, battalions, or divisions, conquer the fifteen, that is, kill them or take them all prisoners without exception, themselves losing only four. On one side fifteen have been exterminated,

on the other four. In reality the four were equal to the fifteen, and consequently

$$4x = 15y ;$$

consequently

$$x : y = 15 : 4.$$

This equation does not give the value of the unknown factor, but it expresses the relations between the two unknown factors, and, by putting into the form of similar equations historical units taken separately, — battles, campaigns, periods of war, — a series of numbers will be obtained in which laws must exist and may be discovered.

The rule of tactics commanding troops to act in masses during an attack, and separately in a retreat, is an unconscious expression of the truth that the strength of troops depends upon their spirit. Better discipline is required to lead men into fire than to induce them to defend themselves against assailants, and is obtained exclusively by movements in masses.

But this rule, which takes no account of the spirit of the troops, constantly proves fallacious and particularly opposed to the reality, when there is an increased or diminished spirit among the troops — in all popular wars.

The French, in retreating in 1812, though they should, according to tactics, have defended themselves separately, drew into closer masses, because the spirit of the troops had fallen so low that the army could be maintained only by holding the men in mass.

The Russians, on the contrary, ought, according to tactics, to have attacked in mass; but in fact they scattered their forces, because the spirit of their troops had risen so high that isolated men attacked the French without waiting for orders, and had no need of constraint to induce them to expose themselves to fatigues and perils.

CHAPTER III.

THE so-called partisan or guerilla war* began with the arrival of the French at Smolensk.

Before this guerilla warfare was officially recognized by our government, thousands of the hostile army — mauraders left

* *Partizánskaya voïná.*

behind, and foraging parties — had been exterminated by Cossacks and muzhiks, who killed these men as instinctively as dogs worry to death a mad dog that has run astray.

Denis Davuidof, with his keen Russian scent, was the first to understand the significance of this terrible cudgel, which, without regard to the rules of military science, annihilated the French, and to him belongs the glory of taking the first step toward formulating this sort of warfare.

On the fifth of September, Davuidof's first partisan squad was organized; and after the example of his, others were organized. The longer the campaign continued, the greater became the number of these bands.

The partisans demolished the "Grand Army" in detachments. They trampled down the fallen leaves which came off from the dried tree — the French army — and now and again shook the tree itself.

In October when the French were on their way back to Smolensk, there were hundreds of these bands, of various sizes and characters. There were bands which had all the appurtenances of a regular army — infantry, artillery, staff officers — and many of the comforts of life: others consisted solely of Cossacks, cavalry; there were others of insignificant size, gathered at haphazard, infantry and cavalry mixed; there were those composed of muzhiks, and those organized by landowners, and others that owned no allegiance to any commander.

A diachók or sacristan was the leader of one band, which, in the course of a month, took several hundred prisoners: and there was the wife of a village stárosta, named Vasilisa, who killed hundreds of the French.

The early days of November saw the greatest development of this partisan warfare. The first period of this kind of war — during which the "partisans" themselves were amazed at their own audacity, were afraid every moment of being surprised and surrounded by the French, and kept hid in the forests, not unsaddling, and scarcely venturing to dismount from their horses, expecting to be pursued at any moment — was past.

By this time this kind of warfare had taken definite form; it had become clear to all what they could do and what they could not do in grappling with the French.

The leaders of bands, who had regular staffs, and followed rules, kept at a respectful distance from the French, and were chary of undertaking certain things, which they regarded as

impossible. Petty partisans who had been engaged for some time in the business, and had gained a close acquaintance with the French, considered feasible what the leaders of the large bands would not dare even to think of.

Cossacks and muzhiks who slipped easily in and out among the French reckoned that everything was possible.

On the fourth of November, Denisof, who was one of these partisan leaders, found himself, with his band, in the very brunt of partisan excitement. Since morning, he and his band had been on the march. All day long, keeping under shelter of the forest that skirted the highway, he had been following a large French convoy of cavalry baggage and Russian prisoners, isolated from the other troops, and under a powerful escort, on its way to Smolensk, as was known from scouts and prisoners.

The existence of this train was known, not only to Denisof and Dolokhof — who was also a partisan leader with a small band, and was advancing close by — but to the nachalniks of several large bands, with their staffs, — all knew about this train, and, as Denisof expressed it, “were whetting their teeth for it.”

Two of these large bands, one commanded by a Polyak, the other by a German, almost simultaneously sent to Denisof to join forces, each inviting him to help them attack the “transport.”

“No, thank you, bwother, I shave my own whiskers,” said Denisof, as he read their letters; and he replied to the German that, in spite of the heartfelt desire which he had of serving under the command of such a valiant and distinguished general, he should have to deprive himself of that pleasure, because he had already joined the command of the Polish general.

And to the Polish general he wrote the same thing, assuring him that he had already joined the command of the German.

Having thus disposed of these matters, Denisof made his plans without reference to these high officials, to join in company with Dolokhof, and attack and capture this train, with the small force at their command.

The “transport” was proceeding, on the fourth of November, from the village of Mikulino to the village of Shamshevo. On the left-hand side of the road between the two villages ran a dense forest, in places approaching the road, in places receding from the road a verst and more.

It was under the cover of this forest, now hiding in its depths, now approaching its edge, that Denisof had been advancing all day long, with his band not once losing the French from sight.

In the morning, not far from Mikulino, where the forest came nearest to the road, the Cossacks of Denisof's band had seized two of the French wagons, loaded with cavalry saddles, which had got stuck in the mud, and made off with them into the forest.

From that time until evening, the band, without attacking, followed the French in all their movements.

It was necessary to allow them, without being alarmed, to reach Shamshevo in safety ; there Denisof would unite with Dolokhof, who was to come for a consultation, that evening, to a designated spot in the forest, about a verst from Shamshevo, and at daybreak they would fall upon them from two sides at once quite unexpectedly — "like snow on the head," as the saying goes — and defeat and capture the whole host at one fell blow.

Two versts in the rear of Mikulino, where the forest approached the road, six Cossacks were to be left, who were to report instantly in case new columns of the French showed up.

In front of Shamshevo, Dolokhof was to scour the road so as to know at what distance other French troops might be.

The "transport" mustered fifteen hundred men. Denisof had two hundred, and Dolokhof might have as many. But the preponderance of numbers did not deter Denisof. The only thing that he cared now to know was what sort of men composed these troops, and, with this end in view, Denisof wanted to capture a *tonque* : that is, a man from the enemy's ranks. In the morning, when they fell upon the two wagons, the affair was accomplished with such celerity that all the French in charge of the two wagons had been killed, and the only one taken alive was a drummer boy who had remained behind, and was incapable of giving any decided information about the kind of men that formed the column.

To make a second descent, Denisof considered, would be at the risk of arousing the whole column, and therefore he sent forward to Shamshevo the muzhik Tikhon Sheherbatof, one of his band, to pick up, if possible, one of the French quarter-masters who would be likely to be there in advance.

CHAPTER IV.

It was a mild, rainy, autumn day. The sky and the earth blended in the same hue, like that of turbid water. At one moment it was precipitated in the form of fog; at the next, suddenly round, slanting drops of rain would fall.

Denisof, in his burka or felt cloak, and pápakh or Cossack cap, from which the water was streaming, was riding along on a lean thoroughbred with tightened girths. Like his horse, he kept his head bent and ears alert, and, scowling at the slanting rain, peered anxiously ahead. His face was somewhat thinner than of yore, and with its growth of thick, short black beard, looked fierce.

Abreast of Denisof, also in burka and pápakh, on a plump, coarse-limbed Don pony, rode a Cossack esaul,* Denisof's ally.

A third, the Esaul Lovaiski, likewise in burka and pápakh, was a long-limbed, light-complexioned man, as flat as a plank, with narrow, bright eyes and a calmly self-confident expression both of face and pose. Although it was impossible to tell wherein consisted the individuality of horse and rider, still at a glance first at the esaul and then at Denisof, it was evident that Denisof was wet and uncomfortable, that Denisof was a man who merely rode his horse; while on looking at the esaul, it was evident that he was as comfortable and confident as ever, and that he was not a man who merely rode the horse, but a man who was one being with his horse, and thus possessed of double strength.

A short distance ahead of them walked their guide, a little peasant in a gray kaftan and a white cap, wet to the skin.

A little behind them, on a lean, slender Kirgız pony with a huge tail and mane and with mouth bloody and torn, rode a young officer in a blue French capote.

Next him rode a hussar, who had taken up behind him, on his horse's crupper, a lad in a torn French uniform and blue cap. This lad clung to the hussar with hands red with cold, and rubbed his bare feet together to warm them, and gazed around him in amazement with uplifted brows. This was the French drummer boy whom they had taken prisoner that morning.

* *Esaul* at the present time is the Cossack title corresponding to captain of a *sotnya* or hundred; *sotnik* (centurion) was the former term.

Behind them, three and four deep, stretched the line of hus-sars along the narrow, winding, and well-worn forest path; then came Cossacks, some in burkas, some in French capotes, some with cavalry housings thrown over their heads. Their horses, whether roan or bay, seemed all black as coal in the rain which was streaming from them.

The horses' necks seemed strangely slender from their soaked manes. From the horses arose a steam. The clothes and the saddles and the bridles, — everything was wet, slippery, and limp, just like the ground and the fallen leaves which covered the path. The men sat with scowling faces, trying not to move, so as to warm the water that had trickled down their backs and not to allow any fresh invasion of cold water to get under their saddles, on their knees, or down their necks.

In the midst of the long train of Cossacks the two wagons drawn by French and Cossack horses (the latter harnessed in with their saddles on) rattled over the stumps and roots and splashed through the ruts full of water.

Denisof's horse, avoiding a puddle which covered the road, sprang to one side and struck his knee against a tree.

"Oh, the devil!" cried Denisof wrathfully, and, showing his teeth, he gave the horse three blows with the whip, spattering himself and his comrades with mud. Denisof was not in good spirits, owing to the rain and his hunger. — he had eaten nothing since morning, — and principally because nothing had been heard from Dolokhof, and because the man sent to capture "the tongue" had not returned.

"We sha'n't be likely to find another chance like to-day's to stwike the twansport twain. To attack them alone is too much of a wisk; and to wait till another day — some of those big bands of partisans will be sure to snatch it away from under our very noses," said Denisof, who kept his eyes constantly toward the front, thinking that he might see the expected messenger from Dolokhof.

On coming out into a vista where there was a clear view extending to some distance toward the right, Denisof reined in.

"Some one's coming," said he.

The esaul looked in the direction indicated by Denisof.

"There are two of them — an officer and Cossack. Only you don't *pre-suppose* that it is the sub-lieutenant himself, do you?" said the esaul, who liked to bring in words that were not in use among the Cossacks.

The riders who were coming down upon them were lost

from sight, and after a little while re-appeared again. The officer, with dishevelled hair, wet to the skin, and with his trousers worked up above his very knees, came riding in advance at a weary gallop, urging his horse with his whip. Behind him, standing up in his stirrups, trotted his Cossack. This officer, a very young lad, with a broad, rosy face and alert, mischief-loving eyes, galloped up to Denisof and handed him a wet envelope.

"From the general," said the officer. "Excuse it not being perfectly dry."

Denisof, frowning, took the envelope and started to break the seal.

"Now they all said it was dangerous — dangerous," said the young officer, turning to the esaul while Denisof was reading the letter. "However, Komárof — he pointed to the Cossack — Komárof* and I made all our plans. We each had two pist — But who is that?" he asked, breaking off in the middle of the word on catching sight of the French drummer boy. "A prisoner? Have you had a fight? May I speak with him?"

"Wostof! Petya!" cried Denisof, at that instant having run through the letter that had been given him. "Why didn't you say who you were?" and Denisof, with a smile, turning round, gave the young officer his hand.

This young officer was Petya Rostof!

All the way Petya had been revolving in his mind how he should behave toward Denisof as became a full-fledged officer, and not give a hint of their former acquaintance.

But as soon as Denisof smiled on him, Petya immediately became radiant, flushed with delight, and forgot the formality which he had stored up against the occasion, and began to tell him how he had galloped past the French, and how glad he was that such a commission had been intrusted to him, and how he had been in the battle near Viazma, where a certain hussar greatly distinguished himself.

"Well, I'm wight glad to see you," said Denisof, interrupting him, and then his face assumed again its anxious expression. "Mikhaïl Feoklituitch," said he, turning to the esaul, "you see this is from the German again. He insists on our joining him."

And Denisof proceeded to explain to the esaul that the contents of the letter just received consisted in a reiterated request from the German general to unite with him in an

* Name derived from *Komár*, a mosquito.

attack on the transport train. "If we don't get at it to-morrow, he will certainly take it away from under our very noses," he said in conclusion.

While Denisof was talking with the esaul, Petya, abashed by Denisof's chilling tone, and supposing that the reason for it might be the state of his trousers, strove to pull them down under shelter of his cloak, so that no one would notice him, and did his best to assume as military an aspect as possible.

"Will there be any order from your excellency?"* he asked of Denisof, raising his hand to his visor, and again returning to the little comedy of general and aide for which he had rehearsed himself—"Or should I remain with your excellency?"

"Orders?" repeated Denisof thoughtfully. "Can you remain till to-morrow?"

"Akh! please let me.—May I stay with you?" cried Petya.

"I suppose your orders from the genewal were to return immediately—weren't they?" asked Denisof.

Petya reddened.

"He said nothing at all about it; I think I can," he replied somewhat doubtfully.

"Well, all wight!" said Denisof. And, turning to his subordinates, he made various arrangements for the party to make their way to the place of rendezvous at the watch-house in the forest that had been agreed upon, and for the officer on the Kirgiz horse—this officer performed the duties of adjutant—to ride off in search of Dolokhof, and find whether he would come that evening or not.

Denisof himself determined to ride down with the esaul and Petya to the edge of the forest nearest to Shamshevo to reconnoitre the position of the French, and find the best place for making their attack on the following day.

"And now, gwaybeard," said he, turning to the muzhik who was serving as their guide, "take us to Shamshevo." Denisof, Petya, and the esaul, accompanied by a few Cossacks and the hussar who had charge of the prisoner, rode off to the left, through the ravine, toward the edge of the forest.

* *Vusokoblagoródiye*, high well-born-ness.

CHAPTER V.

It had ceased to rain; there was merely a drizzling mist, and the drops of water fell from the branches of the trees.

Denisof, the esaul, and Petya rode silently behind the muzhik, who, lightly and noiselessly plodding along in his bast lapti over the roots and wet leaves, led them to the edge of the wood.

On reaching the crest of a slope, the muzhik paused, gave a swift glance, and strode toward where the wall of trees was thinner. Under a great oak which had not yet shed its leaves he paused, and mysteriously beckoned with his hand.

Denisof and Petya rode up to him. From the place where the muzhik was standing, the French could be seen. Immediately back of the forest, occupying the lower half of the slope, spread a field of spring corn. At the right, beyond a steep ravine, could be seen a small village and the manor house* with dilapidated roofs. In this hamlet, and around the mansion house, and over the whole hillside and in the garden, around the well and the pond, and along the whole road up from the bridge to the village, which was not more than quite a quarter of a mile, throngs of men could be seen in the rolling mist. Distinctly could be heard their non-Russian cries to the horses that were dragging the teams up the hill, and their calls to each other.

"Bring the prisoner here," said Denisof in a low tone, not taking his eyes from the French.

A Cossack dismounted, helped the lad down, and came with him to Denisof. Denisof, pointing to the French, asked what troops such and such divisions were. The little drummer, stuffing his benumbed hands into his pockets, and lifting his brows, gazed at Denisof in affright, and, in spite of his evident anxiety to tell all that he knew, got confused in his replies, and merely said yes to all that Denisof asked him. Denisof, scowling, turned from him, and addressed the esaul, to whom he communicated his impressions.

Petya, moving his head with quick gestures, looked now at the little drummer boy, now at Denisof, and from him to the esaul, then at the French in the village, and did his best not to miss anything of importance that was going on.

* *Barsky dómik.*

"Whether Dolokhof come or do not come, we must make the attempt—hey?" said Denisof, his eyes flashing with animation.

"An excellent place," replied the esaul.

"We'll attack the infantry on the low land—the swamp," pursued Denisof. "They'll escape into the garden. You and the Cossacks will set on them from that side." Denisof pointed to the woods beyond the village. "And I from this, with my hussars. And when a gun is fired"—

"You won't be able to cross the ravine—there's a quagmire," said the esaul. "The horses would be mired—you'll have to strike farther to the left."—

While they were thus talking in an undertone, there rang out below them, in the hollow where the pond was, a single shot; a white puff of smoke rolled away, then another, and they heard friendly, as it were jolly, shouts from hundreds of the French on the hillside.

At the first instant both Denisof and the esaul drew back. They were so near that it seemed to them that they were what had occasioned those shots and shouts.

But the shots and shouts had no reference to them. Below them across the swamp a man in something red was running. It was evidently at this man that the French had shot, and were shouting.

"Ha! that's our Tikhon," said the esaul.

"So it is, so it is."

"Oh! the wascal!" exclaimed Denisof.

"He'll escape 'em!" said the esaul, blinking his eyes.

The man whom they called Tikhon ran down to the creek, plunged into it, splattering the water in every direction, and, disappearing for a moment, he crawled out on all-fours, and, black with water, dashed off once more.

The French who had started in pursuit paused.

"Cleverly done!" exclaimed the esaul.

"What a beast!" snarled Denisof, with the same expression of vexation as before. "And what has he been up to all this time?"

"Who is it?" asked Petya.

"Our *plastún*.* We sent him to catch 'a tongue.'"

"Oh, yes," said Petya, at Denisof's first word, nodding his head as though he understood, although really the answer was perfectly enigmatical.

* *Plastún* (platoon), the name of a sharp-shooter who lies in ambush, or a scout, among the Black-Sea Cossacks.

Tikhon Sheherbatui * was one of the most useful men of the band. He was a muzhik from Pokrovskoye — near Gzhatya.

When Denisof, toward the beginning of his enterprise, reached Pokrovskoye, and, according to his usual custom, summoned the stárosta, or village elder, and asked him what news they had about the French, the stárosta had replied, as all stárostas always reply, as though called to account for some mischief, that they had not seen or heard anything.

But when Denisof explained to him that his aim was to beat the French, then the stárosta told him that “miroders” had only just been there, but that only one man in their village, Tishka Sheherbatui, troubled himself about such things.

Denisof ordered Tikhon to be summoned, and, after praising him for his activity, he spoke to him, in the stárosta's presence, a few words about their fidelity to the tsar and the fatherland, and that hatred toward the French which the sons of the fatherland were in duty bound to manifest.

“We haven't done any harm to the French,” said Tikhon, evidently confused by this speech of Denisof's. “We only amused ourselves, as you might say, with the boys. We killed a few dozen of the miroders, that was all; but we haven't done 'em any harm.”

On the next day when Denisof, who had entirely forgotten about this muzhik, was starting away from Pokrovskoye, he was informed that Tikhon had joined the band, and asked permission to stay. Denisof gave orders to keep him.

Tikhon, who at first was given the “black work” of making camp-fires, fetching water, carrying horses, quickly displayed great willingness and aptitude for partisan warfare. He would go out at night after booty, and every time he would return with French clothes and arms, but when it was enjoined upon him he would even bring in prisoners.

Denisof then relieved Tikhon from drudgery, began to take him with him in his raids, and enrolled him among the Cossacks.

Tikhon was not fond of riding horseback, and always travelled on foot, but he never let the cavalry get ahead of him. His weapons consisted of a musket, which he carried out of sport, a lance, and a hatchet, which he used as a wolf uses its teeth, with equal facility eliciting a flea out of his hair or crunching stout bones. Tikhon, with absolute certainty, would split a brain with his hatchet at any distance, and, taking it by the but, he would cut out dainty ornaments, or carve spoons.

* The gap-toothed.

In Denisof's band Tikhon enjoyed an exclusive and exceptional position. When there was need of doing anything especially difficult and obnoxious, — to put a shoulder to a team stuck in the mud, or to pull a horse from the bog by the tail, or act as knacker, or make his way into the very midst of the French, or travel fifty versts a day, — all laughed and gave it to Tikhon to do.

"What harm will it do him, the devil? He's tough as a horse!" they would say of him.

One time a Frenchman, whom Tikhon had taken prisoner, fired his pistol at him, and wounded him in the seat. This wound, which Tikhon treated with nothing but vodka, taken internally and externally, was the object of the merriest jokes in the whole division, and Tikhon put up with them with a very good grace.

"Well, brother, how's it coming on? Does it double you up?" the Cossacks would ask mockingly; and Tikhon, entering into the fun of the thing, would make up a face, and, pretending to be angry with the French, he would abuse the French with the most absurd objurgations. The only impression that the affair made on Tikhon was that, after his wound, he was chary of bringing in prisoners.

Tikhon was the most useful and the bravest man in the band. No one was quicker than he was in discovering the chances of a raid; no one had conquered and killed more of the French; and, in consequence of this, he was the buffoon of the whole band, and he willingly accommodated himself to this standing.

Tikhon had now been sent by Denisof that very evening to Shamshevo to capture "a tongue." But either because he had not been satisfied with one single Frenchman, or because he had slept that night, during daylight he had crept among the bushes in the very midst of the French, and, as Denisof had seen from the brow of the ravine, had been discovered by them.

CHAPTER VI.

AFTER talking with the esaul for some little time longer about the morrow's raid, which Denisof, it seemed, having got a view of the French near at hand, was fully disposed to make, he turned his horse and rode back.

"Well, bwother, now we'll go and dwy ourselves," said he to Petya.

As they approached the forest watch-house, Denisof reined in, and gazed into the woods. Along the forest, between the trees, came, at a great swinging gait, a long-legged, long-armed man, in a kurta, or roundabout, bast boots, a Kazan cap, with a musket over his shoulder, and a hatchet in his belt. On catching sight of Denisof, this man hastily threw something into the thicket, and, removing his wet cap, with its pendent brim, he approached his leader.

This was Tikhon.

His face, pitted with smallpox, and covered with wrinkles, and his little, narrow eyes, fairly beamed with self-satisfied jollity. He lifted his head high, and, as though trying to refrain from laughing, looked at Denisof.

"Where have you been all this time?" asked Denisof.

"Where have I been? I went after the French," replied Tikhon, boldly and hastily, in a hoarse but melodious bass.

"Why did you keep out of sight all day? Donkey! Well, why didn't you bring him?"

"I brought what I brought," said Tikhon.

"Where is he?"

"Well, I got him, in the first place, before sunrise," pursued Tikhon, setting his legs, high-wrapped in lapti, wide apart. "And I lugged him into the woods. But I see he's no good. I thinks to myself, 'I'll try it again; I'll have better luck with another.'"

"Oh, you wascal!—what a man he is!" exclaimed Denisof, turning to the esaul. "Why didn't you bring him?"

"Yes, why didn't I bring him!" exclaimed Tikhon angrily. — "No good! Don't I know what kind you want?"

"What a beast!—Well?"

"I went after another one," resumed Tikhon. "I crept this way into the woods, lying flat!" — Tikhon here unexpectedly and abruptly threw himself on his belly, watching their faces while he did so. "Suddenly one shows up," he went on to say; "I collar him—this way." Tikhon swiftly, lithely leaped to his feet. "'Come along,' says I to the colonel. What a racket he made! And there were four of 'em! They sprang on me with their little swords. And I at 'em in this way with my hatchet: 'What's the matter with you! Christ be with you!' says I," cried Tikhon, waving his arms and putting on a frightful scowl, swelling his chest.

"Yes, we just saw from the hill what a tussle you had with 'em, and how you went through the swamp!" exclaimed the esaul, squinting up his glistening eyes.

Petya felt a strong inclination to laugh, but he saw that all the others kept perfectly sober. He swiftly ran his eyes from Tikhon's face to the esaul's and Denisof's, not understanding what this all meant.

"Cease playing the fool!" cried Denisof, angrily coughing. "Why didn't you bring in the first one?"

Tikhon began to scratch his back with one hand and his head with the other, and suddenly his whole mouth parted in a radiant, stupid smile, which exposed the lack of a tooth (that was what had given him the name of Sheherbatui, the gap-toothed). Denisof smiled, and Petya indulged in a hearty laugh in which Tikhon himself joined.

"Oh, well, he was entirely no good!" said Tikhon. "His clothes were wretched, else I'd have brought him. And besides he was surly, your nobility. Says he, 'I am an *anaral*'s son myself,' says he, 'and I won't come,' says he."

"What a brute!" exclaimed Denisof. "I wanted to question him" —

"Well, I questioned him," said Tikhon. "'I don't know much,' says he. 'A poor crowd. A good many of us,' says he, 'but a poor lot. Only,' says he, 'they are all the same kind. Groan a little louder,' says he, 'you'll get 'em all,'" said Tikhon in conclusion, looking gayly and resolutely into Denisof's eyes.

"I'll have you thrashed with a hot hundred, and then you'll perhaps cease playing the fool," said Denisof severely.

"What's there to get mad about?" asked Tikhon. "Because I didn't see your Frenchman. Wait till after it's dark, and then, if you want some, I'll bring in three of 'em."

"Well, come on," said Denisof; and he rode away angrily scowling, and uttered not a word until he reached the watch-house.

Tikhon followed, and Petya heard the Cossacks laughing with him and at him about the pair of boots that he had flung into the bushes. When he had recovered from the fit of laughing that overmastered him on account of Tikhon's words and queer smile, and he understood in a flash that Tikhon had killed that man, Petya felt uncomfortable.

He glanced at the little drummer, and something wrung his very heart. But this sense of awkwardness lasted only for a second. He felt that he must lift his head again, pluck up his courage, and asked the esaul with an air of great importance in regard to the morrow's enterprise; so as to be worthy of the company in which he found himself.

The officer who had been sent to find Dolokhof met Denisof on the road with the report that Dolokhof would be there immediately, and that, as far as he was concerned, he was agreeable. Denisof suddenly recovered his spirits, and beckoned Petya to himself.

"Now, tell me all about yourself," said he.

CHAPTER VII.

PETYA, on leaving Moscow and saying farewell to his parents, had joined his regiment, and soon after had been appointed orderly to a general who had a large detachment under his command.

Since the time of his promotion to be an officer, and especially his transfer into the active army, with which he had taken part in the battle at Viazma, Petya had been in a chronic state of excitement and delight, because he was now "grown up," and in a chronic state of enthusiastic eagerness not to miss the slightest chance where heroism was to be displayed.

He was much delighted with what he saw and experienced in the army, but, at the same time, it seemed to him that all the chances of heroism were displayed not where he was, but where he was not. And he was crazy to be on the move all the time.

When, on November second, his general had expressed the desire to send some one to Denisof's division, Petya pleaded so earnestly to be sent, that the general found it not in his heart to refuse. But, as he let him go, the general remembered Petya's reckless escapade in the battle of Viazma, when, instead of taking the road that had been recommended to him, he galloped off in front of the lines and under the French fire, shooting his pistol twice as he rode, and so now the general, in letting him go, expressly forbade Petya to take part in any of Denisof's enterprises whatever.

That was the reason that Petya had flushed and become confused when Denisof asked him whether he could stay with him.

Until he reached the edge of the forest, Petya had promised himself that he should immediately return, strictly fulfilling his duty as he should do. But when he saw the French, when he saw Tikhon, and learned that during the night there would infallibly be a raid upon them, he, with the swift transition of

youth from one view to another, decided in his own mind that his general, whom till then he had highly respected, was a rubbishy German, that Denisof was a hero, and that the esaul was a hero, and that Tikhon was a hero, and that it would be shameful of him to desert them at such a critical moment.

It was twilight by the time that Denisof with Petya and the esaul reached the watch-house. Through the twilight could be seen saddled horses, Cossacks, hussars, shelter huts set up on the clearing, and the scattered glow of fires built in the forest ravine, so that the smoke might not betray them to the French.

In the entry of the little hovel, a Cossack with sleeves rolled up was cutting up mutton. In the izbá itself were three officers of Denisof's band constructing a table out of a board. Petya pulled off his wet clothing, giving it to be dried, and immediately offered his services in helping to set the dinner table.

Within ten minutes the table was ready, and spread with a cloth and loaded with vodka, a bottle of rum, white bread, and roasted mutton and salt.

Sitting down with the officers at the table, tearing the fat, fragrant mutton with hands from which dripped the tallow, Petya found himself in an enthusiastic, childlike state of affectionate love to all men, and consequently of belief that all men felt the same love toward him.

"Say, what do you think, Vasili Fedorovitch," he asked, turning to Denisof, "should I get into trouble if I staid with you for a single little day?" And, without waiting for an answer, he went on answering himself, "For you see I was ordered to find out, and I shall find out. — Only you must let me join the most — the chief — I don't want any reward — But I want" — Petya set his teeth together, and, lifting his head erect, glanced around and waved his hand.

"The most chief?" — repeated Denisof, smiling.

"Only please let me have a company; let me command it myself," pursued Petya. "Now, what difference will it make to you? — Akh! would you like a knife?" he asked, turning to an officer who was trying to dissect a slice of mutton. And he handed him his case knife.

The officer praised the knife.

"Pray keep it. I have several like it" — said Petya, blushing. "Ye saints! I forgot all about it," he suddenly cried. "I have some splendid raisins; quite without seeds, you know. We had a new sutler, and he brought some magnificent things. I bought ten pounds. I like something sweet.

Would you like them" — ? And Petya ran into the entry to where his Cossack was, and brought back a basket containing five pounds of raisins. — "Take them, gentlemen, take them. — I wonder if you want a coffee pot?" he asked, addressing the esaul. "I bought a splendid one of our sutler. He had magnificent things. And he was very honest. That is the main thing. I will send it to you without fail. And perhaps you are out of flints? Do you need some? I've got some here" — he pointed to his basket — "A hundred flints. I bought them very cheap. Take them, I beg of you, as many as you need, take them all" —

And, suddenly frightened lest he was talking too much, Petya stopped short and colored.

He began to recall whether he had said anything silly, and, while passing the events of the day in review, his mind recurred to the little French drummer. "We are very comfortable here, but how is it with him? What have they done with him? Have they given him anything to eat? I hope they haven't been abusing him," he wondered; but, recognizing that he had gone too far in his offer with the flints, he was now afraid.

"Might I ask?" he queried. "Won't they say, 'He's a boy himself, and of course he pities another boy'?" But I'll show them to-morrow what kind of a boy I am. Ought I to be ashamed to ask?" queried Petya. "Well, then, what difference does it make?" and on the spur of the moment, flushing and giving a timid look at the officers to see whether they would laugh at him, he said, —

"May I call in that lad whom you took prisoner, and give him something to eat? — May I?"

"Yes, poor little fellow!" replied Denisof, evidently seeing nothing to be ashamed of in thus speaking of him. "Call him in. His name is Vincent Bosse. Call him."

"I'll call him," cried Petya.

"Call him, call him, poor little fellow!" said Denisof.

Petya was already at the door when Denisof said this. Petya made his way among the officers, and swiftly returned to Denisof.

"Let me kiss you, dear,"* said he. "Akh! how splendid of you! How kind!" And, after giving Denisof a hearty kiss, he ran out of doors.

"Bosse! Vincent!" called Petya, standing at the door.

"Whom do you want, sir?" asked a voice from the darkness. Petya explained that it was the French lad whom they had taken that day.

"Oh! *Vesénnui*?" inquired the Cossack. The lad's name, Vincent, had been already changed by the Cossacks into *Vesénnui*,* by the soldiers and muzhiks into *Visenya*. In each of these variations the reference to Spring seemed to have a special appropriateness to the young lad.

"He's there by the fire, warming himself. Hey, *Visenya*! *Visenya*! *Vesénnui*!" sounded the voices, passing the call on, mingled with laughter.

"Oh, he's a likely lad," said a hussar standing near Petya. "We fed him anon. He was half starved."

Steps were heard in the darkness, and the drummer boy, with his bare feet slopping through the mud, came up to the door.

"*Ah, c'est vous,*" said Petya. *Voulez-vous manger? N'avez pas peur! On ne vous fera pas de mal.* — Don't you want something to eat? Don't be afraid; they won't hurt you," he added, timidly and cordially, laying his hand on his arm. "*Entrez, entrez.*"

"*Merci, monsieur!*" replied the drummer in a trembling voice, almost like that of a child, and he proceeded to wipe his muddy feet on the threshold.

Petya felt like saying many things to the drummer, but he dared not. Passing beyond him, he stood next him in the entry. Then in the darkness he seized his hand and pressed it. "*Entrez, entrez,*" he repeated in an encouraging whisper.

"Akh! what can I do for him. I wonder?" Petya asked himself, and, opening the door, he let the lad pass in front of him into the room.

After the drummer entered the *izbá* Petya sat down at some distance from him, considering it undignified to pay him too much attention. He merely fumbled the money in his pocket, and was in doubt whether it would not be shameful to give it to the drummer boy.

CHAPTER VIII.

FROM the drummer, who, by Denisof's direction, was served with vodka and mutton, and dressed in a Russian kaftan, so that he might remain in his band, and not be sent off with the other prisoners, Petya's attention was diverted by Dolokhof's arrival. He had heard much in the army about Dolokhof's phenomenal gallantry and cruelty to the French, and there-

* The adjective from *Viesná*, Spring.

fore, from the moment that Dolokhof came in. Petya gazed at him without taking his eyes from him, and held his head high, so as to be worthy even of such society as Dolokhof.

Dolokhof's outward appearance struck Petya strangely, from its studied simplicity.

While Denisof was dressed in a chekmén or Cossack kaftan, wore a beard, and on his chest a picture of St. Nicholas the Miracle-worker — Nikola Chudotvórets — and in his manner of speech, in all his ways, manifested the peculiarity of his position, Dolokhof, on the contrary, who had before worn a Persian costume in Moscow, now had the air of a most conceited officer of the Guards.

His face was smooth-shaven, he wore the wadded uniform coat of the Guards, with the "George" in the button-hole, and his forage cap set straight. He removed his wet burka in the corner, and, going directly up to Denisof, without exchanging greetings with any one, immediately proceeded to inquire about the business in hand.

Denisof told him about the projects which the large detachment of troops had formed of attacking *their* transport-train, and about the message which Petya had brought, and how he had replied to the two generals.

Then Denisof related all that he knew about the position of the French escort.

"So far, so good; but we must know what sort of troops, and how many they are," said Dolokhof. "We must enter their lines. If we don't know exactly how many of them there are, it's no use to attempt the thing. I like to do such business in good style. Here, I wonder if any of these gentlemen will go with me into their camp. I have an extra uniform with me."

"I — I — I will go with you!" cried Petya.

"You are precisely the one who shall not go," said Denisof, turning to Dolokhof. "I would not let him go on any account."

"That's a great note!" cried Petya. "Why can't I go?"

"Why, because there's no reason why you should."

"Well, now, you will excuse me because — because — but I will go; that's all there is of it! — You will take me, won't you?" he asked, turning to Dolokhof.

"Why not?" replied Dolokhof, absent-mindedly, staring into the face of the French drummer.

"Have you had this young lad long?" he asked of Denisof.

"Took him to-day, but he knows nothing; I kept him with me."

"Well, now, what do you do with the others?" demanded Dolokhof.

"What should I do? I send them in and get a receipt," replied Denisof, suddenly reddening. "And I'll tell you fwankly, that I have not a single man on my conscience. What's the twouble in sending thirty or thwee hundwed under escort to the city? I tell you honestly it's better than to stain the honor of a soldier."

"Let this sixteen-year-old countlet have all these fine notions," said Dolokhof, with icy ridicule, "but it's time you gave them up."

"Well, I say nothing of the sort, I only say that I am certainly going with you," timidly interrupted Petya.

"Yes, it's high time you and I, brother, gave up these fine notions," insisted Dolokhof, as though he found especial delight in dwelling on this point which was annoying to Denisof. "Now, for instance, why did you keep this one?" he asked, shaking his head. "Why, it was because you pitied him, wasn't it? We know well enough what your receipts amount to! You will send a hundred men, and thirty'll get there! They'll die of starvation or be killed. So why isn't it just as well not to take any?"

The esaul, snapping his bright eyes, nodded his head in approval.

"It's all right; no need of weasoning about it here. I don't care to take the wesponsibility on my soul. You say they die on the woad. Well and good. Only 'tisn't I who murder 'em."

Dolokhof laughed. "Haven't they been told twenty times to take me? And if they should—or you, either, with all your chivalry, it would be an even game—a rope and the aspen-tree!" He paused. "However, we must to work. Have my man bring in my pack. I have two French uniforms. So you are going with me, are you?" he asked of Petya.

"I? I?—yes, certainly!" cried Petya, reddening till the tears came, and glancing at Denisof.

Again at the time while Dolokhof was discussing with Denisof as to what should be done with the prisoners, Petya had that former sense of awkwardness and precipitancy; but, again, he did not succeed very well in comprehending what they said. "If grown-up, famous men have such ideas, of course it must be so, it must be all right," he said to himself. "But the main thing is that Denisof must not think that I am

going to listen to him, that he can give orders to me! Certainly I'm going to the French camp. If *he* can, of course I can." To all Denisof's urgencies not to go, Petya replied that he was accustomed to do things properly — *akkurátno* — and not at hap-hazard, and he never thought about personal danger.

"Because — you yourself must acknowledge this — if we don't know pretty well how many they are, the lives of hundreds of us may depend upon it, while here we are alone — and, besides, I am very anxious to do this, and I am certainly, certainly going, and you must not try to keep me from it," said he; "that would only make it the worse."

CHAPTER IX.

HAVING put on the French uniforms and shakos, Petya and Dolokhof rode to the vista from which Denisof had reconnoitred the camp, and, emerging from the forest in absolute darkness, they made their way down into the ravine. On reaching the bottom, Dolokhof ordered the Cossack who accompanied them to wait for them there, and started off at a round trot along the road to the bridge; Petya, his heart in his mouth with excitement, rode by his side.

"If we fall into their clutches, I won't give myself up alive; I have a pistol," whispered Petya.

"Don't speak in Russian!" exclaimed Dolokhof, in a quick whisper, and, at that instant, they heard in the darkness the challenge "*Qui vive?*" and the click of the musket.

The blood rushed into Petya's face, and he grasped his pistol.

"*Lanciers de Gme.*" cried Dolokhof, neither hastening nor checking his horse's pace.

The dark figure of the sentinel stood out upon the bridge.

"*Mot d'ordre!*"

Dolokhof reined in his horse, and rode at a foot pace.

"Tell me is Colonel Gérard here?" he demanded.

"The countersign," insisted the sentinel, not answering the question, and blocking the way.

"When an officer is making his round, the sentinels do not ask the countersign," cried Dolokhof, suddenly losing his temper, and spurring his horse against the sentinel. "I ask you if the colonel is here?" *

* "*Mot d'ordre!*" — "*Dites donc, le Colonel Gérard est ici?*" — "*Mot d'ordre!*" — "*Quand un officier fait sa ronde, les sentinelles ne demandent pas le mot d'ordre — Je vous demande si le colonel est ici.*"

And, without waiting for an answer from the sentinel, whom he shouldered out of the way, Dolokhof rode up the slope at a foot pace.

Perceiving the dark figure of a man crossing the road, Dolokhof halted him, and asked where the commander and the officers were. This man, who had a basket on his shoulder, paused, came close up to Dolokhof's horse, laid his arm on her, and told, in simple, friendly way, that the commander and the officers were higher up on the hill, at the right-hand side, at the "farm," as he called the establishment of the owner of the estate.

After riding along the road, on both sides of which were the bivouac fires, where they could hear the sounds of men talking French, Dolokhof turned into the yard of the manorial mansion. On riding into the gates, he slid off his horse, and went up to a great blazing camp-fire around which sat a number of men talking loudly. In a kettle at the edge of it, something was cooking, and a soldier in a cap and blue capote was on his knees in front of it, his face brightly lighted by the flames, and was stirring it with his ramrod. "*Oh, c'est un dur à cuire* — He's a tough one at cooking!" cried one of the officers, who were sitting in the shadow in the opposite side.

"*Il fera marcher les lapins* — He'll make the rabbits fly," said another, with a laugh. Both relapsed into silence, and looked out into the darkness at the sounds of Dolokhof and Petya's footsteps, who came up to the fire, leading their horses.

"*Bonjour, messieurs.*" cried Dolokhof, in a loud tone, saluting the officers politely. The officers made a little stir in the shadow by the watch-fire, and a tall man with a long neck, coming around the fire, approached Dolokhof.

"*C'est vous, Clément?*" he began. "*D'où diable* — where the deuce?" but he did not finish his question, recognizing his mistake, and, slightly frowning, he exchanged greetings with Dolokhof, as with a stranger, asking him in what way he might serve him. Dolokhof told him that he and his comrade were in search of their regiment, and, addressing the officers in general, he asked them if they knew anything about the sixth regiment.

No one knew anything about it, and it seemed to Petya that the officers began to look suspiciously and with animosity at him and Dolokhof. For several seconds all were silent.

"*Si vous comptez sur la soupe du soir, vous venez trop tard* — You are too late if you expect soup this evening," said a voice with a suppressed laugh from behind the fire.

Dolokhof explained that they were not hungry, and that they had to go still farther that night. He handed over his horse to the soldier who had been busy over the stew, and squatted down on his heels by the fire, next the long-necked officer. This officer stared at Dolokhof, without taking his eyes from him, and asked him for a second time what regiment he belonged to?

Dolokhof made no reply, affecting not to hear his question; and, as he puffed at the short French pipe which he got out of his pocket, he inquired of the officers how far the road in front of them was free from danger of the Cossacks.

"*Les brigands sont partout* — everywhere!" replied an officer from the other side of the camp-fire.

Dolokhof remarked that the Cossacks were dangerous only for those who were alone, as he and his companion were, but that certainly they would not venture to attack a large detachment — "Would they?" he added dubiously.

All the time Petya, who was standing in front of the fire and listening to the conversation, kept saying to himself, "Now surely he will start."

But Dolokhof once more took up the thread of the conversation which had been dropped, and began to ask them up and down how many men there were in their battalion, how many battalions, how many prisoners? And while asking his questions about the Russian prisoners whom they had in their escort, Dolokhof said, "Wretched business to drag these corpses around with us. We'd much better shoot this trash,"* and he laughed aloud with such a strange laugh that it seemed to Petya as if the French would then and there discover the imposition, and he involuntarily took a step from the fire.

No one responded to Dolokhof's remark or his laugh, and a French officer who till then had not showed himself (he had been lying down wrapped up in his capote) raised himself up and whispered something to his comrade. Dolokhof got up and beckoned to the soldier who held his horse.

"Will they let us have the horses or not?" wondered Petya, involuntarily moving nearer to Dolokhof.

The horses were brought.

"Bonjour, messieurs," said Dolokhof.

Petya wanted to say "Bonjour" as well, but he could not pronounce a word. The officers said something among themselves in a whisper. Dolokhof sat for some time on his horse,

* "*La vilaine affaire de trainer ces cadavres après soi. Vaudrait mieux fusiller cette canaille.*"

which was restive; then he rode out of the gates at a foot pace. Petya rode after him, wishing, but not daring, to glance around to see if the French were following him or not.

On striking the road, Dolokhof did not ride back into the fields, but along the village street. In one place he stopped and listened.

"Hark!" said he.

Petya recognized the sound of Russian voices, and saw by the watch-fires the shadowy forms of the Russian prisoners. On reaching the bridge again, Petya and Dolokhof rode past the sentinel, who, not saying a word, was moodily pacing back and forth across the bridge; and then they plunged into the ravine, where their Cossacks were waiting for them.

"Well, good-by for now. Tell Denisof at daybreak, at the sound of the first shot," said Dolokhof, and he started to ride away; but Petya seized him by the arm.

"Oh," he cried, "you are such a hero. Akh! how splendid! how glorious! How I like you!"

"All right, all right!" said Dolokhof, but Petya did not let go of him, and in the darkness Dolokhof could just make out that Petya was leaning over toward him. He wanted to kiss him. Dolokhof kissed him laughingly, and, turning his horse, disappeared in the darkness.

CHAPTER X.

On returning to the forest hut, Petya found Denisof in the entry. He had been waiting for him, full of excitement, uneasiness, and self-reproach that he had let him go.

"Thank God—Slava Bohu!" he cried. "Now, then, thank God!" he repeated, on hearing Petya's enthusiastic story. "The devil take you. I haven't had a wink of sleep on account of you," exclaimed Denisof. "Well, thank God. Now go and get some sleep. We'll have time for a nap before morning."

"Yes,—but no," said Petya, "I don't want to go to sleep. I know myself too well. If I once get to sleep that's the end of it. And besides, I'm not in the habit of sleeping before a battle."

Petya sat some time in the izbá, gleefully recalling the details of his visit, and vividly picturing what would happen on the morrow. Then observing that Denisof had fallen asleep, he got up and went out of doors.

It was still perfectly dark. It had ceased raining, but the drops were still falling from the trees. Near the hut could be seen the dark forms of the Cossack shelters and their horses picketed together. Behind the hut the dark forms of the two wagons were visible, and next them the horses, and in the gully the dying fire was still glowing red. Not all the Cossacks and hussars were asleep; occasionally could be heard, together with the sound of the pattering drops, and the horses champing their teeth, low voices, which seemed to be whispering together.

Petya stepped out of the entry, glanced around in the darkness, and approached the wagons. Some one was snoring under the wagons, and near them stood the horses saddled and eating oats.

Petya in the darkness recognized his horse, which he called Karabakh though it was a Little Russian horse, and he went to him.

"Well, Karabakh, to-morrow we shall see service," said he, putting his face to the horse's nose, and kissing it.

"What! barin, aren't you asleep?" asked the Cossack sitting under the wagon.

"No, I — your name's Likhatchef, * isn't it? You see I've just come back. We've been to visit the French."

And Petya gave the Cossack a detailed account, not only of his expedition, but also why he had taken it, and why he considered it much better to risk his own life than to work at hap-hazard.

"Well, you'd better get some sleep," said the Cossack.

"No, I'm used to it," replied Petya. "I wonder if you are out of flints for your pistol. I brought some with me. Wouldn't you like some? Take them!"

The Cossack put his head out from under the wagon to get a closer look at Petya.

"Because I'm used to doing everything carefully — *akkuratno*" — said Petya. "Some never think of making ready beforehand, and they are sorry for it afterwards. I don't like that way."

"That's a fact," said the Cossack.

"I wonder if you'd be kind enough to sharpen my sabre. It got dull" — (but Petya could not tell a lie) "it's never been sharpened. Can't you do it for me?"

"Why, of course I can."

Likhatchef got up, fumbled in his pack, and soon Petya

* From *Likhatch*, a good driver of horses. Greek, *hippokrates*.

heard the warlike sound of the steel on the stone. He climbed upon the wagon and perched on the edge. The Cossack was sharpening the sabre under the wagon.

"Well, are the boys asleep?" asked Petya.

"Some of 'em are asleep, some ain't."

"Well, how about the lad?"

"Who? Vesénnu? He's crawled into the hay yonder Asleep out of sheer fright. I was glad of it."

For a long time after that, Petya said nothing, but listened to the various sounds. Steps were heard approaching in the darkness, and a dark form appeared.

"What are you whetting?" asked a man, coming, up to the wagon.

"Whetting this barin's sabre."

"Good thing," said the man, whom Petya took to be a hussar. "I wonder if a cup was left over here with you?"

"There it is by the wheel."

The hussar took the cup.

"It'll be daylight soon," he added, yawning, and went off.

Petya might have been supposed to know that he was in the woods with Denisof's party, a verst from the highway, that he was perched on the wagon taken from the French, while around the horses were tethered, and under it sat the Cossack Likhatchef sharpening his sabre, — that the great black spot at the right was the guard-house, and the bright red spot below at the left was the dying watch-fire, that the man who came after the cup was a hussar, who wanted a drink; but he did not realize this, and had no desire to realize it.

He was in a magic realm, in which nothing resembled the reality.

The great black spot, perhaps, was simply the guard-house, but perhaps it was a cavern leading down into the depths of the earth.

The red spot, perhaps, was a fire, but perhaps it was the eye of a huge monster.

Perhaps he was really perched on the wagon, but very possibly he was sitting not on the wagon, but on a terribly high turret, from which, if he fell, it would take him a whole day, a whole month, to reach the earth — he might fall forever, and never reach it!

Perhaps it was merely the Cossack Likhatchef sitting under the wagon, but very possibly it was the best, kindest, bravest, most glorious, most admirable man in the world, and no one knew it!

Perhaps it was merely a hussar who came after water, and went down the ravine; but perhaps he had disappeared from sight, and vanished absolutely into nothingness.

Nothing that Petya might have seen at that moment would have surprised him. He was in a magic realm, in which everything was possible.

He glanced at the sky. And the sky was as magical a thing as the earth. The sky had begun to clear, and over the tree-tops swiftly scurried the clouds, as it were unveiling the stars. Sometimes it seemed as though the sky were clearing, and the black depths of clear sky were coming into sight. Sometimes it seemed as if those black spots were clouds. Sometimes it seemed as if the sky were lifted high, high above his head; sometimes the sky stooped down absolutely so that his hand could touch it.

Petya's eyes began to close, and he swayed a little.

Rain-drops dropped.* Men were talking in low tones. The horses neighed and shook themselves. Some one snored.

Ozhik, zhik, ozhik, zhik — sounded the sabre on the whetstone; and suddenly Petya heard a harmonious orchestra playing a solemnly exquisite hymn, which he had never heard before.

Petya had a gift for music, just as Natasha had, and greater than Nikolai's, but he had never taken music lessons. His mind was not occupied with music, and consequently the themes that entered his mind were to him absolutely new and fascinating.

The orchestra played louder and louder. The air was resolved, transferred from one instrument to another. The result was what is called a fugue, although Petya had not the slightest idea what a fugue was. Each instrument, the one corresponding to the violin, and the one corresponding to the horn, — only better and purer than violin or horn, — each instrument played its own part, and before it had played to the end of the *motif*, blended with another, which began almost the same way, and then with a third, and with a fourth, and then all of them blended in one, and again separated, and again blended, now into something solemnly ecclesiastical, now into something brilliant and triumphant.

"Oh, yes, I must be dreaming," said Petya to himself, as he pitched forward. "It was in my ears. But perhaps it is *my* music! Well, then, once more! Go on, music mine! Now!"

He closed his eyes. And from different directions, as though

* *Kapli kápli.*

from a distance, the sounds came trembling, began to fall into rhythmical form, to run into variations, to coalesce, and once more they united in the same sweet and solemn triumphal hymn.

"Akh! this is so exquisite. Truly at my beck and call," said Petya to myself. He tried to direct this tremendous orchestra of instruments.

"Now, more softly, more softly: let it almost die away!" And the sounds obeyed him. "Now, then, fuller, more gayly. Still more, still more jollity!"

And from the unknown depths arose the triumphant strains in vastly fuller volume.

"Now, voices, you come in!" commanded Petya. And at first far away he heard the voices of men, then of women. The voices grew in regular gradations into solemn power. Petya felt a mixture of terror and joy in recognizing their extraordinary loveliness.

With the solemn strains of the triumphal march blended the song, and the rain-drops dropped, and with its *Vzhik, zhik, zhik*, rang the sabre, and again the horses stirred and neighed, though not disturbing the chorus, but rather blending with it.

Petya knew not how long this lasted: he enjoyed it, was all the time amazed at his enjoyment of it, and regretted that there was no one to share it with him.

He was awakened by Likhatchef's affectionate voice.

"Ready, your nobility; you can split two Frenchmen* with it."

Petya aroused himself.

"It's getting light; truly it's growing light!" he cried.

The horses, before invisible, could now be plainly seen, and through the bare limbs of the forest trees gleamed a watery light.

Petya shook himself, sprang down, got a silver ruble out of his pocket, and gave it to Likhatchef, and, after brandishing his sword, he examined the blade, and pushed it into the sheath.

The Cossacks were beginning to untie their horses and tighten their girths.

"Here is the commander," said Likhatchef.

From the guard-house came Denisof, and, nodding to Petya, gave orders to get ready.

* He calls *Frantsús, Khrantsús*.

CHAPTER XI.

IN the half-light of the dawn the horses were speedily brought out, saddle-girths were tightened, and the men fell into line.

Denisof stood by the hut, giving the final directions. The infantry detachment, with their hundreds of feet splashing at once, marched ahead along the road, and soon were hidden from sight among the trees in the dawn-lighted mist.

The esaul gave some command to his Cossacks. Petya held his horse by the bridle, impatiently awaiting the signal to mount. His face, which had been laved in cold water, and especially his eyes, glowed with fire: a cold shiver ran down his back, and his whole body shook with a rapid, nervous trembling.

"Well, are you all ready?" asked Denisof. "To horse!"

The horses were brought out. Denisof scolded his Cossack because his saddle-girth was loose, and, after tightening it, he mounted. Petya put his foot in the stirrup. His horse, as was his wont, tried to bite his leg; but Petya, not conscious of weight, quickly sprang into the saddle, and, looking at the long line of hussars stretching away into the darkness, rode up to Denisof.

"Vasili Feodorovitch, you'll give me some charge, won't you? Please — for God's sake!" said he. Denisof seemed to have forgotten about Petya's existence. He glanced at him.

"I'll ask you one thing," said he severely, "to obey me and to mind your own business."

During all the march Denisof said not a word further to Petya, and rode in silence.

When they reached the edge of the forest the morning light was spreading over the fields. Denisof held a whispered consultation with the esaul, as the Cossacks rode past Petya and him. When they had all filed by, Denisof turned his horse and rode down the slope. The horses, sitting back on their haunches, and sliding, let themselves and their riders down into the ravine. Petya rode by Denisof's side. The trembling over his whole frame had greatly increased.

It was growing lighter and lighter. Only distant objects were concealed as yet in the fog. On reaching the bottom, Denisof, after glancing back, nodded to a Cossack standing near him.

"The signal," he cried.

The Cossack raised his hand. A shot rang out, and at the same instant they heard the trampling hoofs of the horses simultaneously dashing forward, and yells in different directions, and more shots.

At the instant that the first sounds of the trampling hoofs and the yells broke upon the silence, Petya, giving a cut to his horse, and letting him have full rein, galloped forward, not heeding Denisof, who called him back.

It seemed to Petya that at the moment he heard the musket-shot it suddenly became perfectly light, like midday. He galloped upon the bridge. In front of him, along the road, the Cossacks were dashing ahead. On the bridge he knocked up against a Cossack who had been left behind, but still he galloped on. In front of him he saw some men — they must be the French — running from the right side of the road to the left. One fell in the mud under the feet of Petya's horse.

Around one izbá a throng of Cossacks were gathered doing something. From the midst of the throng arose a terrible shriek. Petya galloped up to this throng, and the first thing that he saw was a Frenchman's white face, his lower jaw trembling. He was clutching the shaft of a lance directed at his breast.

"Hurrah! boys. Ours!" yelled Petya, and, giving free rein to his excited horse, he flew up the street.

In front of him shots were heard. Cossacks, hussars, and tattered Russian prisoners, running from both sides of the road, were incoherently shouting something at the top of their voices. A rather youthful Frenchman, without his cap, and with a red, scowling face, in a blue capote, was defending himself with his bayonet from the hussars.

When Petya reached there he was already fallen.

"Too late again!" flashed through Petya's head, and he dashed off where the shots were heard the thickest. This was in the yard of the manor-house, where he had been the night before with Dolokhof. The French had intrenched themselves behind the hedge and in the park, where the bushes had grown up dense and wild, and they were firing at the Cossacks clustering around the gates. On reaching the gates, Petya, through the gunpowder smoke, saw Dolokhof, with a pale greenish face, shouting something to his men.

"At their flank! Infantry, wait!" he was yelling, just as Petya rode up.

"Wait? — Hurra-a-a-a-h!" yelled Petya; and he, without waiting a single instant, rode up into the very place where the

shots were heard, and where the gunpowder smoke was densest. A volley rang out; the bullets fell thick and fast, and did their work. The Cossacks and Dolokhof followed Petya through the gates. The Frenchmen could be seen through the thick, billowing smoke, some throwing down their arms and coming out from behind the bushes to meet the Cossacks, others running down the slope to the pond.

Petya still rode his horse at a gallop around the manor-house dvor, but, instead of guiding him by the bridle, he was waving both his hands in the strangest, wildest manner, and was leaning more and more to one side of the saddle. His horse, coming on the camp-fire, which was smouldering in the morning light, stopped short, and Petya fell heavily on the wet ground. The Cossacks saw his arms and legs twitch, although his head was motionless. A bullet had entered his brain.

Dolokhof, after a moment's conversation with an old French officer, who came out of the house with a handkerchief on his sword, and explained that they surrendered, dismounted and went to Petya, lying there motionless, with outstretched arms.

"Done up," he said, scowling; and he went to the gates to meet Denisof, who was coming to meet him.

"Killed!" cried Denisof, seeing, while still at a distance, the unquestionably hopeless position, only too well known to him, in which Petya's body lay.

"Done up," repeated Dolokhof, as though the repetition of this word gave him some satisfaction; and he hastened to the prisoners, around whom the Cossacks were crowding. "We can't take him," he called back to Denisof.

Denisof made no reply. He rode up to Petya, dismounted, and with trembling hands turned Petya over, looked at his face, already turned pale, and stained with blood and mud.

"I like something sweet. Splendid raisins, take them all," occurred to him. And the Cossacks, with amazement, looked around as they heard the sound, like the barking of a dog, with which Denisof quickly turned away, went to the hedge, and clutched it.

Among the Russian prisoners released by Denisof and Dolokhof was Pierre Bezukhoi

CHAPTER XII.

CONCERNING the party of prisoners to which Pierre belonged at the time of the general exodus from Moscow, the French commanders had made no new dispensation.

On the third of November this party found itself with a different escort and with a different train of wagons from the one with which they had left Moscow.

One half of the provision train, which had followed them during the first stages of the march, had been captured by the Cossacks; the other half had gone on ahead. The cavalry men without horses, who had marched in the van, had every one disappeared: not one was left. The artillery, which during the first stages had been visible in front of them, was now replaced by Marshal Junot's huge baggage-wagons, under the escort of Westphalians. Behind the prisoners rode a train of cavalry appurtenances.

After leaving Viazma the French troops, which before had marched in three columns, now proceeded all in confusion. The symptoms of disorder which Pierre had observed in the first halting-place out of Moscow had now reached its very acme. The road along which they had passed was strewn on both sides with dead horses. Ragged men, stragglers from the different commands, constantly shifting about, now joined, then again fell out of, the moving columns.

Several times during the march there were false alarms, and the soldiers of the convoy raised their muskets, fired them, and ran headlong, pushing one another; but then again they would form and revile each other for the needless panic.

These three divisions which proceeded in company — the cavalry stores (*dépôt*), the detachment of the wounded and Junot's baggage — still constituted a separate and complete body, but each of them was rapidly melting away.

In the department, to which at first one hundred and twenty teams belonged, now remained no more than sixty; the rest were captured or abandoned. A number of wagons of Junot's train had also been left behind and captured. Three teams had been rifled by stragglers from Davoust's corps.

From the talk of the Germans, Pierre gathered that this train was more strongly guarded than that of the prisoners, and that one of their comrades, a German soldier, had been shot by order of the marshal himself because he had been

found with a silver spoon belonging to the marshal in his possession.

The number of prisoners had melted away more than any of the three divisions. Out of three hundred and thirty men who left Moscow, now less than one hundred remained. The prisoners were more of a care to the soldiers of the convoy than were the saddles of the cavalry stores or than Junot's baggage.

The saddles and Junot's spoons, they understood, might be of some advantage to some one; but for cold and hungry soldiers to stand guard and watch over Russians who were likewise cold and hungry, and who died and were abandoned on the way, whom they were commanded to shoot down, this was not only incomprehensible, but even repulsive.

And the men of the convoy, as though fearful that in the cruel position in which they found themselves they should give way to the real feeling of pity which they felt for the prisoners, and thus make their own condition harder, treated them with peculiar gruffness and severity.

At Dorogobuzh, while the soldiers of the convoy went off to plunder some of their own stores, and locked the prisoners in a barn, several of the Russian soldiers dug out under the walls and escaped, but they were caught by the French and shot.

The order which had been observed on the departure from Moscow, of keeping the officers from the other prisoners, had for some time been disregarded: all those who could march went together, and Pierre after the third march was again brought into the company of Karatayef and the short-legged pink dog, which had chosen Karatayef as her master.

Karatayef, on the third day out from Moscow, had a relapse of the same fever from which he had suffered in the Moscow hospital, and as he grew worse Pierre avoided him. He knew not why it was, but from the time that Karatayef began to fail, Pierre found himself obliged to exercise great self-control to be near him. And when he approached him, and heard the low groans which he kept up all the time when they were in camp, and smelt the odor which now more powerfully than ever exhaled from Karatayef, Pierre avoided him as far as possible, and kept him out of his mind.

While a prisoner in the *balagán*, Pierre was made aware, not by his reason, but by his whole being, by life, that man is created for happiness, that happiness is in himself, in the satisfaction of the simple needs of humanity, and that all unhappiness arises, not from lack, but from superfluity.

But now, during these last three weeks of the march ~~he~~ had learned still another new and consoling truth — he had learned that there is nothing terrible in the world. He had learned that just as there was no position in the world in which a man would be happy and absolutely free, so also there was no position in which a man would be unhappy and unfree.

He had learned that suffering has its limits, and that freedom has its limits, and that these limits are very near together; that the man who suffered because one leaf on his bed of roses was crumbled, suffered just as much as he now suffered sleeping on the cold, damp ground, one side roasting, the other freezing; that when he used to wear his dancing-pumps too tight, he suffered just as much as he suffered now in going bare-footed, — his shoes were entirely worn out, — with his feet covered with sores.

He had learned that when he, as it seemed to him by his own free will, married his wife, he was not really any more free than now, when he was shut up for the night in the barn.

Of all that which he afterwards called sufferings, but which at the time he scarcely felt, the worst was from his bare, bruised, scurvy-scarred feet. (The horse-flesh was palatable and nourishing, the saltpetre odor of the gunpowder which they used instead of salt was even pleasant; the weather was not very cold; in the daytime while marching it was even hot, but at night they had bivouac fires; the vermin which fed upon him warmed his body.) The one thing hard at that time was the state of his feet.

On the second day of the retreat, Pierre, examining his sores by the fire, felt that it was impossible to take another step on them; but when all got up, he went along treading gingerly, and afterwards, when he was warmed to it, he walked without pain, though when evening came it was more terrible than ever to look at his feet. But he did not look at them, and turned his thoughts to other things.

Now for the first time Pierre realized all man's power of vitality, and the saving force of abstracting the attention, which, like the safety valve in the steam-engine, lets off the excess of steam as soon as the pressure exceeds the normal.

He saw not and heard not how the prisoners who straggled were shot down, although more than a hundred had perished in this way. He thought not of Karatayef, who grew weaker every day, and was evidently fated to suffer the same lot.

Still less Pierre thought of himself. The more trying his position, the more appalling the future, the more disconnected with the position in which he found himself, the more joyful and consoling were the thoughts, recollections, and visions which came to him.

CHAPTER XIII.

AT noon of the third, Pierre was climbing up a muddy, slippery hill, looking at his feet and at the inequalities of the road.

Occasionally his eyes glanced at the familiar throng around him, and then back to his feet again. Both the one and the other were peculiarly connected with his individual impressions.

The pink, bandy-legged Sierui was frolicking by the side of the road, occasionally lifting up her hind leg, as a sign of her agility and jollity, flying along on three legs, and then again on all four darting off to bark at the crows, which were feasting on the carrion. Sierui was more frolicksome and in better condition than she had been in Moscow. On all sides lay the flesh of various animals — men as well as horses — in various degrees of putrefaction, and the constant passing of people did not permit of the wolves approaching, so that Sierui was able to get all that she wanted to eat.

It had been raining since morning, and if for a moment it seemed that it was passing over and the skies were going to clear, instantly after such a short respite the downpour would be heavier than ever. The road was perfectly soaked and could not absorb any more water, and little brooks ran along the ruts.

Pierre plodded along, looking at one side, counting his steps by threes, and doubling down his fingers. Apostrophizing the rain, he kept repeating mentally, "Rain, rain, please not come again." *

It seemed to him that he was not thinking of anything; but in the depths of his mind, remote, there were grave and comforting thoughts. They were the direct spiritual outcome of his yesterday evening's conversation with Karatayef.

The evening before, while they were halting for the night, after half freezing at a fire that had gone out, Pierre got up and went over to a neighboring camp-fire that was burning

* "*Nu ka, nu ka, yeshchó, yeshchó, naddái!*"

more brightly. Near this fire to which Pierre went, Platon was sitting, with his head wrapped up in his cloak as though it were a chasuble, and was telling the soldiers, in his fluent, agreeable, but weak and ailing voice, a story which Pierre had often heard.

It was already after midnight. This was the time that Karatayef usually recovered from his paroxysms of fever, and became peculiarly lively.

On approaching the camp-fire and hearing Platon's weak, ailing voice, and seeing his yellow face brightly lighted up by the fire-light, Pierre's heart reproached him. He was alarmed by his feeling of pity for the man, and wanted to go away; but there was no other camp-fire, and Pierre sat down by the bivouac fire, and tried not to look at Platon.

"Well, how is your health?" he asked.

"Health? Even if you weep for illness, God does not send death," said Karatayef, and instantly resumed the story he was telling.

"So, then, my dear brothers." Platon went on, with a smile illumining his thin, pale face, and with a gleam of peculiar delight in his eyes, — "so, then, my dear brothers" —

Pierre had heard this story a long time before: Karatayef had related it half a dozen times to him alone, and always with a peculiar feeling of pleasure. But, well as Pierre knew it, he now listened to it as though it were something new, and that genial enthusiasm which Karatayef evidently felt in relating it communicated itself to Pierre.

It was the story of an old merchant who lived a moral, God-fearing life with his family, and who once set out with a friend of his, a rich merchant, on a pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Makarii.

They put up one night at an inn, and the two merchants retired to bed; and the next morning, the merchant's companion was found robbed and with his throat cut. The bloody knife was found under the old merchant's pillow. The old merchant was tried, knouted, and after his nostrils had been slit — "as was proper according to the law," said Karatayef — was sent to hard labor.

"So, then, my brothers." — it was at this place that Pierre had interrupted Platon's story, — "ten years or more passed. The good old man lives in the mines. He submits as in duty bound; never does any one any harm. Only he prays to God to let him die. Very good. One time the convicts were gathered together — it was night — just as if it had been you and I,

and the good old man was with 'em. And they were telling each other what they had been punished for, and of what they were guilty before God. They began to confess, one that he had murdered a man; * another, two; a third that he had set a house on fire; another that he had been a deserter, and so on. Then they began to ask the old man: 'And you, grandsire, what are you being punished for?' — 'I, my dear friends,' † says he, 'am punished for my own sins, and for the sins of others. I never killed a soul, I never stole from any one; instead, I used to give to any needy brother. I, my dear friends, was a merchant, and I had a large property.' And so on and so on, he tells the whole story, of course, just as it happened. 'I don't complain,' says he. 'Of course, God did it to search me. Only,' says he, 'I am sorry for my old woman and my children.' And then the old man began to cry. It happened the very man who had murdered the merchant, you know, was there in that company. 'Where was it, grandsire, it happened? When? What month?' He asked all about it. His heart stung him. And so he goes up to the old man and falls at his feet. 'You were punished all on my account, you good old man,' says he. 'That's the truth, the honest truth. It's a fact, boys; ‡ this man is innocent, and has been punished for my crime,' says he. 'I did it myself,' says he, 'and I put the knife under your pillow while you was asleep. Forgive me, grandsire,' says he, 'for Christ's sake!'"

Karatayef paused, joyously smiling, and as he gazed into the fire he straightened the logs.

"And the good old man says, 'God will forgive you, but we are all of us,' says he, 'sinners before God. I suffer for your sin.' He wept bitter tears. And what think you, friends," § exclaimed Karatayef, with a radiant, beatific smile lighting his face more and more, as though what he had now to relate included the main charm and all the significance of the story, "what think you, friends! this murderer revealed the whole thing to the authorities. 'I,' says he, 'I have killed six souls' (he was a great villain!), 'but what I regret more than all is this good old man. Let him not weep any longer on my account.' He explained the whole matter; they took it down, sent off the paper in proper shape. It's a long way off, and it was a long time before the matter was decided, and before all the papers were written as they had to be, as it always is with the authorities. It reached the tsar. And then came

* *Dusha*, a soul.

† *Rebyatushki*, little children.

‡ *Brátsui moi mülenkiye* (brothers mine dear). § *Sokólik*, a hawk.

the ukase: 'Let the merchant go; give him a present, whatever they may decide.' The document came; they tried to find the poor old man. Where is the poor old man who was innocent and suffered so long? A document has come from the tsar. They began to search for him." Karatayef's lower jaw trembled. "But God had forgiven him—he was dead. That was the way of it, friends,"* concluded Karatayef, and for a long time he sat looking into the fire, with a smile on his lips.

It was not so much this story itself, but its mysterious meaning, that solemn joy which irradiated Karatayef's face as he related it, the mysterious significance of this joy, which filled Pierre's soul with a vague sense of joy.

CHAPTER XIV.

"*A vos places!*" suddenly cried a voice.

A glad stir and expectation of something good and solemn awoke among the prisoners and convoy. On all sides were heard shouts of command, and at the left suddenly appeared handsomely dressed cavalymen, trotting by the prisoners, on handsome horses. All faces wore that expression of tension which is usually seen when important personages are expected.

The prisoners were collected and pushed out of the road; the soldiers formed in line.

"*L'empereur! l'empereur! Le maréchal! Le duc!*" and as soon as the plump horses of the mounted escort dashed by, a coach drawn by six gray steeds thundered past. Pierre, as by a flash, caught sight of the calm, handsome, plump but pale face of a man in a *tricorne*.

This was one of the marshals.

The marshal's eye rested on Pierre's rotund, noticeable figure, and the expression with which the marshal scowled and turned away his face made it evident to Pierre that he felt sympathy and wanted to hide it.

The general in charge of the division galloped after the carriage, with a red, frightened face, spurring on his lean horse. Several officers gathered together; the soldiers pressed around them. All faces wore an expression of excitement and tension.

* There is a variant of this same story, told by Count Tolstoi for children. See "A Long Exile" (T. Y. Crowell & Co.).

"Qu'est-ce qu'il a dit? qu'est-ce qu'il a dit?" — What did he say? " Pierre heard them asking.

While the marshal had been passing, the prisoners had been gathered in a clump, and Pierre noticed Karatayef, whom he had not seen since early that morning. Karatayef in his short cloak was leaning up against a birch-tree. While his face still bore that expression of joyful emotion which it had had the evening before, when telling the story of the merchant's unmerited punishment, it was lighted up by an expression of gentle solemnity.

Karatayef looked at Pierre out of his kindly round eyes, which were now full of tears, and he seemed to be calling him to him, as though he wanted to say something. But Pierre felt quite too terribly about himself. He affected not to see him, and hastened away.

When the prisoners were set on their march again, Pierre glanced back. Karatayef was sitting by the edge of the road, under the birch-tree, and two Frenchmen were discussing about something over him. Pierre did not look longer. He passed on his way, limping up the hill.

From the place where Karatayef had been left behind, the report of a musket-shot was heard. Pierre distinctly heard this report, but at the instant that he heard it he recollected that he had not finished his calculation how many stages there were to Smolensk, a calculation in which he had been interrupted by the arrival of the marshal. And he began to count.

The two French soldiers, one of whom held the smoking musket which he had just discharged, ran past Pierre. Both of them were pale, and in the expression of their faces — one of them looked timidly at Pierre — there was something that reminded him of the young soldier who had been executed.

Pierre looked at this soldier, and remembered how this private, a few days before they had started, had burned his shirt as he was drying himself by the camp-fire, and how they had made sport of him.

The dog staid behind, and was howling around the place where Karatayef was.

"What a fool! what is she barking about?" Pierre exclaimed inwardly.

The soldiers, Pierre's comrades, walking in file with him, like him did not look back to the place where first the shot and then the howl of the dog was heard, but a stern expression lay on all their faces.

CHAPTER XV.

THE provision train and the prisoners and the marshal's baggage-wagons were halting at Shamshevo. All gathered in groups around the watch-fires. Pierre went to a camp-fire, and, after eating some roasted horse-flesh, lay down with his back to the fire and instantly fell asleep. He slept the same kind of sleep which he had slept at Mozhaïsk after Borodino.

Once more real events mingled with visions, and once more some one, either himself or some other person, uttered thoughts, even the same thoughts which had been spoken to him at Mozhaïsk.

"Life is everything. Life is God. Everything changes and is in a state of flux, and this movement is God. And as long as there is life, there is enjoyment of the self-consciousness of the Divinity. To love life is to love God. More difficult and more blessed than all else is it to love this life in its sufferings, in undeserved sufferings."

"Karatayef!" it occurred to Pierre.

And suddenly there seemed to be standing before Pierre, as though alive, a dear little old man, long forgotten, who in Switzerland had taught Pierre geography.

"Wait," said the little man. And he showed Pierre a globe. This globe was a living, rolling ball, and had no natural divisions. The whole surface of the globe consisted of drops closely squeezed together. And these drops were all in motion, changing about, sometimes several coalescing into one, sometimes one breaking up into many. Each drop tried to expand, to occupy as much space as possible; but others, striving for the same end, crushed it, sometimes annihilated it, sometimes coalesced with it.

"Such is life," said the little old teacher.

"How simple and how clear," thought Pierre. "Why is it I never knew this before?"

"In the centre is God, and each drop strives to spread out, expand, so as to reflect him in the largest possible proportions. And each expands, and coalesces, and is pressed down, and is to all outward appearance annihilated, and sinks into the depths and comes out again."

"That was the case with Karatayef: he overflowed and vanished."

"*Vous avez compris, mon enfant,*" said the teacher.

"*Vous avez compris! Sacré nom!* Do you understand? The devil take you!" cried a voice, and Pierre awoke.

He sat up. Squatting on his heels by the camp-fire sat a Frenchman who had just been pushing away a Russian soldier, and was now broiling a piece of meat stuck on a ramrod. His muscular, red hand, covered with hairs, with short fingers, was skilfully twirling the ramrod. His cinnamon-colored, scowling face and knitted brows could be clearly seen in the light of the coals.

"*Ça lui est bien égal* — It's all the same to him," he growled out, addressing the soldier standing near him. "*Bri-gand! Va!*" And the soldier, twirling the ramrod, glared gloomily at Pierre. Pierre turned away and gazed into the darkness.

A Russian soldier, one of the prisoners, the very same whom the Frenchman had pushed away, was sitting by the fire and was patting something with his hand. Looking closer, Pierre recognized that it was the little bandy-legged pink dog, which was wagging her tail as she crouched down next the soldier.

"Ah? She's come, has she?" said Pierre, "but Plat" — he began, but did not finish the name. Suddenly in his imagination all blended together, — the recollection of the look which Platon had given him as he sat under the tree, the shot which he had heard at that same place, the howling of the dog, the guilty faces of the two Frenchmen who hastened past him, the empty, smoking musket, Karatayef left behind at that halting-place, and this now made him realize that Platon was dead, but at the same instant, suggested by God knows what, there arose in his mind the recollection of an evening that he had spent in company with a Polish beauty one summer, on the balcony of his mansion at Kief. And, nevertheless, without making any effort to co-ordinate his recollections, and drawing no conclusions from them, Pierre closed his eyes, and the vision of the summer scene mingled with his recollections of bathing, of the fluid, rolling globe, and he seemed to be sinking in water, so that the water went over his head.

Before sunrise he was wakened by loud and frequent firing and shouts. The French were flying past him.

"*Les Cosaques!*" cried one of them, and in a moment Pierre was surrounded by a throng of Russians.

It was some time before Pierre could realize what had hap-

pened to him. On all sides he heard the joyful vociferations of his comrades. "Brothers! comrades! friends!" shouted old soldiers, and burst into tears as they embraced Cossacks and hussars. Cossacks and hussars surrounded the prisoners and made haste to offer them some clothes, some shoes, some bread.

Pierre stood in the midst of them, sobbing, and could not speak a word. He threw his arms around the first soldier whom he met and kissed him weeping.

Dolokhof stood at the gates of the dilapidated mansion, watching the throng of the disarmed French file past him. The Frenchmen, excited by all that had occurred, were talking loudly among themselves; but when they passed Dolokhof, who stood lightly flecking his boots with his nagaika, or short whip, and watched them with his cool, glassy glance, that boded them nothing good, their voices were hushed. On the other side stood Dolokhof's Cossack and counted the prisoners, scoring them in hundreds on the gate with a bit of chalk.

"How many?" asked Dolokhof of the Cossack who was counting the prisoners.

"Into the second hundred," replied the Cossack.

"*Filez, filez!* — Step on, step on!" exclaimed Dolokhof, who had learned this expression of the French; and as his eyes met those of the prisoners who filed past, they lighted with a cruel gleam.

Denisof, with a gloomy face, walked bare-headed behind the Cossacks who were carrying the body of Petya Rostof to a grave which they had dug in the garden.

CHAPTER XVI.

AFTER the ninth of November, when hard frosts began, the flight of the French assumed a still more tragic character because of the many who perished of the cold or were burned to death at the camp-fires, while the emperor, kings, and dukes continued to pursue their homeward way wrapped in furs and riding in carriages, and carrying the treasure that they had stolen.

But in its real essence the process of flight and dissolution of the army had not really changed.

From Moscow to Viazma the seventy-three thousand composing the French army, not counting the Guard, — which

throughout the whole war had done nothing except pillage, — the seventy-three thousand of the army were reduced to thirty-six thousand. Out of the number lost, not more than five thousand perished in battle. This is the first term of a progression whereby, with mathematical accuracy, the succeeding terms are determined.

The French army melted away and was destroyed in the same proportion from Moscow to Viazma, from Viazma to Smolensk, from Smolensk to the Beresina, from the Beresina to Vilno, independently of the greater or less degree of cold, the pursuit of the Russians, the obstruction of the road, and all other conditions taken singly.

After Viazma, the French armies, instead of marching in three columns, went in one crowd, and thus proceeded to the end.

Berthier wrote to his sovereign (it is well known how far commanders allow themselves to depart from the truth in describing the position of their armies). — He wrote: —

“I think it my duty to acquaint your majesty with the condition of the troops in the different army corps that I have observed during these last three days in the various stages. They are almost disbanded. Less than a fourth of the soldiers remain under the standards, at most. This proportion holds in nearly all the regiments. The others are straggling off by themselves in different directions, trying to find provisions and to escape from discipline. All of them look to Smolensk as the place where they will retrieve themselves. During the last few days many soldiers have been noticed throwing away their cartridges and muskets. In this condition of things, the interests of your majesty's service require that, whatever your ultimate plans may be, the army should be rallied at Smolensk, and rid of non-combatants, of unmounted cavalymen, of superfluous baggage, and of a portion of the artillery, since it is no longer in proportion to the effective of the army. Moreover, the soldiers require some days of rest and supplies of food, for they are worn out by hunger and fatigue; many in the last few days have died on the road or in bivouac. This state of things is constantly growing worse, and there is danger that, if remedies are not promptly applied, the troops could not be controlled in case of battle. — November 9, at thirty versts from Smolensk.”

* “*Je crois devoir faire connaître à votre majesté l'état de ses troupes dans les différents corps d'armée que j'ai été à même d'observer depuis deux ou trois jours dans différents passages. Elles sont presque debandées. Le nombre des soldats qui suivent les drapeaux est en proportion du quart au plus dans presque tous les régiments, les autres marchant isolément dans différentes directions et pour leur compte, dans l'espérance de trouver des subsistances et pour se débarrasser de la discipline. En général ils regardent Smolensk comme la point où ils doivent se refaire. Ces derniers jours on a remarqué que beaucoup de soldats jettent leurs cartouches et leurs armes. Dans cette état de choses, l'intérêt du service de votre majesté exige, quelles que soient ses vues ultérieures, qu'on rallie l'armée à Smolensk en commençant à la débarrasser des non-combattants, tels que hommes démontés et des bagages inutiles*

Rushing into Smolensk, which was to them like the promised land, the French fought with one another for food, pillaged their own stores, and when everything had been plundered they hurried on.

All fled, not knowing whither or why; and Napoleon, with all his genius, knew less than others why they did so, for no one ordered him to fly.

But, nevertheless, he and those around him observed their old habits: wrote orders, letters, reports, *ordres du jour*, and they addressed one another as — *Sire, Mon Cousin, Prince d'Éckmühl, Roi de Naples*, etc. But these orders and reports were only on paper; nothing was done according to them, because they could no longer be carried out; and though they continued to call each other Majesty, Highness, and Cousin, they all felt that they were miserable wretches, who had done much evil, and that expiation had begun. And, though they pretended to be very solicitous about the army, each of them thought only of himself and how he might get off and escape as speedily as possible.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE actions of the Russian and French troops during the retreat from Moscow to the Niemen were like the game of *zhmúrki*, or blind-man's-buff, where the two players have their eyes bandaged, and one of them rings a bell from time to time, to call the attention of the "catcher."

At first, the one who is to be caught sounds his bell without fear of the enemy; but when the pursuer is coming close to him, he seeks to evade his pursuer by going noiselessly, and often, when he thinks he is escaping, he runs directly into his arms.

At first Napoleon's troops let themselves be heard from — this was during the first period of their movement on the Kaluga road; but afterwards, when they had gone back to the Smolensk road, holding the clapper of the bell, they fled, and, while believing that they were escaping, they ran right into the enemy.

et du materiel de l'artillerie qui n'est plus en proportion avec les forces actuelles. En outre les jours de repos, des subsistances sont nécessaires aux soldats qui sont extenués par la faim et la fatigue; beaucoup sont morts ces derniers jours sur la route et dans les biracs. Cet état de choses va toujours en augmentant et donne lieu de craindre que si l'on n'y prête un prompt remède, on ne soit plus maître des troupes dans un combat. Le 9 Novembre, à 30 verstes de Smolensk."

Owing to the speed with which the French ran and the Russians pursued and the consequent exhaustion of the horses, the chief method of ascertaining the position of an enemy — reconnoissance by cavalry — became impossible. Moreover, owing to the numerous and rapid changes of position in both armies, information, such as it was, always came too late.

If the news came on one day that the enemy's army was at such and such a place the night before, on the next day, by the time that anything could be undertaken, this army would have already made a two-days' march and occupied an entirely different position.

One army fled, the other pursued. From Smolensk the French had a choice among many different routes, and it would seem as if, during their four-days' halt there, they might have reconnoitred the enemy, adopted some advantageous plan, and tried some other way.

But after the four-days' rest the army hastened on in throngs, turning neither to the right nor to the left, and without manœuvres or combinations following the beaten track along their former route — the worst of all — that of Krasnoye and Orsha.

Thinking always that the enemy was behind and not before them, the French hastened on, spreading out and scattering often twenty-four hours' march from each other.

At the head of the whole army ran the emperor, then the kings, then the dukes.

The Russian army, believing that Napoleon would turn to the right toward the Dniepr, which was the only reasonable route, themselves turned to the right, and followed the main road toward Krasnoye.

And here, just as in the game of blind-man's-buff, the French ran against our advance guard.

Having thus unexpectedly caught sight of the enemy, the French were confused, and paused in astonishment and fright, only to resume their flight, abandoning their comrades, who followed them. There, for three days, the separate fragments of the French army ran, one after the other, as it were, the gantlet of the Russian troops; first came the corps of the viceroy, then Davoust's, then Ney's.

They all abandoned each other, they all abandoned their heavy possessions, the artillery, half of their forces, and took to flight, marching only by night and in *détours*, so as to avoid the Russians.

Ney, who came last (because, in spite of their wretched

condition, or rather in consequence of it, since, like the boy, he wanted to beat the floor on which he had been hurt, he had stopped to blow up the unoffending walls of Smolensk). — Ney, coming last, rejoined Napoleon at Orsha with only one thousand men out of the ten thousand of his corps. Having abandoned all his soldiers and all his artillery, he had succeeded in secretly making his way through the woods by night, and crossing the Dniepr.

From Orsha they hastened onward, taking the road to Vilno, in exactly the same way, playing blind-man's-buff with the pursuing army.

At the Beresina again they were thrown into confusion. Many were drowned, many gave themselves up; but those who crossed the river still hastened on.

Their chief commander wrapped himself up in his furs, got into a sledge, and, abandoning his companions, galloped off alone.

Those who could escaped the same way; those who could not surrendered or perished.

CHAPTER XVIII.

It would seem as if, during this period of the campaign, while the French did everything possible to ruin themselves, while in no single movement of this mass of men, beginning with its *détour* on the Kaluga road up to the flight of Napoleon, was there one gleam of sense, — it would seem as if those historians who consider the action of the masses subservient to the will of a single man might find it impossible to make this retreat fit in with their theory.

But no! Mountains of books have been written by historians concerning this campaign, and Napoleon's plans and dispositions have been characterized as profound, as well as the manœuvres executed by the troops, and the genius shown by the marshals in their measures.

The retreat from Malo-Yaroslavets — that useless retreat by a devastated route, when he was offered one through a well-supplied region, when he might have taken the parallel road by which Kutuzof afterwards pursued him — is explained for us according to various profound considerations. By these same profound considerations his retreat from Smolensk to Orsha is described. Then they describe his bravery at Krasnoye, where, we are led to believe, he was ready to put him-

self at the head of his troops and to give battle, and where he marched with a birchen cane, saying : —

"I have been emperor long enough; it is time to be the general." *

And yet, immediately after this, he fled, leaving to their fate the defenceless fragments of his army struggling after him.

Then they describe for us the grandeur of soul displayed by the marshals, especially by Ney, whose grandeur of soul was shown by his sneaking through the forest, and passing the Dniepr by night, and escaping into Orsha without his standards and artillery, and with a loss of nine-tenths of his troops.

And, finally, the great emperor himself abandoning his heroic army is represented by historians as something grand, as a stroke of genius. Even this last miserable trick of running away, which in ordinary language would be called the lowest degree of meanness, which every child is taught to consider a shameful deed, even this vile trick finds justification among the historians.

For when it is no longer possible to stretch out the attenuated threads of historical arguments, when actions flagrantly contradict what humanity calls good and even right, the historians bring up the saving idea of greatness. Greatness seems to exclude the possibility of applying the standards of good and evil. In the great, nothing is bad. He who is great is not charged with the atrocity of which he may have been guilty.

"It is great! — *C'est grand!*" say the historians; and then there is no more good or evil, but only *great* and *not great*.

Great is good; *not great* is bad.

Greatness is, according to them, the quality of certain peculiar beings, whom they call heroes.

And Napoleon, fleeing to his own fireside, wrapped in his warm furs, and leaving behind his perishing companions, and those men whom, according to his idea, he had led into Russia, feels *que c'est grand*, and his soul is tranquil.

"There is only one step," he said, "from the sublime to the ridiculous." (He thinks himself sublime!) And for fifty years everybody has repeated it: "*Sublime! Great! Napoléon le grand!*" Truly, there is only one step from the sublime to the ridiculous! †

* *J'ai assez fait l'empereur, il est temps de faire le général.*

† *Du sublime au ridicule il n'y a qu'un pas.*

It has never entered the mind of any man that by taking greatness as the absolute standard of good and evil, he only proclaims his own emptiness and immeasurable littleness.

For us who have the standard of right and wrong set by Christ, there is nothing incommensurate. And there is no greatness where there is not simplicity, goodness, and justice.

CHAPTER XIX.

WHAT Russian is there who, reading the descriptions of the last period of the campaign of 1812, has not experienced a profound feeling of annoyance, dissatisfaction, and perplexity?

Who has not asked himself. Why did we not capture or destroy all the French, when they were surrounded by our three armies, each of superior numbers; when, dying of starvation and cold, they surrendered in throngs; and when, as history tells us, the aim of the Russians was precisely this — to cut off the French, to stop them, and to take them all prisoners?

How was it that this army, — which, when weaker in numbers, fought the battle of Borodino, — how was it that this army, when it surrounded the French on three sides, and intended to take them prisoners, did not accomplish its purpose?

Had the French such immense pre-eminence over us that we, though possessing superior numbers, and having surrounded them, could not defeat them?

How was it that this failed of execution?

History, — or what is called history, — in reply to these questions, declares that it failed of execution because Kutuzof, and Tormasof, and Chitchagof, and this one and that one, and the other, did not execute such and such manœuvres.

But why did they not execute these manœuvres? If these generals were to blame because the end in view was not attained, why were they not court-martialled and put to death?

But even if we admit that Kutuzof and Chitchagof and the others were to blame for the Russian *non-success*, it is still impossible to understand why the Russian troops, under the conditions which obtained at Krasnoye and at the Beresina (for in both cases the Russians were superior in numbers), did not capture the French troops, with their marshals, kings, and emperors, if such was the object of the Russians.

This strange phenomenon cannot be explained — as is done by the Russian military historians — by saying that it was

because Kutuzof prevented offensive operations, for we know that Kutuzof's will was unable to restrain the troops from attacking at Viazma and at Tarutino.

If the Russian army, which with inferior forces was able at Borodino to wrest a victory from an enemy then at the zenith of its strength, why could it not conquer the demoralized throngs of the French at Krasnoye and at the Beresina, when its forces had become superior?

If the object of the Russians had been to cut off and capture Napoleon and his marshals, and this object not only was not attained, but all attempts in that direction failed in the most shameful manner, then the French were perfectly right in representing the last period of the campaign as a series of victories, and Russian historians are perfectly wrong in representing that we were victorious.

Russian military historians, if they have any regard for logic, must come to this conclusion, and, in spite of their lyrical effusions about courage and patriotism, must logically confess that the retreat of the French from Moscow was for Napoleon a series of victories, and for Kutuzof a series of defeats.

But, if we put absolutely aside national pride, we feel that this conclusion involves a contradiction, since this series of victories on the part of the French brought them to complete destruction, while the series of defeats on the part of the Russians led them to the absolute overthrow of their enemy, and the evacuation of their own country.

The source of this contradiction lies in the fact that historians who study events in the correspondence of kings and generals, and in official narratives, reports, and plans, have taken for granted the entirely false and unjustifiable idea that the object of the last period of the campaign of 1812 was to cut off and to capture Napoleon and his marshals and his army.

This object never existed, and could not exist, because it had no sense, and it was absolutely impossible of attainment.

The object had no sense, in the first place, because Napoleon's demoralized army was flying from Russia with all possible speed: in other words, was fulfilling the very wish of every Russian. What reason in directing various military operations against the French, who were running away as fast as they could go?

Secondly, it was senseless to try to stop men who were employing all their energy in getting away.

In the third place, it was senseless to sacrifice troops in destroying the French armies, who were going to destruction without external causes, and at such a rate that even when every road was given them undisputed, they could carry across the frontier only the small number that remained to them in the month of December—a hundredth part of their whole army.

In the fourth place, it was senseless to wish to make prisoners of the emperor, the kings, and the marshals, and the men, for their captivity would have been to the highest degree embarrassing to the Russians, as was recognized by the ablest diplomatists of the time, J. Maistre and others.

Still more senseless was the desire to capture whole regiments of the French, when the Russian army had been reduced one-half by the time it reached Krasnoye, and whole divisions would have been needed to guard the troops of prisoners, and when their own soldiers were not all the time receiving full rations, and when the French already captured were dying of starvation!

All of this profound plan of cutting off and seizing Napoleon and his army was like the plan of the gardener who, in trying to drive out of his enclosure the cattle that were trampling down his garden, should run to the gates and strike them on the head when they passed out. The only thing that could be said in the gardener's justification would be that he was very angry. But this excuse could not be made for those who devised this plan, for they were not the ones who suffered from the trampled garden.

The idea of cutting off Napoleon and his army, beside being senseless, was impossible.

It was impossible, first, because, since experience has shown that the movement of columns of soldiers in battle for a distance of five versts can never be made in accordance with plans, the probability that Chitchagof, Kutuzof, and Wittgenstein would effect a junction at a designated place on time was so slight that it amounted to an impossibility, as Kutuzof felt, who, on receiving the sovereign's plan, declared that operations at great distances never gave the desired results.

Secondly, it was impossible because, in order to neutralize that momentum with which Napoleon's army was recoiling, incomparably larger forces would have been necessary than those which the Russians had.

Thirdly, it was impossible because the military phrase "to

cut off" an enemy has no sense. We may cut off a piece of bread, but not an army.

To cut off an army, to dispute its road, is never possible, for there are always many places where *détours* can be made, and there is the night, when nothing can be seen, as military students may convince themselves from the example of what took place at Krasnoye or the Beresina.

It is just as impossible to take a person prisoner, unless the person taken prisoner consents to be seized, as it is to catch a swallow, unless it come and light on your hand.

Armies can be captured only when they surrender, as the Germans do — according to the rules of strategy and tactics. But the French troops, with perfect correctness, found this unfit, since death by cold and starvation awaited them alike in flight and in captivity.

Fourthly, — and chiefly, — this was impossible because never since the world began was there a war under such terrible conditions as those which characterized the campaign of 1812; and the Russian troops, in pursuing the French, strained every effort, and could do no more without going to destruction themselves.

During the movement of the Russian army from Tarutino to Krasnoye fifty thousand men — in other words, a number equivalent to the population of a large provincial city — were sick and disabled.

Half of the men left the army without a battle.

And in regard to this period of the campaign, — when the troops, without boots or great-coats, with insufficient food, and without vodka, for months spent the nights in the snow, in a temperature fifteen degrees below freezing; when the days were only seven or eight hours long, and all the rest of the twenty-four were night, discipline being in such circumstances impossible; when, not as in battle, men for a few hours only enter the domain of death where there was no discipline, but lived for months in an incessant struggle with death from cold and starvation; when in a single month half of the army perished, — in regard to this period of the campaign, historians tell us how Miloradovitch ought to have made a flank movement in this direction, and Tormasof in that, and Chitchagof in another (struggling through snow that was knee-deep), and how such and such a one "destroyed" and "cut off" — and so on, and so on!

The Russians, of whom one-half perished, accomplished all that they could or ought to have done to attain an end worthy

of the people, and they are not to blame if other Russians, sitting in warm apartments, proposed what it was impossible to do.

All this strange and at the present time incomprehensible contradiction between the fact and the historical account arises simply from this: the historians who have written about these events have described the fine sentiments and the fine speeches of different generals, and not the history of the event.

Very important to them seem the speeches of Miloradovitch, the rewards received by this, that, and the other general, and their proposals; but the question about the fifty thousand Russian soldiers who were left behind in hospitals or in nameless graves does not interest them, because it is outside of their studies.

And yet all it requires is for them to turn their attention from the study of the reports and plans of the generals, and to follow the movements of these hundred thousand men who took an active, immediate part in the event, and all the questions that before seemed insolvable will at once be solved with extraordinary ease and simplicity.

The aim of cutting off the retreat of Napoleon and his army never existed except in the imaginations of a dozen men. It could not exist, because it was absurd and its realization impracticable.

The Russian people had only one object in view: to rid their soil of the invaders.

The object was attained, in the first place, of its own accord, because the French ran away, and afterwards it was only necessary not to check that movement. In the second place, this object was attained by means of that popular warfare which destroyed the French; and, in the third place, because the great Russian army followed the enemy, ready to employ force in case the movement of the French was suspended.

The Russian army acted like the knout on a running animal. And the experienced cattle-driver knew that it was most advantageous to threaten it with upraised whip, but not to strike the running animal on the head.

PART FOURTH.

CHAPTER I.

WHEN a man sees a dying animal, horror seizes him: what he himself is, — his own essence, — is evidently perishing before his very eyes, — ceasing to exist.

But when the dying one is a human being, and a person beloved and tenderly cherished, then, over and above the horror at the cessation of the life, there is felt a rending and wounding of the soul. This wound, like a physical wound, sometimes kills, sometimes heals, but it is always sore, and shrinks from any external, irritating touch.

After Prince Andrei's death, Natasha and the Princess Mariya felt this in the same way. Their souls had quailed and bowed under the threatening cloud of death that hung over them, and they dared not look into the face of life. They were extremely cautious not to expose their wounds to humiliating, painful contact.

Everything — a swiftly passing carriage on the street, the announcement of dinner, the maid's question as to what dresses she should get ready for them; still worse, a word of perfunctory, feeble sympathy — made the wound throb painfully, seemed an affront, and profaned that urgent silence in which they both were striving to listen to that stern, terrible choir which ceased not, in their imagination, to chant, and prevented them from looking into those mysterious, infinite distances which, for an instant, opened out before them.

Only when they were together alone, they felt no sense of pain and humiliation. They talked together very little. When they talked, it was on the most insignificant topics. And both of them alike avoided all reference to anything concerning the future.

To recognize the possibility of a future seemed to them an offence to his memory. All the more sedulously they avoided in their talk everything that had reference to the departed. It seemed to them that what they experienced and felt could not be expressed in words. It seemed to them that every

verbal reference to the separate events of his life disturbed the majesty and sacredness of the mystery which had been accomplished before their eyes.

Their continual self-restraint, their constant, strenuous avoidance of all that might lead to mention of him, these halting-places which stood in the way of every possible approach to the subject which they had tacitly agreed to leave untouched, brought up before their imaginations with all the greater clearness and distinctness that which they felt.

But pure, unmitigated grief is as impossible as pure and unmitigated joy.

The Princess Mariya, by her position as sole and independent mistress of her fate, as guardian and instructor of her nephew, was the first to be brought, by the exigencies of real life, forth from that world of tribulation in which she had been living for the past fortnight. She received letters from her relatives, which had to be answered; the room which Nikolushka occupied was damp, and he began to have a cough. Alpatuitch came from Yaroslavl with his accounts to be rectified, and with his proposal and advice for her to go back to Moscow, to her house on the Vozdvizhenka, which had remained intact and needed only small repairs.

Life would not stand still, and it was necessary to live.

Hard as it was for the Princess Mariya to emerge from that world of solitary contemplation in which she had been living till then, sorry as she was, and almost conscience-stricken, to leave Natasha alone, the labors of life demanded her participation, and she, in spite of herself, had to give way.

She verified Alpatuitch's accounts, consulted with Dessalles in regard to her nephew, and made arrangements and preparations for her journey to Moscow.

Natasha had been left to herself, and, since the Princess Mariya began to get ready for her departure, avoided even her.

The Princess Mariya proposed to the countess to let Natasha go to Moscow with her, and both father and mother gladly consented, since each day they noticed a decline in their daughter's physical vigor, and hoped that a change of scene would do her good, and that the physicians of Moscow would help her.

"I will go nowhere," replied Natasha, when this matter was proposed to her. "All I ask is to be left in peace," said she, and she hastened from the room, scarcely able to restrain her tears, — tears not so much of grief as of vexation and anger.

Since she had felt herself abandoned by the Princess Mariya, and left alone with her grief, Natasha, for the most of the time, sat in her room with her feet in the corner of the sofa, and, while her slender, nervous fingers kept tearing or bending something or other, her eyes would remain obstinately fixed on whatever happened to attract her attention.

This solitude exhausted, tortured her; but it was something that she could not help. As soon as any one came to her, she would quickly get up, change her position and the expression of her eyes, and take up her book or her sewing, and make no attempt to conceal her desire that the one who came to disturb her should go.

It constantly seemed to her that she was on the very point of discovering, of penetrating that terrible, unendurable problem on which her mental eye was directed.

About the beginning of January, Natasha, thin and pale, and dressed in a black woollen dress, with her braid carelessly knotted up in a pug, was sitting with her feet up on the sofa, concentratedly puckering and folding out the ends of her sash, and gazing with her eyes fixed on the door.

She was looking at the place where he had vanished, at that side of life. And that side of life, of which she had never thought in the days gone by, which hitherto had always seemed to her so distant and unreal, was now nearer and more familiar, more comprehensible, than the ordinary side of life, where everything was either emptiness and decay, or suffering and humiliation.

She looked at the place where she knew he had been; but she could not make it out that he was not there still. She saw him once more as he had been at Muintishchi, at Troitsa, at Yaroslavl.

She saw his face, heard his voice, repeated his words and the words which she had said to him, and sometimes she imagined words that they might have spoken.

There he is lying in the easy-chair, in his velvet shubka, with his head leaning on his thin white hand. His chest is terribly sunken and his shoulders raised. His lips are firmly set, his eyes are gleaming, and on his pallid brow a wrinkle comes and goes. One leg trembles almost imperceptibly with a rapid motion.

Natasha knew that he was struggling with tormenting pain. "What is that pain like? Why that pain? How does he feel? How does it pain him?" she wonders.

He noticed her fixed gaze, he raised his eyes, and without a trace of a smile began to speak:—

"There is one thing terrible," said he, "to be bound forever to a suffering man. This is eternal torment!" And he looked at her with a scrutinizing glance. Natasha replied then, as she always did, before she had time to think what she should reply. She said: "This cannot continue so, it will not be so always; you will get well — entirely well."

She now saw him as he had been from the first, and lived over in her memory all that she had then experienced. She recalled that long, melancholy, stern look which he had given her at those words, and she realized the significance of the reproach and despair expressed in this protracted look.

"I agreed with him," said Natasha to herself, "that it would be terrible if he should remain always suffering so. I said this at that time, simply because I meant that for him it would be terrible, but he understood it in a different way. He thought that it would be terrible for me. At that time he was still anxious to live, was afraid to die. And I said this so crudely, so stupidly! I did not think of that. I meant something entirely different. If I had said what I meant, I should have said: 'If he were to perish by a living death before my eyes, I should be happy in comparison with what I feel now.' Now — there is no one, nothing! Could he have known this? No! He knew it not, and he will never know! And now it is too late, too late to set this right."

And once more he said to her those same words, but this time Natasha, in her imagination, answered him in a different way. She stopped him and said: "Terrible for you, but not for me. You know that for me life without you would be nothing, and to suffer with you is the dearest happiness."

And he seized her hand and pressed it just as he had pressed it that terrible evening four days before he died. And in her imagination she spoke to him still other tender, loving words which she might have uttered then, but did not, and which now she could and did say: — "I love thee! — thee I love, I love!" she repeated, convulsively wringing her hands, clinching her teeth, with set determination.

And the bitter sweetness of grief took possession of her, and her eyes filled with tears, but suddenly she asked herself to whom she was saying that. "Where is he and what is he now?" And once more everything grew dark with hard and cruel doubt, and, once more closely drawing her brows into a frown, she looked at the place where he had been. And now, now it seemed to her that she was going to fathom the mys —

But at the very instant when it seemed to her that the in

comprehensible was already about to reveal itself to her, a loud rattling of the door-knob painfully struck upon her ears. With hasty, incautious steps, with a frightened expression never before seen on her face, Dunyasha the maid came running into the room.

"Please come to your papa as quick as possible," said Dunyasha, with that peculiar and excited look. "Bad news about Piotr Ilyitch — a letter," she cried with a sob.

CHAPTER II.

BESIDES the general feeling of aversion for all people, Natasha at this time experienced a peculiar feeling of aversion for the members of her own family. All her relatives — father, mother, Sonya — were so near to her, so familiar, so *every-day*, that all their words, their sentiments, seemed to her a disrespect to that world in which she had been lately living, and she looked upon them not only with indifferent but even hostile eyes. She heard Dunyasha's words about Piotr Ilyitch, about bad news, but she did not take them in.

"What misfortune can have happened to them? what bad news can it be? Everything with them goes on calmly, as it always has," said Natasha mentally.

As she went into the hall her father was coming hastily out of the countess's room. He was evidently hastening from her room so as to give free course to the affliction that overmastered him. His face was wrinkled and wet with tears. When he saw Natasha he waved his hands in despair, and burst into painfully convulsive sobs, which distorted his round, placid face.

"Pet — Petya — go to her, go — she — she is — calling for you" —

And, crying like a child, swiftly shuffling along on his feeble legs, he went to a chair and almost fell into it, burying his face in his hands.

Suddenly something like an electric shock ran over Natasha's whole being. A terribly acute pain struck her heart. She experienced a cruel agony. It seemed to her that something within her snapped and that she was dying. But immediately succeeding this agony there came a sense of deliverance from the torpor which had been weighing down her life. Seeing her father, and hearing her mother's terribly

agonized cry in the next room, she instantly forgot herself and her own sorrow.

She ran up to her father, but he, listlessly waving his arm, pointed to her mother's door.

The Princess Mariya, with her lower jaw trembling, came out of the room and took Natasha by the hand and said something to her.

Natasha saw her not, heard her not. With swift steps she passed through the door, paused for an instant, as though struggling with her own inclinations, and ran to her mother.

The countess lay in her easy-chair, in a strangely awkward and stiff position, and was beating her head against the wall. Sonya and the maids were holding her by the arms.

"Natasha! Natasha!" cried the countess. "It is false! false! — He lies! — Natasha!" she cried, trying to tear herself away from those holding her — "Go away all of you. It is false! Killed? — Ha! ha! ha! — 'Tis false!"

Natasha leaned her knee on the chair, bent over her mother, threw her arms around her, lifted her up with unexpected strength, turned her face around, and pressed her cheeks against hers.

"Mámenka! — Darling! — I am here, dearest! Mámenka!" she kept whispering, without a second's intermission.

She kept her arms firmly around her mother, gently struggled with her, called for cushions and water, and unbuttoned and undid her mother's dress.

"Darling, dearest — mámenka — dearest heart!" * she kept all the time whispering while she kissed her head, hands, and face, and felt how her tears, like rivulets, tickling her nose and her cheeks, kept flowing.

The countess pressed her daughter's hand, closed her eyes, and was calm for an instant. Then suddenly, with unnatural swiftness, she raised herself up, glared around wildly, and, seeing Natasha, pressed her hand with all her might. Then she turned toward her Natasha's face, convulsed with the pain, and long scrutinized it.

"Natasha, you love me," she said, in a low, confidential whisper. "Natasha, you would not deceive me? Tell me the whole truth."

Natasha looked at her with eyes brimming with tears, and her face expressed only a prayer for forgiveness and love.

"Dearest, mámenka," she repeated, exerting all the energies of her love, in order to take upon herself some of the excess of

* *Druk moï, golubushka, mámenka, dúshenka.*

woe that had come too heavy for her mother to bear. And again, in that unequal struggle against the reality, the mother, refusing to believe that she could still exist when her darling boy, treasured far more than life, was killed, she relapsed from the reality into the world of unreason.

Natasha could not have told how that first day passed, that night, the following day, and the following night. She did not sleep, and did not leave her mother's side. Natasha's love, faithful, patient, every second, as it were, wrapped the countess round about not with consolation, not with explanation, but with something like a summons back to life.

On the third night the countess grew calm for several minutes, and Natasha closed her eyes, and rested her head on the arm of the chair. The bed creaked; Natasha opened her eyes. The countess was sitting on the bed, and said, in a low tone:—

“How glad I am that you have come! You are tired; wouldn't you like some tea?”

Natasha went to her.

“You have grown handsome and strong!” continued the countess, taking her daughter's hand.

“Mámenka, what are you saying?”—

“Natasha! he is dead, he is dead!” And, throwing her arms around her daughter, the countess for the first time began to weep.

CHAPTER III.

THE Princess Mariya had postponed her departure.

Sonya and the count tried to take Natasha's place, but they found it impossible. They saw that she was the only one who could keep the mother from wild despair. For three weeks Natasha lived constantly by her mother's side, slept in her chair in her room, gave her food and drink, and talked to her unceasingly, talked because her tender, caressing voice was the only thing that calmed the countess.

A wound in the heart of a mother cannot heal. Petya's death had torn away the half of her life. At the end of a month, after the news of Petya's death had arrived, though it had found her a fresh and well-preserved woman of fifty, she crept out of her room an old woman, half dead, and no longer taking any interest in life. But the same wound which had half killed the countess,—this new wound brought Natasha back to life.

The spiritual wound, arising from the laceration of the spiritual body, exactly like a physical wound, strange as it may seem, after the deep wound has cicatrized, and its edges have come together, — the spiritual wound, like the physical one, heals only through the inward working of the forces of life.

Thus healed Natasha's wound. She thought that life for her was finished. But suddenly her love for her mother proved to her that the essence of her life — love — was still alive within her. Love awoke and life awoke.

Prince Andrei's last days had brought Natasha and the Princess Mariya close together. This new misfortune still more united them. The Princess Mariya postponed her departure, and for three weeks she tended Natasha like an ailing child. The weeks spent by her in her mother's room had been a severe drain on her physical energies.

One time, toward noon, the Princess Mariya, observing that Natasha was trembling as though she had a fever, took her to her room, and made her lie down on her bed. Natasha lay down, but when the princess, pulling down the blinds, started to go, Natasha called her back.

"I don't care to sleep, Marie; sit down with me!"

"You are tired; try to go to sleep."

"No, no! Why did you bring me away? She will be asking for me!"

"She is much better. She talked so naturally to-day," said the Princess Mariya.

Natasha lay on the bed, and in the semi-darkness of the room studied the Princess Mariya's face.

"Is she like him?" Natasha asked herself. "Yes, like him and not like him. But she is peculiar, strange, entirely original, unlike anybody else. And she loves me! What is in her heart? Nothing but goodness! But what, what does she think of me? How does she regard me? Yes, she is beautiful!"

"Masha!" said she timidly, drawing her hand to her. "Masha, don't think that I am bad. You don't, do you? Masha! darling, how I love you! Let us always, always be friends!"

And Natasha, throwing her arms around the Princess Mariya, began to kiss her hands and face. The princess was both embarrassed and delighted at this expression of Natasha's feelings.

From that day forth began between the Princess Mariya

and Natasha that passionate and tender friendship which only exists between women.

They were constantly kissing each other, calling each other affectionate names, and spent the larger part of the time together. If one sighed, the other was anxious, and hastened to rejoin her friend. Each felt more at peace with herself when the two were together than when they were alone. There existed between them a stronger feeling than friendship: this was that exclusive feeling that life was only possible when they were together.

Sometimes they sat without speaking for hours at a time; sometimes while in bed they would begin to talk and talk till morning. Their conversation ran mainly on their earliest recollections.

The Princess Mariya would tell about her childhood, about her mother, about her father, about her hopes and fancies; and Natasha, who in times gone by, through her easy lack of comprehension, would have been repelled by this life of devotion, of humility, by this poetry of Christian self-sacrifice, now feeling herself bound in affection to the princess, loved also the princess's past life, and began to comprehend the hitherto incomprehensible side of her life.

She had no idea of applying in her own case the principles of this humility and self-abnegation, because she was accustomed to find other pleasures, but she comprehended and loved in her friend this formerly incomprehensible virtue.

For the Princess Mariya also, when she heard Natasha's stories of her childhood and early youth, a formerly incomprehensible phase of life — faith in life itself and in the joys of life — was revealed.

Neither of them liked to speak of *him*, for fear they should in words desecrate what seemed to them those lofty heights of feeling which were in their hearts; but this reticence concerning him was causing them, little by little, — though they would not have believed it, — to forget him.

Natasha grew thin and pale, and physically she became so feeble that her health was a constant topic of conversation, but this was agreeable to her. But sometimes, unexpectedly, there came over her not so much a fear of death as a fear of pain, weakness, loss of beauty; and, in spite of herself, she sometimes attentively contemplated her bare arm, marvelling at its thinness, or in the morning she gazed into the mirror at her pinched and, as it seemed to her, wretched-looking face. It seemed to her that this had to be so, and at the same time it filled her with terror and melancholy.

One time she ran quickly upstairs, and found herself breathing hard. She immediately, in spite of herself, invented some excuse to go down again, and then once more ran upstairs to test her strength and see what she could do.

Another time she called Dunyasha, and her voice sounded weak. She tried it once more; she called her, although she heard her coming — called her in those chest tones which she used to use in singing, and listened to them.

She did not know it; she would not have believed it; but under what seemed to her the impenetrable crust of mould with which her soul was covered, already the delicate, tender, young shoots of grass were starting, which were bound to grow, and thus, by their life-giving, victorious force, hide from sight the sorrow which she had suffered, so that it would soon be forgotten.

The wound was healing inwardly. Toward the beginning of February the Princess Mariya went to Moscow, and the count insisted upon Natasha going with her, so as to consult with the doctors.

CHAPTER IV.

AFTER the encounter at Viazma, where Kutuzof could not restrain his troops from the desire to overthrow, to cut off the enemy, the further movement of the fleeing French and the pursuing Russians took place without a battle until they reached Krasnoye.

The flight of the French was so rapid that the Russian army chasing them could not catch up with them, that the horses in the cavalry and artillery came to a standstill, and that information in regard to the movements of the French was always untrustworthy.

The men of the Russian army were so worn out by these uninterrupted marches of forty versts a day, that they could not move onward any faster.

To appreciate the degree of exhaustion which the Russian army suffered, it is only necessary to realize the significance of this fact, that, while the Russian army, on leaving Tarutino, had a hundred thousand men, and lost during the whole march not more than five thousand in killed and wounded, and less than a hundred taken prisoners, they had only fifty thousand men when they got to Krasnoye.

The swift pursuit of the Russians after the French was as

destructive in its effect on them as the retreat was to the French. The difference was only that the Russian army moved at will, without that threat of destruction which hung over the French army, and that, while the stragglers and the sick from among the French would fall into the hands of the enemy, the Russians who were left behind were at home.

The principal cause of the diminution of Napoleon's army was the rapidity of its flight, and indubitable proof of this is furnished by the corresponding diminution of the Russian troops.

All Kutuzof's efforts, just as had been the case at Tarutino and at Viazma, were directed — so far as lay in his power — solely to the preventing of interference with that destructive movement of the French (though this was contrary to desires expressed in Petersburg and in the Russian army by his own generals), but to co-operate with it, and to render the movement of his own troops as easy as possible.

But, moreover, ever since the troops had begun to suffer from fatigue, and from the tremendous losses due to the rapidity of the movement, Kutuzof had discovered still another reason for slackening the exertions of the army, and for delay. The object of the Russian troops was pursuit of the French. The route of the French was unknown, and therefore the more closely our troops followed on their heels, the more separated they became. Only by following at some distance was it possible (by the most direct road) to avoid the zigzags made by the French.

All the intricate manœuvres proposed by the generals involved an increase for the troops in their marches, while the only reasonable course was to minimize these marches; and, to this end, all Kutuzof's efforts were directed throughout the campaign from Moscow to Vilno, not as a matter of accident or caprice, but so consistently that he did not for a moment relax them.

Kutuzof knew, not by reason or science, but by his whole Russian nature, — knew and felt what every Russian soldier felt, that the French were conquered, that the enemy were running away, and that it was necessary to escort them; but at the same time he felt with his soldiers the burden of a campaign unprecedented for the rapidity of the marches and the time of the year.

But it seemed to the other generals, especially those who were not Russian, — being anxious to distinguish themselves, to astonish the world, for some reason or other to take some

duke or king prisoner, — it seemed to these generals that now, when any battle was odious and absurd, it was the very golden time to give battle and conquer some one.

Kutuzof merely shrugged his shoulders when, one after another, they laid before him their plans for manœuvres to be accomplished by these badly shod, half-famished soldiers, without great-coats, who, during a month, had been reduced one-half, though they had not fought a battle, and with whom, under the most favorable conditions of a prolonged retreat, he must go to the frontier, — a distance greater than that already traversed.

This desire to gain personal distinction, to manœuvre, to harass and cut off the enemy, was especially manifested when Russian troops encountered French troops.

That was the case at Krasnoye, where the Russian generals thought that they had found one of the three columns of the French, and hurled themselves upon Napoleon himself with sixteen thousand men. In spite of all the means employed by Kutuzof to avoid this destructive engagement and to save his troops, for three days an indiscriminate attack on the demoralized mob of the French was kept up by the weary troops of the Russian army.

Toll wrote out a plan. — “*Die erste Colonne marschirt*, The first column will march.” etc., — and, as always happens, everything took place contrary to the plan.

Prince Eugene of Würtemberg saw from a hill-top a number of French fugitives fleeing past him down the road, and asked for re-enforcements, which did not arrive.

That night the French, managing to avoid the Russians, scattered and hid through the woods, and made their way onward as best they could.

Miloradovitch, who declared that he cared nothing whatever about the provisioning of his troops, who could never be found when he was wanted, — a “*chevalier sans peur et sans reproche*,” as he called himself, — and was fond of talking with the French, sent a flag of truce, offering terms of surrender, and lost time and failed to execute the orders intrusted to him.

“I make you a present of that column, my children,” he said, riding up to his troops, and pointing out the French to his cavalry.

And his troops, mounted upon horses that could barely move, urged them with spur and sword-pricks into a trot, and, after intense efforts, advanced upon the column which had

been given to them, — in other words, upon a crowd of benumbed Frenchmen half dead with hunger and cold; and this column, which had been given to them, threw down its arms and surrendered, — as it long had been wishing to do!

At Krasnoye they took twenty-six thousand prisoners, and captured hundreds of cannon and a kind of a stick which they called "the marshal's bâton;" and they quarrelled as to who had distinguished themselves, and they were contented with this, but much regretted that they had not captured Napoleon or some hero, some one of the marshals, and they blamed each another, and especially Kutuzof.

These men, carried away by their passions, were only the blind agents of the most grievous law of necessity, but they considered themselves heroes, and imagined that what they had done was a most worthy and noble work.

They blamed Kutuzof, and declared that ever since the beginning of the campaign he had prevented them from conquering Napoleon, and thought only of his own personal pleasures, and that he had been unwilling to leave Polotniiani Zavodui because he was comfortable there; that at Krasnoye he stopped the movement because, on learning that Napoleon was there, he had lost his presence of mind, and that it was quite supposable that he had an understanding with Napoleon, that he had been bought over, etc.*

Because contemporaries, carried away by their passions, spoke thus, Kutuzof is regarded by posterity and history (which call Napoleon "great"), by foreigners, — only as a sly, weak, and debauched old courtier; by Russians, as an indefinite sort of person, a puppet useful because of his Russian name.

CHAPTER V.

IN 1812–1813, Kutuzof was openly accused of serious mistakes.

The sovereign was displeased with him; and in the history of the campaign, written not long since, by imperial orders,† it is declared that Kutuzof was a crafty courtier and liar, who trembled at the name of Napoleon, and who, by his blunders at Krasnoye and the Beresina, deprived the Russian troops of the glory of a complete victory over the French.

* Wilson's Memoir.

† "History of the Year 1812," Bogdanóvitch; characteristics of Kutuzof, and dissertation on the unsatisfactory results of the battles at Krasnoye.

Such is the fate of men who are not *great* — not *grand homme* — or, since the Russian intellect never recognizes them, such the fate of those rare and always solitary men who, being able to comprehend the will of Providence, subordinate their own wills to it.

The hatred and scorn of the multitude punish these men for their comprehension of the higher laws.

To Russian historians — a strange and terrible thing to say! — Napoleon, that insignificant instrument of history, who never anywhere, even in exile, showed human dignity, — Napoleon is the object of admiration and enthusiasm: he is great — *grand*!

Kutuzof, on the other hand, the man who from the beginning to the end of his active life in 1812, from Borodino to Vilno, not once, by a single act or word, proved a traitor to himself, but offers an example unique in history, of self-sacrifice and present insight into the future significance of an event, — Kutuzof is to them something vague and pitiable, and when they speak of him and of 1812 they seem to be somewhat ashamed.

And yet it is hard to conceive an historical personage whose activity was so faithfully and so constantly devoted to a single aim. It is hard to imagine an aim more worthy or which better coincided with the will of a whole people.

Still more difficult it would be to discover another example, in history, where an aim set by an historical personage was so completely realized as the aim to the attainment of which Kutuzof's whole activity was devoted in 1812.

Kutuzof never talked about the forty centuries that looked down from the Pyramids, of the sacrifices he had made for his country, of what he intended to accomplish or had already accomplished.

As a general thing, he spoke little of himself, never played any part, seemed always a most simple and ordinary man, and said only the most simple and the most ordinary things.

He wrote letters to his daughters and to Madame Stahl,* read romances, liked the society of pretty women, jested with generals, officers, and soldiers, and never contradicted anybody who tried to prove anything to him.

When Count Rostopchin galloped across the Yauza bridge up to Kutuzof and loaded him with personal reproaches for the loss of Moscow, and said, "You promised not to give up

* De Staël?

Moscow without a battle," Kutuzof replied, although Moscow was already abandoned, —

"I shall not give up Moscow without a battle."

When Arakcheyef came to him from the sovereign and said that Yermolof must be appointed chief of artillery, Kutuzof replied, although a few moments before he had expressed himself quite differently, —

"Yes. I only just now proposed that myself."

What was it to him, who alone amid the foolish throng about him understood all the mighty significance of the event, what was it to him whether Count Rostopchin attributed to him or any one else the desertion of Moscow? Still less could he be concerned with the question who should be named chief of artillery.

Not only in these circumstances, but on all occasions, this old man, who by experience of life had come to the conviction that thoughts, and the words whereby thoughts are expressed, do not stir men to action, spoke words absolutely without meaning, saying whatever came into his head.

But this same man, who so scorned speech, never once, throughout the whole period of his activity, uttered a single word which would not have agreed with the one object toward the attainment of which he moved throughout the course of the war.

It was with evident reluctance, with a painful assurance that he would not be understood, that again and again in the most varied circumstances he expressed his thoughts.

From the time of the battle of Borodino, when his quarrel with those around him began, he alone declared that *the battle of Borodino was a victory*, and he repeated it both orally and in his letters, as well as in his reports, till the very end of his life.

He alone declared that *the loss of Moscow was not the loss of Russia*.

He, in reply to Lauriston, who was sent to offer terms of peace, said that *peace could not be made, because such was not the will of the people*.

He alone, during the retreat of the French, declared that *all our manœuvres were useless, that everything would come out of itself better than we could wish, that it was only necessary to give the enemy the "golden bridge;"** *that neither the battle of Tarutino, nor that of Krasnoye, nor that of Viazma was necessary; that if they must reach the frontier, they must have troops;*

* That is, give them every facility to destroy themselves.

that he would not sacrifice a single Russian soldier for ten Frenchmen.

And he alone, this deceitful courtier, as he is represented to us, this man who to please his sovereign lied to Arakcheyef, he alone, this courtier, at the risk of winning his sovereign's ill will, declared, at Vilno, that *war beyond the frontier would be dangerous and useless.*

But words alone would not prove that he grasped the significance of the event. His acts — all without the slightest variation — all were directed to one and the same threefold object:—

1. To concentrate all his forces for any encounter with the French.

2. To vanquish them, and

3. To drive them from Russia, while alleviating, so far as was possible, the sufferings of the people and the troops.

He, this Kutuzof, the temporizer, whose device was "patience and time," the enemy of decisive actions, he gives battle at Borodino, clothing the preparation for it with unexampled solemnity.

He, this Kutuzof, who at Austerlitz, before the battle began, declares that it will be lost; and at Borodino, in spite of the conviction of the generals that it was a defeat, protests up to the time of his death that the battle of Borodino was a victory, though the example of an army winning a victory, but being obliged to retreat, was unheard of in history. — he alone, during all the time of the retreat, insists upon refraining from further battles, since they were now useless — from beginning a new war, and from crossing the frontier.

It is easy at the present time to comprehend the significance of the event, provided we do not concern ourselves with the mass of plans fermenting in the heads of a dozen men, since the great event, with all its consequences, lies before us.

But how was it that at that time this old man, alone, against the opinions of many, was able to divine so accurately the significance of the national impression of the event, that he did not once through his whole activity prove false to it?

This extraordinary power of insight into the import of the events accomplishing had its source in that national sentiment which he carried in his heart in all its purity and vigor.

Only the recognition of this sentiment in Kutuzof compelled the people by such strange paths to choose this old man, in disgrace as he was, against the will of the sovereign, to be their representative in the national war.

And only this sentiment elevated Kutuzof to the high pinnacle of humanity from which he, the general-in-chief, employed all his efforts, not to kill and exterminate men, but to save and have pity upon them.

This simple, modest, and therefore truly grand figure could not be cast in the counterfeit mould employed by history for the European hero who is supposed to govern the nations.

For the valet there can be no great man, because the valet has his own conception of greatness.

CHAPTER VI.

THE seventeenth of November was the first day of the so-called battle of Krasnoye. Before dark, when after many disputes and blunders caused by generals who did not reach the places where they should have been, after much galloping about of adjutants with commands and counter-commands, when it was already self-evident that the enemy were everywhere running away, and that a battle could not and would not take place, Kutuzof set forth from Krasnoye and rode to Dobroye, where headquarters had been established that same day.

The day was clear and frosty. Kutuzof, with a big suite of generals most of whom were dissatisfied with him and were whispering behind his back, rode to Dobroye, mounted on his stout white cob.

The road all along was crowded with a party of French prisoners captured that day — seven thousand of them had been taken — who were trying to warm themselves around the bivouac fires.

Not far from Dobroye a huge throng of ragged prisoners, wearing whatever they happened to have laid their hands on, were loudly talking, as they stood in the road near a long row of unlimbered cannon.

As the commander-in-chief approached, the talking quieted down, and all eyes were fixed on Kutuzof, who, in his white hat with red band, and wadded capote hunched upon his stooping shoulders, slowly moved along the road. One of the generals reported to Kutuzof where the prisoners and cannon had been captured.

Kutuzof seemed pre-occupied and did not hear the general's words. He involuntarily blinked his eyes, and kept gazing attentively and fixedly at the figures of the prisoners, who

presented a particularly melancholy spectacle. The most of the French soldiers were maimed, with frost-bitten noses and cheeks, and almost all of them had red, swollen, and mattery eyes. One clump of the French were near the roadside, and two soldiers—the face of one was covered by scars—were tearing a piece of raw meat. There was something terrible and bestial in the wild glances which they cast on the newcomers and in the ugly expression with which the scarred soldier, after gazing at Kutuzof, immediately turned away and went on with his operations.

Kutuzof gazed long and attentively at these two soldiers; frowning still more portentously, he blinked his eyes and thoughtfully shook his head.

In another place he observed a Russian soldier, who, with a laugh, gave a Frenchman a slap on the shoulder and made some friendly remark to him. Kutuzof, again with the same expression, shook his head.

“What were you saying?” he demanded of the general who had gone on with his report and was calling the commander-in-chief’s attention to the captured French colors that were bunched in front of the Preobrazhensky regiment.

“Oh, the colors,” said Kutuzof, finding it evidently hard to turn his mind from the object that attracted his attention. He looked around absent-mindedly. Thousands of eyes, from every side, looked at him, expecting his reply.

He reined in his horse in front of the Preobrazhensky regiment, drew a heavy sigh, and closed his eyes. One of the suite made a signal to the soldiers who had charge of the standards to advance and group the flagstaffs around the commander-in-chief.

Kutuzof said nothing for some seconds; and then, with evident reluctance, yielding to the necessity of his position, raised his head and began to speak.

The officers gathered around him in throngs. With an attentive glance he surveyed the circle of officers, some of whom he recognized.

“I thank you all,” he said, addressing the soldiers and then the officers again. In the silence which reigned around him his slowly spoken words were perfectly distinct. “I thank you all for your hard and faithful service. The victory is complete, and Russia will not forget you. Your glory will be eternal.”

He was silent and looked around.

“Bend down, bend down his head!” said he to the soldier

who held the French eagle and had unexpectedly inclined it toward the Preobrazhensky standard. "Lower, lower still, — that's the way. Hurrah, children!" he cried, with a quick movement of his chin, turning to the soldiers.

"Hurrah, rah-rah!" roared forth from thousands of voices.

While the soldiers were cheering, Kutuzof bent down to his saddle, inclined his head, and his eyes gleamed with a gentle, perceptibly ironical gleam.

"Well, boys!"* he began when the cheering had ceased.

And suddenly his voice and the expression of his face changed; it was no longer the commander-in-chief who spoke, but simply an old man, who evidently had something of importance to communicate to his companions in arms.

Through the crowd of officers and the ranks of the soldiers ran a stir, as they pressed forward to hear more distinctly what he should now have to say: —

"Well, boys! I know it's hard for you, but what's to be done? Have patience; it is not for long. When we have escorted our guests out of the country we will rest. The tsar will not forget your labors, will not forget you. It is hard for you, but you are at home all this time, while they — see what they have come to," said he, indicating the prisoners, — "worse than the lowest beggars. While they were strong we had no pity on them, but now we may pity them. They, too, are men. Isn't that so, children?"

He glanced around him, and in the earnest, respectfully perplexed glances fixed upon him he read their sympathy in what he had said. His face was constantly more and more illumined by the benevolent smile of old age, by the star-like lines irradiating from the corners of his mouth and eyes.

He remained silent for a little, and in seeming perplexity dropped his head.

"Of course it may be said, who invited them to come to us? They deserve it, by ——" said he, suddenly raising his head. And, cracking his whip, he rode off at a gallop, for the first time in the whole campaign followed by roars of laughter and a terrific hurrah ringing down the long lines of the soldiers as they broke ranks.

The words spoken by Kutuzof could have been scarcely understood by the troops. No one would have been able to report accurately, either the solemn words which the field-marshal had spoken first, or the kindly simplicity of the old man's words at the last; but not only was the tone of sincerity

* *Bratsui*, brothers.

that rang through the whole speech comprehensible, but that peculiar sense of majestic solemnity in union with compassion for their enemies, and with the feeling of the righteousness of their cause, expressed, if in nothing else, in that old-fashioned, good-natured execration, this feeling found an echo in every man's breast, and found utterance in that joyful, long undying shout.

When afterwards one of the generals came and asked Kutuzof if he would not prefer to ride in his calash, in his reply he unexpectedly broke into sobs, evidently being overcome by the greatest emotion.

CHAPTER VII.

On the twentieth of November, the last day of the battles of Krasnoye, it was already twilight when the troops reached their halting-place for the night. The whole day had been calm and cold with an occasional light fall of snow. Toward evening it had begun to clear off. Even while the last flakes were falling the dark purple starry sky could be seen and the cold grew more intense.

A regiment of musketeers, which had left Tarutino three thousand strong, and now mustered nine hundred, was one of the first to reach the place of bivouac, — a village on the high-road.

The billeters, who met the regiment, explained that all the cottages were occupied by sick and dying Frenchmen, cavalrymen, and staff officers. There was only one izba for the regimental commander.

The regimental commander went to his quarters. The regiment marched through the village and stacked their arms near the last houses on the high-road.

Like a monstrous many-limbed animal, the regiment at once set to work to provide for itself a lair and food. One squad of the men, ploughing through snow above their knees, went to a birch grove, at the right of the road, and immediately from the grove were heard the sounds of axes, cutlasses, the crashing of falling limbs, and gay voices.

A second detachment were gathered around the place where the regiment's carts and horses were drawn up, noisily busy in getting out kettles and hardtack and in foddering the horses.

A third detachment were scattered through the village, preparing quarters for the staff officers, clearing away the dead

bodies of the French that lay in the izbás, and dragging off beams, dry wood, and straw from the roofs for their fires, and wattled hedges for shelter. A dozen or more soldiers behind a row of cottages at the extreme edge of the village, with a jocund shout, were pulling at the high wattling of a shed from which the roof had already been torn.

"Now then! once more, all together!" cried the voices, and under the darkness of the night the fabric of the hedge, laden with snow, rocked with a frosty, crackling sound.

The lower posts gave way more and more, and at last the wattling started to give way, taking with it the soldiers who were pushing against it. There were heard loud, coarse shouts and laughter.

"Look out there, you two!" — "Give the hand-spike* here!"

"There, that's the way!"

"What are you climbing up there for?"

"Now, all together. Now wait, boys! — With a chorus!"

All became silent, and a mellow, velvety, sweet voice struck up the song. At the end of the third stanza, as the last note died away, a score of voices took up the refrain in unison, —

"U — u — u — u! *idyót! Razóm! Navális dyétki!*" — "She falls! once more — a long pull and a strong pull, boys!"

But, in spite of their united efforts, the wattling gave but little, and in the silence that ensued was heard their heavy breathing.

"Ho there, Company Six! Fiends! Devils! Lend a hand! We'll do as much for you some day!"

A score of men from Company Six, who were passing through the village, joined forces with the others, and the wattling, five sazhen long and a sazhen, or seven feet, wide, bending under its own weight, and crushing and bruising the shoulders of the panting soldiers who carried it, moved along the village street. "Keep step there! — There you are stumbling! Can't you keep your balance?"

There was no cessation of the jovial though sometimes coarse objurgation.

"What is the matter with you?" suddenly rang out the imperious voice of a soldier, who came hastening toward them.

"There are gentlemen here! The *anaral*, himself, is in

* The speaker, a man from Tula perhaps, says *rótchag* instead of *ruitchdg*.

that izbá, but you are devils, fiends incarnate, foul-mouthed wretches! I'll give it to you!" yelled the sergeant, and, with all his might, he struck the first soldier he encountered a blow on the back. "Can't you keep quiet?"

The soldiers ceased their noise. The soldier who had been struck grunted, and began to rub his face, which was covered with blood from being knocked head first into the wattled branches of the hedge, which had lacerated it.

"The devil! How he made me smart for it! See how it made my whole mug bleed!" said he, in a timid whisper, when the sergeant had gone back.

"And so you don't like it!" said a mocking voice, and, moderating their tones, the soldiers went on their way. When once they were beyond the village, they once more began to talk as loud as ever, punctuating their conversation with the same aimless objurgations.

In the cottage by which the soldiers had been passing were collected some of the higher officers, and, as they drank their tea, the conversation waxed lively over the events of the past day and the proposed manœuvres of the following day. It was proposed to make a flank march to the left, to cut off the viceroy and take him prisoner.

When the soldiers brought in the wattled hedge, already in various directions the fires for cooking were merrily burning. The wood was snapping, the snow melted, and the dark shadows of soldiers were moving up and down over the whole space, trampling down the snow.

Axes and cutlasses were busy at work in various directions. Everything was done without special orders. Wood was brought for the night supply; wigwams were prepared for the officers, kettles were set to boiling, arms and ammunition were put into order.

The hedge brought in by the men of the Eighth Company was set up in the form of a semicircular screen toward the north, and propped up with stakes while the fire was kindled under its shelter. The drums beat the tattoo, the roll was called, the men took their supper and disposed themselves for the night around the bivouac fires—one repairing his foot-gear, another smoking his pipe, another (stripped to the skin) roasting his lice!

CHAPTER VIII.

It would seem as if in those almost unimaginably difficult conditions of existence in which the Russian soldiers were brought at this time, lacking warm boots, lacking overcoats, without shelter over their heads, in the snow with the temperature at eighteen degrees below zero, lacking a sufficiency of provisions, which frequently failed to arrive,—it would seem as if these soldiers might by good rights have presented a most pitiable and melancholy spectacle.

On the contrary, never, even in the very most favorable material conditions, did the army present a more gay and animated spectacle. It was due to the fact that each day the army lost out of its ranks all those who began to show signs of weakness or depression, all who were physically or morally feeble had long since been left behind; the very flower of the army remained — through strength of spirit and of body.

The Eighth Company, who had set up the shelter of the wattle, had more than its share of men. Two sergeant-majors had come behind it, and their fire blazed up brighter than any of the others. — They demanded in exchange for the right to sit behind the shelter an offering of firewood.

“Hey, Makayef! what’s the matter with you? Did you get lost, or did the wolves eat you? Bring us some wood,” cried one, a rubicund-faced, red-haired soldier, scowling and winking from the smoke, but not offering to stir from the fire. “Come here, you crow, bring us some wood,” cried this soldier, addressing another.

The red-headed man was neither a non-commissioned officer nor a corporal, but was simply a sound, healthy private, and therefore he ordered around those who were weaker than he.

A thin little soldier with a sharp nose, the one they called “Crow,” — Voróna, — submissively got up and started to obey the command; but at this time the firelight fell on the slender, graceful figure of a soldier lugging an armful of fagots.

“Give it here, that’s first-rate.”

The wood was broken up and thrown on, and the men blew it with their mouths and fanned it with their coat-tails, and the flame began to hiss and crackle. The soldiers, gathering closer, lighted their pipes. — The handsome young soldier who

had brought the fagots put his arms akimbo and began swiftly and skilfully to dance a shuffle where he stood to warm his frozen feet.

*"Akh, mámenka,
kholódnaya rosá
Da khoroshá—
Da f mushkatera.**

"But the musketeer," he added, apparently hiccougging at every syllable of the song.

"Hey, there, your soles are flying off," cried the red-haired man, observing that one of the young soldier's soles was hanging loose. "It's poison to dance."

The dancer paused, tore off the loose leather and flung it into the fire.

"That's so, brother," said he, and, sitting down, he got out of his knapsack a piece of blue French cloth and proceeded to wrap it around his foot and leg. "It will do for a pair," he added, stretching his feet out toward the fire. "We'll soon have new ones. They say, when we've killed 'em all off, we'll have enough for a couple of pairs."

"But, say, did you see that son of a dog Petrof? He straggled behind, didn't he?" asked one of the sergeant-majors.

"I saw him some time ago," said another.

"So, then, the soldier boy"—

"They say that in the Third Company yesterday nine men missed roll-call."

"Well, but how's a man to walk when his feet are frozen off, tell me that!"

"Eh, it's idle to talk about it," said the sergeant-major.

"Well, how would you like it?" asked an old soldier reproachfully, addressing the one who had spoken about feet being frozen off.

"What's your idea about it?" suddenly getting up from the farther side of the fire, cried, in a shrill, trembling voice, the sharp-nosed soldier whom they called Voróna, the crow. "The fat grows lean, and lean ones has to die. That's my case. My strength's all gone," said he, suddenly taking a resolute tone and addressing the sergeant-major. "Have me sent to the hospital. The rheumatiz has got the upper hand o' me. And, besides, what difference does it make?"

* "Ah, dear little mother, cold is the dew, but the musketeer"—

"There, now, that'll do, that'll do," said the sergeant-major calmly.

The little soldier relapsed into silence, and the general conversation went on.

"To-day they took a good number of these Frenchmen, but, as for boots, it's safe to say not one had any good for anything — not one worthy of the name," began one of the soldiers, with the purpose of starting a new subject.

"The Cossacks got all their boots. When they cleaned out the izbá for the colonel, they dragged 'em out. It was a pity to see, boys," said the dancer. "How they flung them around. One was so alive that, would you believe it, he muttered something in his own language! A wonderful people."

"They're a clean people, boys," said the first. "White as a white birch, and some fine fellows among them, I tell you, — noblemen."

"Well, why shouldn't there be? They've recruited all sorts."

"But they can't talk with us in our language," said the dancer with a smile of perplexity. "I say to one of 'em, 'Under what crown — *chéi korónui?*' and he talks back in his own gibberish. A wonderful people!"

"There's something odd about it, brothers," pursued the one who had been amazed at the whiteness of their skins, "the peasants told me at Mozhaïsk that when they started to clear up the dead where the battle was and where their bodies had been laying most a month, and what do you think, says he, theirs was as white as white paper and just as clean, and there wasn't the slightest bit of smell about them."

"Well, don't you suppose 'twas from the cold?" suggested one man.

"Well, you are smart! From the cold! Why, it was hot weather. Besides, if it had been from the freezing, then ours wouldn't have spoiled either. But no, says he, when they came to one of ours, he'd be all eaten up with worms, says he. And so, says he, we had to put a handkerchief round our noses and turn away our heads and get 'em off — couldn't stand it. But theirs, says he, was like white paper; and not a grain of smell about 'em."

All were silent.

"Must be from their victuals," said the sergeant-major. "They feed like gentlemen."

No one replied to this.

"This muzhik told me at Mozhaïsk that they came out from a dozen villages and worked twenty days carting 'em off, and didn't get the job done even then — the dead, I mean — The wolves too, says he" —

"That battle amounted to something," said an old soldier. "That was a thing to remember; but those since, why, they've been nothing but a torment to the boys."

"Well, little uncle, day before yesterday, we gave it to 'em. But they won't let us catch up with 'em. They've been throwing down their muskets lively. Down on their knees! 'Pardon,' they say. Now take one example. Platof twice took 'Poleon himself. He did not know a word about it. He gets him, gets him. That's the way, has the bird in his hands, lets him go — and off he flies, off he flies. And so no chance to kill him."

"What a healthy liar you are, Kiselef. I'm looking at you."

"Why liar? Honest truth!"

"If I'd had the chance, I'd given it to him. I'd knocked him down with an aspen cudgel. See how he's ruined us."

"We'll do it before we get through. No way of his escaping," said the old soldier, yawning.

The conversation died away: the soldiers began to get ready for the night.

"Just see the stars, terrible lot of them! One would say the women had been spreading out clothes," said a soldier, pointing to the Milky Way.

"Signs of a good year, boys."

"Will any more fuel be needed?"

"My back's scorching, but my belly's frozen. Queer things happen."

"O Lord" —

"What are you jabbering about? Are you the only one, pray, that's burning? There — stretch yourself out."

Amid the gradually established silence was heard the snoring of several sleepers; the rest kept turning from side to side in their efforts to keep warm, and occasionally uttered exclamations.

From a bivouac fire a hundred paces distant was heard a burst of jovial, good-natured laughter.

"Hark! What a noise they're making in the Fifth Company," said one soldier. "And what a terrible lot of men!"

One soldier got up and went over to Company Five.

"Great fun!" said he, when he came back. "They've got

a couple of Frenchmen: * one's half frozen; but t'other one's lively enough. He's singing."

"O-o? let's go and see!"

Several of the soldiers went over to Company Five.

CHAPTER IX.

THE Fifth Company were stationed near the grove. A huge bivouac fire was brightly blazing in the midst of the snow, casting its light on the branches of the trees, weighed down with their burden of frost.

In the midst of the night the soldiers of Company Five had heard steps in the snow, and the cracking of dry branches in the forest.

"Boys, a bear!" † cried one soldier.

All raised their heads and listened; and forth from the forest, into the bright light of the fire, pushed two human forms, strangely clad and holding by each other's hands.

They were two Frenchmen, who had hidden in the forest. Hoarsely speaking something in a tongue unknown to the soldiers, they approached the fire.

One was tall and wore an officer's hat, and seemed perfectly fagged. Approaching the fire, he tried to sit down, but fell flat.

The other, a small, dumpy private, with his ears tied up in a handkerchief, was stronger. He lifted his comrade, and, pointing to his mouth, said something.

The soldiers gathered around the Frenchman, spread down a cloak for the sick one, and gave them both kasha-gruel and vodka.

The enfeebled French officer was Ramball; the one with the handkerchief tied around his ears was his servant Morel.

When Morel had drunk the vodka and eaten a small kettle of kasha, he suddenly grew painfully jolly, and kept talking all the time, though the soldiers could not understand a word he said.

Ramball refused the food, and lay silently leaning on his elbow by the fire, with dull red eyes, staring at the Russians. Occasionally he uttered a long, low groan, and then relapsed into silence.

* *Khrantsisa*.

† *Rebyata, vyedmé!* The speaker is from Southern Russia, and says *vyedmé!* for *medvyéd!*

Morel, pointing to his shoulders, made the soldiers understand that he was an officer, and that he needed to be warmed.

A Russian officer who came up to the bivouac fire sent to ask the colonel if he would not take in a French officer; and when the messenger said that the colonel ordered the officer to be brought to him, Ramball was invited to go.

He got up and tried to walk, but tottered, and would have fallen if a soldier who happened to be standing near had not supported him.

"What? Can't you come it?" asked one soldier, turning to Ramball with a wink and a grin.

"Oh, you idiot! *durák!*" — "Can't you have some decency?" — "What a *muzhik!* Truly a *muzhik!*" were heard in accents of reproach to the jesting soldier.

They gathered round Ramball: two of them lifted him up in their arms and bore him to the *izbá*. He threw his arms around their necks and kept repeating in piteous tones: — "*Oh! mes braves, oh mes bons, mes bons amis! Voilà des hommes! oh mes braves, mes bons amis!*" and like a child rested his head on the shoulder of one of the soldiers.

Meantime Morel sat in the seat of honor, surrounded by the soldiers.

Morel, a little squat Frenchman, with inflamed, teary eyes, with a woman's handkerchief tied over his cap, was dressed in a woman's shabby sheepskin *shubyónka*. The vodka had evidently gone to his head, and he, while holding the hand of the soldier who sat next him, was singing, in a hoarse, broken voice, a French song.

The soldiers held their sides as they looked at him.

"Now then, now then, teach us that. How does it go? I'll catch it in a moment. How is it?" asked the jester, who was a singer, and whose hand Morel had seized.

*"Vive Henri Quatre!
Vive ce roi vaillant!"*

sang Morel, winking one eye.

"Ce diable à quatre! . . ." *

"*Vivariká Vif seruvanu! Sidiobliaká!*" repeated the soldier, beating time with his hand, and actually catching the tune. "See how clever! ho! — ho! — ho! — ho! — ho!"

* "Live Henry IV.! Long live the gallant king," etc. (French song.)

arose the coarse, jocund laughter from every side. Morel, frowning, laughed also.

"Well, give us some more, more!"

*"Qui ent le triple talent
De boire, de battre,
Et d'être un vert galant!"* *

"Now that goes well, too!" — "Now, then, Zaletayef!"

"*Kiu!*" repeated Zaletayef, with a will, — "*kiu — iu — iu*" — he dwelt on the diphthong, trying to stick out his lips, — "*letriptala de bu de bu i detravagala,*" he sang.

"*Aï!* splendid! He's a real Frenchy!"

"*Oï!* — ho! ho! ho! ho!" — "Don't you want something more to eat?"

"Give him some more kasha! It'll take some time to fill ap his hunger."

They gave him another bowl of the gruel, and then Morel, laughing, took still a third. Jovial smiles broadened the faces of all the young soldiers as they looked at Morel. The old veterans, counting it unseemly to descend to such trivialities, lay on the other side of the fire, but occasionally raised themselves on their elbows and stared at Morel.

"They're men like us," said one of them, as he wrapped himself up in his cloak. "Even wormwood has roots to grow by." — "Oo! Lord! Lord! What a terrible lot of stars! It's going to be a cold night."

And all grew silent again.

The stars, as though knowing that now no one was looking at them, played merrily in the dark sky. Now flashing out, now dying down again, now twinkling, they seemed to be busily engaged in communing among themselves concerning something pleasant but mysterious.

CHAPTER X.

THE French troops melted away in a regular mathematical progression.

Even this passage of the Beresina, about which so much has been written, was only one of the intermediate steps in the destruction of the French army, and not at all a decisive episode of the campaign.

* "Who had the threefold talent of drinking, of fighting, and of being loved."

If so much has been written and still is written about the Beresina, it is, so far as concerns the French, simply because the misfortunes which the French army had, up to that time, endured coming steadily, here suddenly accumulated in one moment at the broken bridge on the river — one tragic disaster, which remained in the memory of all.

On the part of the Russians much has been talked and written about the Beresina, simply because at Petersburg, far away from the theatre of war, a plan was made (by Pfuhl) for drawing Napoleon into a strategical snare on the river Beresina.

All were persuaded that everything would be carried out in conformity with the plan, and therefore they insisted that the passage of the Beresina was the destruction of the French.

In reality, the results of the passage of the Beresina were far less disastrous to the French in loss of artillery and prisoners than the battle of Krasnoye, as is proved by statistics.

The sole significance of the passage of the Beresina lies in this, that it proved beyond a doubt the absurdity of all plans for cutting off the retreat of the French, and the correctness of the only feasible operation, that demanded by Kutuzof and all the troops (as a whole), — the idea of simply pursuing the enemy.

The throngs of the French hurried on with constantly increasing velocity, with all their energies concentrated upon reaching their goal. They fled like a wounded animal, and it was impossible to stop them in their course.

This is proved not so much by the arrangements made for the passage as by what occurred at the bridges.

When the bridges were destroyed, — soldiers without weapons, natives of Moscow, women and children, who were in convoy of the French, all carried away by the force of inertia, instead of giving themselves up, pushed on, throwing themselves into the boats or into the icy waters.

This impetus was a matter of course.

The situation of the fugitives and of the pursuers was equally bad. Each one being in company with his fellows in misfortune had hope of their help from the definite place which he held among his fellows.

If he surrendered to the Russians, he would be in the same condition of wretchedness, would indeed be far worse off as far as all the requirements of living were concerned.

The French did not need exact information of the fact that half of the prisoners whom the Russians did not know what to do with, in spite of their desires to save them, had died of hunger and starvation.

The most compassionate Russian generals, those well disposed toward the French, Frenchmen in the Russian service, could do nothing for the prisoners. The French perished of the miseries which attended the Russian army.

It was an impossibility to take from their famished soldiers bread and clothes in order to give them to the French, however inoffensive, friendly, and even innocent they might be.

A few even did this, but they were only exceptions.

Behind the French was certain destruction; before them was hope. They had burned their ships, there was no other safety than in associated flight; and upon this associated flight all the energies of the French were concentrated.

The farther the French fled and the more pitiable the condition of their remnants became, especially after the Beresina, — on which, in consequence of the Petersburg plan, especial hopes were rested, — the more frantically excited waxed the passions of the Russian generals, who indulged in recriminations of each other and especially of Kutuzof.

Taking for granted that the failure of the Petersburg plan at the Beresina would be attributed to him, their discontent with him, their scorn of him, and their sarcasms at his expense were expressed with greater and greater violence. Their sarcasms and scorn, of course, were couched under the form of respect, so that Kutuzof could not demand in what way and why he was blamed.

They never talked with him seriously; while making their reports to him and asking his advice, they affected to conform with the gravest ceremony, but behind his back they winked at each other and at every step tried to deceive him.

All these men, from the very reason that they could not understand him, were convinced that there was nothing to be said to this old man, that he would never penetrate into all the wisdom of their plans, that he would simply repeat his phrases — it seemed to them they were nothing but phrases — about "the golden bridge," and that he could not think of crossing the border with a troop of vagabonds.

This was all that he had ever been heard to say. And all that he said, — for example, that it was necessary to wait for provisions, that the men were unprovided with boots, — all this was so simple, and all that they proposed was so complicated and deep, that it was a self-evident truth for them that he was stupid and old, and they were the commanders of genius, who were only lacking in power.

Especially after that brilliant admiral and hero, Wittgen

stein, from Petersburg, joined the army, this disposition and this disaffection reached its height. Kutuzof saw it, and, sighing, simply shrugged his shoulders. But one time — after the Beresina — he lost his temper, and wrote the following note to Wittgenstein, who had made a special report to the sovereign.

“Owing to your severe attacks of illness, your excellency* will be kind enough on receipt of this to retire to Kaluga, where you will await his imperial majesty’s further commands and orders.”

But after the retirement of Benigsen came the Grand Duke Konstantin Pavlovitch, who had been present at the beginning of the campaign and had been removed from Kutuzof’s army. Now the grand duke, on reaching the army, assured Kutuzof of the dissatisfaction of his majesty the emperor at the insufficient successes of our troops and the slowness of our movements, and informed him that his majesty the emperor, himself, intended shortly to be present with the army.

This old man, who was no less experienced in the affairs of courts than in affairs military, this Kutuzof, who had been appointed commander-in-chief the previous August against the sovereign’s will, this man who sent the heir-apparent and the grand duke away from the army, who by the power invested in him had signed the abandonment of Moscow, this same Kutuzof now instantly realized that his time was come, that his part was played, and that the semblance of power which he had held was his no more.

And not by his court instinct alone did he realize this. On the one hand, he saw that the war in which he had played his part was ended, and he felt that his calling was fulfilled. On the other hand, at the same time, he began to feel physical weariness in his old frame and the absolute need of physical rest.

Kutuzof, on the eleventh of December, arrived at Vilno — “his good Vilno,” as he called it. Twice during his career Kutuzof had been governor of Vilno. In the rich city, which had not suffered from the devastation of war, Kutuzof found, besides the amenities of life, of which he had been deprived so long, old friends and pleasant recollections. And suddenly, casting off all military and governmental cares, he plunged into this calm, equable life so far as he was allowed to do so by the passions seething around him, as though all that was

* *Vashe vuisokoprevoskhodityelstvo.*

occurring and about to occur in the historical world concerned him not.

Chitchagof, one of the most disaffected and volatile of men, — Chitchagof, who had at first been anxious to make a diversion into Greece and afterwards against Warsaw, though he was never willing to go where he was sent, — Chitchagof, who was famous for his audacious speech to the sovereign, — Chitchagof, who considered himself Kutuzof's benefactor, because when, in 1811, he had been sent to conclude peace with Turkey, without Kutuzof's knowledge, he, on discovering that the peace was already concluded, acknowledged before the sovereign that the credit of concluding the peace belonged to Kutuzof, — this same Chitchagof was the first to meet Kutuzof at the castle of Vilno, where Kutuzof was to be lodged. Chitchagof, in naval undress uniform, holding his forage cap under his arm, gave Kutuzof his report and handed him the keys of the city.

That scornfully respectful demeanor of the young to Kutuzof, who was regarded as in his dotage, was shown in the highest degree in all the behavior of Chitchagof, who knew of the charges made against his senior.

While engaged in conversation with Chitchagof, he told him, among other things, that the carriages with plate which had been captured from him at Borisovo were safe and would be restored to him.

"You wish to inform me that I have nothing to eat on. — On the contrary, I can furnish you with everything even in case you should wish to give dinner-parties,"* replied Chitchagof angrily, in every word that he spoke wishing to prove his correctness of style, and therefore supposing that Kutuzof was occupied with the same.

Kutuzof smiled his peculiar, shrewd smile, and, shrugging his shoulders, replied. "*Ce n'est que pour dire ce que je vous dis,*" — "It was only to tell you that I told you."

Kutuzof, contrary to the sovereign's wish, kept the larger part of the army at Vilno. Kutuzof, according to those who had most to do with him, was greatly shaken and was very weak physically during his stay at Vilno. It was with a very bad grace that he occupied himself with military affairs; he intrusted everything to his generals, and, while waiting for the sovereign, gave himself up to a life of dissipation.

* "*C'est pour me dire que je n'ai pas sur quoi manger . . . Je puis au contraire vous fournir de tout dans le cas même où vous voudriez donner des dîners.*"

When, on the twenty-third of December, the sovereign with his suite, — Count Tolstoi, Prince Volkonsky, Arakcheyef, and others, — after a four days' journey from Petersburg, reached Vilno, he drove in his travelling sledge directly to the castle. In spite of the severe cold, a hundred generals and staff officers, in full-dress uniform, and the guard of honor of the Semyonovsky regiment, were waiting at the castle.

A courier, dashing up to the castle in a sledge drawn by a sweaty tróika, cried, "He's coming!" Konovnitsuin hurried into the vestibule to inform Kutuzof, who was expecting him in the small room of the *concierge*.

At the end of a moment the old general's stout, portly form, in full-dress uniform, his full regalia covering his chest, and with a scarf tied around his abdomen, came tottering and swaying to the head of the stairs. Kutuzof put his three-cornered hat on, point front, took his gloves in his hand, and, letting himself painfully, toilsomely sideways down the steps, stepped forth and took in his hand the report which had been prepared to give to the sovereign.

There was a running to and fro, a sound of hurried talking, another tróika came unexpectedly flying by, and all eyes were fixed on a sledge that came flying along, in which could be already seen the figures of the sovereign and Volkonsky.

All this had its physically exciting effect on the old general, though he had been used to it for half a century. With a hasty, nervous movement he adjusted his decorations and straightened his hat, and the instant that the sovereign, stepping out of the sledge, raised his eyes to him, taking courage and lifting himself up to his full height, he handed him the report and began to speak in his measured, ingratiating voice.

The sovereign, with a swift glance, measured Kutuzof from head to feet, frowned for an instant, but, instantly mastering himself, stepped forward, and, stretching out his arms, embraced the old general.

Once more, owing to the old familiar impression and to the thoughts that came surging into his mind, this embrace had its usual effect upon Kutuzof: he sobbed.

The sovereign greeted the officers and the Semyonovsky Guard, and, having once more shaken hands with the old general, he went with him into the castle.

After the sovereign was left alone with his field-marshal, he freely expressed his dissatisfaction with the slowness of the pursuit, with the mistakes made at Krasnoye and on the

Beresina, and gave him his ideas as to what should be the coming campaign beyond the frontier.

Kutuzof made no reply or remark. That same submissive and stupid expression with which seven years before he had listened to his sovereign's comments on the field of Austerlitz rested now on his face.

When Kutuzof left the cabinet and was passing along the hall with his heavy, plunging gait and with sunken head, some one's voice called him back.

"Your serene highness," cried some one.

Kutuzof raised his head and looked long into the eyes of Count Tolstoi, who with a small trinket on a silver platter stood before him.

Kutuzof apparently knew not what was wanted of him.

Suddenly he came to himself; a scarcely perceptible smile flashed across his pudgy face, and, making a low and respectful bow, he took the object lying on the platter.

It was "the George" of the first degree.

CHAPTER XI.

THE next day the field-marshal gave a dinner and a ball which the sovereign honored with his presence.

Kutuzof had received the George of the first degree; the sovereign had paid him the highest honors; but the sovereign's dissatisfaction toward the field-marshal was noticeable to every one. The proprieties were strictly observed, and the sovereign set the first example of this; but all knew that the old general was considered blameworthy and unfit for further employment.

When, at the ball, Kutuzof, in accordance with an old custom of Catherine's time, commanded the standards captured from the enemy to be inclined before the sovereign as he entered the ball-room, the sovereign frowned with annoyance, and muttered certain words, among which some overheard the expression, — "*Stáruí Komedíánt* — the old actor!"

The sovereign's dissatisfaction with Kutuzof was increased in Vilno, especially because Kutuzof evidently would not or could not understand the significance of the campaign before him.

When, on the following morning, the sovereign said to the officers who came to pay their respects to him, "You have saved not Russia alone; you have saved all Europe," every one very well understood that the war was not ended.

Kutuzof was the only one who would not see this, and he openly expressed his opinion that a new war could not improve the position or increase the glory of Russia, but could only weaken her position and diminish the already lofty pinnacle of glory on which Russia, in his opinion, was now standing. He endeavored to show the sovereign the impossibility of recruiting fresh armies; he spoke about the difficult position of the inhabitants, and hinted at the possibility of failure and the like.

Having such ideas, the field-marshal naturally made himself only a hinderance and a stumbling-block in the way of the war then beginning.

In order to avoid collisions with the old general, a convenient way presented itself, which was: — just as at Austerlitz, and as at the beginning of the campaign when Barclay was commander-in-chief, to take out from under the commander-in-chief the ground of the power whereon he stood, without disturbing him, or even letting him realize it, and to transfer it to the sovereign himself.

With this end in view, the staff was gradually re-formed, and all that constituted the strength of Kutuzof's staff was destroyed or transferred to the sovereign's.

Toll, Konovnitsuin, Yermolof, received other appointments. All openly expressed the opinion that the field-marshal was becoming very weak, and that his health was in a precarious condition.

It was necessary for him to be in "weak health," so that he might transfer his place to his successor. And the truth was his health was feeble.

Just as naturally and simply and gradually as Kutuzof had been summoned from Turkey to appear in the court of the exchequer at Petersburg to take charge of the landwehr and afterwards of the army, so now when it was necessary it came about just as naturally, gradually, and simply, when Kutuzof's part had been played to the end, that his place should be filled by the new actor that was required.

The war of 1812, besides accomplishing the national object so dear to every Russian heart, was destined to have another significance still: — one European.

The movements of the nations from west to east was to be followed by a movement from east to west, and for this new war a new actor was needed, who had other qualities and views from those of Kutuzof, and was moved by other impulses.

Alexander the First was as necessary to move the nations

from east to west and to establish the boundaries of the nations as Kutuzof had been for the salvation and glory of Russia.

Kutuzof had no notion of the meaning of Europe, the Balance of Power, Napoleon. He could not understand this. For the representative of the Russian people, after the enemy had been annihilated, Russia saved and established on the highest pinnacle of her glory, for him a Russian, as a Russian, there was nothing left to do. For the representative of the national war there was nothing left except death.

And he died.

CHAPTER XII.

PIERRE, as is generally the case, felt the whole burden of his physical deprivations, and the long strain to which he had been subjected while a prisoner, only when the strain and the privations were at an end.

After his liberation he went to Orel;* and on the second day after his arrival, just as he was about to start for Kief, he was taken ill, and remained in Orel for three months.

He had what the doctors called bilious fever.

In spite of the fact that the doctors treated him, bled him, and made him swallow drugs, he nevertheless recovered.

All that had happened to him between the time of his liberation and his sickness left scarcely the faintest impression upon him. He remembered only gray melancholy, sometimes rainy, sometimes snowy days, internal physical distress, pain in his legs, in his side; he had a general impression of unhappy, suffering people; he recollected the annoying inquisitiveness of officers and generals, who asked him all sorts of questions; his difficulties in finding carriages and horses; and, above all, he recalled his disconnected thoughts and his feelings at the time.

On the day that he was liberated, he saw Petya Rostof's dead body. On the same day he learned that Prince Andrei had lived more than a month after the battle of Borodino, and had died only a short time previously, at Yaroslavl, at the Rostofs' house.

On that same day, also, Denisof, who had given Pierre this piece of news, spoke of Ellen's death, supposing that Pierre had known about it long before.

*Pronounced Aryól.

All this, at that time, had merely seemed strange to Pierre. He felt that he could not take in the significance of all this news.

His sole desire at that time was to get away as speedily as possible from those places where men were killing each other, to some quiet refuge, and there to collect his senses, to rest, and to think over all that was so strange and new that he had learned in those days.

But as soon as he reached Orel he was taken ill. When he regained his consciousness, he saw two of his servants. — Terentii and Vaska, — who had come from Moscow, and the oldest of the princesses, who had been residing at Yelets, on one of Pierre's estates, and, hearing of his liberation and illness, had come to take care of him.

During his convalescence, Pierre only gradually got rid of the impressions which the preceding months had made upon him, and accustomed himself to the thought that no one would drive him forth the next morning, that no one would dispossess him of his warm bed, and that he was certain to have dinner and tea and supper. But in his dreams he still, for a long time, continued to see himself in the same conditions of captivity.

In the same way Pierre gradually came back to realization of the news which he had heard on the day of his liberation: Prince Andrei's death, the destruction of the French.

The joyous feeling of freedom, that perfect, inalienable freedom inherent in man, a realizing sense of which he had for the first time experienced at the first halting-place, when he was carried away from Moscow, filled Pierre's soul during his convalescence. He was amazed that this inner freedom, independent of all external circumstances, now, as it were, surrounded him with an excess, with a luxury of external freedom.

He was alone in a strange city, where he had no acquaintances. No one wanted anything of him, no one forced him to go anywhere against his will. He had everything that he wanted; the thought about his wife, that had formerly tormented him, had vanished as though she had never existed.

"Ah, how good! how splendid!" he would say to himself, when a table with a clean cloth was moved up to him with fragrant bouillon, or when, at night, he lay stretched out on the soft, clean bed, or when he remembered that his wife and the French no longer existed. "Ah! how good! how splendid!" And out of old habit he would ask himself the ques-

tions: "Well, what is to be? what am I going to do?" and instantly he would answer himself, "Nothing at all! I'm going to live. Akh! how glorious!"

The very thing that he had formerly tormented himself about, and constantly sought in vain, — an object in life, — now no longer existed for him.

This long-sought-for object of life was not merely absent by chance for the time being, but he felt that it did not exist and could not exist. And it was precisely this absence of an object in life which at this time constituted his happiness.

He could have no object, because now he had a faith — not a faith in any rules or creed or dogmas, but faith in a living, everywhere perceptible God.

Hitherto he had sought for God in objects which he had set for himself. This searching for the object was only the seeking for God, and suddenly, during his captivity, he had learned, not from words, not from reasoning, but from his immediate consciousness, what his old nurse had used long, long before to say, that God was here, there, and everywhere.

He had learned, during his captivity, that God in Karatayev was more majestic, endless, and past finding out, than in what the Masons called the Architect of the Universe.

He had a similar experience to that of the man who should find under his very feet the object of his search, when he had been straining his eyes in looking at a great distance. All his life long he had been looking away over the heads of the surrounding people, while all the time there had been no need to strain his eyes, but merely to look straight ahead.

He had not been able hitherto to see the Great, the Incomprehensible, the Infinite in anything. He had only felt that It ought to be somewhere, and he had searched for it.

In all that was near and comprehensible, he had seen only what was limited, the narrow, finite, meaningless. He had provided himself with a mental telescope, and looked out into the distance, yonder, where this narrow, finite object, concealed in the murky distance, seemed to him great and infinite, simply because it was not clearly seen.

In this way European life, politics, Masonry, philosophy, philanthropy, had presented themselves to him.

But at the very moments when he had accounted himself most weak his mind had leapt forth into that same distance, and then he had seen how small and narrow, how finite and meaningless, it all was.

Now, however, he had learned to see the Great, the Eternal,

and the Infinite in everything, and therefore, naturally, in order to see it, in order to enjoy the contemplation of it, he had thrown away his telescope, through which he had, till then, been looking over men's heads, and joyfully contemplated the ever changing, incomprehensible, and eternal life all around him. And the more closely he looked, the more serene and happy he became.

The terrible question which hitherto had overturned all his mental edifices — the question *Why* — no longer tormented him. His mind had always ready the simple answer: *Because God is*, that God without whose will not a hair falls from the head of a human being.

CHAPTER XIII.

PIERRE had scarcely changed in his outward habits.

At first sight he was just the same as he had been before. Just as before he was absent-minded, and seemed inly absorbed, not in what was before his eyes, but in his own thoughts. The difference between his former and his present self lay in this: hitherto, when he had forgotten what was before him, or paid no attention to what was said to him, he would wrinkle his brows with a martyr-like air, as though striving, but without success, to study into something that was far away. Now in the same way he was inattentive to what was said to him, and oblivious of what was before him; but now with a scarcely perceptible, what one might almost think a satirical, smile, he looked at what was before him, he listened to what was said to him, although it was evident that his eyes and his mind were concerned with something entirely different.

Hitherto he had seemed to be a good man, but unhappy, and therefore people could not help being repelled by him. Now a smile, called forth by the mere pleasure of living, constantly played around his mouth, and his eyes were lighted up by a sympathetic interest in people, — in the question “Were they as happy as he was?”

And people liked to be with him.

Hitherto he had talked much, got easily excited, and was a poor listener; now he was rarely carried away by the heat of an argument, and had become such a good listener that people were glad to tell him the deepest secrets of their hearts.

The princess, who had never liked Pierre and had cherished a peculiar feeling of animosity against him ever since that

time when after the count's death she had found herself under obligations to him, greatly to her annoyance and surprise, after a short stay at Orel, whither she came with the intention of showing Pierre that, in spite of his "ingratitude," she considered it her duty to take care of him. — the princess quickly felt that she was growing fond of him.

Pierre did nothing for the sake of winning her good graces. He merely studied her with curiosity. Hitherto the princess had felt that only indifference and irony were expressed in his view of her, and she shrank into herself before him, just as she did in the presence of other people, and showed only her harsh and disagreeable side; while now she at first with distrust, but afterwards with gratitude, showed him the good side of her character, which she had kept hidden.

The craftiest of men could not have been more skilful in winning the princess's confidence, than he was in eliciting her recollections of the happiest days of her youth, and expressing his sympathy. But all the time Pierre's whole craft consisted in his seeking his own pleasure in calling out humane feelings in the spiteful, acidulous princess, who had her own measure of pride.

"Yes, he is a very, very good man when he is under the influence of people who are not bad — of people like myself," said the princess to herself.

The change that had taken place in Pierre was remarked, in their own way, by his servants Terentii and Vaska. They found that he had grown vastly more simple.

Terentii oftentimes, while undressing his barin, and while he had his boots and his clothes in his hand, and had wished him good-night, would hesitate about leaving the room, thinking that his barin might like to engage him in conversation. And it was a very common occurrence for Pierre to call Terentii back, noticing that he was in a mood for talking.

"Well, now, tell me — how did you manage to get anything to eat?" he would ask.

And Terentii would begin to relate about the destruction of Moscow, or about the late count, and would stand for a long time with the clothes in his hand, telling stories, or sometimes listening to Pierre's yarns, and then, with a pleasing sense of nearness to his barin and of friendliness to him, go into the anteroom.

The doctor who had charge of Pierre's case, and who visited him every day, in spite of the fact that, in accordance with the custom of doctors, he felt it his duty to assume the mien of a

man every minute of whose time was precious in the care of suffering humanity, would spend hours with Pierre, relating his favorite stories and making his observations on the peculiarities of the sick in general, and the ladies in particular.

"Yes, there is something delightful in talking with such a man — very different from what one finds in the provinces," he would say.

In Orel there were several French officers who had been taken prisoner, and the doctor brought one of them, a young Italian, to see Pierre.

This officer began to be a frequent visitor, and the princess laughed at the sentimental affection which the Italian conceived for Pierre.

The Italian was happy only when he could be with Pierre and talk with him, and tell him about his past, about his home life, about his love affairs, and pour out in his ears his indignation against the French and particularly against Napoleon.

"If all the Russians are in the least like you," he would say to Pierre, "it is a sacrilege to wage war on a people like yours — *c'est un sacrilège que de faire la guerre à un peuple comme le vôtre!* Though you have suffered so much from the French, yet you seem to have no ill will against them."

This passionate love shown by the Italian, Pierre had won only because he had brought out in him the best side of his nature and took pleasure in him.

During the latter part of Pierre's stay in Orel, he received a visit from his old acquaintance, the Freemason Count Villarsky — the same one who had introduced him into the lodge in 1807. Villarsky had married a rich Russian lady, who had a great estate in the government of Orel, and he held a temporary position in the commissariat department in the city.

Learning that Bezukhoi was in Orel, Villarsky, though his acquaintance with him had been far from intimate, came to call upon him with the same manifestations of friendship and neighborliness which men are apt to show each other when they meet in a wilderness. Villarsky was bored to death in Orel, and he was delighted to meet a man of the same social rank as himself, and with similar interests, as he supposed. But Villarsky quickly discovered, to his amazement, that Pierre was far behind the times and had fallen into a state of apathy and egotism, as he expressed it in criticising Pierre to himself.

"*Vous vous enroutez, mon cher* — you are becoming :

fossil," he would say to him. Nevertheless Villarsky was more at home with Pierre than he had ever been in times past, and he came to see him every day.

As Pierre looked at Villarsky and listened to him now, it was strange and almost incredible to think that he himself had been like him only such a short time before.

Villarsky was a married, family man, occupied with the business connected with his wife's estate, and with his public duties and with his family. He looked upon all these occupations as a hinderance to life, and felt that they were all worthy of contempt, because their end and aim was the personal advantage of himself and his wife. Military, administrative, political, and Masonic affairs constantly engrossed his attention. And Pierre, without making any effort to change Villarsky's views, and not blaming him, studied this strange but only too well-known phenomenon with his now constantly gentle and pleasant smile of irony.

In Pierre's relations with Villarsky, with the princess, with the doctor, with all the people with whom he was now brought in contact, he displayed a new characteristic, which won for him the good will of all men:—this was the recognition of the possibility of every one to think and feel for himself, and to look upon things in his own way; the recognition of the impossibility of convincing any one of anything by mere words: this legitimate, lawful prerogative of every man, which formerly had excited and annoyed him, now gave him ground for the sympathy and interest which he felt in people. The variance and sometimes the perfect contradiction between the views of people and his life, and among themselves, delighted Pierre, and brought to his lips a gentle, satirical smile.

In practical affairs Pierre now unexpectedly felt that he had a centre of gravity, that had been lacking before. Hitherto, every question concerning finance, especially demands upon him for money, to which, like every rich man, he was often subjected, aroused in him helpless worry and perplexity.

To give, or not to give? that was the question with him. "I have it and he needs it. But another one needs it still more. Which needs it the most? But perhaps both are frauds."

And in days gone by, out of all these hypotheses he had found no exit, and was in the habit of giving to all indiscriminately, so long as he had anything to give. He used to find himself in precisely the same quandary at every question which concerned his estate, when one would say that he must do this way, and another would recommend another way.

Now he found, to his amazement, that he was troubled no longer with doubts and perplexities. He now seemed to have some sense of judgment, which, deciding by some laws unknown to himself, decided what was necessary and what was unnecessary for him to do.

He was no less than before indifferent to pecuniary matters; but now he knew infallibly what he ought to do and what not. The first time that this new sense of justice had to decide a question was in the case of one of the prisoners, a French colonel, who came to him, told him many stories of his great exploits, and, finally, almost demanded that Pierre should give him four thousand francs to send to his wife and children.

Pierre, without the slightest difficulty or effort, refused him, amazed afterwards to find how simple and easy it was to do what had always before seemed to him unutterably difficult.

At the very time, however, that he refused the colonel, he made up his mind that it required the utmost shrewdness in order, on the eve of his departure from Orel, to induce the Italian officer to take some money, which he evidently needed.

A new proof for Pierre of the greater soundness in his views of practical affairs was his decision of the question concerning his wife's debts, and whether his house in Moscow and his Pod-Moskovnaya datcha or villa should be rebuilt or not.

While he was at Orel, his head overseer came to him, and he and Pierre made out a general schedule of his altered income. The conflagration of Moscow had cost Pierre, according to the overseer's reckoning, about two millions.

The head overseer, as a measure of relief for his losses, proposed a scheme whereby, notwithstanding the losses, his income would be not only not diminished, but rather increased, and this was that he should refuse to honor the debts left by the late countess, for which he was not accountable, and should not rebuild his Moscow house and Pod-Moskovnaya datcha, which cost him, to keep up, eighty thousand a year, and brought him in nothing.

"Yes, yes, that is true," said Pierre, gayly smiling. "Yes, yes, I don't need it at all. The fire has made me vastly richer!"

But in January Savelyitch came from Moscow, told him about the condition of the city, about the estimate which the architect had made for rebuilding the Moscow mansion and the Pod-Moskovnaya, and spoke about it as though it were a matter already decided.

At the same time Pierre received letters from Prince Vasili and other acquaintances in Petersburg. These letters mentioned his wife's debts. And Pierre decided that the scheme proposed by his head overseer, which had pleased him so much at first, was not right, and that he must go to Petersburg to wind up his wife's business affairs, and settle down in Moscow. Why this was necessary he knew not; he only knew beyond a peradventure that it was necessary. His income, in consequence of this decision, would be diminished three-fourths; but it was a case of necessity; he felt it.

Villarsky was going to Moscow, and they decided to travel together.

Pierre had experienced during all the time of his convalescence, in Orel, a sense of delight, of freedom, of life; but when, during his journey, he came out into the free world and saw hundreds of new faces, this feeling was still further intensified.

During all the time of his journey he felt as happy as a schoolboy at having his vacation. All the faces, — the postilion, the watchman,* the peasants along the road or in the village, — all had a new meaning for him.

The presence of Villarsky, with his observations and his constantly expressed regret at the poverty, barbarism, and backwardness of Russia compared with Europe, only heightened Pierre's delight.

Where Villarsky saw only deadness, Pierre saw the extraordinary fecund power of life, that power which, in the snow, in that expanse of plains, upheld the life of this united, peculiar, and unique people. He did not contradict Villarsky, and affected to agree with him — since pretended agreement was the shortest means of avoiding arguments from which there was no escape — and, gayly smiling, listened to him.

CHAPTER XIV.

JUST as it is hard to explain why and whither the ants rush from a dismantled ant-hill, some dragging away little fragments, eggs, and dead bodies, others hurrying back to the ant-hill again, — why they jostle each other, push each other, and fight, — so would it be hard to explain the causes that compelled the Russian people, after the departure of the French.

* *Yámshchik, smatrítýel.*

to throng back to that place which had formerly been called Moscow.

But just as when one looks at the ants tearing in wild confusion around their despoiled abode, notwithstanding the complete destruction of the ant-hill, one can see by the activity and energy, by the myriads of insects, that everything is utterly destroyed, except the something indestructible, immaterial, which constitutes the whole strength of the ant-hill. -- so, in Moscow, in the month of October, though there was no one in authority, no churches open, no priesthood, no riches, no houses, still it was the same Moscow that it had been the month of August.

Everything was destroyed except the something immaterial but potent and indestructible.

The motives of the people who flocked from all sides into Moscow after its evacuation by the enemy, were the most various and personal, and, for the most part, savage, animal. One motive, only, was common to all: that was the tendency toward the place that had once been called Moscow, for the employment there of their activity.

Within a week Moscow already had fifteen thousand inhabitants; in a fortnight twenty thousand, and so on. Constantly rising and rising, the population, by the autumn of 1813, reached a figure which exceeded that which it had in 1812.

The first Russians to enter Moscow were the Cossacks of Winzengerode's division, the muzhiks from the neighboring villages, and the inhabitants of Moscow who had fled and concealed themselves in the environs.

Returning to ruined Moscow, the Russians, finding it plundered, began also to plunder. They continued the work begun by the French. Muzhiks brought in carts, in order to carry back to their villages whatever was to be found abandoned in the houses or streets of ruined Moscow.

The Cossacks carried off what they could to their tents; proprietors of houses took possession of whatever they could lay their hands on in other houses, and carried it home under the pretext that it was their own property.

But the first comers were followed by other plunderers, and they by still others; and pillage each day, in proportion as the numbers increased, became more and more difficult, and was conducted under more definite forms.

The French found Moscow, though deserted, yet provided with all the forms of a city the life of which flowed in accordance with organic laws, with its various functions of trade,

handicraft, luxury, imperial administration, religion. These forms were a dead letter, but they still existed. There were markets, shops, magazines, grain stores, bazaars, — most of them provided with wares; there were manufactories and workshops; there were palaces, noble mansions filled with objects of luxury; there were hospitals, prisons, court-rooms, churches, cathedrals.

The longer the French staid, the less these forms of city life were kept up, and toward the end everything was resolving itself into one common dead level of pillage.

The longer the pillage conducted by the French continued, the more it diminished the wealth of Moscow and the strength of the pillagers.

The pillage conducted by the Russians (and the occupation of the capital by the Russians began with this) — the longer it lasted, and the more freely it was shared by the people, the more rapidly it increased the wealth of Moscow and restored the regular life of the city.

Besides the pillagers, the most varied sort of people, attracted, some by curiosity, some by their duties in the service, some by interest, — householders, clergymen, high and low chinovniks, tradesmen, artisans, muzhiks from various directions, — flowed back into Moscow like blood to the heart.

At the end of a week, already, peasants who drove in with empty carts in order to carry away things, were halted by the authorities and compelled to carry away dead bodies from the city.

Other muzhiks, hearing of the lack of commodities, came in with wheat, oats, hay, by competition with each other reducing prices even lower than they had been before. Master carpenters, hoping for fat jobs, each day flocked to Moscow, and in all directions new houses began to go up and the old burned mansions to be restored.

Merchants displayed their wares in huts. Restaurants and taverns were established in mansions that had been through the flames. The clergy conducted divine service in many churches that had escaped the conflagration. People contributed ecclesiastical furniture that had been stolen.

Chinovniks spread their tables and set up their document-boards in little rooms. High officials and the police made arrangements for restoring property that had been abandoned by the French. The owners of houses in which were found many articles that had been brought from other houses, complained of the injustice of the order to bring everything to

the court of the exchequer. Others urged that, as the French had brought things from different houses into one place, it was therefore unfair to allow the owner of that house to keep whatever was found in it. They abused the police: they tried to bribe them. Estimates were received, tenfold too high, for building crown edifices that had been burned. Pecuniary assistance was asked for. Count Rostopchin began to write his proclamations.

CHAPTER XV.

TOWARD the beginning of February, Pierre came to Moscow and established himself in the *flügel* or wing that remained intact. He paid visits to Count Rostopchin and various acquaintances who had returned to Moscow, and he planned to go a couple of days later to Petersburg.

All were enthusiastic over the victory. There was a ferment of life in the ruined and revived capital. All welcomed Pierre warmly. All were anxious to meet him, and plied him with questions in regard to all that he had seen.

Pierre felt drawn by special ties of sympathy and friendship to all whom he met; but he now treated every one guardedly, so as not to bind himself to any one. To all questions which he was asked — whether important or the most trivial — where he was going to live? was he going to rebuild? when was he going to Petersburg, and should he try to take his trunk with him? — he would answer "Yes," or "Perhaps so," or "I think so," or the like.

He heard that the Rostofs were in Kostroma, and the thought of Natasha rarely occurred to him. If it came to him, it was only as a pleasant recollection of something long past. He felt himself not only freed from the conditions of life, but also from that sentiment which, as it seemed to him, he had wittingly allowed himself to cherish.

On the third day after his arrival at Moscow, he learned from the Drubetskois that the Princess Mariya was in Moscow. Prince Andrei's death, sufferings, and last days had often recurred to Pierre's mind, and now they came back to him with fresh force. When, after dinner, he learned that the Princess Mariya was in Moscow, and was residing in her own house, which had escaped the conflagration, he went, that same evening, to call upon her.

On the way to the mansion on the Vozdvizhenka, Pierre

constantly thought about Prince Andrei, about his friendship for him, about his various meetings with him, and especially their last meeting at Borodino.

"Can he have died in that same sardonic mood in which he then was? Can the explanation of life have been revealed to him before his death?" Pierre asked himself. He remembered Karatayef and his death, and involuntarily he began to compare these two men, so antipodal, and, at the same time, so alike in the love which he had felt for them, and then from the fact that both had lived and both were dead.

In the most serious frame of mind, Pierre reached the old prince's mansion. This house remained intact. It still bore traces of wear and tear, but the character of the house was the same as before.

Pierre was met by an old *ofitsiánt*, or head lackey, with a stern face, who, by his face, seemed to wish it to be understood that the prince's absence did not affect the strictness of the *régime*, and said that the princess had been pleased to retire to her room, and received on Sundays.

"Carry her my name; perhaps she will receive me," said Pierre.

"*Slusháyus* — I obey," replied the lackey. "Please come to the portrait gallery."

In a few moments, the *ofitsiánt* returned to Pierre with Dessalles. Dessalles, in the name of the princess, informed Pierre that she would be very glad to see him, and begged him, if he would excuse her for the lack of ceremony, to come upstairs to her room.

In the low-studded room, lighted by a single candle, the princess was sitting, and some one else in a black dress. Pierre remembered that the princess had always with her lady-companions,* but who and what these lady-companions were, Pierre knew not and could not remember.

"That is one of her lady-companions," he said to himself, glancing at the lady in the black dress.

The princess quickly arose, came forward to meet him, and shook hands with him.

"Yes," said she as she looked into his altered face, after he had kissed her hand. "So we meet again at last. He often used to speak about you during the last days of his life," said she, turning her eyes from Pierre to the "*kompanyonka*" with an embarrassment that for an instant struck Pierre. "I was

* *Kompanyónki*.

so glad to know of your rescue. That was truly the best piece of news we had received for a long time."

Again the princess looked still more anxiously at the "kompanyonka," and wanted to say something, but Pierre did not give her an opportunity.

"You can imagine I knew nothing about it," said he. "I thought he was killed. All that I knew, I knew from others, and that at third hand. All I know is that he fell in with the Rostofs. What a strange good fortune!"

Pierre spoke rapidly, excitedly. He looked once into the "kompanyonka's" face, saw an apparently flattering, inquisitive glance fastened upon him, and, as often happens during a conversation, he gathered a general idea that this "kompanyonka" in the black dress was a gentle, kindly, good creature, who would not interfere with the sincerity and cordiality of his conversation with the Princess Mariya.

But when he said the last words about the Rostofs, the embarrassment expressed on the princess's face was even more noticeable than before. She again turned her eyes from Pierre's face to the face of the lady in the black dress, and said, —

"But don't you recognize her?"

Pierre once more looked into the "kompanyonka's" pale, delicate face, with the dark eyes and strange mouth. Something near and dear, something long forgotten and more than kind, was looking at him from those attentive eyes.

"But no, it cannot be," he said to himself. "That face so stern, thin, and pale, and grown so old. That cannot be she! It is only something that reminds me of her!" But while he was thus reasoning with himself, the Princess Mariya said: "Natasha!"

And the face with the attentive eyes, with difficulty, with an effort, — just as a rusty door opens, — smiled, and from the opened door suddenly breathed forth and surrounded Pierre the perfume of that long-forgotten happiness, of which he had rarely thought, especially of late. Forth breathed the perfume, seized his senses and swallowed him up entirely. When she smiled, all doubt ceased; it was Natasha, and he loved her!

At the first minute, Pierre involuntarily told both her and the Princess Mariya, and chief of all his own heart, the secret that he long had not confessed. He reddened with delight and passionate pain. He tried to hide his agitation. But the more he tried to hide it, the more distinctly — more distinctly

than in the most definite words — he told himself and her and the Princess Mariya that he loved her !

“No, of course it is only from the surprise,” said Pierre to himself ; but in spite of all his efforts to prolong the conversation that he had started with the Princess Mariya, he could not help looking again at Natasha, and a still deeper flush suffused his face, and a still deeper agitation of joy and pain clutched his heart. He hesitated in his speech, and stopped short in the midst of what he was saying.

Pierre had not remarked Natasha for the reason that he had never expected to see her there, but the reason that he did not recognize her was because of the immense change that had taken place in her since he had seen her last.

She had grown thin and pale. But it was not that that had changed her identity ; it was impossible that he should have recognized her on the first moment of his entrance, because that face from whose eyes hitherto had always gleamed forth the secret joy of living, now when he came in and for the first time glanced at her, now had not even the shadow of a smile ; they were merely attentive, kindly, and pathetically questioning eyes.

Pierre’s confusion did not waken any answering confusion in Natasha, but only a contentment that lighted up her face with an almost imperceptible gleam.

CHAPTER XVI.

“SHE came to make me a visit,” said the Princess Mariya. “The count and countess will be here in a few days. The countess is in a terrible state. But Natasha herself had need of consulting the doctor. They sent her with me by main force.”

“Yes, is there a family without its own special sorrow ?” said Pierre, addressing Natasha. “You know that it happened on the very day that we were set free. I saw him. What a charming boy he was !”

Natasha looked at him, but in answer to his words her eyes dilated and a shade crept over them.

“What consolation can be given in either thought or word ?” exclaimed Pierre. “None at all ! Why should such a glorious young fellow, so full of life, be called upon to die ?”

“Yes, indeed, in our time it would be hard to live, if one had not faith,” said the Princess Mariya.

"Yes, yes! That is the real truth," interrupted Pierre hastily.

"Why?" asked Natasha, gazing attentively into Pierre's eyes.

"How can you say why?" asked the Princess Mariya. "The mere thought of what awaits us there" —

Natasha, without hearing the Princess Mariya to the end, again looked with questioning eyes to Pierre.

"Why, because," continued Pierre, "only that man who believes that there is a God who directs our ways can endure such a loss as hers — and yours," added Pierre.

Natasha had her lips parted to say something, but suddenly stopped. Pierre quickly turned from her, and again addressed the princess with a question concerning his friend's last days.

Pierre's embarrassment had now almost disappeared, but at the same time he felt that all his former freedom had also disappeared. He felt that his every word and act had now a critic, a judge that was dearer to him than the opinion of all the people in the world.

When he spoke now, he measured at every word the impression which his words produced upon Natasha. He purposely refrained from saying what would have pleased her; but whatever he said he judged from her standpoint.

The Princess Mariya, reluctantly at first, as is always the case, began to tell him about the state in which she had found her brother. But Pierre's questions, his evidently troubled eyes, his face trembling with emotion, gradually induced her to enter into particulars which she would have been afraid to call back to her recollection for her own sake.

"Yes, yes, indeed it is so," said Pierre, leaning forward with his whole body toward the Princess Mariya, and eagerly listening to her story. — "Yes, yes, and so he grew calmer? more softened? He so earnestly sought with all the powers of his soul for the one thing: to be perfectly good. He could not have feared death. The faults that he had — if he had any — came from other sources than himself. And so he grew softened?" exclaimed Pierre. "What good fortune that he met you again," he added, turning to Natasha and looking at her, his eyes brimming with tears.

Natasha's face twitched. She frowned, and for an instant dropped her eyes. For a minute she hesitated; should she speak, or not speak.

"Yes, it was good fortune," said she in a low chest voice. "For me indeed it was a happiness." She became silent.

"And he—he—he said that it was the very thing that he was longing for when I went to him"—

Natasha's voice broke. She clasped her hands together on her knees, and suddenly, evidently making an effort to contain herself, raised her head and began rapidly to speak:—

"We knew nothing about it when we left Moscow. I had not dared to ask about him. And suddenly Sonya told me that he was with us. I had no idea, I could not imagine in what a state he was. I only wanted one thing—to see him, to be with him," said she, trembling and choking. And without letting herself be interrupted, she related what she had never before told a living soul; all that she had suffered in those three weeks of their journey and their sojourn at Yaroslavl.

Pierre listened to her with open mouth and without taking from her his eyes full of tears. In listening to her he thought not of Prince Andrei or of death, or even of what she was telling him. He heard her and only pitied her for the suffering which she underwent now in telling the tale.

The princess, frowning with her endeavor to keep back her tears, sat next Natasha, and listened for the first time to the story of these last days that her brother had spent with Natasha.

This tale, so fraught with pain and joy, it was evidently necessary for Natasha to relate.

She spoke commingling the most insignificant details with the intimate secrets of the heart, and it seemed as if she would never reach an end. Several times she repeated the same things.

Dessalles's voice was heard outside the door, asking if Nikolushka might come and bid them good-night.

"And so that is all, all"—said Natasha. When Nikolushka came in she quickly sprang up and almost ran to the door, and, hitting her head against the door, which was hidden by a *portière*, flew from the room with a groan which was caused neither by pain nor grief.

Pierre gazed at the door through which she had disappeared, and could not understand why he seemed suddenly left alone and deserted in the world.

The Princess Mariya aroused him from his fit of abstraction by calling his attention to her nephew, who had come into the room.

Nikolushka's face, which resembled his father's, had such an effect upon Pierre, in this moment of soul-felt emotion into

which he had come, that after he had kissed the lad he quickly arose, and, getting out his handkerchief, went to the window.

He wanted to bid the Princess Mariya good-night and go, but she detained him.

"No, Natasha and I often sit up till three o'clock; please stay a little longer. I will order supper served. Go downstairs, we will follow immediately."

But before Pierre left the room the princess said to him, —

"This is the first time that she has spoken of him."

CHAPTER XVII.

PIERRE was conducted into the large, brightly lighted dining-room. In a few minutes steps were heard, and the princess and Natasha came into the room. Natasha was now calm, although a grave expression, untouched with a smile, still remained on her face.

The Princess Mariya, Natasha, and Pierre alike experienced that sense of awkwardness which is sure to follow after a serious and intimate conversation. To pursue the former subject is no longer possible; to talk about trifles does not seem right; and silence is disagreeable because such silence seems hypocritical, especially if one wishes to talk.

They silently came to the table. The servants drew the chairs back and pushed them forward. Pierre unfolded his cold napkin, and, making up his mind to break the silence, looked at Natasha and the Princess Mariya.

Each of them had evidently at the same time made the same resolve; the eyes of both shone with the satisfaction of life, and the avowal that if sorrow exists, so also joy may abound.

"Will you have vodka, count?" asked the Princess Mariya, and these words suddenly drove away the shadows of the past.

"Tell us about yourself," said the Princess Mariya. "We have heard such incredible stories about you."

"Yes?" replied Pierre with that smile of good-humored irony which was now habitual with him. "I too have heard most marvellous things about myself — things that I have never even dreamed of seeing. Marya Avramovna invited me to her house, and told me all that ever happened to me or was supposed to have happened. Stepán Stepánuitch also gave me a lesson in the way that I should tell my story. As a

general thing, I have observed that it is a very comfortable thing to be an 'interesting person' (I am now an interesting person)! I am invited out and made the subject of all sorts of stories."

Natasha smiled, and started to say something.

"We were told," said the Princess Mariya, forestalling her, "that you lost two millions here in Moscow. Is that true?"

"But still it made me three times as rich as before," replied Pierre.

Pierre, in spite of his wife's debts and the necessity upon him of rebuilding his houses, which would alter his circumstances, continued to tell people that he had grown three times as rich as before.

"What I have undoubtedly gained," said he, "is this freedom which I enjoy" — he had begun seriously, but he hesitated about continuing, observing that the topic of the conversation was too egotistical.

"And are you going to rebuild?"

"Yes: Savelyitch advises it."

"Tell me, you did not know at all about the countess's death when you were in Moscow?" asked the Princess Mariya, and instantly reddened, noticing that in having put this question immediately after what he had said about his freedom, she might have given a sense to his words which perhaps they had not.

"No," replied Pierre, evidently not discovering anything awkward in the interpretation which the Princess Mariya had given to his remark about his freedom. "I first heard about it in Orel, and you cannot imagine how it surprised me. We were not a model husband and wife," he quickly added, with a glance at Natasha, and observing in her face a gleam of curiosity as to what he would have to say about his wife. "But her death gave me a terrible shock. When two people quarrel, always both are at fault. And a person's fault suddenly becomes awfully serious when the other party comes to die. And then such a death! — without friends, without consolation! I felt very, very sorry for her," said he, in conclusion, and noticing with a sense of satisfaction a look of glad approval in Natasha's face.

"Well, and so you are a single man and marriageable again," said the Princess Mariya.

Pierre's face suddenly grew livid, and for long he tried not to look at Natasha. When at length he had the courage to look at her, her face was cold, stern, and even scornful as it seemed to him.

"And did you really see Napoleon and talk with him? That's the story they tell us," said the Princess Mariya.

Pierre laughed.

"Not once, never! It always seems to every one that to have been a prisoner was to have been Napoleon's guest. I not only never saw him, but did not hear him talked about. I was in far too humble company."

Supper was over, and Pierre, who at first refused to tell about his captivity, was little by little drawn into stories about it.

"But it is true, isn't it, that you remained behind for the purpose of killing Napoleon?" asked Natasha, with a slight smile. "I imagined as much when we met you at the Sukharef Tower,—do you remember?"

Pierre acknowledged that this was true; and with this question as a starting-point, and gradually led on by the Princess Mariya's questions, and especially by Natasha's, Pierre was brought to give them a detailed account of his adventures.

At first he told his story with that gentle, ironical expression which he now used toward other people and especially himself; but afterwards, when he came to tell about the horrors and sufferings which he had beheld, he, without being himself aware of it, was carried away, and began to talk with the restrained excitement of a man who was reliving, in his recollections, the most vivid impressions.

The Princess Mariya, with a gentle smile, looked now at Pierre, now at Natasha. Throughout all this narration, she saw only Pierre and his goodness.

Natasha, leaning her head on her hand, with her face reflecting in its expression all the varying details of the story, gazed steadily at Pierre without once taking her eyes from him, evidently living with him through all the dreadful scenes of which he told.

Not only her looks, but her exclamations and the brief questions which she asked, showed Pierre that, from his story, she took to heart exactly what he wanted to convey. It was evident that she understood not merely what he told her, but also that which he would have wished but was unable to express in words.

Concerning his adventure with the child and the woman the protection of whom had led to his arrest, Pierre told in the following manner:—

"This was a horrible sight: children deserted, some in the flames—one child was dragged out before my very eyes—

women who were robbed of their possessions, their ear-rings snatched away" —

Pierre reddened and stammered.

"Then came the patrol and arrested all those who were not engaged in pillage — all the men. — And myself!"

"You certainly are not telling the whole story; you certainly did something," said Natasha, and paused a moment. — "something good!"

Pierre went on with his narration. When he came to tell about the execution, he wished to avoid the horrible details, but Natasha insisted that he should not omit anything.

Pierre began to tell about Karatayef. By this time he had risen from the table, and was walking back and forth, Natasha's eyes following him all the time. — But he paused, —

"No, you cannot understand how I learned from that illiterate man — half an idiot!"

"Yes, yes, go on," cried Natasha. "What became of him?"

"He was shot almost in my very presence."

And Pierre began to tell about the last period of the retreat of the French, Karatayef's illness (his voice constantly trembled) and his death. Pierre, in relating his adventures, found that they came back to him in an entirely new light.

He now found what seemed to be a new significance in all that he had experienced. Now, while he was telling all this to Natasha, he experienced that rare delight afforded by women — not *intellectual* women, who, in listening, try either to remember what is said for the sake of enriching their minds, and, on occasion, of giving it out themselves, or to apply what is said to their own cases, and to communicate with all diligence their intellectual remarks elaborated in the workshops of their petty brains — but the delight afforded by genuine women gifted with the capacity to bring out and assimilate all that is best in a man's impulses.

Natasha, without knowing it, was all attention: she did not lose a word, or an inflection of his voice, or a glance, or the quivering of a muscle in his face, or a single gesture that he made.

She caught on the wing the word as yet unspoken, and took it straight to her generous heart, divining the mysterious meaning of all the spiritual travail through which Pierre had passed.

The Princess Mariya comprehended his story, sympathized with him, but now she saw something else which absorbed all

her attention: she saw the possibility of love and happiness for Pierre and Natasha. And this thought, occurring to her for the first time, filled her heart with joy.

It was three o'clock in the morning. The servants, with gloomy, stern faces, came to bring fresh candles, but no one heeded them.

Pierre finished his story. Natasha, her eyes gleaming with excitement, continued to look steadily and earnestly at Pierre, as though wishing to read the portions of his story that he had perhaps not told.

Pierre, with a shamefaced but joyous sense of embarrassment, occasionally looked at her, and wondered what to say next in order to change the conversation to some other topic.

The Princess Mariya was silent. It occurred to none of them that it was three o'clock in the morning, and time to go to bed.

"We talk about unhappiness, sufferings," said Pierre. "Yet if now, this minute, I were asked, 'Would you remain what you were before your imprisonment, or go through it all again?' I should say, 'For God's sake, the imprisonment once more and the horse-flesh.' We think that when we are driven out of the usual path, everything is all over for us; but it is just here that the new and the good begins. As long as there is life, there is happiness. There is much, much before us! I tell you so," said he, addressing Natasha.

"Yes, yes," said she, answering something entirely different. "And I should wish nothing better than to live my life all over again."

Pierre looked at her keenly.

"No, I could ask for nothing more."

"You are wrong, you are wrong," cried Pierre. "I am not to blame because I am alive and want to live; and you also."

Suddenly Natasha hid her face in her hands, and burst into tears.

"What is it, Natasha?" asked the Princess Mariya.

"Nothing, nothing." She smiled at Pierre through her tears.

"Good-by, it is bed-time."

Pierre got up and took his departure.

The Princess Mariya and Natasha, as usual, met in their sleeping-room. They talked over what Pierre had told them. The princess did not express her opinion of Pierre. Neither did Natasha speak of him.

"Well, good-night, Marie," said Natasha. "Do you know I am often afraid that in not speaking of him (Prince Andrei) for fear of doing wrong to our feelings, we may forget him?"

The Princess Mariya drew a deep sigh, and by this sigh confessed to the justice of Natasha's words; but when she spoke, her words expressed a different thought:—"How could one forget him?" she asked.

"It was so good for me to-day to talk it all over; and hard too, and painful and good—very good," said Natasha. "I was certain that he loved him so. That was why I told him.—There was no harm in my telling him, was there?" she asked, suddenly reddening.

"To Pierre? Oh, no! What a fine man he is!" exclaimed the Princess Mariya.

"Do you know, Marie," suddenly broke out Natasha, with a roguish smile, which the Princess Mariya had not seen for a long time on her face, "he has grown so clean, neat, fresh, just as though he were out of a bath. Do you know what I mean—morally out of a bath! Isn't that so?"

"Yes," said the Princess Mariya. "He has gained very much."

"And his jaunty little coat,* and his neatly cropped hair; just exactly—yes, just exactly as papa used to look when he was fresh from his bath!"

"I remember that *he* (Prince Andrei) liked no one so well as Pierre," said the Princess Mariya.

"Yes; and yet both of them were peculiar in their own way. They say that men are better friends when they are not alike. It must be so. Don't you think that they were very different?"

"Yes, and he's splendid."

"Well, good-night," replied Natasha; and the same mischievous smile long remained in her face, as though she had forgotten to drive it away.

CHAPTER XVIII.

It was long before Pierre went to sleep that night. He strode back and forth through his chamber, now scowling, now burdening himself with heavy thoughts, then suddenly shrugging his shoulders and starting, and then again smiling.

He was thinking about Prince Andrei, about Natasha, and

* *Surtoutchek korótenkii.*

the love which they bore each other; and sometimes he felt jealous of her for what was past, sometimes he reproached himself for it, sometimes he justified it.

It was already six o'clock in the morning, and still he kept pacing through his room.

"Well, what's to be done? Is it still impossible? What is to be done? Of course it must be so," said he to himself, and, hastily undressing, he got into bed, happy and excited, but free from doubt and irresolution. "Yes, strange and impossible as this happiness seems. I must do everything, everything, to make her my wife," he said to himself.

Several days previously, Pierre had fixed upon Friday for the day of his departure for Petersburg. When he woke up it was Thursday, and Savelyitch came to him for orders in regard to the packing of his things for the journey.

"Petersburg? What about Petersburg? Who is going to Petersburg?" he could not help asking of himself! "Oh, yes, some time ago, before ever this happened. I had some such thought—I was going to Petersburg for some reason or other," he remembered. "Why was it? Yes, perhaps I shall go as it is. How good and attentive he is! How he remembers everything," he said to himself, as he looked into Savelyitch's old face. "And what a pleasant smile," he thought.

"Aren't you always longing to have your freedom, Savelyitch?" demanded Pierre.

"Why should I wish my freedom, your illustriousness? While the late count was alive—the Kingdom of Heaven be his—we lived with him, and now we have nothing to complain of from you."

"Well, but your children?"

"The children will live also, your illustriousness: one can put up with such masters."

"Yes, but my heirs," suggested Pierre. "I may suddenly marry.—You see, that might happen," he added, with an involuntary smile.

"And may I be bold enough to say, a very good thing, too, your illustriousness!"

"How easy it seems to him," thought Pierre. "He cannot know how terrible, how perilous a thing it is. Too soon or too late—terrible!"

"What orders do you please to give? Do you wish to start to-morrow?" asked Savelyitch.

"No, I am going to postpone it for a few days. I will tell you when the time comes. Forgive me for putting you to so

much trouble," said Pierre, and, as he saw Savelyitch's smile, he said to himself, "How strange it is that he doesn't know that Petersburg is now nothing to me, and that this matter must be decided before anything is. Of course he must know—he's only pretending! Shall I talk with him about it? How will he like it?" wondered Pierre. "No, I will wait a little."

At breakfast, Pierre informed his cousin, the princess, that he had been the evening before to call upon the Princess Mariya, and whom did she suppose he found there? Natasha Rostova!

The princess pretended that she saw nothing more extraordinary in this than if he had seen Anna Semyonovna.

"Do you know her?" asked Pierre.

"I have met the princess," she replied. "I have heard that she has become engaged to young Rostof. That would be a very good thing for the Rostofs; they say their affairs are all in confusion."

"No, but do you know the Countess Natasha?"

"I have heard something about her story. It's very sad."

"Either she does not understand, or she is pretending not to understand," said Pierre to himself; "I'd better not tell her, either."

The princess, also, had been making some preparations for Pierre's journey.

"How kind they all are," thought Pierre, "when now there can be nothing at all interesting to them in all this, to take so much trouble with my affairs. And all for me! truly it's wonderful!"

On that same day Pierre went to the chief of police to tell him that he would send a trusty servant to receive the property that was to be restored to the citizens that day at the *granavítaya pulatá*, or court of the exchequer.

"And now this man, also," thought Pierre, as he looked into the *politsiméister's* face. "What a splendid, fine-looking officer, and how kind he is! Now he is occupied with such trifles! And yet they say that he is not honest, and is making use of his opportunities! What nonsense! Besides, why should he not take advantage? He was educated to do so. And that's the way they all do. But he had such a pleasant, good face! and smiled so agreeably when he looked at me."

Pierre went that evening to dine at the Princess Mariya's.

As he went along the streets, lined with the blackened ruins of houses, he was amazed at the beauty that he discovered in

these ruins. The chimney-stacks, the fallen walls, vividly reminding Pierre of the Rhine and the Colosseum, stretched along one behind the others, all through the burnt districts. The hack-drivers and passers-by, the carpenters hewing timbers, merchants and shop-keepers, all with jovial, shining faces, gazed at Pierre, and seemed to say, — “Ah, there he goes. Let us see what will come of it.”

Before he reached the Princess Mariya's, the doubt occurred to Pierre's mind whether it were true that he had been there the evening before, and seen Natasha and talked with her.

“Perhaps I was dreaming? Perhaps I shall go in and find no one.”

But he had no sooner entered the room, than, in his whole being, by the instantaneous loss of his freedom, he realized her presence. She wore the same black dress with soft folds, and her hair was done up in the same way as the evening before, but she herself was entirely different. If she had been like that the evening before, when he went into the room, he could not have failed, for a single instant, to recognize her.

She was just the same as she had been when almost a child, and afterwards, when she was Prince Andrei's affianced bride. A merry, questioning gleam flashed in her eyes; her face had a genial and strangely roguish expression.

Pierre dined with them, and would have spent the whole evening, but the Princess Mariya was going to vespers, and Pierre accompanied them.

The following day, Pierre went early, dined with them, and spent the whole evening.

Although the Princess Mariya and Natasha were evidently glad of his company, although all the interest of Pierre's life was now concentrated in this house, still, as the evening wore away, they had talked everything out, and the conversation constantly lagged from one trivial subject to another, and often flagged altogether.

Pierre staid that evening so late that the Princess Mariya and Natasha exchanged glances, evidently feeling anxious for him to go. Pierre saw it, and yet could not tear himself away. He felt embarrassed and awkward, but still he staid because he *could not* get up to go.

The Princess Mariya, not seeing any end to it, was the first to get up, and, pleading *migraine* as an excuse, started to bid him good-night.

“And so you are going to Petersburg to-morrow?” she asked.

"No, I don't expect to go," hastily replied Pierre, with surprise and apparent annoyance. "Yes, — no — oh, to Petersburg? Day after to-morrow, perhaps. Only I won't say good-by now. I will call to see if you have any commissions," said he, standing in front of the Princess Mariya, with flushed face and embarrassed manner.

Natasha gave him her hand, and left the room. The Princess Mariya, on the contrary, instead of going, resumed her chair, and, with her luminous, deep eyes, gazed gravely and earnestly at Pierre. The weariness which she had really felt just before had now entirely passed away. She drew a long and deep sigh, as though nerving herself for a serious conversation.

All Pierre's confusion and awkwardness instantly disappeared the moment that Natasha left the room, and gave place to an agitated excitement.

He swiftly drew his chair close to the Princess Mariya.

"Yes, I wanted to have a talk with you," said he, responding to her look, as though it were spoken words.

"Princess! help me! What am I to do? Have I reason to hope? Princess, my friend, listen to me. I know all about it. I know that I am not worthy of her. I know that it is wholly impossible, at the present time, to speak about it. But I wish to be like a brother to her. — No, I do not, I cannot wish that. — I cannot" —

He paused, and rubbed his face and his eyes with his hand.

"Now, here!" he pursued, evidently making an effort to command himself to speak coherently. "I don't know when I first began to love her. But all my life long I have loved her, and her alone, and I love her so that I cannot imagine life without her. I cannot make up my mind to sue for her hand now; but the thought that perhaps she might be mine, and that I had lost this opportunity — opportunity — is horrible to me. Tell me, have I reason to hope? Tell me what I must do. Dear princess," said he, after a little silence, and he touched her hand when she did not reply.

"I was thinking of what you have told me," returned the Princess Mariya. "This — hear what I have to say. You are right that to speak to her now of love" —

The princess paused. She meant to say, to speak to her of love was impossible now; but she paused because for two days past she had observed, from the change that had taken place in Natasha, that Natasha would not only not be offended if

Pierre should confess his love for her, but that this was the very thing that she was longing for him to do.

"To tell her now — is impossible," said the Princess Mariya, nevertheless.

"But what am I to do?"

"Leave it all to me," said the Princess Mariya. "I know" —

Pierre looked into the Princess Mariya's eyes. "Well — well" — said he.

"I know that she loves you — will love you," said the Princess Mariya, correcting herself.

She had scarcely said these words before Pierre sprang up, and, with a frightened face, seized the Princess Mariya's hand.

"What makes you think so? Do you really think that I may hope? Do you think so?"

"Yes, I think so," said the Princess Mariya, with a smile. "Write to her parents. And trust it all to me. I will tell her when the suitable time comes. I am anxious for it. And my heart tells me that it will be."

"No, it cannot be! How happy I am! But it cannot be!" repeated Pierre, kissing the princess's hand.

"You go to Petersburg; that is best. And I will write to you," said she.

"To Petersburg? Go away? Yes, very good, I will go. But may I come to call to-morrow?"

On the following day, Pierre went to say good-by. Natasha was less animated than on the preceding days; but to-day when Pierre occasionally looked into her eyes he felt that his existence was nothing, that he was not, and that she was not, but that one feeling of bliss filled the world.

"Can it be? No! impossible!" he said to himself at each glance, word, motion of hers, so filling his heart with joy.

When, on saying "good-by," he took her delicate, slender hand, he involuntarily held it rather long in his.

"Can it be that this hand, this face, these eyes, — all this marvellous treasure of womanly beauty, — can it be that it will be mine forever, as familiar to me as I am to myself? No, it is impossible!"

"Good-by, count — *prashchâite, graf!*" said she to him aloud. "I shall await your return with impatience," she added in a whisper.

And these simple words, the look and the expression of her face that accompanied them, constituted the basis of inexhaust-

ible recollections, memories, and happy dreams during Pierre's two months' absence.

"‘I shall await your return with impatience.’ Yes, yes, how did she say? — Yes, ‘I shall await your return with impatience.’ Akh! how happy I am! What does it mean that I am so happy?” —

CHAPTER XIX.

IN Pierre's soul nothing took place like what had taken place under precisely similar circumstances at the time of his engagement with Ellen.

He did not repeat as before, with a sickening sense of shame, the words that he said; he did not ask himself: “Akh! why did I not say that, and why, why did I say, *Je vous aime*?”

Now, on the contrary, every word that she said, every one of his own words, he repeated in his imagination with all the various details of her face and her smile, and he had no wish to take away or add a single one. His sole desire was to repeat them.

There was now not the slightest shadow of doubt as to whether what he was going to do was right or wrong. Only one terrible doubt ever occurred to his mind: — Was it not all a dream? Was not the Princess Mariya mistaken? “Am I not too proud and self-conceited? I believe I am; but this surely might happen — the Princess Mariya might tell her, but she would smile and reply, ‘How strange! He is surely mistaken! Does he not know that he is a man, a simple man? while I — I am entirely different, vastly superior.’”

This was Pierre's only doubt, and it frequently recurred to him. He now even ceased to make plans. His actual happiness seemed to him so incredible that the accomplishment of this seemed enough of itself, and anything more was a work of supererogation. All was over.

A joyous, unexpected insanity, of which Pierre believed himself incapable, possessed him. All the meaning of life, not for himself alone, but for the whole world, seemed to him to be included only in his love for her and the possibility of her love for him.

It sometimes seemed to him that all men were occupied with only one thing — his future happiness. It sometimes seemed to him that they were all rejoicing, just as he was, and were only trying to hide this happiness, while pretending to

be absorbed in other interests. In every word and action he discovered hints pointing toward his happiness. He often surprised the people who met him, by his blissful looks and smiles, which expressed some secret, inward harmony.

But when he realized that these people could not know about his happiness, he pitied them with all his heart, and experienced a keen desire somehow to explain to them that all that occupied their time was perfect rubbish and trifles not worthy of their attention.

When it was proposed to him to take some office, or when criticisms were made on the general course of political events or the war, and suppositions were advanced that such and such a method of procedure would bring happiness to all men, he listened with his gentle, compassionate smile, and amazed those who were talking with him by his odd observations.

But those men who seemed to Pierre to comprehend the real meaning of life, that is, his own views of it—as well as those who were unfortunate enough apparently not to comprehend it—in fact, all men at this particular time were brought into such a brightly concentrated light, radiating from his own heart, that without the slightest difficulty he at once on meeting with any one saw in him whatever was good and worthy of love.

On examining his late wife's affairs and papers, he, in his memory of her, experienced nothing, no other feeling than one of pity, that she knew not the happiness which he now knew. Prince Vasili, who was now especially proud of a new place and decorations, seemed to him a touchingly good and miserable old man.

Pierre often in after-days remembered this time of happy folly. All the judgments which he formed for himself of men and events at this time remained forever established in his mind. He not only did not afterwards renounce these views of men and things, but, on the contrary, in all his inward doubts and contradictions, he came back to that view which he had during this time of folly, and this view always seemed correct.

"Perhaps," he would say to himself, "I seemed strange and absurd at that time. But I was not so foolish as it might appear. On the contrary, I was wiser and more sagacious than ever before, and I understood all that is worth understanding in life, because—I was happy."

Pierre's folly or unreason consisted in this, that he did not as before wait for the personal reasons—the merits of people,

as he called them—to be displayed before he loved them, but love filled his heart, and he, by constantly loving his fellow-men, found undoubted reason for making it worth his while to love them.

CHAPTER XX.

FROM that first evening when Natasha, after Pierre had left them, had told the Princess Mariya with a joyously mischievous smile that he was just as though he had come out of his bath, and called attention to his jaunty coat and his closely cropped hair, from that moment something awoke in her heart that had lain dormant, and was unknown even to her, but irresistible.

Everything about her suddenly underwent a change—her face, her gait, her look, her voice. Unexpectedly to herself the power of life and hope of happiness flashed forth outwardly and demanded satisfaction. From that first evening Natasha seemed to have forgotten all that had happened to her. Henceforth she never once complained of her situation or said one single word about the past, and she had no hesitation even in forming happy plans for the future.

She had little to say about Pierre; but when the Princess Mariya mentioned him, the long extinguished gleam was kindled in her eyes, and her lips were curved with a strange smile. The change that took place in Natasha at first amazed the Princess Mariya; but when she understood the significance of it she was grieved.

“Could it be that she had loved my brother so little that she is so ready to forget him?” mused the Princess Mariya when by herself she pondered over this change that had come over Natasha.

But when she was with Natasha she neither felt angry with her nor reproached her. The awakening powers of life, which had taken such hold of Natasha, were evidently so uncontrollable, so unexpected to herself, that the Princess Mariya while in her presence felt that she had no right to reproach her even in her heart.

Natasha gave herself up with such completeness and frank honesty to this new feeling, and made so little pretence to hide it, that now she became glad and merry instead of sad and sorry.

When the Princess Mariya, after that midnight declaration

of Pierre's, returned to her room, Natasha met her on the threshold.

"He has spoken? Yes? He has spoken?" she insisted, and an expression, joyous, and at the same time pathetically pleading for forgiveness for her joy, came into Natasha's face. "I was tempted to listen at the door; but I knew that you would tell me."

Thoroughly as the princess understood the look which Natasha gave her, touching as it was, much as she pitied her emotion, still Natasha's words, at the first instant, offended the Princess Mariya. She remembered her brother, his love for her.

"But what is to be done? She cannot be otherwise than what she is?" reasoned the Princess Mariya, and with a melancholy and rather stern face she told Natasha all that Pierre had said to her.

When she heard that he was going to Petersburg, Natasha was thunder-struck.

"To Petersburg?" she repeated, as though not taking it in. But when she observed the melancholy expression which the Princess Mariya's face wore, she surmised the reason for her melancholy, and burst into tears.

"Marie," said she, "tell me what must I do? I am afraid I am doing wrong. I will do whatever you say; teach me."

"Do you love him?"

"Yes," whispered Natasha.

"What makes you cry, then? I am glad for you," said the Princess Mariya, already, because of these tears, completely pardoning Natasha's joy.

"It will not be very soon. — Just think what happiness when I am his wife and you marry Nicolas."

"Natasha, I have asked you never to speak about that. We will talk about yourself."

Both were silent.

"But why must he go to Petersburg?" suddenly exclaimed Natasha, and made haste to answer her own question. "Well, well, it is best so. — Yes, Marie, it is best so." —

EPILOG.

PART FIRST.

CHAPTER I.

SEVEN years had passed. The storm-tossed historical sea of Europe lay sleeping on its shores. It seemed at peace; but the mysterious forces which moved humanity — mysterious because the laws which govern their movements are unknown to us — were continually at work.

Though the surface of the historical sea seemed motionless, humanity was pressing onward with a motion as continuous as the passage of time.

Distinct groups of men were organized and disorganized: causes for the formation and disintegration of empires and the migrations of nations were set on foot.

The historical sea no longer, as before, swayed in vast swells from shore to shore. It boiled in its secret depths.

Historical characters no longer, as before, rode on the crest of the billows from shore to shore: they now seemed to be gathered together in one place. Historical personages, who before, at the head of armies, had reflected the motion of the masses by calls to war, by campaigns and battles, now reflected this movement by political and diplomatic combinations, laws, treaties.

This activity of historical personages historians call *re-action*.

Historians, in describing the activity of these historical personages, who, according to their judgment, were the cause of what they call the *re-action*, are very severe in their strictures upon them. All the famous people of that time, from Alexander and Napoleon to Madame de Staël, Fothier, Schelling, Fichte, Chateaubriand, and the like, are haled before this stern court of justice, and justified or condemned, from the standpoint of whether they helped *progress* or *re-action*.

In Russia, also, according to their writings, *re-action* set in

about this same time, and the one principally to blame for this re-action was Alexander I. — that same Alexander I. who, according to their writings, was the principal cause of the liberal tendencies of his reign and the salvation of Russia.

In Russian literature at the present time there is no one, from the schoolboy to the accomplished historian, who would not cast a stone at Alexander for his faulty behavior at this period of his reign.

“He ought to have done this or done that.”

“In such and such a case he did well, in something else he did ill.”

“He behaved splendidly at the beginning of his reign and during 1812; but he did wrong in giving a constitution to Poland, in establishing the Holy Alliance, in granting power to Arakcheyef, in encouraging first Golitsuin and mysticism, and afterwards encouraging Shishkof and Fothier.”

“He made an error in employing the van of the army; he blundered in disbanding the Semyonovsky regiment,” and so on and so on.

One might fill a dozen pages with the enumeration of all the reproaches which the historians have made against him on the ground of that knowledge of the welfare of humanity which they possess.

What is the significance of these reproaches?

The very same actions for which the historians praise Alexander I. — for instance, the liberal tendency of his reign, his quarrel with Napoleon, the firmness which he displayed in the year 1812 and during the campaign of 1813 — do they not flow from exactly the same sources — the conditions of blood, education, life, which made Alexander's personality what it was — from which also flowed the actions for which the historians blame him: for instance, the Holy Alliance, the restoration of Poland, the re-action of the twenties?

What constitutes the essence of these reproaches?

In this — that such an historical personage as Alexander I., a personage standing on the highest possible pinnacle of human power, as it were in the focus of the dazzling light of the historical rays concentrated upon him; a personage subjected to the most potent influences in the world, in the form of intrigues, deceptions, flatteries, inseparable from power; a personage who, every moment of his life, bore the responsibility of all that took place in Europe; and not an imaginary personage, but as much alive as any other man, with his own individual peculiarities, passions, aspirations for the good, the

beautiful, the true, — that this personage, fifty * years ago, lacked not virtue (the historians do not reproach him for that), but those views concerning the welfare of humanity which are now held by any professor who from early youth has been occupied with science, that is, with the reading of books and lectures, and the copying of these books and lectures into a note-book.

But even if it be granted that Alexander I. fifty years ago was mistaken in his views as to what constitutes the true welfare of nations, it cannot but be taken for granted that the historian also who criticises Alexander will, in exactly the same way, after the lapse of some time, prove himself incorrect in his view as to what is the welfare of humanity.

This proposition is all the more natural and inevitable from the fact that, in the development of history, we see that every year, with every new writer, the standard as to what is the welfare of humanity changes: thus what once seemed good becomes evil in the course of ten years, and *vice versa*. Still, we find occurring, at one and the same time, perfectly contradictory views as to what is good or what is evil: some regard the constitution granted to Poland and the Holy Alliance as creditable, others as disgraceful, to Alexander.

As to the activity of Alexander and Napoleon, it is impossible to declare that it was advantageous or harmful, since we cannot say wherein it was advantageous or wherein it was harmful. If this activity fails to please any one, then it fails to please simply in consequence of its failure to coincide with this person's limited comprehension as to what is good.

Apart from the question whether the preservation of my father's house in Moscow in 1812, or the glory of the Russian troops, or the weal of the Petersburg or any other university, or the freedom of Poland, or the might of Russia, or the balance of Europe, or a certain state of European enlightenment — progress — appear to me advantageous, I must acknowledge that the activity of every historical personage had, besides these ends and aims, still others, more universal and beyond my comprehension.

But let us grant that so-called science has the capacity of reconciling all contradictions, and has for all historical characters and events an invariable, absolute standard of right and wrong.

Let us grant that Alexander might have done everything in a different way. Let us grant that he might, according to the

* "War and Peace" was written between 1864 and 1869.

prescription of those who accuse him, those who profess to have a knowledge of the final causes of the movements of humanity, — that he might have acted in accordance with the program of nationality, liberty, equality, and progress, which his present-day accusers would have laid down for him. Let us grant that this program might have been possible and might have been laid down, and that Alexander might have acted in accordance with it. What, then, would have become of the activity of all those men who at that time were in opposition to the tendency of the administration? — of that activity which, according to the opinion of the historians, was good and profitable?

This activity would not have existed; there would have been no life; there would have been nothing.

If it is admitted that human life can be directed by reason, then the possibility of life is annihilated.

CHAPTER II.

IF it is admitted, as the historians do, that great men lead humanity toward the attainment of certain ends, such as the greatness of Russia or France, or the balance of Europe, or the propagation of the ideas of the Revolution, or progress in general, or any other object, then it is impossible to explain the phenomena of history without the concept *chance* or *genius*.

If the object of the European wars at the beginning of the present century had been the greatness of Russia, this object might have been attained without the preliminary wars and without the invasion.

If the object had been the greatness of France, this object might have been attained without the Revolution and the empire.

If the end had been the propagation of ideas, the Press would have accomplished it far better than soldiers.

If the object had been the progress of civilization, it is perfectly easy to suppose that there are ways for the propagation of civilization more expedient than the destruction of men and their property.

Why did it happen this way and not that?

Simply because it happened so.

"*Chance* created the situation, *genius* profited by it," says history.

But what is chance, and what is genius ?

The words " chance " and " genius " represent nothing that actually exists, and therefore cannot be defined.

These words only indicate a certain degree of comprehension of phenomena.

I know not the cause of a certain phenomenon ; I believe that I cannot know it ; therefore I do not try to know it, and I say *chance*.

I see that a force has produced an action disproportionate to the ordinary human qualities : I cannot understand the cause of this force, and I cry *genius*.

To the flock of sheep, the sheep which is driven off every evening by the shepherd to a separate pen, and given extra food, and becomes twice as fat as the others, must seem to be a genius. The very fact that every evening this particular sheep, instead of going to the common fold, has a special pen and extra food, and that this sheep, this particular sheep, once fattened, is killed for mutton, doubtless impresses the other sheep as a remarkable combination of genius with a whole series of extraordinary chances.

But if the sheep will only stop thinking that everything that happens to them results solely for the attainment of their sheepish welfare ; if they grant that the events happening to them may have objects which they cannot comprehend, they will immediately perceive a unity and logic in what happened to the fattened sheep.

Even if they cannot know why it was fattened, they will, at least, know that nothing that happened to the sheep happened by chance, and they will not need either the concept of *chance* or the concept of *genius*.

Only when we rid ourselves of the idea of the proximate and visible object, the end of things, and recognize that the ultimate end is wholly unattainable to us, can we see a logical connection in the lives of historical personages ; there will be revealed to us the cause of that disproportion between the capacities of ordinary men and the deeds that they perform, and we shall not need the words *chance* and *genius*.

It is sufficient simply to admit that the object of the movements of European nations is unknown to us, and that we know only facts, such as the butcheries first in France, then in Italy, in Africa, in Prussia, in Austria, in Spain, in Russia, and that the movement from west to east and from east to west constituted the essence and object of events, and we shall not only no longer need to find *genius* or anything excep-

tional in the characters of Napoleon and of Alexander, but it will be impossible for us to imagine these personages as anything else than men like all other men, and we shall not only not need to explain on the score of *chance* the little events that made these personages what they were, but it will be evident to us that all these little events were necessary.

When we rid ourselves of the knowledge of the ultimate end, we clearly understand that, just as it is impossible to imagine on a given plant other flowers and other fruits than those which it produces, so is it impossible to imagine two other men with all that they did who would have been fitted to such a degree and in the smallest details to the mission which they were called upon to fulfil.

CHAPTER III.

THE fundamental, essential fact in European events at the beginning of the present century is the warlike movements of masses of the nations of Europe from west to east, and then from east to west.

The first sign of this movement was the movement from west to east.

In order that the nations of the west might push their warlike advance as far as Moscow, it was necessary : —

1. That they should be concentrated into a warlike mass of sufficient magnitude to endure conflict with the warlike mass of the east ;

2. That they should renounce all their long-founded traditions and habits ; and

3. That, when this warlike movement was accomplished, they should have at their head a man of their own sort, who could justify himself and them for the lies, the pillage, and the slaughter which accompanied this movement of theirs as an essential concomitant.

And, beginning back with the French Revolution, the primitive group, which is not large enough, disperses ; old habits and traditions come to naught ; little by little, a group of new precedents, new habits, and new traditions is formed, and the man who is to take his place at the head of the coming movement, and bear all the responsibility of the events to follow, is prepared for his mission.

A man without convictions, without habitudes, without traditions, without name, not even a Frenchman, — by what

seems strange chances, — glides through all the parties agitating France, and, taking part with none, is borne to his destined place.

The stupidity of his associates, the weakness and inanity of his rivals, his own frankness in lying, and his brilliant and self-confident mediocrity, place this man at the head of the army.

The excellent quality of the soldiers in his Italian army, the disinclination of the enemy to fight, his childish audacity and self-confidence, give him military glory.

An infinite number of so-called chances meet him everywhere.

The disfavor into which he falls with the authorities of the French serves to his advantage.

His attempts to change his predestined career are failures: he is not received into the Russian service, the appointment to Turkey is not given to him.

During the war in Italy, he several times comes to the very brink of destruction, and every time escapes in some unexpected way.

The Russian troops, the very ones who have the power to extinguish his glory, through various diplomatic combinations, do not enter Europe while he is there.

On his return from Italy, he finds the government at Paris in a state of decomposition so far advanced that the men forming it are inevitably doomed to ruin; and an escape from this dangerous situation offers itself to him in the senseless, unreasonable expedition to Africa.

Again so-called chances accompany him. Impregnable Malta surrenders without the firing of a shot; the most foolhardy plans are crowned with success.

The hostile fleet, which afterwards would not allow a single row-boat to pass, allows his army to pass!

In Africa, a whole series of atrocities are committed upon the almost unarmed inhabitants. And the men who unite with him in these atrocities, and especially their chief, persuade themselves that this is admirable, that this is glory, that this is like Cæsar and Alexander of Macedon, and that this is great!

This ideal of *glory* and *greatness*, which consists in the thought that nothing is to be considered wicked, and that every crime is to be arrogated for pride and takes an inconceivable and supernatural significance, — this ideal, which is destined to be the guide of this man and of those allied with him, has full field for increase in Africa.

All that he undertakes prospers. The plague touches him not. The cruelty of the massacre of prisoners is not imputed to him as a crime.

His puerile, senseless, unreasonable, dishonorable departure from Africa, from his companions in distress, is accounted to him as meritorious, and again, the second time, the hostile fleet allows him to pass.

When, dazzled by the fortunate crimes committed by him, and ready to play his part, but without any definite object in view, he reaches Paris, the republican government, which a year before might still have put an end to him, has now attained the last degree of disintegration, and the fact that he, a man belonging to no party, is on hand, can only bring him to the supreme power.

He has no plan; he fears every one; but the parties hold out their hands to him, and beg his support.

He alone, with that ideal of glory and greatness built up in Italy and Egypt, with his idiotic self-adoration, with his audacity in crime, with his frankness in lying, — he alone is able to bring to realization the events which are about to take place.

He is the one needed for that place which is waiting for him, and therefore, almost independently of his own will, in spite of his irresolution, his lack of any determined plan, and all the blunders that he makes, he is drawn into a conspiracy the aim of which is the possession of power, and the conspiracy is crowned with success.

He is thrust into a session of the Directory. Alarmed, he wishes to escape, counting himself lost; he pretends that he is faint; he utters senseless things that ought by good rights to have been his destruction.

But the directors of France, once so bold and haughty, now feeling that their part is played, and being more confused than he is, say just the words that they should not have said to retain their power and overthrow him.

Chance, millions of *chances* give him power, and all men, as if in haste, agree to confirm this power.

Chance forms the character of the members of the Directors of France at that time subservient to him.

Chance forms the character of Paul I., who recognizes his power.

Chance forms against Napoleon a plot which, instead of being prejudicial to him, confirms his power.

Chance brings the Prince d'Enghien into his hands, and

unexpectedly compels him to assassinate him; this very act, more than any other, proving to the multitude that he had the right, since he had the might.

Chance brings it about that he gives all his powers to an expedition against England which would evidently have ruined him, and never carries out the plan, but falls unexpectedly upon Mack and the Austrians, who surrender without a battle.

Chance and *genius* give him the victory at Austerlitz, and, by *chance*, all men, not only the French but all Europe (with the exception of England, which takes no part in the events about to occur), — all men, in spite of their former horror and repulsion at his crimes, now recognize his power, his title, which he has given himself, and his ideal of glory and greatness, which seems to them all reasonable and beautiful.

As though practising and preparing for the future movement, the forces of the west several times push toward the east in 1805, 1806, 1807, and 1809, all the time strengthening and increasing.

In 1811 the group of men formed in France unites into an enormous group with the nations of Central Europe.

While this group of men goes on increasing, the man at the head of the movement finds his powers more and more developed.

During the ten years' preparatory period preceding this great movement, this man has been the leader of all the crowned heads of Europe. Dethroned rulers of the world have no reasonable ideal to oppose to the senseless Napoleonic ideal of *glory* and *greatness*. One after another they strive to show him their own insignificance.

The King of Prussia sends his wife to solicit the great man's favor; the Emperor of Austria considers it a favor if this man will take to his bed the daughter of the Kaisers; the pope, holy guardian of the nations, makes use of his religion to raise the great man higher.

Napoleon does not prepare himself for the fulfilment of his part so much as it is his whole environment, which makes him assume all the responsibility for what is taking place and for what is about to take place.

No act, no crime, no petty deception which he essays fails to be instantly hailed by those around him as some mighty deed.

The best entertainment for him which the Germans can think of is the celebration of Jena and Auerstädt.

Not alone is he great ; his ancestors, his brothers, his stepsons, his brothers-in-law are also great.

Everything conspires to take from him the last vestige of reason, and to make ready for his terrible career.

When he is ready, the forces are also ready.

The invasion rushes toward the east, reaches its final goal — Moscow.

The capital is taken. The Russian army is more completely shattered than ever were the hostile armies from Austerlitz to Wagram.

But suddenly, instead of the *chances* and strokes of *genius* which have borne him so steadily till now through an uninterrupted series of successes to the predestined end, appear an incalculable quantity of contrary *chances*, from the influenza at Borodino, to the frosts and the sparks that set fire to Moscow ; and instead of *genius* appear unexampled stupidity and baseness.

The invasion runs away, turns back, again runs away, and all the chances are now not in his favor but against him.

There occurs a counter-movement, from east to west, bearing a close resemblance to the preceding movement from west to east.

The same symptoms of the movement from east to west as occurred in 1805-1807, and 1809, precede the great movement: the same union into a group of colossal proportions ; in the same way the nations of Central Europe rally to this movement ; the same irresolution in the midst of the way, and the same velocity in proportion as the goal is approached.

Paris, the ultimate goal, is reached. The Napoleonic government and army are overthrown.

Napoleon himself no longer has any of his former significance, all his actions strike men as pitiable and disgusting: but once more an inexplicable chance supervenes ; the allies hate Napoleon, and see in him the cause of their misfortunes ; deprived of prestige and power, convicted of crimes and perfidy, he ought to have been regarded as he had been ten years before, and as he was a year later, as a bandit, outside of the law. But, by a strange chance, no one sees this.

His *rôle* is not yet finished.

The man who, ten years before and a year later, men held to be a bandit, outside the law, is sent two days' distance from France to an island, which is given to him as a domain, with a guard, and millions which are paid to him, for some reason !

CHAPTER IV.

THE movement of the nations begins to calm itself along the shores. The waves of the great uprising fall back, and on the tranquil sea are formed various eddies on which float diplomatists, imagining that they have brought about the cessation of the commotion.

But the tranquil sea suddenly rises again. The diplomatists imagine that their dissensions are the cause of the new storm; they anticipate another war among their sovereigns. The situation seems to them inexplicable.

But the wave the approach of which they feel comes not in the direction from which they expect it.

It is the uprising of the same wave from the same point of departure, Paris. The last recoil of the movement from the west takes place—a recoil which is destined to solve the diplomatic difficulties, which have seemed inexplicable, and to put an end to the warlike movement of that period.

The man who has devastated France returns to France alone, without the aid of a conspiracy, without soldiers. Any guardsman is at liberty to capture him, but, by a strange chance, not only does no one touch him, but all run with enthusiasm to meet this man whom they had cursed the day before, and whom they will curse a month later.

This man is still needed for the completion of the last act.

The act is ended.

The play is over. The actor is told to remove his costume, and wash off the antimony and the rouge.

He is no longer needed.

And several years pass while this man, in solitude on his island, plays by himself a miserable comedy, intrigues and lies, justifying his actions, when justification is no longer necessary, and shows to the whole world what it was that men took for a force when the invisible Hand made use of it.

The Manager, having ended the drama and unmasked the actor, exposes him to us.

“See in whom you have believed! Here he is. Do you see now that not he, but I, moved you?”

But, blinded by the violence of the movement, men long failed to understand this.

Still greater logical sequence and necessity can be seen in the life of Alexander I., that personage who was at the head of the counter-movement, from east to west.

What qualities should the man possess who should take precedence of others and be placed at the head of this movement from east to west?

He must have the sense of justice, and take a sympathetic part in the affairs of Europe, one free from all petty interests.

He must have a loftier moral character than any of his contemporaries, the other sovereigns of his time. He must have a sweet and captivating personality. And he must have a personal grievance against Napoleon.

And all this is found in Alexander I.; all this was produced by innumerable so-called chances throughout his past life: his education, his liberal beginnings, and the counsellors by whom he was surrounded, by Austerlitz and Tilsit and Erfurt.

Throughout the patriotic war, this personage is inactive, because he is not needed.

But, as soon as the necessity of a general European war becomes evident, this personage is found at the given moment in his place, and, rallying the nations of Europe, he leads them to their goal.

The goal is reached.

After the final war of 1815, Alexander finds himself at the highest pinnacle of human power.

What use does he make of this power?

Alexander I., the pacificator of Europe, the man who from his youth had striven only for the welfare of his people, the first to introduce liberal innovations in his country, now, it seems, when he possesses unlimited power, and therefore the ability to bring about the welfare of his people at the very time that Napoleon, in exile, is making childish and fictitious plans how he would benefit humanity if he had the power, — Alexander I., who has fulfilled his mission, and feels the hand of God upon him, suddenly comes to a realizing sense of the nothingness of this presumable power, renounces it, and gives it into the hands of men whom he scorns and despises, and merely said, —

“Not unto us, not unto us, but unto Thy name!’ I am a man like other men. Let me live like a man, and think of my soul and of God.”

As the sun and every atom of ether is a sphere perfect in itself, and at the same time only an atom in the mighty All inaccessible to man, so each individual has within himself his own objects, and at the same time serves the common object inaccessible to man.

The bee, poisoning on a flower, stings a child. And the child is afraid of bees, and declares that the object of the bee is to sting people.

The poet admires the bee sucking from the calyx of a flower, and declares to us that the object of bees is to absorb into itself the aroma of the flowers.

The bee-keeper, observing that the bee gathers pollen and brings it home to the hive, declares that the object of bees is the manufacture of honey.

Another bee-keeper, observing more closely the habits of the swarm, declares that the bee gathers pollen for the nourishment of the young bees and the exploitation of the queen, and that the object of the bee is the propagation of the species.

A botanist observes that the bee, in flying with the dust of a dioecious flower to the pistils of another, fertilizes it; and the botanist sees in this the object of the bee.

Another, observing the transmigration of plants, sees that the bee assists in this transmigration; and this new observer may say that in this consists the object of the bee.

But the final object of the bee is not wholly included in the first or the second or the third of the objects which the human mind is able to discover.

The higher the human mind rises in its efforts to discover these objects, the more evident it is that the final object is inaccessible to man.

Man can only observe the correlation existing between the life of the bee and the other phenomena of life. The same is true in regard to the objects of historical personages and nations.

CHAPTER V.

NATASHA's marriage to Bezukhoi, which took place in 1813, was the last happy event in the "old" family of the Rostofs. That same year Count Ilya Andreyevitch died, and, as always happens, his death brought about the end of the former family. The events of the preceding year, the conflagration of Moscow and the family's flight from the city, the death of Prince Andrei and Natasha's despair, Petya's death, the countess's grief, all taken together, blow upon blow, fell upon the old count's head.

It seemed as though he could not comprehend, and as though he realized that he had not the strength to comprehend, the

significance of all these events; he morally, as it were, bent his old head, as though expecting and inviting the new blows which would finish him.

He appeared sometimes frightened and abstracted, sometimes unnaturally excited and alert.

Natasha's marriage, for the time being, gave him something to think about outside of himself. He ordered dinners and suppers, and evidently tried to be cheerful; but his gayety was not contagious as of yore; on the contrary, it aroused compassion in people who knew and liked him.

After Pierre and his bride had taken their departure, he fell into a very feeble condition, and began to complain of not feeling well. In a few days he grew really ill and took to his bed. From the first days of his illness, in spite of the doctor's encouragement, he felt certain that he should not recover.

The countess, without undressing, spent a fortnight in her arm-chair by his bedside. Every time that she gave him his medicine, he would sob and silently kiss her hand. On the last day he wept and begged the forgiveness of his wife and his absent son for the dissipation of their property, the chief blame for which, he felt, rested on himself.

Having taken the last communion and final unction, he died peacefully, and on the following day a throng of acquaintances, who came to pay their duties to the late lamented, filled the Rostofs' lodgings. All these acquaintances, who had so many times dined and danced at his house, who had so many times made sport of him, now, with a unanimous feeling of inward reproach and emotion, said, as though justifying themselves before some one, —

"Yes, whatever may be said, he was, after all, one of the best of men. We don't often find such men these days. — And who has not his weaknesses?"

Just at the very time when the count's affairs had become so entangled that it was impossible to see what the end would be if they were allowed to go on for another year, he had unexpectedly died.

Nikolai was with the Russian troops in Paris, when the news of his father's death reached him. He immediately tendered his resignation, and, without waiting for it to be accepted, took a furlough and hastened to Moscow.

The state of the family finances within a month after the count's death, were perfectly scheduled, and surprised every one by the magnitude of the sum to which the various little debts amounted, the existence of which no one had even suspected.

The property would not half pay the debts.

Nikolai's relatives and friends advised him to renounce the inheritance. But Nikolai saw in this suggestion the implication of a reproach to his father's memory, which he held sacred, and therefore he refused to hear anything said about renouncing the inheritance, and accepted it with all the obligations to settle the debts.

The creditors, who had been so long silent, being kept good-natured during the count's lifetime by the vague but powerful influence which his easy-going generosity had exerted upon them, now all suddenly began to clamor for their debts to be paid. As always happens, there sprang up a regular competition as to who should be the first to be paid; and those very persons, like Mitenka and others, who held accommodation notes — gratuities often — now showed themselves as the most pressing of the creditors.

Nikolai was given no rest or respite; and those who apparently had had pity on the old man — the cause of their losses, if losses they were — were now pitiless toward the young heir, who was evidently innocent toward them, but had honorably assumed his father's debts.

Not one of the speculations which Nikolai tried to engineer was successful: the real estate was sold by auction, but did not bring half its value, and still half the debts remained unliquidated. Nikolai took thirty thousand rubles which his brother-in-law offered him to pay that portion of the debts which he considered most pressing. And in order that he might not be sent to jail for the remaining obligations, as the other creditors threatened, he again entered the service.

To return to the army where at the first vacancy he would be promoted as regimental commander, was now impossible, because his mother clung so to her only son as the last joy of her life; and therefore, in spite of his disinclination to remain in Moscow, in the circle of those who had always known him, notwithstanding his distaste for the civil service, he staid in Moscow and accepted a place in the civil section, and, giving up the uniform which he so loved, he settled down with his mother and Sonya in a modest apartment on the Sivtsevoi Vrazhek.

Natasha and Pierre were at this time living at Petersburg, and had not the least idea of Nikolai's position. Nikolai, who had already had some money from his brother-in-law, strove to hide from him his unhappy situation. His position was rendered peculiarly hard because, with his twelve hundred rubles salary, he was not only obliged to support himself,

Sonya, and his mother, but he was obliged to live in such a way that his mother would not suspect that they were poor. The countess could not conceive of any existence without those conditions of luxury to which she had been accustomed from childhood; and without a suspicion that it was hard for her son, she was continually requiring a carriage, though they had none, to send for a friend; or some rich delicacy for herself, or wine for her son, or money to send some gift for a surprise to Natasha, Sonya, or Nikolai himself.

Sonya had charge of the domestic arrangements, waited on her aunt, read aloud to her, endured her whims and her secret ill will, and aided Nikolai in hiding from the old countess the condition of poverty to which they were reduced.

Nikolai felt that he owed Sonya a heavier debt of gratitude than he could ever repay for all that she had done for his mother; he admired her patience and devotion, but he tried to avoid her.

In the depths of his heart, he, as it were, reproached her for her very perfection, and because there was nothing for which to reproach her. She had every quality which people prize; but still there was lacking the something which would have compelled him to love her. And he felt that the more he prized her, the less he loved her. He had taken her at her word when she wrote the letter releasing him from his promise, and now he treated her as though all that had taken place between them had been long, long forgotten, and could never by any chance return.

Nikolai's condition grew worse and worse. The idea of saving something from his salary became a dream with him. Instead of laying up anything, he was driven by his mother's constant demands upon him to incur petty debts. There seemed to be no way out of his difficulties.

The idea of making a wealthy marriage, such as had been proposed to him by his relatives, was repugnant to him. The only other escape from his situation — the death of his mother — never occurred to him. He had no wishes, and he had no hope, and in the deepest depths of his heart he experienced a stern and gloomy enjoyment in thus resignedly enduring his situation. He tried to avoid his old acquaintances, their condolence and humiliating offers of assistance; he avoided every sort of amusement and dissipation, and did not even do anything at home except play cards with his mother, or pace in gloomy silence up and down the room, smoking pipe after pipe.

He cherished, as it were, this gloomy state, in which alone he felt himself capable of enduring his position.

CHAPTER VI.

EARLY in the winter the Princess Mariya came to Moscow. From the current gossip of town she learned of the position of the Rostofs, and how "the son was sacrificing himself for his mother," for so it was said in the city.

"I should have expected nothing else from him," said the Princess Mariya to herself, feeling a joyful confirmation of her love for him.

When she remembered her relations of friendship, almost of kinship, to the whole family, she felt it her duty to go to see them. But when she remembered her relations to Nikolai at Voronezh she dreaded to do so. At length, several weeks after her return to the city, she made a powerful effort and went to the Rostofs'.

Nikolai was the first to meet her, for the reason that the countess's room could be reached only by passing through his. When he first caught sight of her, his face, instead of showing that joy which the princess had expected to see, assumed an expression cold, haughty, and repellent, which the princess had never before seen in it. Nikolai inquired after her health, conducted her to his mother, and, after remaining five minutes, left the room.

When the princess left the countess, Nikolai again met her, and with especial ceremony and reserve ushered her into the anteroom. He answered never a word to her remark about the countess's health.

"What have I to do with you? Leave me in peace," his look seemed to say.

"Now, what makes her come round? What does she want? I can't endure these fine ladies and all their inquisitive ways," he said aloud in Sonya's presence, evidently not able to restrain his annoyance after the princess's carriage had rolled away.

"Oh! how can you say so, Nicolas!" said Sonya, who could scarcely restrain her joy. "She is so good, and *maman* loves her so."

Nikolai made no answer, and would have preferred not to say anything more about the princess. But from that time forth the old countess kept talking about her a dozen times a day.

The countess praised her, insisted on her son going to return her call, expressed her anxiety to see her more frequently, but

at the same time, whenever she spoke of her, she always got out of sorts.

Nikolai tried to hold his tongue when his mother spoke of the princess; his silence annoyed his mother.

"She is a very worthy and lovely girl," she would say, "and you must go and call upon her. At all events, you will see somebody. It seems to me it must be tedious for you with us."

"I don't care to see anybody, mámenka!"

"A little while ago you wanted to see people, but now it's — 'I don't care to.' Truly, my dear boy, I don't understand you. You have been finding it tedious, but now suddenly you don't wish to see any one!"

"But I haven't said it was tedious to me."

"Did you not just say that you did not want to see her? She is a very worthy girl and you always liked her, but now you find some excuse or other. It's all a mystery to me!"

"Why, not at all, mámenka!"

"If I had asked you to do something disagreeable — but no, all I ask of you, is to go and return this call! It would seem as if politeness demanded it — I have asked you, and now I shall not interfere any more, since you have secrets from your mother."

"But I will go, if you wish it."

"It's all the same to me. I wish it for your sake."

Nikolai sighed, and, gnawing his mustache, proceeded to lay out the cards, trying to divert his mother's attention to something else.

On the next day, on the third, and on the fourth, the same conversation was renewed.

After her call upon the Rostofs and the unexpectedly cool reception which Nikolai had given her, the Princess Mariya confessed to herself that she had been right in not wishing to go to the Rostofs' first.

"I expected as much," said she to herself, calling her pride to her assistance. "I have nothing to do with him, and I only wanted to see the old lady, who has always been good to me, and who is bound to me by so many ties."

But she could not calm her agitation by these arguments; a feeling akin to remorse tormented her when she remembered her visit. Although she had firmly resolved not to go to the Rostofs' again, and to forget all about it, she could not help feeling that she was in a false position. And when she asked

herself what it was that tormented her, she had to confess that it was her relation to Rostof.

His cool, formal tone did not really express his feelings (she knew it), and this tone only covered something. She felt that it was necessary for her to discover this something. And until she did, she felt that it was impossible for her to be at peace.

One time in midwinter she was in the schoolroom, attending to her nephew's lessons, when Rostof's name was announced.

With a firm determination not to betray her secret and not to manifest her confusion, she summoned Mlle. Bourienne and went down with her into the drawing-room. At her first glance into Nikolai's face she perceived that he had come merely to fulfil the duty of politeness, and she firmly vowed that she would keep to the same tone in which he treated her.

They talked about the countess's health, about common acquaintances, and about the latest news of the war, and when the ten minutes demanded by etiquette had passed, at the end of which the caller can take his departure, Nikolai rose to say good-by.

The princess, with Mlle. Bourienne's aid, had sustained the conversation very well; but at the very last moment, just as he rose to his feet, she had grown so weary of talking about things that interested her not, and the thought why she alone had so little pleasure in life came over her so powerfully, that she fell into a fit of abstraction, and sat motionless with her radiant eyes looking straight ahead and not perceiving that he had arisen.

Nikolai glanced at her, and, feigning not to notice her abstraction, spoke a few words to Mlle. Bourienne, and again looked at the princess. She sat as before, motionless, and an expression of pain crossed her gentle face.

Suddenly he felt a sense of compassion for her, and a dim consciousness that he himself might be the cause of the sorrow which was expressed in her face. He was anxious to help her, to say something cheering to her; but he could not think what to say.

"Good-by, princess," said he.

She came to herself, flushed, and drew a long sigh.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," said she, as though awakening from a dream. "Are you going already, count? Well, good-by. — Oh, but the pillow for the countess?"

"Wait, I will fetch it down to you," said Mlle. Bourienne, and left the room.

Both were silent, though they occasionally looked at each other.

"Yes, princess," said Nikolai at last, with a melancholy smile. "It does not seem very long ago, but how much has happened * since you and I met first at Bogucharovo. How unfortunate we all seemed then; but I would give a good deal for that time to return again — but what is past, is past."

The princess looked steadily into his face with her clear, radiant eyes, while he was saying this. She seemed to be striving to discover what secret significance his words had, that might interpret his sentiments towards her.

"Yes, yes," said she. "But you have nothing to regret in the past, count. When I think what your life is now, I am sure that you will always remember it with pleasure, because the self-sacrifice which at the present time you" —

"I cannot accept your words of praise," said he, hastily interrupting her. "On the contrary, I am constantly reproaching myself; but this is not at all an interesting or amusing subject of conversation."

And again his eyes assumed their former expression of reserve and coldness.

But the princess had once more seen in him that man whom she had known and loved, and she was now talking only with that man.

"I thought you would permit me to say this to you," said she. "You and I have been brought so near together. — and your family — and I thought that you would not consider my sympathy out of place; but I was mistaken," said she. Her voice suddenly trembled. "I do not know why," she continued, correcting herself, "you were so different before, and" —

"There are a thousand reasons *why*" — he laid a special stress on the word *why* — "I thank you, princess," said he gently. "Sometimes it is hard" —

"So that is the reason, then, that is the reason," said a voice in the Princess Mariya's heart. "No, it was not alone his merry, kind, and open eyes, not alone his handsome exterior, that I loved in him; I suspected his nobility, firmness, and sacrificing heart," said she to herself. "Yes, now he is poor, and I am rich. — Yes, that, then, was the sole reason. Yes, if it were not that" —

And, as she remembered his former gentleness, and looked now into his kind and melancholy face, she suddenly realized the reason of his coolness.

* Russian: "How much water has flowed."

"Why is it, count, why is it?" she suddenly almost screamed, and involuntarily came closer to him. "Why is it? tell me. You ought to tell me."

He was silent.

"I don't know, count, what your why is," she went on to say — "But it is hard for me too, for me — I confess it to you. For some reason you wish to deprive me of your old friendship. And this pains me."

The tears were in her eyes and in her voice.

"I have so little happiness in life that every loss is hard for me to bear. Excuse me — good-by."

She suddenly burst into tears, and started to leave the room.

"Princess! Wait! for God's sake!" he cried, trying to detain her. "Princess!"

She looked around. For several seconds they looked into each other's eyes, each in silence, and what had been distant and impossible, suddenly became near, possible, and inevitable.

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CHAPTER VII.

IN the autumn of the year 1813, Nikolai was married to the Princess Mariya, and went with his wife, his mother, and Sonya to live at Luisiya Gorui.

In the course of four years, without selling any of his wife's property, he settled the last of his debts, and, having inherited a small estate by the death of a cousin, he also paid back what he had borrowed of Pierre.

Three years later still, in 1820, Nikolai had so managed his pecuniary affairs that he had purchased a small estate adjoining Luisiya Gorui, and was in negotiations for repurchasing Otradnoye, which was one of his favorite dreams.

Having been forced by necessity to manage his own estate, he quickly grew so passionately interested in farming that it came to be his favorite and almost exclusive occupation.

Nikolai was a farmer of the simple old-fashioned school; * he liked not innovations, especially the English ones, which at that time were coming into vogue; laughed at theoretical works on farming, disliked machinery, expensive processes, the sowing of costly grains, and as a general thing had no

* *Prastoi khozyain*. simple proprietor, landowner, householder, etc.

patience with occupying himself with only one side of farming. He always kept before his eyes the idea of the estate as a whole, and favored no part of it to the exclusion of the rest.

The chief element of success in an estate was not the azote and the oxygen found in the soil and in the atmosphere, or any especial form of plough or manure, but rather the principal instrument by means of which the oxygen and the nitrogen and the manure and the plough act, — the muzhik — the working peasant.

When Nikolai took up the care of his estate and began to study the different parts of it, the muzhik especially attracted his attention. The muzhik seemed to him not only a tool and instrument, but the object and judge. From the very first he studied the muzhik, striving to comprehend what he wanted, what he considered good and bad, and only pretended to give orders and lay out work, while in reality he was learning of the peasants, both from their ways and their words, and their judgment as to what was good or bad.

And only when at last he learned to understand the tastes and aspirations of the muzhiks, learned to speak their speech, and comprehend the secret significance of their sayings, when he felt himself one with them, only then did he dare boldly to direct them, that is, to fulfil toward them the duties which were demanded of him.

And Nikolai's management* brought about the most brilliant results.

When he undertook the management of the estate, Nikolai at once unerringly, by some gift of second sight, appointed as burmistr, or village bailiff, or as stárosta, or as the peasant delegate, the very men who would have been chosen by the muzhiks themselves, if the choice had been in their hands, and his appointees were never changed.

Before he made investigations into the chemical properties of manures, before he entered into the question of "debit and credit," as he laughingly termed it, he learned about the number of cattle that the peasants had, and increased it by all the means in his power.

He tried to keep the families of the peasants as large as possible, not permitting them to break up.† He kept a strict

* *Khozyáistvo*.

† The communal system of Russia is patriarchal, the head of the family having control of all the sons and daughters, married and single, living under his roof.

oversight upon the lazy, the dissolute, and the feeble, and tried to rid the community of such. During seed-time and hay-making and harvest, he gave the same careful attention to his own fields and those of his muzhiks. And few proprietors got their seed in so early or averaged such good crops as Nikolai did.

He liked not to have anything to do with the *dvorócuie* or domestic serfs, called them *drones*, and, as every one said, paid no heed to them, and thus spoiled them; when it was necessary to do anything, or make any disposition concerning a domestic serf, especially when it was necessary to punish one, he was always undecided, and had to ask the opinion of all in the house; only when it was possible to send a domestic serf as a soldier in place of a muzhik, he would do so without the slightest hesitation.

But in regard to all the dispositions which he had to make concerning the muzhiks, he never experienced the slightest hesitancy. He knew that any disposition that he might make concerning the muzhiks would be approved by all excepting perhaps one or a very few.

Likewise, he never allowed himself to overwork or punish a field hand out of any personal whim or caprice, or would he ease a man's labors or reward him simply because such a thing constituted his personal desire. He could not have said where he got his rule of what was wise and what was unwise; but this rule was firm and inflexible in his heart.

Yet often, in vexation at some failure or disorder, he would exclaim: "With this Russian people of ours!" and try to argue to his own satisfaction that he could not put up with the muzhik.

But with all the strength of his heart he loved "this Russian people of ours," and their ways, and this reason alone made him appreciate and adopt the only way and method of managing his estate which could bring him in good results.

The Countess Mariya was jealous of her husband because of this love of his, and regretted that she could not share in it; but she could not understand the joys and annoyances which, for him, constituted this world so foreign and apart from her own. She could not understand why he should be so peculiarly animated and happy, when, having arisen with the dawn and spent the whole morning in the field or the threshing-floor, he came back from the sowing, the mowing, or the harvest, to drink tea with her.

She could not understand what should so kindle his enthu

siasm as he told of the wealthy and enterprising muzhik Matvyei Yermishin, who had spent the whole night with his family in carrying sheaves, and who had his corn-stacks all made up, while as yet the others had not touched theirs.

She could not understand why he was so glad, and smiled so radiantly, and winked, as he came from the window out upon the balcony, while the dense, warm rain fell upon the dry and thirsty young oats, or why, when during hay-making or harvest time the wind drove away the threatening clouds, he would come in from the threshing-floor flushed, sunburnt, and sweaty, and with the scent of wormwood and wild gentian in his hair, and, gayly rubbing his hands, exclaim: "Well, now, one more short day, and my grain and the peasants' will all be threshed."

Still less was she able to understand why he, with his kindness of heart, with his never-failing readiness to anticipate her desires, was almost in despair when she presented to him petitions from peasant women or muzhiks who had applied to her for relief from some drudgery or other, — why he, this good Nicolas, was so obstinate in refusing to do so, and begged her sternly not to interfere in what was not her business. She felt that he had a special world of his own which he passionately loved, and which was governed by laws she could not understand.

When, sometimes, in her endeavors to understand him, she would speak to him of the service he was rendering in doing so much good to his dependants, he lost his temper and replied: "Not in the least; it never entered my head, and I am not doing anything for their good. That is all poetry and old woman's tales, all this talk about kindness to one's neighbor. What I want is, that our children should not become beggars; what I want is, to get our property on a satisfactory basis while I am alive: that is all. And to do that, order is necessary, and so is sternness. That's all there is of it," said he, clinching his sanguine fist "—and justice," he added. "Because if the peasant is naked and hungry, and has only one little horse, then he will work neither for himself nor for me."

And there can be no doubt that for the very reason that Nikolai allowed himself not to think that he was doing anything for others, in the way of a benefactor, that all he did was so abundantly successful, his property quickly multiplied; neighboring muzhiks came to him and begged him to

buy them, and, long after he was dead and gone, a devout memory of his *régime* obtained among the peasantry.

"He was a manager.* He looked after his peasants' affairs first, and then his own. And he did not show too much indulgence either. In one word, he was a manager."

CHAPTER VIII.

ONE thing sometimes troubled Nikolai in relation to his administration of affairs, and this was his quick temper and a propensity, which was a relic of his old life as a hussar, to make use of his fists. At first, he saw nothing reprehensible in this; but in the second year of his married life his views in regard to this form of inflicting punishment underwent a sudden change.

One time during the summer the *stárosta* of Bogucharovo, the successor of Dron, who was now dead, was summoned over to Luisiya Gorui charged with various rascalities and villainies. Nikolai met him on the porch, and at his first reply the sounds of cries and blows rang through the vestibule.

On going into the house for breakfast, Nikolai joined his wife, who was sitting with her head bent low over her embroidery frame, and began to tell her, as his wont was, about all that occupied him that morning, and, among other things, about the *stárosta* of Bogucharovo. The Countess Mariya, turning red, then pale, and compressing her lips, sat with her head still bent, and made no reply to her husband's words.

"Such an impertinent scoundrel!" exclaimed he, growing hot at the mere recollection. "If he had only told me that he was drunk — I never saw — but what is the matter, Marie?" he suddenly asked.

The countess raised her head and tried to say something, but again hastily drooped her head, and compressed her lips.

"What is it? What is the matter, my darling?"

Plain as the Countess Mariya was, she always grew pretty when tears were in her eyes. She never wept because of pain or annoyance, but always from melancholy and pity. And when she wept her liquid eyes acquired an irresistible charm.

The moment Nikolai took her by the hand, she could no longer restrain herself, but burst into tears.

"Nicolas, I saw — he is at fault, but, oh, Nicolas, why did you?" — And she hid her face in her hands.

* *Khozyáin.*

Nikolai turned crimson, made no reply, and, turning away from her, began to pace up and down the room. He understood what made her weep; but suddenly he found that he could not agree with her in his heart, that what he had been used to looking upon since childhood as a customary thing was wrong.

"Is it her amiability and feminine weakness, or is she right?" he asked himself. Not being able to decide this question for himself, he once more looked into her suffering, loving face, and suddenly realized that she was right, and that he had been wrong even in his own eyes for a long time.

"Marie," said he gently, and he came to her, "this shall never happen again; I give you my word. Never!" he repeated, in a trembling voice like a lad asking forgiveness.

The tears rolled faster than ever from the countess's eyes. She took her husband's hand and kissed it.

"Nicolas, when did you break your cameo?" she asked, for the purpose of changing the conversation, and examining his hand, on which he wore a ring with a Laokoon's head.

"To-day; it's all the same story. Akh! Marie, don't speak of it again." He flushed once more. "I give thee my word of honor that this shan't happen again. And let this always be a reminder to me," he added, pointing to the broken ring.

From that time forth, when he had to enter into explanations with the stárostas or overseers, and the hot blood flew into his face, and he began to clench his fists, Nikolai would turn the broken ring round on his finger and drop his eyes before the man who was angering him. However, once or twice a year, he would forget himself, and then, when he came into his wife's presence, he would confess, and again give his promise that it should be the last time.

"Marie, truly you will despise me," he would say to her. "I deserve it."

"You should go away, go away as fast as you can if you find that you have not the strength of mind to restrain yourself," said the Countess Mariya, in a tender voice, trying to console her husband.

Nikolai was respected but not liked among the gentry of the province. He did not care about the interests of the nobility. And on this account some considered him proud; others, stupid.

During the summer, he spent all his time in the management of his farms, from the hour that the seed was put in until the crops were garnered.

During the autumn, he gave himself up to hunting with the same practical seriousness which he showed in the care of his estates, and, for a month or two, he would ride out with the hounds.

During the winter, he rode off to visit his other villages, and occupied himself with reading. His reading consisted, principally, of historical works, for the purchase of which he spent a certain amount each year. He was forming for himself, as he said, a "serious library," and he made it a rule to read through every book which he purchased.

With a grave face, he would shut himself up in his library for this reading, which, at first, he imposed upon himself as a duty; but in time it came to be his ordinary occupation, furnishing him with a certain kind of satisfaction, and the consciousness that he was occupied with a serious task.

Except for the time that he spent out of doors, in the prosecution of his affairs, during the winter he was mostly in the house, entering into the domestic life of the family, and taking an interest in the little relations between the mother and children. He kept growing closer and closer to his wife, each day discovering in her new spiritual treasures.

Sonya, since the time of Nikolai's marriage, had been an inmate of his house. Some time before his marriage, Nikolai, laying all blame on himself, and praising her, had told the Princess Mariya what had occurred between him and Sonya. He had begged the Princess Mariya to be kind and good to his cousin. The Countess Mariya fully realized her husband's fault. She also felt that she was to blame toward Sonya; she realized that her own position had influenced Nikolai's choice, and she could not see that Sonya was in any way blameworthy, and she wanted to love her; but not only did she not love her, but often found bitter feelings against her arising in her soul, and she could not overcome them.

One time she was talking with her friend Natasha about Sonya and about her own injustice toward her.

"Do you know," said Natasha, — "you have read the New Testament a great deal, — there is one place that refers directly to Sonya."

"What is that?" asked the Countess Mariya, in amazement.

"*'For unto every one that hath shall be given, but from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath.'* Do you remember? She is the one that hath not. Why, I do not know; it seems to me she has no selfishness about her. I don't know, somehow, but it is taken away from her — every-

thing has been taken away from her. I am terribly sorry for her sometimes; I used to be terribly anxious for Nicolas to marry her, but I always had a sort of presentiment that it would never be. She is a sterile flower; you have seen them in the strawberry patch, haven't you? Sometimes I am sorry for her, but then, again, I think that she doesn't feel it as we should."

And although the Countess Mariya explained to Natasha that these words from the Gospel must have a different meaning, still, as she looked at Sonya, she agreed with the explanation which Natasha gave to them.

It really seemed to her that Sonya was not troubled by her uncomfortable position, and was perfectly satisfied with her name of "sterile flower."

It seemed that she did not so much care for any special individual as for the family as a whole. Like a cat, she attached herself, not to the household so much as to the house itself. She took care of the old countess, she petted and spoiled the children, was always ready to show such little services as she could; but all this was accepted unwittingly, without any special sense of gratitude.

The establishment at Luisiya Gorui had now been restored to good order, but not on the same footing as it had been during the late prince's lifetime. The new buildings, begun during the hard times, were more than simple. The enormous mansion-house, erected on the original stone foundations, was of wood, merely plastered on the inside. The great, spacious mansion, with its unpainted deal floors, was furnished with the most simple and coarse sofas and easy-chairs, tables and chairs made from their own lumber by their own carpenters. The house was capacious, with rooms for the domestics, and special suites for guests.

The relatives of the Rostofs and Bolkonskys oftentimes came to visit at Luisiya Gorui with their families and almost a score of horses, with dozens of servants, and would spend months there. Moreover, three or four times a year, on the name-day or birthday festivals of the host and hostess, a hundred guests would be present at once for several days.

The rest of the year the regular life moved in its regular channels with the usual occupations — teas, breakfasts, dinners, suppers, supplied from the resources of the estate.

CHAPTER IX.

It was the eve of St. Nicholas Day, in the winter* — the seventeenth of December, 1820.

That year Natasha with her children and husband had come early in the autumn to visit her brother. Pierre was in Petersburg, where he had gone on private business for three or four weeks, as he said, but where he had already spent seven. They were expecting him at any moment.

On the seventeenth of December the Rostofs had, besides the Bezukhoi family, Nikolai's old friend, General Vasili Feodorovitch Denisof, who was now on the retired list.

On the eighteenth, the day of the name-day celebration for which the guests had assembled, Nikolai knew that he should have to take off his beshmet or Tatar blouse, put on his dress-coat and tight, narrow-toed shoes, and go to the new church which he had just built, and then receive congratulations and offer lunch, and talk about the elections and the crops; but he felt that on the eve of his name-day he had the right to spend his time in the usual way.

Just before dinner Nikolai had been verifying the accounts of the burmistr from the Riazan estate of his wife's nephew, had written two business letters, and had made the round of the granaries, the cattle-yard, and his stables. Having taken precautions against the general drunkenness which was to be expected on the morrow in consequence of it being a capital festival, he came in to dinner, and, without having had a chance for a few moments of private conversation with his wife, he took his seat at the long table set with twenty covers for his whole household.

At the table were his mother, the old Mrs. Byelova, who still lived with her, his wife, his three children, their governess, their tutor, his nephew with his tutor, Sonya, Denisof, Natasha, her three children, their governess, and the little old Mikhail Ivanutch, the prince's architect, who lived at Luisiya Gorui on a pension.

The Countess Mariya was sitting at the opposite end of the table. As soon as her husband took his place she knew by the gesture with which he took his napkin and quickly pushed

* *Nikóla zimnii* (as the peasants call it) comes Dec. 5, O. S., in contradistinction to *Nikóla lyétnii* or St. Nicholas Day in the summer, the 9th (21st) May.

away the tumbler and wine-glass that were set before him, that he was in bad humor, as was apt to be the case with him especially before soup, and when he came directly from his work to dinner.

The Countess Mariya knew perfectly well this disposition of his, and, when she herself was in her usual good spirits, she calmly waited until he should have finished his soup, and not till then would she begin to talk with him and make him realize that his ill-temper was groundless; but on the present occasion she had entirely forgotten this observation of hers; it hurt her to feel that he was angry with her without cause, and she felt that she was innocent.

She asked him where he had been.

He told her.

Then again she asked him if he found everything in good order. He scowled disagreeably at her unnatural tone, and answered hastily.

"So I was not mistaken," thought the Countess Mariya. "Now, why is he vexed with me?"

By the tone in which he answered her the Countess Mariya detected what she thought was ill will toward herself, and a wish to cut short the conversation. She realized that her own words had been unnatural, but she could not refrain from asking several other questions.

The conversation during dinner, thanks to Denisof, quickly became general and animated, and the Countess Mariya had no chance to say anything to her husband. When they left the table and went to thank the old countess, the Countess Mariya held out her hand and kissed her husband and asked him why he was vexed with her.

"You *always* have such strange ideas!—I had no thought of being vexed with you," said he. But this word *always* said with sufficient clearness to the Countess Mariya: "Yes, I am angry and I won't tell you."

Nikolai lived so harmoniously with his wife that even Sonya and the old countess, who out of jealousy might have been happy to see some discord between them, could not find any excuse for reproach; but still they had their moments of hostility. Sometimes, especially after their happiest times, they were suddenly assailed by the feeling of repulsion and animosity; this feeling was particularly liable to occur when the Countess Mariya was with child. She was now in this condition.

"Well, *messieurs et mesdames*," said Nikolai, in a loud and

apparently gay tone, — it seemed to the Countess Mariya that it was on purpose to hurt her feelings, — “I have been on my feet ever since six o'clock. To-morrow I shall have to endure a good deal, and now I'm going to rest.”

And, without saying anything more to the Countess Mariya, he went into the little divan-room and lay down on the sofa.

“That's the way it always is,” thought the Countess Mariya. “He talks with all the rest, but not with me. I see, I see that I am antipathetic, especially when I am in this condition.”

She looked at her changed figure, and caught sight in the mirror of her yellowish pale, thin face, with her eyes more prominent than ever.

And everything seemed disagreeable to her. Denisof's shouts and laughter, and Natasha's talk, and especially the look which Sonya hastily threw after her.

Sonya was always the first pretext which the Countess Mariya took to excuse her irritation.

After sitting down for a little with her guests, and not comprehending a word of what they said, she softly got up and went to the nursery.

The children were on chairs, “going to Moscow,” and they begged her to join them. She sat down and played with them, but the thought of her husband and his causeless vexation tormented her without ceasing. She got up and went to the little divan-room, painfully trying to walk on her tiptoes.

“Perhaps he is not asleep; I will have a talk with him,” said she to herself.

Andryusha, her oldest boy, imitating her, followed her on his tiptoes. The Countess Mariya did not notice him.

“*Chère Marie, il dort, je crois ; il est si fatigué,*” said Sonya from the large divan-room; it seemed to the countess as if she met her everywhere! “Andryusha might wake him.”

The Countess Mariya looked round, saw Andryusha at her heels, and felt that Sonya was right: this very thing made her angry, and it was evidently with difficulty that she restrained herself from a sharp reply.

She said nothing, and, affecting not to have heard her, she made a gesture with her hand to Andryusha not to make a noise, but to follow her, and went to the door.

Sonya passed through another door.

From the room where Nikolai was sleeping could be heard his measured breathing, so well known to his wife, even to its slightest shadow of change.

As she listened to his breathing she could see before her his smooth, handsome brow, his mustache, his whole face, at which so often she had gazed in the silence of the night, while he was asleep.

Nikolai suddenly started and yawned. And at that same instant Andryusha cried from the door, —

“Pápenka, mámenka is there!”

The Countess Mariya grew pale with fright, and started to make signs to her son. He became still, and for an instant the silence, so terrible to the Countess Mariya, continued. She knew how Nikolai disliked being awakened.

Suddenly in the room were heard fresh yawns, rustling, and Nikolai's dissatisfied voice said, —

“Can't I have a moment's rest! Marie, is it you? What made you bring him here?”

“I only came to see if — I did not see him — forgive me” —

Nikolai coughed, and said nothing more. The Countess Mariya went away from the door, and led her son to the nursery.

Five minutes later, the little, dark-eyed, three-year-old Natasha, her father's favorite, learning that her pápenka was asleep and her mámenka in the divan-room, ran to her father unobserved by her mother. The dark-eyed little maid boldly pushed the door open with a slam, ran on her energetic little stumpy legs up to the sofa, and, after attentively looking at her father, who was lying with his back turned towards her, she raised herself on her tiptoes and kissed his hand, on which his head was resting. Nikolai, with a fond smile, turned over.

“Natasha! Natasha!” the Countess Mariya was heard saying in a terrified whisper outside the door, “pápenka wants to get a nap.”

“No, mamma! he doesn't want a nap.” replied the little Natasha, in a tone of settled conviction. “He's laughing.”

Nikolai put down his feet, sat up, and took his daughter in his arms. “Come in, Masha,” said he to his wife.

The Countess Mariya went in and sat down near her husband.

“I did not see that he was tagging behind me,” said she timidly. “That's the way with me.”

Nikolai, holding his daughter in one arm, looked at his wife, and, perceiving the apologetic expression in her face, he put his other arm around her and kissed her on the hair.

“May I kiss mamma?” he asked Natasha.

Natasha smiled shyly.

"Again!" said she, with an imperative gesture designating the spot where Nikolai should kiss his wife.

"I don't know why you should think that I am out of sorts," said Nikolai, answering the question which he knew was in his wife's heart.

"You cannot imagine how unhappy, — how lonely I am, when you are so! It seems to me all the time" —

"Marie, stop! What nonsense! Aren't you ashamed of yourself?" he asked gayly.

"It seems to me that you cannot love me, that I am so plain — always — but now — in this con" —

"Akh! how absurd you are! Beauty does not make sweetness, but sweetness makes beauty! It is only such women as the Malvinas who are loved for their beauty. Do I love my wife? I don't love her in that way — but I can't explain it. Without thee — or even if a cat should run between us, I should be quite lost and shouldn't know what to do. Well, then, do I love my little finger? I don't love it, but — just try it — cut it off" —

"No, I'm not like that, but I understand you. And so you are not vexed with me?"

"Oh, yes, I am — horribly vexed," said he, smiling; then getting up and smoothing his hair, he began to pace up and down the room. "You know what I was thinking about," he began, now that peace had been made, immediately beginning to think aloud in his wife's hearing. He did not ask whether she were ready to listen to him; it was all the same to him. If he had any thoughts she *must* have the same. And he told her his intention of inviting Pierre to remain with them till spring.

The Countess Mariya listened to him, made some observation, and began in her turn to think her thoughts aloud. Her thoughts were about her children.

"How the woman can be seen in her already!" said she in French, alluding to the little Natasha. "You accuse us women of being illogical. Well, there she is — she illustrates our logic. I say, 'Papa wants to get a nap,' but she says, 'No, he is laughing.' And she is right," said the Countess Mariya, with a happy smile.

"Yes, yes," and, taking his daughter by his strong hands, he lifted her up in the air, set her on his shoulder, holding her by the feet, and began to walk up and down the room with her. The faces of father and daughter alike expressed the most absurd happiness.

"But you are apt to be partial. You love this one more than the others," whispered the Countess Mariya in French.

"But how can I help it? I try not to show it."

At this instant sounds of slamming doors and steps were heard in the vestibule and anteroom, as though there was an arrival.

"Some one has come."

"I think it must be Pierre. I'll go and find out," said the Countess Mariya, and she left the room.

During her absence Nikolai permitted himself to give his little daughter a gallop around the room.

All out of breath, he quickly set down the laughing child and pressed her to his heart. His gambols reminded him of dancing, and, as he gazed into the little maid's round, radiant face, he thought of the future, when he should be a nice old man and lead her out and dance the mazurka with her, as his own father had once danced *Daniel Cooper* with his daughter.

"Yes, 'tis he, 'tis he, Nicolas," said the Countess Mariya, returning to the room after a few minutes. "Now our Natasha has got back her spirits. You ought to see how happy she is! and how he caught it for having staid so long! But come, let us go and see him, come! Do let him go," said she, looking with a smile at her daughter, who clung to her father.

Nikolai started off, holding the little girl by the hand.

The Countess Mariya remained in the divan-room.

"Never, never, would I believe that I could be so happy," she whispered to herself. Her face was radiant with a smile; but at the same time she sighed, and a gentle melancholy showed itself in her deep eyes. It was as though over and above that happiness which she now experienced there were another kind of happiness, unattainable in this life, and she at that moment involuntarily remembered it.

CHAPTER X.

NATASHA had been married in the early spring of 1813, and in 1820 she had already three daughters and one son—the child of her desires, whom she was now suckling.

She had grown plump and fleshy, so that it would have been difficult to recognize in the strong matron the slender, vivacious Natasha of yore. The features of her face had grown more marked, and bore an expression of sedate gentleness and serenity. Her face had lost all of that ever flashing light of

animation which had formerly constituted her chief charm. Now it was often merely her face and her bodily presence that was seen, without anything of the animating soul. It was only a healthy, handsome, fruitful female.

It was very rarely now that the old fire flashed forth. This happened at times when, as now, her husband returned from a journey, or when a child was recovering, or when she and the Countess Mariya talked over old memories of Prince Andrei (she never talked about him with her husband, imagining that he might be moved by some jealousy of such memories), and at the very rare times when something enticed her to sing, though, since her marriage, she had entirely abandoned this accomplishment. And at these rare moments, when the old fire flashed forth, she, with the beauty of her mature development, was even more fascinating than before.

Since the time of her marriage, Natasha and Pierre had lived off and on at Moscow, at Petersburg, and their Pod-Moskovnaya estate, and with her mother, or rather with Nikolai.

The young Countess Bezukhaya was seen little in fashionable society, and those who met her were not attracted by her. She was neither genial nor careful of pleasing. It was not that she liked solitude — she knew not whether she liked it or not, it even seemed to her that she did not — but while engaged in the bearing and nursing and rearing of children, and sharing in each moment of her husband's life, she could not satisfy these demands otherwise than by denying herself society.

All who had known Natasha before her marriage were amazed at the change that had taken place in her, as though it were something extraordinary. Only the old countess, who knew by her maternal insight that all Natasha's impulses of enthusiasm had their origin merely in the need of having a family, of having a husband, as she had cried more in earnest than in jest that winter at Otradnoye. The mother was amazed at the amazement of people who did not understand Natasha, and she insisted that she had always known that Natasha would be a model wife and mother.

"Only she carries her love for her husband and children to extremes," the countess would say, "so that it even seems stupid in her."

Natasha did not follow that golden rule preached by clever men, especially the French, to this effect, that when a young lady marries she must not neglect, must not abandon her talents, must even more zealously than when she was a girl cul-

tivate her personal adornment, must charm her husband as much after as she did before marriage.

Natasha, on the contrary, abandoned all at once all her accomplishments, even the one that was most of an accomplishment—her singing. She abandoned it for the very reason that it was an accomplishment.

Natasha took no pains either with her deportment or the elegance of her language, nor did she try to give herself graces before her husband, or think about her toilet, or dream of not imposing irksome exactions upon her husband.

She proceeded in direct opposition to this rule.

She felt that those witcheries which instinct had taught her to employ before would now be absurd in the eyes of her husband, to whom she had surrendered entirely from the first minute—that is, with her whole soul, not leaving one single corner secret from him. She felt that the bond between her and her husband was held not by those poetic feelings which had attracted him to her, but by something else, vague and undefined, but irresistible, like the union of her own soul and body.

To shake her curls, to put on *robrónui*,* and to sing romances in order to attract her husband to her, would have seemed to her as ridiculous as to adorn herself for the purpose of giving herself pleasure.

To adorn herself to please others, possibly, might have been pleasing to her—she knew not—but she never did such a thing. The chief reason that she did not indulge in singing or the witcheries of the toilet, or in using elegant language, was that she had absolutely no time to indulge herself in these things.

It is a fact that man has the capacity of completely immersing himself in any object, no matter how insignificant that object may be. And it is a fact that any such object, however insignificant, may expand into infinite proportions, through concentrating the attention upon it.

The object in which Natasha was absolutely absorbed was her family, that is to say, her husband, whom she had to hold so that he would cling to her and his home,—and her children, who had to be born, nursed, and reared.

And the more she studied, not with her intellect but with her whole soul, her whole being, into this object which absorbed her, the more this object waxed in her estimation, and the weaker and more insignificant seemed to her her own powers,

* French, *robe ronde*, a kind of dress, fashionable many years ago.

so that she concentrated them on one and the same thing, and still did not succeed in accomplishing what seemed to her so necessary.

The discussions and criticisms on the rights of women, on the relations of marriage, on the liberty and the rights of husband and wife, although at that period they had not yet begun to be called questions, were nevertheless just the same as they are at the present time; but not only did these questions not interest Natasha, but she really failed to understand them.

These questions, even then just the same as at the present time, existed only for those who looked for nothing but that sensual gratification in marriage which husband and wife afford each other: that is, merely the beginning of marriage, and not its whole significance — the family.

These arguments and the present-day questions are analogous to the question how can one get the most possible enjoyment from dinner? and at that time did not exist any more than they do now for men whose object in eating dinner is nourishment, and in marriage is raising a family.

If the object of eating dinner is the nourishment of the body, then the person who should eat two dinners at a sitting would perchance attain great enjoyment, but would not attain his object, since his stomach would not digest the two dinners.

If the object of marriage is a family, then the person who should wish many wives (or husbands) would perhaps get much enjoyment, but would not in any case be likely to have a family.

The whole question, provided the object of a dinner is nourishment, and the object of marriage is a family, is settled simply by not eating more than the stomach can digest, and by a person not having more husbands or wives than are necessary for a family; that is, one.

Natasha wanted a husband. The husband was given to her. And the husband gave her the family. And she not only saw no need of any better husband, but, since all the energies of her soul were directed toward serving her husband and family, she could not imagine, and saw no possible amusement in imagining, what would have been if things had been otherwise.

Natasha cared not for society in general, but she clung all the more to the society of her relatives — the Countess Mariya, her brother, her mother, and Sonya.

She took delight in the society of those whom she could run in to see, with unkempt hair, in her morning gown, right from the nursery, with happy face, to show them the yellow

instead of green stain on the baby linen, and to hear the comforting words that now the baby would soon be much better.

Natasha was so neglectful of herself that her dresses, her mode of doing up her hair, her carelessly spoken words, her jealousy, — she was jealous of Sonya, of the governess, of every woman, whether pretty or plain, — were a common subject for amusement for the whole family.

The general impression was that Pierre was “under his wife’s slipper,” as the saying goes, and this was really so.

During the very first days of her married life, Natasha laid down her demands. Pierre was greatly amazed at this idea of his wife’s, which was so absolutely new to him: she insisted that every minute of his life belonged to her and his children; Pierre was amazed at his wife’s demand, but he was flattered by it and submitted to it.

Pierre’s submission lay in his acceptance of the implied prohibition of not merely paying attentions to other women, but even of talking and laughing with them, of going to the club to dinner or for the purpose of merely passing away the time, of spending his money on whims, or taking long journeys except on business, — and in this category his wife included his interest in scientific pursuits, to which she attributed great importance, though she had no understanding of such things.

In return for this, Pierre had a perfect right to dispose of himself and his whole family as he might please: — Natasha, in her own home, placed herself on the footing of a slave toward her husband, and the whole house went on tiptoes when he was busy reading or writing in his library. Pierre had only to manifest any desire, and his wish would be instantly fulfilled. He had only to express a desire, and Natasha would make haste to have it carried out.

The whole house was conducted according to the husband’s supposititious commands, in other words in accordance with Pierre’s wishes, which Natasha tried to anticipate. The style, the place of living, their acquaintances, their intercourse with society, Natasha’s occupations, the education of their children, — everything was done not merely in accordance with Pierre’s expressed will, but Natasha strove to find out what would elicit hints of his ideas when he was talking. And she actually discovered what constituted the essence of Pierre’s desires, and when she thus did, she firmly clung to what she had once adopted. When Pierre himself showed

signs of changing his mind, she would turn his own weapons against him.

Thus, during the trying time, which Pierre never forgot, after the birth of their first child, which was ailing, and they were obliged three times to change wet nurses, and Natasha fell ill from anxiety, Pierre one time told her of the ideas of Rousseau, with whom he was always in perfect concord, as to the unnaturalness and harmfulness of wet nurses.

When the next child was born, Natasha, in spite of the opposition of her mother, the doctors, and her husband himself, who revolted against her suckling the child, as at that time something unheard-of and harmful, she insisted on doing so, and from that time forth she always nursed all her children.

Very often, in moments of irritation, it would happen that husband and wife would have animated discussions; but long after the quarrel was forgotten, Pierre would find, to his joy and amazement, not only in what his wife said but in what she did, his own ideas, against which she had rebelled. And not only would he find his own idea, but find it purified of everything superfluous that had been elicited by the excitement of the argument.

After seven years of married life, Pierre felt a joyous, settled consciousness that he was not a bad man, and this consciousness arose from the fact that he saw himself reflected in his wife. In himself he felt that all that was good and bad was mixed together and confused. But, in his wife, only that which was truly good found expression; all that was not absolutely good was purged away in her. And this reflection resulted not along the line of logical thought, but from another mysterious, proximate reflection.

CHAPTER XI.

PIERRE, two months before, while he was still visiting the Rostofs, received a letter from Prince Feodor, urging him to come to Petersburg to help decide some weighty questions that were agitating the members of a society of which Pierre was one of the most influential members.

On reading this letter, Natasha, — for she always read her husband's letters, — hard as it was for her to bear her husband's absence, herself was the first to urge him to go to Petersburg. Every intellectual, abstract interest of her hus-

band's she considered of immense importance, even though she did not understand it, and she was constantly afraid of being a hinderance to this activity of her husband's. In reply to Pierre's timid, questioning look, on reading this letter, she begged him to go, but to make the time of his return as definite as possible. And leave of absence of a month was given him.

After this leave of absence had expired, a fortnight before, Natasha found herself in a state of constant alarm, depression, and irritation.

Denisof, now a general on the retired list, and greatly dissatisfied with the actual state of affairs, had been visiting at the Rostofs' for the past fortnight, and looked upon Natasha in amazement and grief, as upon an unlike portrait of some once beloved face. Dejected, melancholy looks, haphazard replies, and perpetual talk about the children, were all that were left of his former enchantress.

Natasha was melancholy and irritable all the time, especially when her mother, her brother, Sonya, or the Countess Mariya tried to excuse Pierre, and find reasons for his delay.

"All nonsense, trivial nonsense," Natasha would say; "all these considerations of his, — leading to nothing, — and all these foolish societies," she would say, in regard to those very things of the immense importance of which she was firmly convinced. And off she would go to the nursery to nurse her only son, the little Petya.

No one could tell how consoling, how reasonable this little creature of only three months was when he lay at her breast, and she felt the motion of his mouth and the snuffling of his little nose. This being said to her: "Thou art cross, thou art jealous, thou desirest vengeance, thou hast thy fears; but here, — I am he! Oh, yes, I am he!" — And there was no answer to be made. It was more than the truth!

Natasha, during those two weeks of anxiety, went so many times to her baby for consolation, she made such a to-do over him, that she overfed him, and he had an ill turn. She was horror-struck at his illness, and at the same time it was the very thing that she needed. In caring for him, she more easily endured her husband's absence.

She was nursing him when a commotion, caused by Pierre's arrival, was heard; and the nyanya, who knew how much it would delight her mistress, came running in noiselessly but swiftly, with a beaming face.

"Has he come?" asked Natasha in a hurried whisper, afraid to move lest she should awaken the sleeping infant.

"He's come, *mátushka*!" whispered the nurse.

The blood rushed into Natasha's face and her feet made an involuntary movement, but it was impossible to jump up and run. The child again opened his eyes and looked up at her. "Art thou here?" he seemed to say, and again smacked his lips.

Cautiously withdrawing the breast, Natasha rocked him a little, and then handed him to the *nyanya* and ran swiftly to the door. But at the door she paused, as though her conscience reproached her for having, in her joy, too hastily given up the child, and she looked round. The *nyanya*, with her elbows in the air, was just putting the baby safely into its cradle.

"Yes, go right along, go right along, *mátushka*, have no fears, go right along," whispered the *nyanya*, smiling with the familiarity which always exists between nurse and mistress.

And Natasha with light steps ran to the anteroom.

Denisof, with his pipe, coming from the library into the hall, now for the first time recognized the Natasha of yore. A bright, gleaming light of joy poured forth in streams from her transfigured face.

"He's come!" she called to him as she flew along, and Denisof felt that he was enthusiastic over Pierre's arrival, though he had never had any great love for him.

As Natasha came running into the anteroom, she caught sight of the tall form in a *shuba*, untying his scarf.

"Here he is! Here he is! Truly, he is here!" she said to her own heart, and, flying up to him, she threw her arms around him, pressed him to herself with her head on his breast, and then, pushing him away, she gazed into Pierre's frost-covered, ruddy, happy face. — "Yes, here he is! happy and satisfied!" —

And suddenly she recalled all the torments of disappointed expectation which she had endured during the last two weeks; the radiance of joy beaming from her face was suddenly clouded; she frowned, and a stream of reproaches and bitter words was poured out upon Pierre.

"Yes, it's very fine for you; you are very glad, very happy! But how is it with me? You've had a great longing for your children! I nurse them, and the milk was spoilt because of you. — Petya almost died. And you are very gay — yes, you are very gay" —

Pierre knew that it was not his fault, because it was impossible for him to return sooner; he knew that this explosion of hers was unbecoming, and he knew that within two minutes it would be all over; he knew, chief of all, that he himself felt gay and happy. He would have preferred to smile, but he had no time to think about it. He put on a scared, timid face, and stooped down to her.

"It was not in my power—but how is Petya?"

"He is all right now! Let us go to him. But aren't you ashamed? Didn't you know how I missed you, how I was tormented without you?"—

"Are you well?"

"Come, let us go, come," said she, not letting go of his hand.

And they went to their rooms.

When Nikolai and his wife came to inquire after Pierre, he was in the nursery and was holding on the huge palm of his right hand his babe, now awake, and was tending him. A jolly smile hovered over his broad face with its toothless mouth. The storm had long since passed over, and the bright sun of joy shone in Natasha's face as she gazed tenderly at her husband and son.

"And so you talked everything over satisfactorily with Prince Feodor," Natasha was saying.

"Yes, admirably."

"Do you see, he's holding it up!"—Natasha meant the baby's head.—"Well, how he startled me!"

"And did you see the princess? Is it true that she's in love with that?"—

"Yes, you can imagine"—

At that instant, Nikolai and the Countess Mariya came in. Pierre, not putting down his little son, stooped down and kissed them and replied to their questions.

But evidently, notwithstanding the much that was interesting that they had to talk over, still the baby in its cap, with its vain efforts to hold up its head, absorbed all Pierre's attention.

"How sweet!" exclaimed the Countess Mariya, looking at the child and beginning to play with it. "There's one thing I can't understand, Nicolas," said she, turning to her husband, "and that is, why you can't appreciate the charm of these marvellous little creatures."

"I don't and I can't," said Nikolai, looking at the baby with indifferent eyes. "A lump of flesh. Come, Pierre."

"But really he is such an affectionate father," said the Countess Mariya, apologizing for her husband. "Only at that age, before they are a year old" —

"No, but Pierre makes a splendid nurse," said Natasha. "He says that his hand was made on purpose for a baby's back. Just look!"

"Well, not for that alone," said Pierre suddenly, with a laugh, and, seizing the baby, he handed him over to the nurse.

CHAPTER XII.

At the Luiso-Gorsky home, as in every genuine family, there lived together several absolutely distinct microcosms, which, while each preserved its own individuality and made mutual concessions, united into one harmonious whole.

Every event that happened to the household was alike glad or sad — alike important — for all these microcosms; but each one had its own personal, independent reasons for joy or sorrow at any particular event.

Thus, Pierre's coming was one of these happy, important events, and it affected the members of the household in somewhat this way: —

The servants (who are always the most reliable judges of their masters, because they judge not by words and the expressions of feelings, but by actions and the manner of life) were glad at Pierre's return, since they knew that when he was there, the count would cease to make the tour of the estate every day, and would be jollier and kinder, and still more because all would receive rich presents on the holidays.

The children and governesses were delighted at Pierre's return, because there was no one like Pierre to keep up the general life of any occasion. He alone was able to play on the harpsichord that Écossaise — his one piece! — at which they could dance, as he said, all possible dances, and then besides he would probably make them, too, holiday presents.

Nikólenka, who was now a thin, sickly, intellectual lad of fifteen, with curling flaxen hair and handsome eyes, was glad, because "Uncle Pierre," as he called him, was the object of his admiration and passionate love. No one had tried to instil in the lad a special love for Pierre, and he had only seen him a few times. His aunt and guardian, the Countess Mariya, exerted all her energies to make Nikólenka love her husband as she loved him; and Nikólenka did love his uncle,

but his love had an almost perceptible tinge of scorn in it. He worshipped Pierre. He had no desire to be a hussar or a cavalier of St. George; he preferred to be a learned, good, and intellectual man like Pierre. In Pierre's presence, his face always wore a look of radiant delight, and he flushed and choked when Pierre addressed him. He never lost a word that Pierre uttered; and afterwards, when with Dessalles or even alone by himself, he recalled and pondered over the meaning of every word.

Pierre's past life, his misfortunes before 1812 (concerning which he had formed a vague poetic idea from hints that had been dropped), his adventures in Moscow, his imprisonment, Platon Karatayef (of whom he had heard from Pierre), his love for Natasha (whom also the boy loved with a peculiar love), and, above all, his friendship for his father, whom Nikólenka did not remember.—all this made of Pierre a hero and a sacred being for the boy.

From snatches of conversation concerning his father and Natasha, from the emotion which Pierre always showed when he spoke of the lamented prince, from the guarded tone of veneration and affection with which Natasha spoke of him, the lad, who was only just beginning to have an idea of love, gathered that his father had loved Natasha, and in dying had bequeathed her to his friend.

This father of his, whom the lad did not remember, seemed to him a divinity whom it was impossible to picture to himself, and he never thought of him except with an oppression of the heart and with tears of tenderness and enthusiasm.

And this boy also was glad at Pierre's return.

The guests were glad, because Pierre was always a man full of life, and a bond of union in any sort of society.

The adult members of the household, to say nothing of his wife, were glad of a friend who made life easier and smoother.

The old women were glad, because of the presents which he brought, and principally because his coming gave Natasha new life.

Pierre felt the effect upon himself of these varying views of the varying microcosms, and hastened to give to each what each expected.

Pierre, the most abstracted, the most forgetful of men, now, by the advice of his wife, took a memorandum, and, without forgetting a single item, executed the commissions of her mother and brother, buying such things as the dress for Byelova and toys for his nephews.

When he was first married, this demand of his wife that he should do all her errands and not forget a single thing that he had undertaken to purchase seemed very strange to him, and he was greatly amazed at her grave displeasure when, on his first journey from home, he forgot absolutely everything. But afterwards he became used to it. Knowing that Natasha never ordered anything for herself, and ordered for the others only when he himself suggested it, he now took a boyish enjoyment, quite unexpected to himself, in these purchases of gifts for the whole household, and he never forgot anything any more. If he deserved reproaches from Natasha, it was solely because he bought needless and over-expensive gifts. In addition to her other deficiencies—as they seemed to the majority—her slackness and negligence—qualities, as they seemed in Pierre's eyes, Natasha had also that of excessive frugality.

From the time that Pierre began to live on a grand scale, and his family demanded large outlays, he noticed, much to his surprise, that he spent only half as much as before, and that his affairs, which had been in great confusion of late, especially through his wife's debts, were beginning to improve.

It was cheaper to live, because his life was tied down; since the most expensive luxury consists in a style of life that can at any minute be changed, Pierre no longer went into this extravagance, and had no longer any wish to do so. He felt that his style of life was determined now until death, that to change it was not in his power, and consequently this style of life was cheap.

Pierre, with a jovial, smiling face, unwrapped his purchases.

"How much do you suppose?" he asked, as, like a shopkeeper, he unwrapped a roll of cloth.

Natasha was sitting opposite him holding her oldest daughter on her lap, and swiftly turning her shining eyes from her husband to what he was exhibiting.

"Is that for Byelova? Splendid!" She examined the niceness of the material:—

"That cost about a ruble, didn't it?"

Pierre told her the price.

"Too dear," said Natasha. — "Well, how glad the children and *maman* will be. — Only 'twas of no use to buy that for me," she added, unable to restrain a smile, as she looked at a gold comb set with pearls, which were just then becoming fashionable.

"Adèle tried to dissuade me: I didn't know whether to buy it or not."

"When should I wear it?"

Natasha took it and put it in her braid. "And you brought this for Máshenka: perhaps they'll wear them again. Come, let us go."

And, having decided upon the disposition of the gifts, they went first to the nursery, and then to the countess's room.

The countess was sitting as usual with Byelova, playing *grand-patience*, when Pierre and Natasha, with their parcels under their arms, came into the drawing-room.

The countess was now sixty years old. She was perfectly gray, and wore a cap which framed her whole face in ruching. Her face was wrinkled, her upper lip sunken, and her eyes were dimmed.

After the loss of her son, followed so quickly by that of her husband, she felt herself unexpectedly forgotten in this world, — a being without aim or object. She ate, drank, slept, sat up, but she did not live. Life left no impression upon her.

She asked nothing from life except repose, and repose she could find only in death. But till death should come she had to live, that is, employ all her vitality. She exemplified in a high degree what is noticeable in very young children and very old people. Her life had no manifest outward aim, but was merely, so far as could be seen, occupied in exercising her own individual proclivities and peculiarities. She felt the necessity upon her to eat and drink, to sleep a little, to think a little, to talk, to shed a few tears, to do some work, to lose her temper occasionally, and so on, simply because she had a stomach, brains, muscles, nerves, and a liver.

All this she did, not because action was called forth by anything external, not as people in the full vigor of life do, when above and beyond the object for which they are striving is the unnoticeable object of putting forth their strength.

She talked, simply because she felt the physical necessity of exercising her lungs, her tongue. She wept like a child, because she had to blow her nose and the like. What for people in the full possession of their faculties was an object and aim, was evidently for her only an excuse.

Thus in the morning, especially if the evening before she had eaten anything greasy, she manifested a disposition to show temper, and then she would choose the handiest pretext,

Byelova's deafness. She would begin to say something in a low tone of voice from the other end of the room.

"It seems warmer to-day, my love," she would say in a whisper, and when Byelova would reply: "What, has he come?" she would grumble, —

"Oh, dear me, * how stupid and deaf!"

Another pretext was her snuff, which she complained of, as being now too dry, now too damp, now badly powdered.

After these displays of temper her face would show that there had been an effusion of bile, and her maids had infallible signs to know when it would be the deaf Byelova, and when it would be that the snuff was too damp, and when she would have a bilious countenance.

Just as it required some preparations for her bilious fits, so also she had to exert herself for her other peculiarities, — the pretext for thinking would be "patience."

When she had occasion to shed tears, then the pretext would be the late count.

When she wanted to be anxious, her pretext was Nikolai and his health.

When she wanted to speak sarcastically, then her pretext was the Countess Mariya.

When she wanted to exercise her voice, — this was generally about seven o'clock, after her *digesting nap*, in her darkened room, — then the pretext was forever the same old stories, which she would always tell to the same audience.

This state of second childhood was understood by all the household, though no one ever mentioned it, and all possible endeavors were made to gratify her desires. Only occasional glances, accompanied by a melancholy half-smile, exchanged between Nikolai and Pierre, Natasha and the Countess Mariya, would express the reciprocal comprehension of her state. But these glances also said something else: they declared that she had already played her part in life, that what was now to be seen in her was not wholly herself, that all would at last come to be the same, and that it was a pleasure to yield to her, to restrain ourselves for this poor creature who was once so dear, who was once as full of life as we ourselves.

Memento mori said these glances. Only the utterly depraved and foolish people and little children would fail to understand this, and find cause for shunning her.

* *Bózhe moi*.

CHAPTER XIII.

WHEN Pierre and his wife came into the drawing-room, the countess found herself, as usual, absorbed in what she considered the intellectual labor of working out her *grand-patience*, and therefore, according to her custom, she spoke the words which she was sure to speak on the return of Pierre or her son, namely, "Late, late, my dear; we have been expecting you. Well, thank the Lord;" and when she was given the presents, she said other perfunctory words: "Wasn't it too expensive a present for me, my dear boy? Thanks for remembering the old lady" —

But it was evident that Pierre's intrusion was distasteful to her at that moment because it distracted her attention from her unfinished game of *grand-patience*. She completed the laying out of the cards, and then only turned her attention to her gifts.

The gifts consisted of a beautifully carved card-casket, a bright blue Sèvres cup with a cover and adorned with a pastoral scene, and, finally, a gold snuff-box with a portrait of the late count, which Pierre had commissioned a Petersburg miniaturist to paint (the countess had been long wishing for one).

She was not now in one of her tearful moods, and therefore she looked with indifference on the portrait, and took more interest in her card-casket. "Thank you, my dear; you have cheered me up," said she, just as she always said. "But, best of all, you have brought yourself back. But you can't imagine how naughty it was, you ought to give your wife a good scolding. Why! she was like a crazy person while you were away! She hadn't any eyes or any memory for anything!" said the countess in the usual strain. "Look, Anna Timofeyevna, see what a beautiful casket my dear son has brought to us."

Byelova lauded the gifts, and felt of the silk that was her gift.

Although Pierre, Natasha, Nikolai, the Countess Mariya, and Denisof were anxious to talk over many things that they were not in the habit of discussing in her presence, not because they wanted to keep anything from her, but because she was so out of the ordinary current of life that when any topic of conversation was brought up in her presence, it was always necessary to answer her questions, however untimely,

and repeat for her benefit what had already been many times repeated, — tell her who was dead, who was married, and other things that she could not seem to get through her mind, — they sat down as usual to tea in the drawing-room, around the samovár, and Pierre replied to all the countess's questions, which were wholly unnecessary to her, and uninteresting to every one else: as to whether Prince Vasili began to show his age, and whether the Countess Marya Alekseyevna sent any message to her, and the like.

Conversation of this sort, though interesting to no one, was unavoidable, and lasted all through their tea-time. All the adult members of the family were gathered for tea at the round table, over which Sonya presided.

The children, the tutors, and the governesses had already finished drinking their tea, and their voices were heard in the adjoining divan-room.

While the elders were at tea, all sat in their accustomed places: Nikolai near the stove, at the little stand, where they handed him his glass. The old *Borzaya Milka* — Milka the swift (daughter of Milka I.) — lay on the chair near him, with her perfectly gray face, from which occasionally bulged forth a pair of great black eyes. Denisof, with his curly hair, his mustaches, and side whiskers fast turning gray, sat next the Countess Mariya, with his general's coat unbuttoned. Pierre sat between his wife and the old countess. He was relating what, as he knew, would greatly interest the old lady and be comprehensible to her. He was telling her of the superficial events of the society and about those people who had once formed the circle of the old countess's intimate friends, who, in days gone by, had been an active, lively, distinct "coterie," but who now were, for the most part, scattered here and there, like herself waiting for the final summons, gathering the last gleanings of what they had sowed in life.

But these were the very ones, these contemporaries of hers, who seemed to the old countess the only important and actual world.

Natasha knew by Pierre's excitement that his journey had been interesting, that he had much that he wanted to talk about, but did not dare to mention in the old countess's presence.

Denisof, who had not been a member of the family long enough to understand the cause of Pierre's caution, and, moreover, because of his disaffection was greatly interested in what was going on in Petersburg, kept urging Pierre to tell about

the trouble in the Semyonovsky regiment, which had just then broken out, and about Arakcheyef, and about the Bible Society. Pierre was occasionally drawn away and would begin to tell about these things, but Nikolai and Nastasha would always bring him back to the health of Prince Ivan or the Countess Marya Antónovna.

"Now tell me, what is all this nonsense about Hosner and Tatarinof?" asked Denisof. "Is it going to last always?"

"Last always?" screamed Pierre, "it's worse than ever. The Bible Society has absorbed the whole government."

"What is that, *mon cher ami*?" asked the countess, who had finished drinking her tea, and was now evidently anxious to find some excuse for peevishness after her meal. "What is that you said about the government? I don't understand."

"Yes, you know, *maman*," put in Nikolai, who knew how to translate what was said into language suitable for his mother's comprehension, "Prince A. N. Golitsuin has started a society, and he is now a man of great influence, they say."

"Arakcheyef and Golitsuin," said Pierre, incautiously, "are now the real heads of the government. And what a government! They affect to see plots in everything; they are afraid of their own shadows."

"What! Prince Aleksandr Nikolayevitch* in any way blameworthy! He is a very fine man. I met him once at Marya Antónovna's," said the countess in an offended tone, and she grew still more offended because no one made any further reply. She went on, "Nowadays, they're always criticising everybody. What harm is there in the Gospel Society?"

And she got up (all the rest also arose), and, with a stern face, sailed into the divan-room, to her own table.

Amid the gloomy silence that ensued could be heard the talking and laughter of the children in the adjoining room. Evidently there was some joyous excitement going on among the little ones.

"It's done! It's done!" rang out little Natasha's merry shriek above all the others.

Pierre exchanged glances with the Countess Mariya and Nikolai (his eyes were always on Natasha), and smiled gayly.

"That is wonderful music!" said he.

"Anna Makárovna must have finished a stocking," said the Countess Mariya.

"Oh, I'm going to see!" cried Pierre, jumping up. "You know," he added, as he paused by the door, "why I specially

* Golitsuin (Galitzin).

love that kind of music — they make me know for the first time that everything is well. To-day, on my way home, the nearer I come, the more afraid I am. As soon as I come into the anteroom, I hear little Andryusha's voice, and of course I know that all's well."

"I know, I know what that feeling is," attested Nikolai. "But I can't go with you, for you see those stockings are to be a surprise for me!"

Pierre joined the children, and the shouts and laughter grew still louder.

"Well, Anna Makárovna," Pierre's voice was heard saying, "now I'll stand in the middle here, and at the word — one, two — and when I say three, you come to me. Clap your hands! Now, then, one — two" — cried Pierre.

There was perfect silence. "Three!" and a rapturous shout of children's voices rang from the room. "Once more! once more!" cried the children.

There were two stockings which, by a secret which she kept to herself, Anna Makárovna had been knitting at the same time, and it was always her habit triumphantly to produce the one out of the other, in the children's presence, when the stockings were done.

CHAPTER XIV.

SHORTLY after this the children came in to say good-night. The children kissed all round, the tutors and governesses bowed and left the room. Dessalles and his charge were alone left. The tutor whispered to his charge to go downstairs.

"*Non, M. Dessalles, je demanderai à ma tante de rester,*" replied Nikólenka Bolkonsky, also in a whisper. — "*Ma tante, let me stay,*" pleaded Nikólenka, going to his aunt. His face was full of entreaty, excitement, and enthusiasm.

The Countess Mariya looked at him and turned to Pierre.

"When you are here, he cannot tear himself away," said she.

"*Je vous le ramenerai tout-à l'heure M. Dessalles; bon soir,*" said Pierre, giving the Swiss gentleman his hand, and then, turning with a smile to Nikólenka, he said: "Really, we haven't had a chance to see each other. Marie, how much he is growing to resemble" — he added, turning to the Countess Mariya.

"My father?" asked the boy, flushing crimson, and surveying Pierre from head to foot with enraptured, gleaming eyes. Pierre nodded, and went on with his story, which had been interrupted by the children.

The Countess Mariya was working on her embroidery; Natasha, without dropping her eyes, gazed at her husband. Nikolai and Denisof had got up, asked for their pipes, were smoking, and getting an occasional cup of tea of Sonya, who was sitting downcast and in gloomy silence behind the samovár, and asked questions of Pierre.

The curly-headed, sickly lad, with gleaming eyes, sat unobserved by any one in the corner, and merely craned his slender neck from his turned-down collar, so as to look toward Pierre, occasionally starting, or whispering something to himself, and was evidently under the influence of some new and powerful emotion.

The conversation turned on the contemporary gossip about the higher members of the government, in which the majority of people usually find the chief interest in internal politics.

Denisof, who was dissatisfied with government on account of his lack of success in the service, was rejoiced to learn of the follies which, in his opinion, were being committed at that time at Petersburg, and his comments on Pierre's remarks were made in keen and forcible language.

"Once upon a time you had to be a German: now you must dance with Tatawinova and Madame Kwidener, and wead Eckarsthausen and the like. Okh! if we could only set our bwave Bonaparte upon 'em! He would dwive the folly out of 'em! Now, I'd like to know what's the sense of giving the Semyonovsky wegiment to a man like Schwartz?" he cried.

Nikolai, though he had no wish at all to find fault with everything, as Denisof did, felt that it was thoroughly dignified and worth his while to make some criticisms on the government, and he felt that the fact that A. was appointed minister in this department, and that B. was appointed governor-general of this city, and that the sovereign said this or that, and this minister something else, and all these things, were very important. And he considered it necessary to take an interest in these things, and to question Pierre.

Owing to the questions of the two men the conversation did not get beyond that general character of gossip concerning the upper spheres of the administration.

But Natasha, who knew her husband's every habit and thought, saw that Pierre had been long futilely wishing to

lead the conversation into another path, so that he might speak his mind and tell why he had gone to Petersburg to consult with his new friend, Prince Feodor, and she tried to help him with a question: —

How had he got along with Prince Feodor?

"What is that?" asked Nikolai.

"Oh, it's all one and the same thing," said Pierre, glancing around him. "All see that affairs are so rotten that they cannot be allowed to remain so, and that it is the duty of all honorable men to oppose them to the best of their ability."

"What can honorable men do?" asked Nikolai, slightly contracting his brows. "What can be done?"

"This can" —

"Come into the library," suggested Nikolai.

Natasha, who had been for some time expecting to be called to nurse the baby, heard the nyanya's call, and went to the nursery. The Countess Mariya went with her.

The men went into the library; and Nikólenka Bolkonsky, unobserved by his uncle, went with them, and sat down in the shadow by the window, at the writing-table.

"Well, then, what are you going to do?" asked Denisof.

"Forever visionary!" exclaimed Nikolai.

"This is what," began Pierre, not sitting down, but striding through the room, occasionally pausing and making rapid motions with his hands while he spoke. "This is what: — the state of affairs in Petersburg is like this: the sovereign takes no part in anything. He is wholly given over to mysticism (Pierre could not pardon mysticism in any one now). All he asks for is to be left in peace, and this peace can be given him only by the men *sans foi ni loi*, who are perfectly unscrupulous in their rough and cruel treatment of every one: Magnitsky, Arakcheyef, *e tutti quanti*. You must admit that if you yourself were not busy with your management of the estate, but merely wanted comfort and peace, the more savage your bailiff was, the more quickly you would attain your aim," said he, addressing Nikolai.

"Well, now, why do you say that?" demanded Nikolai.

"Well, everything's going to pieces. Robbery in the courts: the army under the rod: discipline — transportation — torturing the people — civilization crushed. All the young men and the honorable are persecuted. All see that this cannot go on so. The strain is too great, and there must be a break," said Pierre (as men have always said about the deeds of any government, and will always say so long as governments shall last). "I told them one thing at Petersburg" —

"Told whom?" asked Denisof.

"Why, you know whom," exclaimed Pierre, giving him a significant look from under his brows. "Prince Feodor and all of them. To make rivals of enlightenment and charity is a fine thing, of course. The aim is admirable and all that, but something else is necessary in the present circumstances."

At this moment, Nikolai noticed that his nephew was present. His face became wrathful; he went over to him:—

"Why are you here?"

"Why, let him stay," said Pierre, taking Nikolai by the hand and proceeding:—"That's not all," said I to them, 'something else is necessary. While you stand and wait, this strained cord breaks; while we are all expecting some imminent change, we ought to be gathering closer together, and taking hold of hands, more and more of us, in order to prevent the general catastrophe. All that is young and vigorous is crowding here and becoming corrupt. One is seduced by women; another, by ambition and grandeur; a third, by vanity or money; and then they go over to the other camp. There are getting to be no independent, free men at all, like you and me. I say—widen the circle of the society: let the *mot d'ordre* be not merely virtue, but also independence and activity.'"

Nikolai, who had let his nephew remain, angrily moved his chair, sat down in it, and while he listened to Pierre he involuntarily coughed and scowled still more portentously.

"Yes, but what is to be the object of this activity?" he cried. "And what position do you hold toward the government?"

"What position? The position of helpers. The society might not remain a secret one if the government would give us its favor. It is not only not hostile to the government, but this society is composed of genuine conservatives. It is a society of gentlemen* in the full meaning of the word. We exist merely to prevent Pugachof† from coming to cut the throats of my children and yours, and Arakeheyef from sending me to one of his military colonies; for this purpose we have banded together, with the single aim of the general welfare and the general safety."

"Yes, but a secret society must necessarily be harmful and prejudicial—is bound to produce nothing but evil."

* *Dzhentelmenof*.

† Emilian Pugachof, a vagabond Cossack, during the reign of Catherine the Great, gave himself out for Peter III., and, after about a year of varying success, was captured and quartered in January, 1775.

"Why so? Did the *Tugendbund*, which saved Europe" (even then they dared not imagine that it was Russia that saved Europe), "did that produce anything harmful? *Tugendbund*—that means a society of the virtuous: it was love, mutual aid, it was what Christ promised on the cross."

Natasha, who had come into the room in the midst of the discussion, looked joyfully at her husband. It was not that she was pleased with what he said. It did not even interest her, because it seemed to her that it was all so perfectly simple, and that she had known it all long before—it seemed so to her because she knew so well the source from which it all came, from Pierre's mind—but she was pleased because she looked into his lively, enthusiastic face.

With still more joyful enthusiasm, the lad, who again had been forgotten by all, gazed at Pierre, craning his thin neck from his turned-down collar. Every word that Pierre spoke made his heart glow, and, with a nervous motion of his fingers, without knowing what he was doing, he broke the pens and pieces of sealing-wax on his uncle's table.

"But I beg of you not to think that the German *Tugendbund* and the one to which I belong are at all alike."

"Come, now, bwother, this *Tugendbund* is well enough for the sausage-eaters, but I don't understand it, and I don't say anything against it," cried Denisof, in his loud, decisive tones. "Everything's wotten, and going to wuin, I admit, but as for your *Tugendbund*, I know nothing about it, and I don't like it—give us a weal wevolt,* that's the talk! *Je suis vot'e homme.*"

Pierre smiled, Natasha laughed, but Nikolai still further knitted his brows and tried to prove to Pierre that there was no revolution to be apprehended, and that all the danger of which he spoke existed only in his imagination.

Pierre argued to the contrary; and as his powers of reasoning were stronger and better trained, Nikolai felt that he was driven into a corner. This still further incensed him, since, in the bottom of his heart, not through any process of reasoning, but by something more potent than logic, he knew the indubitable truth of his opinion.

"Well, this what I tell you," he cried, rising, and with nervous motions putting his pipe in the corner and finally throwing it down. "I can't prove it to you. You say that everything is all rotten, and that there will be a revolution: I

* A pun in the original: *bunt* (a revolt), from German *Bund*, and pronounced the same.

don't see it; but you say that an oath of secrecy is an essential condition, and in reply to this I tell you: You are my best friend, — you know it, — but if in founding a secret society you should undertake anything against the administration, whatever it was, — I know that it would be my duty to obey it. And if Arakcheyef should order me to go against you, instantly, and cut you down, I should not hesitate a second, but should start. So, then, decide as you please."

An awkward silence followed these words.

Natasha was the first to speak: she took her husband's side and opposed her brother. Her defence was weak and clumsy, but her object was attained. The discussion was renewed on a different topic, and no longer in that hostile tone with which Nikolai's last words had been spoken.

When all got up to take supper Nikólenka Bolkonsky went to Pierre with pale face, and gleaming, luminous eyes.

"Uncle Pierre — you — no — if my papa were alive he would agree with you, wouldn't he?" he asked.

Pierre suddenly realized what a peculiar, independent, complicated, and powerful work must have been operating in this lad's mind during this discussion; and when he recalled what had been said, he felt a sense of annoyance that the lad had listened to them. However, he had to answer him.

"I think so," said he reluctantly, and left the library.

The lad bent his head, and then for the first time seemed to realize what mischief he had been doing on the writing-table. He flushed, and went to Nikolai.

"Uncle, forgive me for what I have done. I did not mean to," said he, pointing to the broken pens and pieces of sealing-wax.

Nikolai gave an angry start.

"Fine work, fine work," said he, flinging the fragments of pens and wax under the table. And, evidently finding it hard to restrain the anger that overmastered him, he turned away.

"You ought never to have been here at all," said he.

CHAPTER XV.

At supper, the talk no longer turned on politics and secret societies, but, on the contrary, proved to be particularly interesting to Nikolai, owing to Denisof bringing it round to reminiscences of the war of 1812, and here Pierre was particularly genial and diverting. And the relatives parted for the night on the most friendly terms.

When, after supper, Nikolai, after having changed his clothes in his library and given orders to his overseer, who was waiting for him, returned in his khalat to his sleeping-room, he found his wife still at her desk: she was writing something.

"What are you writing, Marie?" asked Nikolai.

The Countess Mariya reddened. She feared that what she was writing would not be understood and approved by her husband. She would have preferred to conceal from him what she had been writing, but at the same time she was glad that he had found her and that she had to tell him.

"It is my diary, Nicolas," said she, — a bluish note-book written in a fair round hand.

"A journal!" exclaimed Nikolai, with just a shade of irony in his tone, and he took the note-book. It was written in French.

Dec. 16. To-day, Andryusha [her oldest son], when he woke up, did not wish to be dressed, and Mlle. Luisa sent for me. He was capricious and wilful, and when I tried to threaten him, he only grew the more obstinate and angry. Then I took him to my room, left him alone, and began to help the nurse get the rest of the children up, but I told him that I should not love him. He was silent for a long time, as though in amazement; then he jumped up, ran to me in nothing but his little night shirt, and sobbed so that it was long before I could pacify him. It was evident that he was more grieved because he had troubled me than by anything else! Then when I put him to bed this evening, and gave him his card, he again wept pitifully, and kissed me. You can do anything with him through his affections.

"What do you mean by 'his card'?" asked Nikolai.

"I have begun to give the older children cards in the evening, when they have been good."

Nikolai glanced into the luminous eyes that gazed at him, and continued to turn the leaves and read. In the diary was written everything concerning the children's lives that seemed important in the mother's eyes as expressing the character of the children, or that suggested thoughts concerning their education. These were, for the most part, the most insignificant trifles, but they seemed not such to the mother or the father when now, for the first time, he read this journal about his children.

The entry for the seventeenth of December was: —

Mitya played pranks at table: papa would not let pastry be given to him. It was not given to him, but he looked so eagerly and longingly at the others while they were eating! I think that it is a punishment not to let him have a taste of the sweets, — only increases his greediness. Must tell Nicolas.

Nikolai put down the book and looked at his wife. Her radiant eyes looked at him questioningly : did he approve, or disapprove, of the diary ? There could be no doubt of his approval or of his admiration for his wife.

"Perhaps there was no need of doing it in such a pedantic manner, perhaps it was not necessary at all," thought Nikolai ; but this unwearied, everlasting, sincere effort, the sole end and aim of which was the moral welfare of the children, roused his admiration. If Nikolai could have analyzed his feelings, he would have discovered that the chief basis of his firm, tender, and proud love for his wife was found in his amazement at her cordial sincerity and her spiritual nature, at that lofty moral world in which his wife always lived, but which was almost unattainable for him.

He was proud that she was so intelligent and so good, acknowledging his inferiority to her in the spiritual world, and rejoicing all the more that she in her soul not only belonged to him but formed a part of him.

"I approve and thoroughly approve, darling," said he, with a meaning look. And, after a little silence, he added : "I have behaved very scurvily to-day. You were not in the library. Pierre and I had a discussion, and I lost my temper. Yes, it's incredible. He's such a child. I don't know what would become of him if Natasha did not hold him in leading strings. Can you imagine why he went to Petersburg ? — They have started there a" —

"Yes, I know," interrupted the Countess Mariya ; "Natasha told me about it."

"Well, then, you must know," pursued Nikolai, growing hot at the mere memory of the quarrel, "he wanted to make me believe that it is the duty of every honorable man to go against the government, even though he has taken the oath of allegiance. — I am sorry that you were not there. But they were all against me, — Denisof and Natasha. Natasha is ludicrous. You know how she keeps him under her slipper, but when there is anything to be decided, she can't speak her own mind at all. She simply says what he says," added Nikolai, giving way to that vague tendency which men have to criticise their nearest and best friends. Nikolai forgot that, word for word, what he said about Natasha might be said about him and his wife.

"Yes, I have noticed it," said the Countess Mariya.

"When I told him that my duty and my oath of allegiance were above everything, he tried to prove Heaven knows what

Pity that you weren't there, I should like to know what you would have said."

"In my opinion, you were perfectly right. I said so to Natasha. Pierre says that all are suffering, persecuted, corrupt, and that it is our duty to render help to our neighbors. Of course, he is right," said the Countess Mariya, "but he forgets that we have other obligations, nearer still, which God himself has imposed upon us, and that we may run risks for ourselves but not for our children."

"There, there, that is the very thing I told him," cried Nikolai, who actually thought that he had said that very thing. "But they made out that this was love to the neighbor, was Christianity, and all that, before Nikólenka, who stole into the library and broke up everything there was on my table."

"Akh! do you know, Nicolas, Nikólenka so often makes me anxious," said the Countess Mariya. "He is such an extraordinary boy. And I am afraid that I am too partial to my own children and neglect him. Our children have both father and mother, but he is absolutely alone in the world. He is always alone with his own thoughts."

"Well, now, it seems to me that you have nothing to reproach yourself with in regard to him. All the most affectionate mother could do for her son, you have done and are doing for him. And of course I am glad of it. He is a splendid, splendid boy. To-day, he listened to Pierre, and had no ears for anything else. And you can imagine: as we were going out to supper, I look, and lo! he has broken into flinders everything on my table, and he instantly told me. I never knew him to tell an untruth. Splendid, splendid boy," repeated Nikolai, who really, at heart, did not like the lad, though he always took pains to call him *slávnui*, — splendid.

"Well, I am not like a mother to him," said the Countess Mariya; "I feel that I am not, and it troubles me. He's a wonderful lad, but I'm terribly anxious about him. More society would be a good thing for him."

"Well, it won't be long; this summer I'm going to take him to Petersburg," said Nikolai. "Yes, Pierre always was and always will be a dreamer, a visionary," he went on to say, returning to the discussion in the library, which had evidently greatly agitated him. "Now, what difference does it make to me that Arakcheyef is not good and all that? What difference did it make to me when I was married and had so many debts that I might have been put into the sponging-house, and

mother, who could not see it and understand? And then you and the children and my affairs? Is it for my own enjoyment that I spend the whole day from morning till night in attending to business and in the office? No, I know that it is my duty to work in order to soothe my mother's last days, to pay you back, and so as not to leave the children in such a condition of beggary as I was!"

The Countess Mariya wanted to tell him that not by bread alone is manhood nourished, that it was possible to set too great store in these affairs of his, but she knew that it would be unnecessary and unprofitable to say this.

She only took his hand and kissed it. He accepted this act of his wife's as approval and confirmation of his words, and, after some little time of silent meditation, he went on aloud with his thoughts.

"Do you know, Marie," said he, "Ilya Mitrofanutch" — this was their man of business — "came to-day from our Tambof estate, and told me that they would give eighty thousand for the forest there."

And Nikolai, with animated face, began to speak about the possibilities of being very soon able to buy back Otradnoye. "If only I live ten years longer, I shall leave the children — in a splendid position."

The Countess Mariya listened to her husband and understood all that he said to her. She knew that when he thus thought aloud, he sometimes asked her what he had said, and was vexed to find that she had been thinking of something else. But she had to use great effort over herself, for she was not in the least interested in what he said.

She looked at him, and if she was not thinking of something else, she had other feelings. She felt an obstinate, tender love for this man, though he would never be able to understand what she understood, and, as it were, from this very reason she loved him all the more, with a touch of passionate affection.

Beside this feeling, which entirely absorbed her, and made her enter into all the details of her husband's plans, her mind was filled with ideas which had no connection with what he was talking about. She was thinking of her nephew — the story that her husband told of his excitement at Pierre's remarks had powerfully impressed her — and the various characteristics of his tender, sensitive nature arose to her mind, and the thought about her nephew made her think of her own children. She made no comparison between her nephew and

her own children, but she compared her respective feelings toward them, and found to her sorrow that there was something lacking in her feeling for Nikólenka.

Sometimes the thought came to her that this difference arose from the difference in their ages, but she felt that she was blameworthy toward him, and in her heart she vowed that she would do better and would make every effort: that is, that during her life she would love her husband and her children and Nikólenka and all her neighbors as Christ loved the human race.

The Countess Mariya's soul was always striving toward the Infinite, the Eternal, and the Absolute, and therefore she could never rest content. Her face always wore the stern expression of a soul kept on a high tension by suffering, and becoming a burden to the body.

Nikolai gazed at her.

"My God! what would become of us if she should die, as it sometimes seems must be when her face has that expression?" he said to himself, and, stopping in front of the holy pictures, he began to repeat his evening prayers.

CHAPTER XVI.

NATASHA and her husband, left alone, also talked as only wife and husband can talk, namely, with extraordinary clearness and swiftness, recognizing and communicating each other's thoughts, by a method contrary to all logic, without the aid of reasoning, syllogisms, and deductions, but with absolute freedom. Natasha had become so used to talking with this freedom with her husband that the surest sign, in her mind, that there was something wrong between her and him was for Pierre to give a logical turn to his arguments with her. When he began to bring proofs and to talk with calm deliberation, and when she, carried away by his example, began to do the same, she knew that they were surely on the verge of a quarrel.

From the moment that they were entirely alone, and Natasha with wide, happy eyes went quietly up to him, and suddenly, with a swift motion, taking his head between both her hands, pressed it to her breast, and said: "Now, thou art all mine, mine! Thou wilt not go!"—from that moment began that intimate dialogue, contrary to all the laws of logic, —contrary simply because the talk ran at one and the same time upon such absolutely different topics.

This simultaneous consideration of many things not only did not prevent their clearly understanding each other, but, on the contrary, was the surest sign that they understood each other.

As in a vision everything is illusory, absurd, and incoherent except the feeling which is the guide of the vision, so in this intercourse, so contrary to all the laws of logic, the phrases uttered were not logical and clear, while the feeling that guided them was.

Natasha told Pierre about her brother's mode of life, how she had suffered and found it impossible to live while he, her husband, was absent, and how she had grown fonder than ever of Marie, and how Marie was in every respect better than she was.

In saying this, Natasha was genuine in her acknowledgment that she saw Marie's superiority. but, at the same time, in saying this she claimed from Pierre that he should still prefer her to Marie and all other women, and now again, especially after he had been seeing many women in Petersburg, that he should assure her of this fact.

Pierre, in answering Natasha's words, told her how unendurable it was for him to go to dinners and parties with ladies.

"I had really forgotten how to talk with the ladies," said he. "It was simply a bore. Especially when I was so busy."

Natasha gazed steadily at him and went on:—

"Marie! she is so lovely!" said she. "How well she knows how to treat the children! It seems as though she only read their souls! Last evening, for example, little Mitenka began to be contrary"—

"But how like his father he is!" interrupted Pierre.

Natasha understood why he made this remark about the likeness between Mitenka and Nikolai: the remembrance of his discussion with his brother-in-law was disagreeable to him, and he wanted to hear her opinion in regard to it.

"Nikolenka has the weakness of not accepting anything unless it is received by every one. But I apprehend you set a special value upon it, *pour ouvrir une carrière*," said she, repeating words once spoken by Pierre.

"No, the main thing is, Nikolai looks upon thought and reasoning as amusement, almost as a waste of time," said Pierre. "Now he is collecting a library, and he has made a rule for himself never to buy a new book until he has read through what he has already bought—Sismondi and Rousseau

and Montesquieu," added Pierre with a smile. "Why, you know him as well as I do." He began to modify his words, but Natasha interrupted him, giving him to understand that this was unnecessary.

"So you think that he considers pure thought mere trifling?" —

"Yes, and for me everything else is mere trifling. All the time that I was in Petersburg it seemed to me as though I saw all men in a dream. When I am engaged in thinking, then everything else seems a sheer waste of time."

"Akh! what a pity that I did not see you greet the children! Which one do you love most of all? — Liza, I suspect."

"Yes," said Pierre, and he went on with what was engrossing his attention. — "Nikolai says that we have no business to think. Well, I can't help it. Not to mention that I felt in Petersburg — I can tell *you* — that if it were not for me, everything, all our scheme, would go to pieces, every one was pulling in his own direction. But I succeeded in uniting all parties, and, besides, my idea is so simple and clear. You see, I don't say that we ought to act in opposition to this one or that one. We may be deceived. But I say: Let those who love what is right join hands, and let our whole watchword be action and virtue. Prince Sergii is a splendid man and very intelligent."

Natasha had no doubt that Pierre's idea was grand, but one thing confused her. This was that he was her husband. "Can it be that a man so important, so necessary to the world, can at the same time be my husband! How did this ever come about?"

She wanted to express this doubt to him. "Whoever should pass judgment on this question, he would be so much more intelligent than them all, wouldn't he?" she asked herself, and in her imagination she reviewed the men who were very important to Pierre. None of all these men, judging by his own story, had such an important effect upon him as Platon Karatayef.

"Do you know what I was thinking about?" she asked. — "About Platon Karatayef! How about him? Would he approve, now?"

Pierre was not at all surprised at this question. He understood the trend of his wife's thoughts.

"Platon Karatayef?" he repeated and pondered, apparently honestly endeavoring to realize what Karatayef's opinion con-

cerning this matter would be. "He would not understand but still I think he would approve — yes!"

"I love thee awfully!"* said Natasha suddenly. "Awfully! Awfully!"

"No, he would not approve," said Pierre after a little reconsideration. "What he would approve would be this domestic life of ours. He so liked to see beauty, happiness, repose, in everything, and I should be proud if I could show him ourselves. — Now you talk about parting! But you cannot understand what a strange feeling I have for you after being separated from you" —

"Why, — was it" — began Natasha.

"No, not that. I shall never cease to love thee. It would be impossible to love thee more; but this is peculiar. — Well, yes!" — But he did not finish his sentence, because their eyes met and said the rest.

"What nonsense," suddenly cried Natasha. "that the honeymoon and real happiness are only during the first part of the time! On the contrary, now is the best of all. If only you would never go away from me! Do you remember how we quarrelled? And it was always I who was at fault. Always I. But as to what we quarrelled about, I am sure I don't remember!"

"Always about one thing," said Pierre, smiling. "Jealousy" —

"No, don't mention it, I can't endure it," cried Natasha, and a cold, cruel light flashed into her eyes. "Did you see her?" she added after a little silence.

"No, and if I had seen her I should not have recognized her."

They were both silent.

"Akh! do you know, when you were talking in the library, I was looking at you," pursued Natasha, evidently trying to drive away the cloud which had suddenly risen. "Well, you and our little lad are as alike as two drops of water." Our little lad — *málchik* — was what she called her son. "Akh! it is time for me to go to him — I'm sorry to have to go!"

They were silent for several seconds. Then suddenly they turned to each other, and each began to make some remark at the same instant.

Pierre began with self-confidence and impulsive warmth, Natasha with a quiet, blissful smile. Their words colliding, they both stopped to give each other the chance to speak.

* *Uzházno*: literally, horribly.

"No, what was it? tell me! tell me!"

"No, you tell me, — what I was going to say was only nonsense," said Natasha.

Pierre went on with what he had begun to say. It was a continuation of his self-congratulatory opinion concerning the success of his visit at Petersburg. It seemed to him at that moment that he was called to give a new direction to all Russian society and to the whole world.

"I was only going to say that all ideas which have portentous consequences are always simple. My whole idea consists in this: that if all vicious men are bound together and constitute a force, then all honorable men ought to do the same. How simple that is!"

"Yes."

"And what were you going to say?"

"Only a bit of nonsense!"

"No, tell me what it was!"

"Oh, nothing, a mere trifle!" said Natasha, beaming with a still more radiant smile. "I was only going to say something about Petya:—To-day the nurse was going to take him from me. He began to laugh, then scowled a little and clung to me—evidently he thought that he was going to play peek-a-boo—Awfully cunning. — There he is crying! Well, good-night!" and she left the room.

At the same time below in Nikólenka Bolkonsky's apartment, in his sleeping-room, the night-lamp was burning as always (the lad was afraid of the darkness and they could not break the lad of this fault—Dessalles was sleeping high on his four pillows, and his Roman nose gave forth the measured sounds of snoring).

Nikólenka, who had just awakened from a nap, in a cold perspiration, with wide-opened eyes sat up in bed and was looking straight ahead.

A strange dream had awakened him. In his dream he had seen himself and Pierre in helmets such as the men wore in his edition of Plutarch. He and his uncle Pierre were marching forward at the head of a tremendous army. This army was composed of white, slanting threads, filling the air, like the cobwebs which float in the autumn, and which Dessalles called *le fil de la Vierge*—the Virgin's thread.

Before them was glory, just exactly like these threads, only much stouter. They—he and Pierre—were borne on lightly and joyously, ever nearer and nearer to their goal. Suddenly

the threads which moved them began to slacken, to grow confused; it became trying. And his uncle Nikolai Ilyitch stood in front of them in a stern and threatening posture.

"What have you been doing?" he demanded, pointing to his broken sealing-wax and pens. "I loved you, but Arakcheyef has given me the order, and I shall kill the first who advances."

Nikólenka looked round at Pierre, but Pierre was no longer there. In place of Pierre was his own father, Prince Andrei, and his father had no shape or form; but there he was, and in looking at him Nikólenka felt the weakness of love; he felt himself without strength, without bones, — as it were, liquid. His father petted him and pitied him. But his uncle Nikolai Ilyitch came ever closer and closer to him. Horror seized Nikólenka and he awoke.

"Father," he thought. "Father!" (although there were in the house two excellent portraits, Nikólenka had never imagined Prince Andrei as existing in human form). "My father was with me and caressed me. He approved of me. He approved of Uncle Pierre. Whatever he says I will do. Mucius Scævola burnt his hand. But why should I not do as much in my life? I know they want me to study, and I will study. But when I am grown up then I will do it. I will only ask one thing of God: that I may have in me what the men in Plutarch had, and I will do likewise. I will do better. All will know me, all will love me, all will praise me." And suddenly Nikólenka felt the sobs fill his chest, and he burst into tears.

"*Etes-vous indisposé?*" asked Dessalles's voice.

"*Non,*" replied Nikólenka, and he lay back on his pillow. "He is good and kind, I love him," said he of Dessalles, "but Uncle Pierre! Oh, what a wonderful man! But my father! my father! my father! Yes, I will do whatever he would approve."

PART SECOND.

CHAPTER I.

THE object of history is the life of nations and of humanity. To grasp and express proximately in words—that is, to depict the life, not of humanity, but simply of a single people, is an impossibility.

All the historians of former times employed exactly the same way of grasping and describing the life of a nation. They described the actions of the individuals who ruled over a nation, and the actions of these individuals, they supposed, were an epitome of the activity of the nation.

To the questions, How could individuals make a whole nation act in accordance with their wills, and, How was the will of these men themselves controlled? the historians of old answered the first by proclaiming a divine will which subordinated nations to the will of a single chosen man; and the second question, by declaring that this divinity directed the will of the chosen man toward a predestined end.

For those of old times all such questions were answered by a belief in the immediate interference of the Divinity in human actions.

The new school of history has in theory abandoned both these positions.

It would seem that after having abandoned the old faith in the subordination of man to the Divinity, and in the doctrine of predestined ends to which nations are led, the New History ought to study, not the manifestations of power, but the causes which are the source of power.

But the New History has not done this.

After theoretically abandoning the views of the old school, it follows them in practice.

In place of men clothed with divine power and governed directly by the will of the Divinity, the New History represents either heroes endowed with extraordinary, superhuman qualities, or simply men of the most varied talent, from monarchs to journalists, directing the masses.

Instead of finding in the special, divinely pre-ordained motives of any nation — Jewish, Greek, or Roman — the motive for human action in general, as was the custom of the historians of old, the New History discovers its motives in the welfare of the French, the English, the Germans — and, in its loftiest abstraction, in the welfare of the civilized world and of the whole of humanity, by which is generally meant the nations occupying the little northwest corner of the continent.

Modern history has abandoned the old theories without establishing any new views in place of them, and the logic of their position has compelled the very historians who have rejected the hypothesis of the divine right of kings and the *Fatum* of the ancients to reach by a different route the same point: the assertion (1), that nations are guided by individuals, and (2), that there is a special object toward which the nations and humanity are moving.

In all the works of the most recent historians, from Gibbon to Buckle, notwithstanding their apparent disagreement and the apparent novelty of their views, at bottom lie these two old theories, from which they could not escape.

In the first place, the historians describe the actions of men who, in their opinion, have guided humanity. One counts as such only monarchs, generals, and statesmen; another, besides monarchs, takes orators, men of science, reformers, philosophers, and poets.

In the second place, the historians believe they know the end toward which humanity is guided: — to one, that end is the greatness of the Roman, the Spanish, or the French empires; to another it is liberty and equality, or the kind of civilization that obtains in the little corner of the globe called Europe.

In 1789 a fermentation begins at Paris; it grows, spreads, and results in a movement of peoples from west to east. Several times this movement is directed toward the east; it meets with a counter-movement from east to west.

In 1812 it reaches its final limit. Moscow, and with remarkable rhythmic symmetry occurs the counter-movement from east to west, which, like the former, carries with it the nations of Central Europe. This return movement reaches to the departing point of the preceding wave, Paris, and subsides.

During this twenty-years period a tremendous number of fields remain unploughed, houses are burned, trade changes its direction, millions of men are ruined, are enriched, emigrate, and millions of Christians who profess to obey the law of love to their neighbors kill one another.

What does all this mean? What is the cause of this? What forced these men to burn houses and kill their fellow-men? What were the reasons for these events? What force compelled men to act in this way?

Such are the ingenious, involuntary, and most legitimate questions that humanity propounds to itself on meeting with the memorials and traditions of this movement in the past.

For a solution of these questions the common sense of humanity looks to the science of history, the aim of which is to teach the nations and humanity self-knowledge.

If history should assume the old point of view, it would reply, "The Divinity, as a reward or as a punishment of his people, gave power to Napoleon, and guided his will to the accomplishment of the divine purposes."

And this reply would be, at any rate, full and clear. One may or may not believe in the divine mission of Napoleon; for one who does believe in it everything in the history of that time would be intelligible, and there would be no contradiction.

But the New History cannot reply in this way. Science does not recognize the view of the ancients as to the direct interference of the Divinity in human actions, and consequently must give another reply.

The New History, in answering these questions, says, — "You wish to know what the significance of this movement was, why it took place, and what forces produced these events? Listen:—

"Louis XIV. was a very proud and self-confident man; he had such and such mistresses, and such and such ministers, and he governed France badly.

"The successors of Louis XIV. were also weak men, and they also governed France badly, and they also had such and such favorites, and such and such mistresses.

"Moreover, at that time, certain men wrote certain books.

"Toward the end of the eighteenth century, there came together at Paris a score of men who began to declare that all men were free and equal. The result of this was that all over France men began to slaughter and ruin each other. These men killed the king and many others.

"At this same time there was a man of genius, named Napoleon. He was everywhere successful; that is to say, he killed many people, because he was a great genius.

"And he went off to kill the Africans (for some reason or other), and he killed them so well, and was so shrewd and

clever, that, when he came back to France, he ordered everybody to submit to him.

“And everybody submitted to him.

“Having made himself emperor, he again went off to kill the people in Italy, Austria, and Prussia.

“And there he killed many.

“But in Russia there was the Emperor Alexander, who determined to re-establish order in Europe, and, consequently, he waged war with Napoleon. But in 1807 they suddenly became friends, and in 1811 they quarrelled again, and again they killed many people; and Napoleon led six hundred thousand men into Russia, and conquered Moscow, but afterwards he suddenly fled from the city, and then the Emperor Alexander, by the advice of Stein and others, united Europe into a coalition against the disturber of the peace.

“All Napoleon’s allies suddenly became his enemies, and this coalition marched against Napoleon, who had got together new forces.

“The allies defeated Napoleon; they entered Paris; they compelled the emperor to abdicate the throne, and sent him to the island of Elba, without depriving him of his dignities of emperor, or failing to show him all possible respect, although five years before and a year after that time all regarded him as a bandit outside of the law.

“Then Louis XVIII. began to reign, though up to that time the French, and also the allies, had only made sport of him.

“Napoleon, having shed tears in presence of his old guard, abdicated the throne and went into exile.

“Thereupon astute statesmen and diplomatists (especially Talleyrand, who managed to anticipate another in sitting down in a certain arm-chair, and thereby magnified the boundaries of France) held a discussion at Vienna, and by their discussions made nations happy or unhappy.

“Suddenly the diplomatists and monarchs almost quarrelled; they were about to set their armies to killing each other again, but, at this moment, Napoleon, with one battalion, came back to France, and the French, who hated him, immediately all submitted to him.

“But the allied monarchs were indignant at this, and once more set out to fight with the French.

“And they defeated and sent Napoleon, the genius, calling him a bandit, to the island of St. Helena.

“And there an exile, separated from those dear to his heart

and from his beloved France, he died a lingering death on the rock, and bequeathed his great deeds to posterity.

“Meanwhile, in Europe, a re-action was taking place, and all the sovereigns began once more to oppress their peoples.”

Think not that this is a parody or caricature of historical writings. On the contrary, it is the mildest expression of the contradictory answers which fail to answer, and are given by *all* History, whether in the form of Memoirs and histories of various kingdoms, or Universal Histories, and the new kind, Histories of *Culture*, in vogue at the present time.

The strangeness and absurdity of these replies are due to the fact that the New History is like a deaf man who answers questions that no one has asked him.

If the object of history is to describe the movements of nations and of humanity, then for the first question, and the one which, if left unanswered, makes all the rest unintelligible, an answer will be as follows: —

“What force moves the nations?”

To this question the New History replies elaborately either that Napoleon was a great genius, or that Louis XIV. was very proud, or that such and such writers published such and such books.

All this may, perhaps, be very true, and humanity is ready to assent, but it did not ask about that.

All this might be interesting if we acknowledge the divine power, self-established, and always the same, which governs its nations by means of Napoleons, Louises, and the writers, but we do not recognize this power, and, therefore, before talking about Napoleons, Louises, and the writers, it is necessary to show the connecting link between these men and the movements of the nations.

If, in place of the divine power, a new force is to be substituted, then it is necessary to explain in what this new force consists, since it is precisely in this force that all the interest of history is concentrated.

History seems to take it for granted that this force is a matter of course, known to all. But, in spite of all desire to recognize this new force as known, he who studies very many of the historical writings will, involuntarily, come to doubt whether this new force, which is understood in so many different ways, is wholly clear to the historians themselves.

CHAPTER II.

WHAT force moves the nations ?

Ordinary biographers and the historians of distinct nations understand this force as the power inherent in heroes and rulers. According to their writings, events take place exclusively in accordance with the wills of the Napoleons and the Alexanders, or, in general, of those individuals whom the private biographer describes.

The answers given by historians of this class to the question "What force moves events?" are satisfactory only so long as each event has but one historian. But so soon as historians of different nationalities and views begin to describe one and the same event, then the answers given by them immediately become nonsensical; since this force is understood by each one of them not merely in a different way, but often in an absolutely contradictory way.

One historian affirms that an event took place by means of the power of Napoleon; another affirms that it took place by means of the power of Alexander; according to a third, it took place by means of the power of some third person.

Moreover, the historians of this class contradict one another even in their explanations of that force whereon is based the power of one and the same man.

Thiers, a Bonapartist, declares that Napoleon's power was due to his virtue and genius. Laufrey, a Republican, declares that it was due to his rascality and skill in deceiving the people.

Thus the historians of this class, by mutually destroying each other's position, in the same process destroy the conception of force producing the events, and give no answer to the essential question of history.

General historians, who treat of all nations, seem to recognize the fallacy of the views held by the special historians in regard to the force that produces the event. They will not admit that force to be a power inherent in heroes and rulers, but consider it to be the result of many forces variously applied.

In describing a war or the subjugation of a nation, the general historian seeks for the cause of the event, not in the power of any one individual, but in the mutual influence upon each other of many individuals who took part in the event.

According to this view, the power of historical personages who themselves represent the product of many forces, it would seem, cannot be regarded as the force which in itself produces the events.

And yet the general historians, in the majority of cases, make use of a concept of power as a force which in itself produces events and holds the relation to them of first cause.

According to their exposition, the historical personage is only the product of various forces; next, his power is a force producing the event.

Gervinus and Schlösser, for example, and others try to prove that Napoleon was the product of the Revolution, of the ideas of 1789, and so forth; and then they say up and down that the campaign of '12, and other events which they disapprove, were simply the results of Napoleon's misdirected will, and these very ideas of the year 1789 were hindered in their development in consequence of Napoleon's opposition.

The ideas of the Revolution, the general state of public opinion, brought about Napoleon's power, and at the same time Napoleon's power stifled the ideas of the Revolution and the general state of public opinion.

This strange contradiction is not accidental. It is not only arising at every step, but from a continuous series of such contradictions all the writings of general history are composed. This contradiction results from the fact that on getting into the region of analysis the general historians stop half-way on their route.

In order to find the component forces equal to the combination or the resultant, it is necessary that the sum of the factors should equal the resultant.

This condition is never observed by the general historian, and, therefore, in order to explain the resultant force, they are necessarily compelled to admit in addition to their inadequate components a still unexplained force, which acts supplementary to the resultant.

An ordinary historian describing the campaign of '13 or the restoration of the Bourbons says in so many words that these events were brought about by the will of Alexander.

But the general historian, Gervinus, refuting this view held by the ordinary historian, endeavors to prove that the campaign of '13 and the restoration of the Bourbons had for their causes, not alone the will of Alexander, but also the activity of Stein, Metternich, Madame de Stael, Talleyrand, Fichte, Châteaubriand, and others.

The historian evidently resolved Alexander's power into its factors: Talleyrand, Châteaubriand, and the like. The sum of these factors, that is the mutual influence of Châteaubriand, Talleyrand, Madame de Staël, and the others, evidently does not equal the whole resultant: in other words, the phenomenon that millions of the French submitted to the Bourbons.

From the fact that Châteaubriand, Madame de Staël, and others said such and such words to each other show merely their mutual relations, but not the submission of millions. And, therefore, in order to explain how from this fact of their mutual relations resulted the submission of millions, that is from factors equal to A alone comes a resultant equal to a thousand times A, the historian is inevitably bound to admit that same force of personal power, which he professes to reject, by calling it the resultant of forces; that is, he is bound to admit an unexplained force acting upon the factors.

This is the very way in which the general historians reason. And in consequence of this they contradict, not only the biographers, but themselves.

Inhabitants of the country districts judging by whether they wish rain or fine weather, and having no clear comprehension of the causes of rain, say, "The wind has scattered the clouds," or "The wind has brought the clouds."

In exactly the same way the general historians: sometimes, when they want a certain thing, when it fits in with their theory, they say that the power is the result of events; but at other times, when it is necessary to prove the opposite, they will say that the power produces the events.

A third class of historians, called the historians of *culture*, following on the track laid down for them by the general historians, recognizing sometimes writers and ladies as forces producing events, reckon this force in an entirely different way still. They see it in so-called culture, in intellectual activity.

The historians of culture are thoroughgoing partisans in relation to their kinsfolk, the general historians, since if historical events can be explained by the fact that certain men had such and such an effect upon one another, then why not explain them by the fact that certain men wrote certain books?

These historians, from the whole monstrous collection of manifestation accompanying every phenomenon of life, select the manifestation of intellectual activity and say that this manifestation is the cause!

But, notwithstanding all their endeavors to prove that the cause of the event lay in intellectual activity, it is only by great concessions that we can agree that there is anything in common between intellectual activity and the movements of the nations, but we cannot admit in any case that intellectual activity directs the activity of men, since such phenomena as the cruel massacres of the French Revolution, which were the outcome of the doctrine of the equality of men, and the wicked wars and reprisals, which were the outcome of the doctrine of love, do not support this proposition.

But even admitting that all the ingenious hypotheses with which these histories are filled are correct, admitting that the nations are led by some undetermined force which is called the *idea*, the essential question of history still remains unanswered, since to this original power of monarchs, and the influence of contemporaries and other individuals adduced by the general historians, we must add still this new force of the *idea*, the relation of which to the masses demands to be explained.

We may grant that Napoleon had power and therefore an event took place; with some concessions, we may moreover grant that Napoleon, together with other influences, was the cause of an event; but how the book *Contrat Social* influenced the French to destroy each other cannot be understood without an explanation of the connection between this new force and the event.

Undoubtedly, there exists a connection between all things existing at the same time, and therefore there is a possibility of finding some connection between the intellectual activity of men and their historical movements, just as this connection can be found between the movement of humanity and trade, handicrafts, horticulture, and what not.

But why the intellectual activity of men furnishes the historians of culture with the cause or the expression of every historical movement, it is hard to comprehend. Only the following reasoning can bring historians to such a conclusion:—

(1) That history is written by wise men, and it is natural and agreeable for them to think that the activity of their guild is the ruling element in the movement of all humanity, just as it is natural and agreeable for the merchant, the agriculturist, the soldier, to think the same. (This fails to find expression simply because merchants and soldiers do not write histories.)

And (2) that intellectual activity, enlightenment, civilization, culture, the idea, — all these things are indeterminate concepts under which it is very convenient to employ words still more vague and therefore easily adapted to any theory.

But, not to reckon the intrinsic value of this class of history (perhaps they may be useful for some people and for some purposes), the histories of culture, to which all general histories are beginning more and more to conform, are significant for this reason, that in developing seriously and in detail various religious, philosophical, and political doctrines, as the causes of the events, every time when it becomes necessary for them to describe some actual historical event, as, for example, the campaign of '12, they involuntarily describe it as the result of power, saying in so many words that this campaign was the result of Napoleon's will!

Speaking in this way, the historians of culture unwittingly contradict themselves, or prove that the new force which they have discovered does not explain historical events, but that the only means of understanding history is to admit that very same power which they affect to disclaim.

CHAPTER III.

A LOCOMOTIVE is in motion.

The question is asked, What makes it move?

The peasant answers, 'Tis the devil moves it.

Another says that the locomotive goes because the wheels are in motion.

A third affirms that the cause of the motion is to be found in the smoke that is borne away by the wind.

The peasant sticks to his opinion. In order to refute him, some one must prove to him that there is no devil, or another peasant must explain to him that it is not the devil, but a German, who makes the locomotive go.

Only then because of the contradictions will it be seen that they cannot both be right.

But the one who says that the cause is the movement of the wheels contradicts himself, since, if he enters into the region of analysis, he must go further and further: he must explain the cause of the motion of the wheels. And until he finds the ultimate cause of the motion of the locomotive in the power of compressed steam, he will not have the right to pause in his search for the cause.

The one who accounted for the motion of the locomotive by the smoke borne back had noticed that the explanation regarding the wheels did not furnish a satisfactory cause, and so seized upon the first manifestation that attracted his attention, and in his turn offered it as the cause.

The only conception capable of explaining the motion of the locomotive is that of a force equivalent to the observed movement.

The only conception capable of explaining the movement of nations is that of a force equal to the whole movement of the nations.

And yet the forces assumed by the different historians to satisfy this conception are perfectly different, and in every case are not equal to the movement under observation. Some see in it a force independently inherent in heroes, as the peasant sees a devil in the locomotive. Others see a force proceeding from certain other forces, like the motion of the wheels. A third class — an intellectual influence, like the smoke borne away.

So long as histories of individuals are written, — whether Cæsars and Alexanders, or Luthers and Voltaires, — and not the histories of *all*, without a single exception of *all* the men who took part in events, there is no possibility of describing the movements of humanity without the conception of a force which obliges men to direct their activity toward a common end.

And the only conception of this sort known to historians is **Power**.

This idea of Power is the only handle by means of which it is possible to manage the materials of history in the present state of the subject; and the one who should break this handle, as Buckle did, and not know any other way of dealing with historical material, would be deprived of his last chance of dealing with it.

The unavoidableness of the concept of Power in explaining historical events is shown better than any other way by the authors of universal histories and histories of civilization, who affect to renounce the idea of power, and yet, inevitably, at every step, make use of it.

Historical science, at the present time, in its relation to the questions of humanity, is like money in circulation, — bank notes and coin. Biographies and the ordinary histories of nations are like bank notes. They may pass and circulate, satisfying their denomination without injury to any one, and even be of service, so long as the question does not arise whether their value is assured.

If only we forget the question how the will of heroes brings about events, then the histories of the Thierses will be interesting, instructive, and, moreover, will have a touch of poetry.

But, just as doubt with regard to the actual value of bank notes arises either from the fact that since it is so easy to make them many of them are made, or because there is a general desire to exchange them for gold, in exactly the same way doubt concerning the actual significance of historical works of this sort arises from the fact that they are too numerous, or because some one, in the simplicity of his heart, asks: "By what force was Napoleon able to do this?" In other words, wishes to have his bank notes exchanged for the pure gold of the genuine concept.

General historians and the historians of culture are like men who, recognizing the inconvenience of assignats, should resolve, in place of paper, to make coin out of some metal that had not the density of gold. And their money would actually have the ring of metal, but that would be all.

Paper notes might deceive the ignorant, but coin which is spurious can deceive no one.

Now, as gold is only gold when it can be used, not merely for exchange, but in practical business, so universal histories will become gold only when they will be able to reply to the essential question of history: "What is power?"

Authors of universal histories contradict one another in their replies to this question, and historians of culture ignore it entirely and reply to something entirely different.

And as tokens resembling gold can only be used among men who agree to take them for gold or who know not the properties of gold, so the general historians and the historians of culture who do not respond to the essential questions of history have currency only at the universities and among the throng of readers who are fond of "serious books," as they call them.

CHAPTER IV.

HAVING renounced the views of the ancients as to the divinely ordained submission of the will of the people to the one chosen man, and the submission of this one will to the Divinity, history cannot take another step without being involved in contradictions unless it make choice between two

alternatives; either to return to the former belief in the immediate interference of the Divinity in human affairs, or definitely to explain the meaning of this force which produces historical events, and is known as Power.

To return to the first is impossible; the belief has been overthrown, and therefore it is necessary to explain the meaning of Power.

Napoleon gave orders to raise an army and go out to battle. This notion is so familiar to us, we have become to such a degree wonted to this view of things, that the question why six hundred thousand men should go to war because Napoleon said such and such words seems to us foolish. He had the power, and consequently his orders were obeyed.

This answer is perfectly satisfactory if we believe that the power was given to him by God. But, as soon as we deny it, we must decide what that power is that one man has over others.

That power cannot be the direct power of the physical superiority of a strong being over the weak, — a superiority based on the application or threatened application of physical force — like the power of Hercules. It cannot be founded either on the superiority of moral force, though certain historians, in the simplicity of their hearts, declare that historical actors are the heroes; that is, men gifted with peculiar force of soul and intellect, called genius.

This Power cannot be based upon the superiority of moral force, since, without speaking of heroes like Napoleon, concerning whose moral qualities opinions are completely at variance, history shows us that neither the Louis Xths, nor the Metternichs, who governed millions of men, had any special qualities of moral force, but, on the contrary, were, for the most part, morally weaker than any one of the millions of men whom they ruled.

If the source of Power lies in neither the physical nor the moral qualities of the individual exercising it, then evidently the source of this power must be found outside the individual, — in those relations between the masses governed and the individual possessing the Power.

In exactly this way, Power is understood by the science of Law, the self-same bank of exchange of history which promises to change the historical concepts of Power into pure gold.

Power is the accumulation of the wills of the masses, transferred avowedly or tacitly to the rulers chosen by the masses.

In the domain of the science of Law which is composed of

dissertations on the requisite methods of building up a State and Power, if it were possible to do all this, this explanation is all very clear; but in its application to history this definition of Power demands explanation.

The science of Law regards a State and Power as the ancients regarded fire, as something existing absolutely. For History the State and Power are only phenomena, just as in the same way as for the "Physics" of our day fire is not an element but a phenomenon.

From this fundamental divergence of view between History and the Science of Law, it follows that Science of Law can relate in detail how in its opinion it would be necessary to build up Power, and what Power is existing immovably outside of time; but to the historical questions about the significance of Power modified by time it can give no reply.

If Power is the accumulation of wills transferred to a ruler, then is Pugachóf the representative of the wills of the masses? If he is not, then why is Napoleon I. such a representative? Why was Napoleon III., when he was apprehended at Boulogne, a criminal, and why were those whom he afterwards apprehended criminals?

In palace revolutions, in which sometimes two or three men only take part, is the will of the masses also transferred to the new monarch?

In international relations, is the will of the masses of the people transferred to their conqueror?

In 1808 was the will of the Rhine Convention transferred to Napoleon?

Was the will of the Russian people transferred to Napoleon in 1809 when our troops, in alliance with the French, went to fight against Austria?

These questions may be answered in three ways:—

(1) By acknowledging that the will of the masses is always unconditionally handed over to this or that ruler whom they have chosen, and that consequently every outbreak of new power, every struggle against the Power once given over, must be regarded as an infringement of the real Power;

Or (2), by acknowledging that the will of the masses is transferred to the rulers conditionally, under known and definite conditions, and by showing that all assaults, collisions, and even the destruction of Power, proceed from non-fulfilment of the conditions under which the Power was given to them;

Or (3), by acknowledging that the will of the masses is transferred to the rulers conditionally, but under unknown and undefined conditions, and that the outbreak of many new Powers, their conflict and fall, arise only from the more or less complete fulfilment of those unknown conditions according to which the will of the masses was transferred from some individuals to others.

In these three ways the historians explain the relations of the masses to their rulers.

Some historians, not comprehending in the simplicity of their souls the question of the meaning of Power, — the same ordinary and “biographical historians” of whom mention has been made above, — seem to acknowledge that the accumulated will of the masses is transferred unconditionally to the historical personages, and therefore, in describing any Power whatever, these historians suppose that this self-same Power is the one absolute and genuine, and that any other force rising in opposition to this genuine Power is not a Power, but a breach of Power — violence!

Their theory, satisfactory for the primitive and simple periods of history, when it comes to be applied to the complicated and stormy periods in the life of the nations, — during which simultaneously various Powers rise up and struggle together, — has the disadvantage that the legitimist historian will try to prove that the Convention, the Directory, and Bonaparte were only infringements of Power, while the Republican and Bonapartist will try to prove, the one that the Convention, and the other that the Empire, was the genuine Power, and that all the rest were only infringements of Power.

Evidently since the explanations of Power given by these historians mutually contradict each other, they can prove satisfactory only for children of the tenderest growth!

A second class of historians, recognizing the fallacy of this view of history, says that Power is founded on the conditional transfer of the accumulated wills of the masses to the rulers, and that historical personages have the Power only on condition of carrying out the program which with tacit consent has been prescribed by the will of the nation. But what goes to make up this program, these historians fail to tell us, or, if they tell us, they constantly contradict one another.

To every historian, according to his view of what constitutes the object of the movement of the nations, this program presents itself in the grandeur, liberty, enlightenment, of the citizens of France or some other State.

But not to speak of the contradictions of the historians, or of what this program is, even granting the existence of one program common to all, still the facts of history almost universally contradict this theory.

If the conditions under which Power is granted consist in riches, liberty, the enlightenment of the nation, why, then, were the Louis XIVths and Ivan IVths* allowed to live to the end of their reigns, while the Louis XVIths and Charles Ists were put to death by their nations?

These historians answer this question by saying that the activity of Louis XIV., being contrary to the program, met with its punishment in the person of Louis XVI.

But why was the punishment not visited upon Louis XIV. and Louis XV.? Why should it have been visited especially upon Louis XVI.? And what is the length of time required for such a visitation?

To these questions there is and can be no answer. In the same way this view fails to explain the cause of the fact that the accumulated will of the people for several centuries is preserved by the rulers and their successors, and then suddenly, in the course of fifty years, is transferred to the Convention, to the Directory, to Napoleon, to Alexander, to Louis XVIII., to Napoleon again, to Charles X., to Louis Philippe, to the republican administration, to Napoleon III.

In their explanations of these rapidly occurring transfers of will from one individual to another, and especially in international relations, conquests, and treaties, these historians must, in spite of themselves, acknowledge that a part of these phenomena are not regular transfers of will, but accidental chances, dependent now upon cunning, now upon the mistakes or the deceitfulness or the weakness of diplomat or monarch or party director.

So that the greater part of the phenomena of history — civil wars, revolutions, conquests — appear to these historians certainly not as the products of the transfers of free wills, but as the products of the misdirected will of one man or several men, in other words, again infringements of Power.

And consequently historical events, even to historians of this class, appear as exceptions to the theory.

These historians are like a botanist who, observing that certain plants come from seeds with dicotyledonous leaves, should insist upon it that everything that grew must grow in this bifoliate form, and that the palm and the mushroom and

* Ioánn or Iván the Terrible, of Russia, reigned from 1546 till 1584

even the oak, which develop to their full growth and have no more resemblance to the dicotyledons, are exceptions to their theory.

A third class of historians acknowledge that the will of the masses is conditionally transferred to the historical personages, but assert that these conditions are not known to us. They say that the historical characters possess the power simply because they have to fulfil the will of the masses, which has been transferred to them.

But in such a case, if the force that moves the nations is not inherent in the historical individuals, but in the nations themselves, then what constitutes the significance of these historical personages?

Historical personages, these historians say, are in themselves the expression of the will of the masses; the activity of the historical personages serves as the representative of the activity of the masses.

But in this case the question arises: Does all the activity of the historical characters serve as the expression of the will of the masses, or only a certain side of it?

If all the activity of historical personages serves as the expression of the will of the masses, as some think, then the biographies of the Napoleons, the Catherines, with all the details of court gossip, serve as the expression of the life of the nations, which is evidently absurd.

If only one side of the activity of the historical personage serves as the expression of the life of the nations, as is thought by other, so-called philosopher-historians, then in order to determine what side of the activity of the historical personage expresses the life of the nation, it is necessary first to determine what constitutes the life of the nation.

Having met with this difficulty, the historians of this sort have invented a most obscure, intangible, and general explanation, under which to bring the greatest possible quantity of events, and they say that this abstraction covers the object of the movements of humanity. The most ordinary abstractions which are selected by the historians, almost without exception, are: liberty, equality, enlightenment, progress, civilization, culture.

Having thus established as the object of the movement of humanity some abstraction or other, the historians study the men who have left behind them the greatest quantity of memorials — tsars, ministers, commanders, authors, reformers, popes, journalists, according as these personages, in their

judgment, have contributed to help or to oppose the given abstraction.

But since it has not been shown by any one that the object of humanity consisted in liberty, equality, enlightenment, or civilization, and as the connection of the masses with the rulers and propagators of enlightenment of humanity is based only on an arbitrary assumption, that the accumulation of the wills of the masses is always transferred to those individuals who are known to us, therefore the activity of millions of men, who are marching forth, burning houses, abandoning agriculture, exterminating each other, is never expressed in the description of the activity of a dozen men who have never burned houses, had nothing to do with agriculture, and did not kill their fellow-men.

History shows this at every step.

Can the fermentation of the nations of the west at the end of the last century, and their eager rush towards the east, be expressed in the activity of Louis XIV., Louis XV., or Louis XVI., or their mistresses, their ministers, or in the lives of Napoleon, Rousseau, Diderot, Beaumarchais, and the others?

Was the movement of the Russian people toward the east, to Kazan and Siberia, expressed in the details of the sickly character of Ivan IV. and his correspondence with Kurbsky?

Is the movement of the nations at the time of the crusades explained in the life and activity of the Godfreys and the St. Louises and their ladies? For us still incomprehensible remains what it was that moved the nations from west to east, without any object, without leadership, — a crowd of vagrants, with Peter the Hermit.

And still more incomprehensible remains the discontinuance of that movement at a time when the reasonable and holy object of the crusades — the liberation of Jerusalem — was so clearly set forth by the historical agents. Popes, kings, and knights incited the people to rally for the liberation of the Holy Land; but the people would not go, for the reason that the unknown cause which before had incited them to the movement was no longer in existence.

The history of the Godfreys and the Minnesingers evidently cannot in itself express the life of the nations. And the histories of the Godfreys and the Minnesingers remain the history of the Godfreys and the Minnesingers, while the history of the lives of the nations and their mainsprings of action remain unknown.

Still less is the life of the nations explained for us by the histories of authors and reformers.

The history of culture explains for us the awakening of the conditions of life and the thoughts of writers and reformers. We learn that Luther had an irascible nature and uttered such and such sayings; we learn that Rousseau was a sceptic and wrote such and such books, but we know not why, after the Reformation, men cut each other's throats, or why, at the time of the French Revolution, they put each other to death. If these two kinds of history are welded together, as some of the most recent historians have done, it will still be the histories of monarchs and writers, but not the history of the life of the nations.

CHAPTER V.

THE life of the nations cannot be summarized in the lives of a few men, for the bond connecting such persons with the nations has not been discovered. The theory that this bond of union is based upon the will of the masses transferred to historical personages is an hypothesis not confirmed by the experience of history.

The theory of the transference of the will of the masses to the historical personages, perhaps, explains many things in the domain of Law, and is very possibly essential for its objects, but in relation to history, as soon as revolutions, civil wars, conquests make their appearance, as soon as history begins, this theory no longer explains anything.

This theory seems to be irrefutable, simply because the act of transference of the will of the nation cannot be verified, since it never existed.

No matter what the event may be, or what personage may stand at the head of it, theory can always say that the personage in question was at the head of the affairs for the reason that the accumulated will of the masses was transferred to him.

The answers afforded by this theory to historical questions are like the answers of a man who, watching a herd of cattle moving about, and not taking into consideration the varying quality of the feed in different parts of the field or the whip of the drover, should attribute their movement in this or that direction to the animal at the head of the herd.

"The herd go in that direction because the animal at the

head leads them there, and the accumulated will of all the other animals is transferred to this leader of the herd."

Thus reply the first class of historians — those who believe in the unconditional transference of power.

"If the animals moving at the head of the herd change their direction, it is because the accumulated will of all the animals is transferred from one leader to another according as this or that animal conducts them in the direction chosen by the herd."

Thus reply the historians who hold that the accumulated will of the masses is transferred to rulers under certain conditions which they consider indeterminate. (In such a method of observation it would often come about that the observer, drawing his conclusions from the direction taken by the herd, would consider certain animals at the side or even at the rear as the leaders, owing to changes of direction taken wholly by chance !)

"If the animals at the head of the herd constantly change about, and if the course of the whole herd constantly varies, it is from the fact that, in order to attain the direction which we observed, the animals transfer their will to those other animals observed by us; and, in order to study the movements of the herd, we must study all the animals under whose influence the herd is led from side to side."

Thus argue the historians of the third class, who believe that all historical personages, from monarchs to journalists, are the expressions of their own time.

The theory of the will of the masses being transferred to historical personages is merely a periphrase — only the question expressed in other words !

What is the cause of historical events ? Power.

What is power ?

Power is the accumulated wills of the masses transferred to a given personage.

Under what conditions are the wills of the masses transferred to a given personage ?

On condition that the personage expresses the will of the masses.

That is, Power is Power. That is, Power is a word, the meaning of which is incomprehensible to us.

If all human knowledge were comprehended within the domain of abstract reasoning, then humanity, having subjected to criticism the idea of Power which *science* gives, would come

to the conclusion that Power is only a word, and does not exist, in reality, at all.

For the knowledge of phenomena, however, man has besides abstract reasoning the tool of experience, by which he tests the results of reasoning. And experience declares that Power is not a mere word, but a thing actually existing.

Aside from the fact that without the concept of Power it is impossible to describe the united action of men, the existence of Power is proven, not only by history, but by the observation of contemporary events.

Always, when an historical event takes place, there appears one man or several men, in accordance with whose will the event apparently took place.

Napoleon III. gives his orders, and the French go to Mexico.

The King of Prussia and Bismarck give their orders, and the troops enter Bohemia.

Napoleon I. gives his orders, and the troops march into Russia.

Alexander I. gives his orders, and the French submit to the Bourbons.

Experience shows us that whatever event has come to pass is always connected with the will of one man or several men, who gave the commands.

Historians who, according to the old custom, recognize the participation of the Divinity in the affairs of humanity, try to find the cause of an event in the expression of the will of the individual who is clothed with the Power, but this conclusion is confirmed neither by reason nor by experience.

On the one hand, reason shows us that the expression of the will of a man — his words — is but a part of the general activity expressed in an event, for example, a war or a revolution; and, therefore, without the acknowledgment of the existence of an incomprehensible, supernatural force — a miracle — it is impossible to grant that mere words can be the proximate cause of the movement of millions of men; on the other hand, if we grant that words can be the cause of an event, then history proves that in many cases the expression of the will of historical personages has been productive of no effect whatever — that is, not only have their decrees been often disobeyed, but sometimes the exact opposite of what they ordered has been brought to pass.

Unless we grant that the Divinity participates in human affairs, we cannot regard Power as the cause of events.

Power, from the standpoint of experience, is merely the

relationship existing between the expressed will of the individual and the accomplishment of that will by other men.

To explain the conditions of this relationship, we must first of all establish the idea of the expression of will by referring it to man and not to the Divinity.

If the Divinity gives commands, expresses his will, as the history written by the ancients would have us believe, then the expression of this will is not dependent upon time, or conditioned by any determining cause, since the Divinity is wholly aloof from the event.

But when we speak of decrees as the expression of the will of men who, in their acts, are subject to time and dependent upon one another, in order to understand the connection between decrees and events, we must establish : —

1. The condition under which everything happens : continuity in time of action, both of the historical movement and the person who gives the command : and

2. The condition of the inevitable connection between the personage who gives the command and the men who carry out his command.

CHAPTER VI.

ONLY the expression of the will of the Divinity, which is independent of time, can be related to the whole series of events extending over a few years or centuries, and only the Divinity, which is unconditioned by anything, can by its own will alone determine the direction of the movements of humanity ; man, however, acts in time, and himself participates in events.

Having established the first neglected condition — the condition of Time — we shall see that no command can be executed without the existence of some previous command, making the fulfilment of the latter possible.

A command is never a spontaneous utterance, and it never includes in itself a whole series of events ; but each command has its source in another, and is never related to a whole series of events, but only to the one moment of the event.

When we say, for instance, that Napoleon commanded his armies to go to war, we combine in one simultaneous expression, "command," a series of consecutive orders, dependent one upon another.

Napoleon could never have decreed the campaign to Russia, and he never did decree it.

He gave orders one day to write such and such letters to Vienna, to Berlin, and to Petersburg; the next day certain decrees and "orders" to the army, the navy, and the commissariat department, and so on and so on,—millions of commands, forming a series of commands corresponding to a series of events, which brought the French army into Russia.

If Napoleon throughout the whole course of his reign continues to issue commands concerning the expedition against England, and if on no single one of his designs he wastes so much time and energy, and yet during the whole course of his reign not once attempts to carry out his intention, but makes the expedition to Russia, with which, as he expressed himself repeatedly, he considered it advantageous to be in alliance, then this results from the fact that the first orders do not correspond to any series of events, whereas the second do.

In order that a command should be genuinely carried out, it is necessary that a man should express an order that can be carried out. To know what can and what cannot be carried out is impossible, not merely in case of a Napoleonic expedition against Russia in which millions participate, but even in the simplest event: since for the accomplishment of the one or the other, millions of obstacles may be encountered.

For every command that is carried out, there are always enormous numbers that are not carried out.

All infeasible commands have no connection with the event, and are not carried out. Only those which are feasible become connected with consecutive series of commands accompanying whole series of events, and are carried out.

Our false conception that the command preceding the event is the cause of the event, arises from the fact that when an event has taken place, and only those out of a thousand commands which are connected with the event are carried out, we forget those which were not carried out because they could not be carried out.

Moreover, the chief source of our error in this way of thinking arises from the fact that in historical narratives a whole series of numberless, various, petty events, as, for example, what brought the French armies into Russia, are generalized into one event according to the result which proceeded from this series of events, and, corresponding with this generalization, the whole series of commands is also generalized into one expression of will.

We say: Napoleon wished and made an expedition against Russia.

In reality, we never find in all Napoleon's career anything like the expression of this will, but we find a series of commands or expressions of his will in the most varied and indeterminate sort of direction.

Out of the numberless series of Napoleonic decrees that were never executed proceeded a series of commands concerning the campaign of '12 that were executed, not because these commands were in any respect different from the other commands that were not executed, but because the series of these commands coincided with a series of events which brought the French army into Russia, — just as by a stencil this or that figure is designed, not because it makes any difference on what side or how the color is applied, but because the color was smeared over the whole side, including the figure that had been cut out of the stencil plate.

So that, by considering the relation of the commands to the events in time, we shall find that in no case can the command be the cause of the event, but that between the two exists a certain definite connection.

In order to comprehend what this connection is, it is necessary to establish a second neglected condition of every command that proceeds, not from the Divinity, but from a man; and this is the fact that the man who gives the command must himself be a participant in the event.

This relationship between the person giving the command and the one to whom the command is given is precisely that which is called Power.

This relationship consists in the following: —

In order to undertake action in common, men always form themselves into certain groups in which, notwithstanding the variety of the objects which impel them to united action, the relation between the men who participate in the action is always the same.

Having united into these groups, men always establish among themselves such a relationship that the greater number of the men take the greatest direct part, and the smaller number take the smallest direct part, in the mutual action for which they have united their forces.

Of all such groups into which men have ever joined themselves for the accomplishment of a common activity, the most definite and clearly defined is the army.

Every army is composed of the lower members, "the rank and file" in military parlance, the privates, who always form the majority; then of those who in military parlance hold higher

rank — corporals, non-commissioned officers, less in number than the first; then those still higher, the number of whom is still less, and so on up to the highest power of all, which is concentrated in a single individual.

The organization of an army may be expressed with perfect accuracy under the figure of a cone, in which the base, having the greatest diameter, is represented by the privates, the higher and smaller plane sections representing the higher ranks of the army, and so on up to the very top of the cone, the apex of which will be represented by the commander-in-chief.

The soldiers forming the majority constitute the lowest portion of the cone and its base. The soldier himself directly does the killing, burning, pillaging, and always receives commands from those who stand above him; he himself never gives commands.

The non-commissioned officer — the number of non-commissioned officers is still less — more seldom than the soldier takes part in these acts, but he gives commands.

The officer still more rarely takes part in the action himself, and gives orders still more frequently.

The general only commands the troops to march, and tells them where they are to go, but he almost never uses weapons.

The commander-in-chief never can take a direct part in the action itself, but merely issues general dispositions concerning the movements of the masses.

The same mutual relationship of individuals is to be noted in every union of men for common activity — in agriculture, trade, and in every other enterprise.

Thus, without elaborately carrying out all the complicated divisions of the cone and the grades of the army or of any calling and establishment of any kind whatever, or of any mutual business, from highest to lowest, the law everywhere holds by which men, for the accomplishment of mutual activities, join together in such a relationship that in proportion as they take a greater direct share in the actual work, and the more they are in numbers, the less they give orders, and in proportion as they take a less direct part in the work itself, the more they give orders, and the fewer they are; thus passing up from the lowest strata to the one man standing alone, taking the smallest possible part in the work, and more than all the others directing his activity to the giving of commands.

This relationship of the individuals who command to those who are commanded is the very essence of the concept which we call Power.

Having established the conditions in time under which all events are accomplished, we have found that the command is executed only when it bears some relation to the corresponding series of events.

Having established the inevitable condition of the connection between the commander and the commanded, we have found that by its very nature those who most issue the commands take the least part in the event itself, and that their activity is exclusively directed toward commanding.

CHAPTER VII.

WHEN any event whatever is taking place, men express their various opinions and wishes concerning the event, and, as the event proceeds from the united action of many men, some one of the expressed opinions or wishes is sure to be executed, even though it may be approximately.

When one of the opinions expressed is fulfilled, this opinion seems to be connected with the event as a command preceding it.

Men are dragging along a beam. Each expresses his opinions as to how and where it should be dragged. They drag the beam to its destination, and it is shown that it has been done in accordance with what one of them said.

He gave the command.

Here the command and the power are seen in their primitive form.

The man who labored hardest with his arms could not so well think what he was doing, or be able to consider what would be the result of the common activity, or to command.

The one who gave the most commands could, by reason of his activity with his words, evidently do less with his arms.

In a large concourse of men who are directing their activity to one end, still more sharply defined is the class of those who, in proportion as they take a less active part in the general business, direct their activity all the more toward giving commands.

A man, when he acts alone, always carries with him a certain series of considerations which seem to him to have guided his past activity, and serve to facilitate his activity at the moment, and to assist him in his plans for his future enterprises.

In exactly the same way assemblages of men act, leaving those who take no part in the actual work to do their thinking

for them, and to justify their operations, and to make their plans for their future activity.

For reasons known or unknown to us, the French suddenly begin to ruin and murder each other, and the justification of it is found in the expressed will of the people, who declare that this was essential for the well-being of France, for liberty, for equality!

The French cease to murder each other, and the justification of it is found in the necessity for the unity of Power, for resistance to Europe and the like.

Men march from the west to the east, killing their fellow-men, and this event is accompanied by the words: "the glory of France," "the humiliation of England," and the like.

History shows us that these justifications of events have no common sense, are mutually contradictory, like the murder of a man in consequence of the acknowledgment of his rights, and the massacre of millions in Russia for the humiliation of England. But these justifications have a necessary significance at the time they are made.

These justifications release the men who brought these events about from moral responsibility. These temporary objects are like the cow-catchers, which serve to clear the road along the rails in front of the train: they clear the road of the moral responsibility of men.

Without these justifications we could not answer the simplest questions which stand in the way of the examination of every event: "How did millions of men commit wholesale crimes — wars, massacres, and the like?"

Would it be possible in the present complicated forms of political and social life in Europe to find any event whatever that would not have been predicted, prescribed, ordained, by sovereigns, ministers, parliaments, newspapers? Could there be any united action which would not find justification for itself in National Unity, in the Balance of Europe, in Civilization?

So that every accomplished event inevitably corresponds to some expressed wish, and, having found justification for itself, appears as the fulfilment of the will of one or several men.

When a ship moves, whatever may be her course, there will always be visible, in front of the prow, a ripple of the sun-drenched waves. For the men who are on board of the ship the movement of this ripple would be the only observable motion.

Only by observing closely, moment by moment, the movement of this ripple, and comparing this movement with the

motion of the ship, can we persuade ourselves that each moment of the movement of the ripple is determined by the motion of the ship, and that we were led into error by the very fact that we ourselves were imperceptibly moving.

We see the same thing in following, moment by moment, the motion of historical personages (that is, by establishing the necessary condition of everything that is accomplished—the condition of uninterrupted motion in time)—and by not losing from sight the inevitable connection of historical personages with the masses.

Whatever has happened, it always seems that this very thing has been predicted and pre-ordained. In whatever direction the ship moves, the ripple, which does not guide or even condition its movement, boils in front of her, and will seem, to an observer at a distance, not only to be spontaneously moving, but, even directing the movement of the ship.

Historians, regarding only those expressions of the will of historical personages which bore to events the relation of commands, have supposed that events are dependent upon commands.

Regarding the events themselves, and that connection with the masses by which historical personages have been bound, we have discovered that historical personages and their commands are dependent on the events.

An undoubted proof of this deduction is given by the fact that, no matter how many commands are uttered, the event will not take place if there be no other causes for it; but so soon as any event—no matter what it is—is accomplished, then out of the number of all the continuously expressed wills of the various individuals, there will be found some which in meaning and time will bear to the event the relation of commands.

In coming to this conclusion, we are able to give a direct and circumstantial reply to the two essential questions of history, —

(1) What is Power?

(2) What force causes the movement of the nations?

(1) Power is a relationship established between a certain person and other persons, in virtue of which this person, in inverse proportion to the part which he takes in action, expresses opinions, suppositions, and justifications concerning the common action to be accomplished.

(2) The movement of the nations is due, not to Power nor

to intellectual activity, nor even to a union of the two, as some of the historians have thought, but to the activity of *all* the men who took part in the event, and who always group themselves together in such a way that those who take the greatest direct share in the event assume the least responsibility, and *vice versa*.

In the moral relation Power is the cause of the event; in the physical relation it is those who submit to the Power. But since moral activity is meaningless without physical activity, therefore the cause of an event is found neither in the one nor in the other, but in a combination of the two.

Or, in other words, the concept of a cause is inapplicable to the phenomenon which we are regarding.

In last analysis we reach the circle of Eternity, to that ultimate limit to which in every domain of thought the human intellect must come, unless it is playing with its subject.

Electricity produces heat; heat produces electricity. Atoms attract each other; atoms repel each other.

Speaking of the reciprocal action of heat and electricity and about the atoms, we cannot say why this is so, but we say that it is, because it is unthinkable in any other way, because it must be so, because it is a law.

The same holds true about historical phenomena.

Why are there wars or revolutions? We know not; we only know that for the accomplishment of this or that action men band together into a certain group in which all take a share, and we say that this is so because it is unthinkable otherwise, that it is a law.

CHAPTER VIII.

If history had to do with external phenomena, the establishment of this simple and evident law would be sufficient, and we might end our discussion.

But the law of history relates to man. A particle of matter cannot tell us at all that it is unconscious of the attraction or repulsion of force, and that it is not true.

Man, however, who is the object of history, declares stoutly, "I am free, and therefore I am not subjected to laws."

The presence of the question of the freedom of the will, though not acknowledged, is felt at every step in history.

All serious-minded historians have had, in spite of themselves, to face this question. All the contradictions, the ob-

scurities of history, that false route by which this science has travelled, are based upon the impossibility of solving this question.

If the will of every man were free, that is, if every one could do as he pleased, then history would be a series of disconnected chances.

If even one man out of millions, during a period of thousands of years, had the power of acting freely, that is, in conformity with his own wishes, then evidently the free action of that man, being an exception to the laws, would destroy the possibility of the existence of any laws whatever for all humanity.

If there were one single law which directed the activities of men, then there could be no free will, since the will of men must be subjected to this law.

In this contrariety is included the whole question of the freedom of the will, a question which from the most ancient times has attracted the best intellects of the human race, and which from the most ancient times has loomed up in all its colossal significance.

The question, at bottom, is this: —

Looking at man as upon the object of observation from any standpoint that we please, — theological, historical, ethnical, philosophical — we find the general law of Fate or necessity to which he, like everything else in existence, is subjected. Yet, looking upon him subjectively, as upon something of which we have a consciousness, we feel ourselves to be free.

This knowledge is a perfectly distinct source of self-consciousness, and independent of reason. By means of reason man observes himself; but he knows himself only through consciousness.

Without consciousness there could be no such thing as observation or application of the reason.

In order to understand, to observe, to reason, man must first recognize that he is existent.

As a living being, man cannot recognize himself other than as a wishing one; that is, he recognizes his own will.

His will, which constitutes the essence of his life, man conceives and cannot conceive otherwise than as free.

If, on subjecting himself to study, man sees that his will is always directed in accordance with one and the same law (whether he observe the necessity of taking food or the activity of the brain, or anything else), he cannot understand this invariable direction of his will otherwise than as a limitation of it.

Whatever should be free could not be also limited. The will of man appears to him limited for the very reason that he can conceive of it in no other way than as free.

You say, "I am not free, yet I raised and dropped my hand." Every one understands that this illogical answer is an irrefutable proof of freedom.

This answer is the expression of consciousness, which is not subordinate to reason.

If the consciousness of freedom were not a separate source of self-consciousness independent of reason, it would be subjected to reason and experience, but in reality such subordination never exists and is unthinkable.

A series of experiments and judgments shows every man that he, as an object of observation, is subordinate to certain laws, and man submits to them and never quarrels with the laws of gravity or impenetrability when once he has learned them.

But this series of experiments and argument proves to him that the perfect freedom of which he is conscious within himself is an impossibility, that his every act is dependent upon his organization, his character, and the motives that act upon him, but man will never submit himself to the deduction from these experiments and arguments.

Knowing from experiment and argument that a stone always falls, man infallibly believes in this, and in all circumstances he expects to see the fulfilment of this law which he has learned.

But, though he has learned just as indubitably that his will is subject to laws, he does not believe it and cannot believe it.

However many times experience and reason have shown a man that in the same circumstances, with the same character, he will always act in the same way as before, he for the thousandth time coming, under the same conditions with the same character, to a deed which always ends in the same way, nevertheless indubitably feels himself just as firmly convinced that he can act as he pleases, as he did before the experiment.

Every man, whether savage or cultivated, however irrefragably reason and experiment have taught him that it is impossible to imagine two different courses of action in the same circumstances, feels that without his unreasoning idea (which constitutes the essence of freedom) he could not imagine life possible.

He feels that, however impossible it is, still it is true, since

without this notion of freedom he would not only not understand life, but could not live a single instant.

He could not live, because all the aspirations of men, all the incitements to living, are only the aspirations towards enhancement of freedom.

Riches, poverty ; fame, obscurity ; power, subjection ; strength, weakness ; health, sickness ; knowledge, ignorance ; labor, leisure ; feasting, hunger ; virtue, vice, — are only the greater or less degrees of freedom.

To imagine a man not having freedom is impossible except he be deprived of life.

If the concept of freedom seem to reason as a senseless contradiction, like the possibility of accomplishing two courses of action at one and the same time, or an effect without a cause, then this only goes to prove that consciousness does not belong to reason.

This immovable, incontestable consciousness of freedom, which is not subject to experiment and reason, recognized by all thinkers and admitted by all men without exception, a consciousness without which any conception of man is nonsense, constitutes another side of the question.

Man is the work of an omnipotent, omniscient, and infinitely good God. What is the sin the notion of which takes its origin from the consciousness of the freedom of man ?

Such is the question of theology.

The actions of men are subject to invariable general laws expressed by statistics. What constitutes man's responsibility to society, the notion of which takes its origin from the consciousness of free will ?

Such is the question of Law.

The actions of man flow from his natural temperament and the motives acting upon him. What is conscience and the consciousness of the good and evil of the acts that take their origin from the consciousness of free will ?

Such is the question of ethics.

Man, relatively to the general life of humanity, seems to be subject to the laws that determine this life. But this same man, independently of this relation, seems to be free. Must the past life of nations and of humanity be regarded as the product of the free or of the unfree acts of men ? Such is the question of history.

But in these self-confident days of the popularization of knowledge by that great instrument of ignorance, the diffusion of literature, the question of the freedom of the will

has been taken into a field where it cannot be a question at all.

In our time, most of the men who call themselves advanced—that is, a mob of ignoramuses—accept the works of the naturalists, who look at only one side of the question, as the solution of the question.

“There is no soul, no free will, because the life of man is expressed by muscular movements, but these muscular movements are conditioned by nervous action; there is no soul, no free will, because, in some unknown period of time, we came from monkeys.”

This is spoken, written, and printed by men who do not even suspect that for thousands of years all religions, all thinkers have not only recognized, but have never denied, this same law of necessity which they have been striving so eagerly to prove, with the aid of physiology and comparative zoölogy.

They do not see that in regard to this question the natural sciences are only to serve as a means of throwing light upon one side of it.

Since from the standpoint of observation, reason and will are only secretions (*sécrétions*) of the brain, and man, following the general law, may have developed from lower animals in an indeterminate period of time, it only explains from a new side the truth which has been recognized for thousands of years by all religions and all philosophical theories, that from the standpoint of reason man is subject to the laws of necessity, but it does not advance by a single hair's-breadth the solution of the question which has another and contradictory side, based upon the consciousness of liberty.

If men could have come from monkeys in an indeterminate period of time, it is just as comprehensible that they could have been formed from a handful of clay during a determined period of time (in the first place, x is the time; in the second, it is descent); and the question as to how far man's consciousness of freedom can be reconciled with the law of necessity to which man is subject, cannot be solved by physiology and zoölogy, for we can observe only the muscular activity of the frog, the rabbit, or the monkey, while in man we can observe neuro-muscular activity and consciousness.

The naturalists and their disciples, who think they have solved the question, are like masons commissioned to stucco one side of the walls of a church, and who, in a fit of zeal, taking advantage of the absence of the overseer, should put a

coat of plaster over the windows, the sacred pictures, the scaffolding, and the walls as yet uncemented, and should be delighted, from their plasterers' standpoint, at having made the whole so even and smooth!

CHAPTER IX.

IN the decision of the question of Free Will and Necessity, History has the advantage over all the other branches of knowledge which have taken this question in hand, that for history this question touches not the very essence of man's will, but the manifestation of the display of this will in the past and under certain conditions.

History, by its decision of this question, stands toward other sciences in the position of an empirical science toward speculative sciences.

History has for its object not the will of man, but our representation of it.

And therefore the impenetrable mystery of the reconciliation of the two contradictories. Free Will and Necessity, cannot exist for History — as it does for theology, ethics, and philosophy.

History examines that manifestation of the life of man, in which the reconciliation of these two contradictions is already effected.

In actual life, every historical event, every act of man, is understood clearly and definitely, without any sense of the slightest inconsistency, although every event appears in part free and in part necessitated.

For deciding the question how freedom and necessity are united, and what constitutes the essence of these two concepts, the philosophy of history can and must pursue a route contrary to that taken by the other sciences. Instead of defining the concepts of Free Will and Necessity, and then subjecting the phenomena of history to the definitions prepared, History, from the enormous collection of phenomena at her service, and which always seem dependent upon Free Will and Necessity, is obliged to deduce her definition from the concepts themselves of Free Will and Necessity.

However we may regard the manifestation of the activities of many men or of one man, we cannot fail to understand it as the product, in part of the freedom of man, in part of the laws of necessity.

When we speak of the transmigrations of nations and the invasions of barbarians, or of the arrangements of Napoleon III., or of a man's act performed an hour ago, and consisting in the fact that from various directions for his walk he chose one, we detect not the slightest contradiction. The measure of Free Will and Necessity involved in the actions of these men is clearly defined for us.

Very often, the manifestation of greater or less freedom varies according to the standpoint from which we regard the phenomenon; but always and invariably every action of man presents itself to us as a reconciliation of Free Will and Necessity.

In every act that we take under consideration we see a certain share of Freedom and a certain share of Necessity. And always the more Freedom we see in any action, the less is there of Necessity, and the more Necessity the less Freedom.

The relation between Freedom and Necessity diminishes and increases according to the standpoint from which the action is viewed; but this relation always remains proportional.

A drowning man, who clutches another and causes him to drown; or a starving mother, exhausted in suckling her baby, who steals food; or a soldier in the ranks, subjected to army discipline, who kills a defenceless man by command of his superior, — all appear less guilty, that is, less free, and more subjected to the law of Necessity, to one who knows the conditions in which these people were brought, and more free to the one who knows not that the man himself was drowning, that the mother was starving, that the soldier was in line, and so on.

In exactly the same way, a man who, twenty years ago, should have committed a murder, and after that should have lived peaceably and harmlessly in society, appears less guilty; his action is more subordinated to the law of Necessity for the one who should consider his crime after the lapse of twenty years, and more free to the one who should consider the same action a day after it had been perpetrated.

And exactly in the same way every action of a lunatic, of a drunken man, or of a person under strong provocation, seems less free and more inevitable to the one who knows the mental condition of the person committing the act, and more free and less inevitable to the one who knows not.

In all these cases the conception of Free Will is increased or diminished, and proportionally the conception of Necessity is

increased or diminished, according to the standpoint from which the action is viewed. The greater appears the Necessity, the less appears the Freedom of the Will.

And *vice versa*.

Religion, the common sense of humanity, the science of law, and history itself, accept in exactly the same way this relationship between Necessity and Free Will.

All cases without exception in which our representation of Free Will and Necessity increases and diminishes may be reduced to three fundamental principles : —

(1) The relation of the man committing the act to the outside world.

(2) To time.

And (3) to the causes which brought about the act.

The first principle is the more or less palpable relation of the man to the outside world, the more or less distinct concept of that definite place which every man occupies toward every other man existing contemporaneously with him.

This is the principle which makes it evident that the drowning man is less free and more subject to Necessity than a man standing on dry land; the principle which makes the acts of a man living in close connection with other men, in densely populated localities, the acts of a man bound by family, by service, by engagements, seem less free and more subjected to Necessity than the acts of a single man living alone.

(1) If we examine an isolated man without any relations to his environment, then his every act seems to us free. But if we detect any relation whatever to what surrounds him, if we detect any connection with anything whatever, — with the man who talks with him, with the book that he reads, with the labor that he undertakes, even with the atmosphere that surrounds him, even with the light that falls upon surrounding objects, we see that each one of these conditions has some influence upon him, and governs at least one phase of his activity.

And so far as we see these influences, so far our representation of his freedom diminishes and our representation of the necessity to which he is subjected increases.

(2) The second principle is the more or less visible relation of man to the outside world in time; the more or less distinct conception of the place which the man's activity occupies in time.

This is the principle whereby the fall of the first man, which had for its consequences the origin of the human race, seems evidently less free than the marriage of a man of our day.

This is the principle in consequence of which the lives and activities of men who lived a century ago and are bound with me in time cannot seem to me so free as the lives of contemporaries, the consequences of which are as yet unknown to me.

The scale of apprehension of the greater or less Freedom or Necessity in this relation depends upon the greater or less interval of time between the accomplishment of the action and my judgment upon it.

If I regard an act which I performed a moment before under approximately the same conditions in which I find myself now, my action seems to me undoubtedly free.

But if I judge an act which I performed a month back, then finding myself in different conditions, I cannot help recognizing that if this act had not been performed, many things advantageous, agreeable, and even indispensable, would not have taken place.

If I go back in memory to some act still further back, — that I did ten years ago and more, — then the consequences of my act present themselves to me as still more evidently necessitated, and it would be hard for me to imagine what would have happened if this act had not taken place.

The further back I go in memory, or, what is the same thing, the longer I refrain from judgment, the more doubtful will be my decision as to the freedom of any act.

In history we find also exactly the same progression of persuasion as to the part that free will plays in the actions of the human race. A contemporary event taking place seems to us undoubtedly the product of all the eminent men; but if the event is further away in time, we begin to see its inevitable consequences, other than which we could not imagine flowing from it. And the further we go back in our investigation of events, the less do they seem to us spontaneous and free.

The Austro-Prussian war seems to us the undoubted consequence of the acts of the astute Bismarck and so on.

The Napoleonic wars, though with some shadow of doubt, still present themselves to us as the results of the will of heroes; but in the crusades we see an event definitely taking its place, an event without which the modern history of

Europe would be meaningless, and yet in exactly the same way this event presented itself to the chroniclers of the crusades as merely the outcome of the will of certain individuals.

In the migration of the nations, even in our time, it never occurs to us that it depended upon the pleasure of Attila to reconstitute the European world.

The further back into history we carry the object of our investigation, the more doubtful appears the freedom of the men who brought events about, and the more evident grows the law of Necessity.

(3) The third principle is the greater or less accessibility to us of that endless chain of causes, inevitably claimed by reason, in which every comprehensible phenomenon, and therefore every act of man, must take its definite place, as the result of what is past, and as the cause of what is to come.

This is the principle which makes our deeds and those of other men seem to us, on the one hand, the more free and the less subjected to Necessity, according as we know the physiological, psychological, and historical laws to which man is subject, and the more faithfully we examine the physiological, psychological, and historical causes of events: and, on the other hand, in proportion as the action under examination is simple and uncomplicated by the character and intellect of the man whose act we are examining.

When we absolutely fail to comprehend the reasons of any act, — in case of crime, an act of virtue, or even an act which has no reference to good and evil, — we are apt to attribute the greatest share of freedom in such a case.

In the case of a crime, we demand especially for such an act the extreme penalty; in case of a good action we especially reward such a virtuous deed.

In the case of something unique, we recognize the greatest individuality, originality, freedom.

But if a single one of the innumerable motives be known to us, we recognize a certain degree of necessity, and are not so eager in our demand for the punishment of the crime; we recognize less service in the virtuous action, less freedom in the apparently original performance.

The fact that a criminal was brought up among evil-doers mitigates his fault. The self-denial of a father or mother — self-denial with the possibility of a reward — is more comprehensible than self-denial without reason, and therefore seems to us deserving of sympathy, — less free.

The founder of a sect or of a party, an inventor, surprises us less when we know how and when his activity was prepared beforehand.

If we have a long series of experiences, if our observation is constantly directed to searching into the correlation between cause and effect in the relations of men, then the acts of men will seem to us proportionally more necessitated and less free, the more accurately we trace causes and effects in events.

If the acts under consideration are simple, and we have for our study an enormous number of such acts, then our notion of their Necessity will be still more complete.

The dishonorable act of a man whose father was dishonorable; the evil conduct of a woman who has fallen in with low associates; the return of the drunkard to his drunkenness, and the like, are cases which will seem to us less free the clearer we comprehend their causes.

If, again, a man whose actions we are examining stands on the lowest plane of mental development, — as a child, a lunatic, an idiot, — we who know the causes of his activity and lack of complexity in his character and intellect, see forthwith a decidedly large proportion of necessity and so little freedom of will that so soon as we know the cause that must have produced the act we can foretell the act.

These three principles alone make possible the theory of irresponsibility for crime that is recognized in all codes, and that of extenuating circumstances.

Responsibility seems greater or less in proportion to our greater or less knowledge of the conditions in which the man found himself whose crime is under judgment, in proportion to the longer or shorter interval of time between the perpetration of the crime and our judgment of it, and in proportion to our more or less complete comprehension of the causes of the act.

CHAPTER X.

Thus our conception of Free Will and Necessity in the phenomenon of the life of man gradually diminishes and increases in proportion as we look at the greater or less connection with the outer world, in proportion to the greater or less interval of time, and the greater or less dependence upon the motives.

So that if we consider the position of a man in whose case

the connection with the external world is best known, when the period of time between our judgment and the act is the very greatest possible, and the causes of the act most accessible, then we shall gain a conception of the most perfect necessity and the least possible freedom.

Whereas if we consider a man who shows the least dependence upon external conditions; if his act is consummated at the nearest possible moment to the present time, and the motives of his act are inaccessible to us, then we shall gain a conception of the least possible necessity and the greatest possible freedom.

But neither in the one case nor the other, however we might change our standpoint, however clear we might make the connection between the man and the outer world, or however inaccessible it might appear to us, however remote or however near might be the period of time, however comprehensible or incomprehensible for us the motives, we could never formulate to ourselves the idea of perfect Freedom or of complete Necessity.

(1) However hard we might endeavor to imagine a man freed from all influence of the external world, we could never conceive of such a thing as Freedom in space.

Every act of a man is inexorably conditioned also by the fact that he is bounded by the very nature of his body.

I raise my arm and drop it again. My action seems free, but, on asking myself, "Can I raise my arm in every direction?" I see that I have raised my arm in that direction where there would be the least resistance to such an action — either the human bodies around me or the organization of my own body.

If among all possible directions I choose one, then I choose it because there were less obstacles in that direction.

In order that my action should be free, it would be indispensable that it should meet no obstacles at all. In order to conceive of a man as being free, we should imagine him outside of space, which is evidently impossible.

(2) However close we may approximate the time of an event to the present, we can never gain the notion of Freedom in time.

For if I witness an act which was accomplished a second ago, I am nevertheless obliged to recognize that the act was not free, since the act is conditioned by that very moment of time in which it took place.

Can I raise my arm?

I raise it, but I ask myself, Could I have helped raising my arm at that moment of time already past?

In order to convince myself, at the next moment I do not raise my arm. But I did not refrain from raising my arm at that former moment when I asked the question about freedom.

The time has passed, and to retain it was not in my power; and the arm which I then raised, and the atmosphere in which I made the gesture, are no longer the atmosphere which now surrounds me, or the arm with which I now refrain from making the motion.

That moment in which the first gesture was made is irrevocable, and at that moment I could make only one gesture, and, whatever gesture I made, that gesture could have been only one.

The fact that in the subsequent moment of time I did not raise my arm is no proof that I might have refrained from raising it then. And since my motion could have been only one, at one moment of time, then it could not have been any other. In order to represent it as free, it is necessary to represent it at the present time, at the meeting point of the past and the future, that is to say, outside of time, which is impossible; and

(3) However much we may magnify the difficulty of comprehending motives, we can never arrive at a representation of absolute freedom, that is, to an absence of motive.

However unattainable for us may be the motive for the expression of will as manifested in an action performed by ourselves or others, the intellect first demands an assumption and search for the motive without which any phenomenon is unthinkable.

I raise my arm for the purpose of accomplishing an act independent of any motive, but the fact that I wish to perform the act that has no motive is the cause of my act.

But even if, representing to ourselves a man absolutely freed from all influences, regarding merely his momentary action as of the present, and not called forth by any motive, if we grant that the infinitely small residuum of Necessity is equal to zero, even then we should not arrive at the notion of the absolute freedom of man; since a being that does not respond to any influences from the outside world, exists outside of time, and is independent of motives, is no longer man.

In exactly the same way we can never conceive of the acts of a man without a share of freedom, and subjected only to the law of Necessity.

(1) However great may be our knowledge of the conditions of space in which man finds himself, this knowledge can never be perfect, since the number of these conditions is infinitely great, in the same way as space is limitless. And consequently, so long as all the conditions that influence man are not known, there can be no absolute Necessity, but there is a certain measure of Freedom.

(2) However much we may lengthen out the period of time between the act which we are examining, and the time when our judgment is passed, this period will be finite; but time is endless, and therefore in this relation there can never be absolute Necessity.

(3) However accessible may be the chain of motives for any act whatever, we should never know the whole chain, since it is endless, and again we should never have absolute Necessity.

But, moreover, even if, granting a residuum of the least possible Freedom, equal to zero, we were to recognize, in any possible case, as for example a dying man, an unborn child, an idiot, absolute lack of freedom, then by that very act we should destroy our concept of man which we were examining: for without freedom of the will man is not man.

And therefore our perception of the activity of man, subordinated only to the law of Necessity, without the slightest trace of Free Will, is just as impossible as the conception of the absolute Freedom of the acts of man.

Thus, in order to represent to ourselves the act of a man subjected only to the law of Necessity without any Freedom of the will, we must have knowledge of an *infinite* number of the conditions in space, an *infinitely* long period of time, and an *infinite* series of motives.

In order to represent a man absolutely free and unsubordinated to the law of Necessity, we must represent him as one *outside of space, outside of time, and outside of all dependence upon motives.*

In the first case, if Necessity were possible without Freedom, we should be brought to define the laws of Necessity by Necessity itself; that is, a mere form without substance.

In the second case, if Freedom without Necessity were possible, we should arrive at absolute Freedom outside of space, time, and cause, which, for the very reason that it would be unconditional and illimitable, would be nothing, or substance without form.

We should have arrived in general terms at those two fundamental principles on which man's whole conception of the world depends, the searchless essence of life, and the laws which condition this essence.

Reason says, —

(1) Space, with all its forms, which are given to it by its quality of *visibleness*, — matter, — is infinite, and cannot be conceived otherwise.

(2) Time is endless motion without a moment of rest, and it cannot be conceived otherwise.

(3) The chain of cause and effect can have no beginning and can have no end.

Consciousness says, —

(1) I am one, and all that happens is only I; consequently I include space;

(2) I measure fleeting time by the motionless moment of the present, at which alone I recognize that I am alive; consequently I am outside of time, and

(3) I am outside of motives, since I feel conscious that I myself am the motive of every manifestation of my life.

Reason expresses the laws of Necessity. Consciousness expresses the essence of Free Will.

Freedom, unconditioned by anything, is the essence of life in the consciousness of man.

Necessity without substance is the reason of man in its three forms.

Freedom is that which is examined. Necessity is that which examines.

Freedom is substance. Necessity is form.

Only by sundering the two sources of knowledge which are related to each other, as form and substance, do we arrive at the separate, mutually excluding and inscrutable concepts of Free Will and Necessity.

Only by uniting them is a clear presentation of the life of man obtained.

Outside of these two concepts, mutually by their union defining one another, — form and substance, — any representation of man's life is impossible.

All that we know of the life of man is merely the relation of Freedom to Necessity; that is, an avowal of the laws of Reason.

All that we know of the outer world of Nature is only a certain relationship of the forces of Nature to Necessity; that is, the essence of life related to the laws of reason.

The life forces of Nature lie outside of us, and are unknown to us, and we call these forces gravity, inertia, electricity, vital force, and so on; but the life forces of man are recognized by us, and we call them Freedom of the Will.

But just as the force of gravitation, in itself unattainable, inscrutable, though felt by every man, is only comprehensible to us so far as we know the laws of Necessity to which it is subject (from the first consciousness that all bodies are heavy up to the laws of Newton), in exactly the same way incomprehensible, inscrutable in itself, is the force of Free Will, though recognized by every one, and is only understood by us so far as we know the laws of Necessity to which it is subject (beginning with the fact that every man must die, up to the knowledge of the most complicated laws of political economy and history).

All knowledge is but the bringing of the essence of life under the laws of Reason.

Man's Free Will is differentiated from every other force by the fact that man is conscious of this force; but Reason regards it as in no respect different from any other force.

The forces of gravitation, electricity, chemical affinity, are only in this respect differentiated from one another that these forces are differently defined by Reason. Just so the force of man's Freedom in the eyes of Reason differs from other forces of nature merely by the definition which this very Reason gives it.

Freedom without Necessity, that is, without the laws of Reason which define it, is in no respect different from gravity, or heat, or the forces of vegetation; for Reason it is a transitory, undefined sensation of life.

And as the undefined essence of force moving the heavenly bodies, the undefined essence of the force of electricity and the force of chemical affinity and vital force, constitute the substance of astronomy, physics, chemistry, botany, zoölogy, and so on, in exactly the same way the essence of the force of Freedom constitutes the substance of History.

But just as the object of every science is the manifestation of this indeterminate essence of life, while this same essence may be only a subject for metaphysics, so the manifestation of the force of the Free Will of men in space, time, and causality constitutes the object of history, while Free Will itself is the subject of metaphysics.

In the empirical sciences that which we know we call the laws of Necessity; that which we do not know we call vital force.

Vital force is only the expression of the unknown reserve of what we know of the essence of life.

Just so in History: that which is known to us we call the laws of Necessity, that which is unknown we call Free Will.

Free Will or History is only the expression of the unknown reserve of what we know about the laws of the life of man.

CHAPTER XI.

HISTORY observes the manifestations of the Free Will of man in their relations with the external world, with time, and with causality; that is, it determines this freedom by the laws of Reason, and therefore History is a science only in so far as it determines Freedom by these laws.

For History to regard the Free Will of men as a force able to exert influence upon historical events, that is, as not subject to law, is the same thing as for astronomy to recognize freedom in the movement in the heavenly forces.

This admission would destroy the possibility of the existence of laws, that is, of any knowledge whatever.

If a single body existed endowed with freedom of movement, then the laws of Kepler and Newton would no longer exist, and we could have no conception of the movements of the heavenly bodies.

If a single human action were free, there would be no historical laws, no conception of historical events.

History is concerned only with the lines of the movement of human wills; one end of which disappears in the unseen; while at the other end appears consciousness of the Free Will of man in the present, moving in space, time, and causality.

The more the field of movement opens out before our eyes, the more evident become the laws of this movement.

To grasp and define these laws is the object of History.

From the standpoint from which science now looks at the object of its investigations, along that route which it traverses in seeking the causes of events in the Free Will of men, the formulation of laws is impossible, for, however carefully we limit the Free Will of men, as soon as we recognize it as a force the existence of the law is impossible.

Only by reducing Will to an infinitesimal, that is, regarding it as an infinitely small quantity, do we believe in the absolute accessibility of causes, and only then, instead of seeking for causes, History takes as its problem the search for laws.

The search for these laws has been undertaken in times past, and the new methods of thought which History must appropriate must be elaborated simultaneously with the self-destruction toward which the "old History" moves with its constant differentiation of the causes of phenomena.

Along this route all the human sciences have travelled.

Mathematics, the most exact of sciences, having reached the infinitely small, abandons the process of differentiation and makes use of a new process, that of summing up the unknown — the differential or infinitesimal calculus.

Mathematics, giving up the concept of causes, seeks for laws; that is, the qualities common to all of unknown, infinitesimal elements.

Though by another form, the other sciences have followed in the same route of thought.

When Newton formulated the law of gravitation, he did not say that the sun or the earth had the property of attracting; he said that all bodies, from the largest to the smallest, possessed the property of attracting one another; that is, putting aside the question of the cause of the movement of bodies, he simply formulated a quality common to all bodies, from the infinitely great to the infinitely small.

The natural sciences do the same; putting aside the question of causation, they seek for laws.

History also stands on the same path, and if history has for its object the study of the movements of peoples and of humanity, and not a description of episodes in the lives of men, it must put aside the notion of cause, and search for the laws common to all the closely united, infinitesimal elements of Freedom.

CHAPTER XII.

From the time that the law of Copernicus was discovered and demonstrated, the mere recognition of the fact that the sun does not move, but the earth, has overturned the entire cosmography of the ancients.

It was possible, by rejecting the law, to hold fast to the old view of the motion of bodies; but unless the law was rejected, it became impossible, apparently, to continue in the teaching of the Ptolemaic worlds. And yet, even after the discovery of the law of Copernicus, the Ptolemaic worlds were still taught.

From the time when man first said and proved that the number of births or crimes was subject to mathematical laws, and that certain geographical and politico-economical conditions determined this or that form of government, that certain relations of the population to the soil produce the movements of the nation, from that time the fundamental principles whereon history was based were entirely subverted.

It was possible, by rejecting the new laws, to hold to the former views of history; but, unless they were rejected, it was impossible, apparently, to continue to teach that historical events were the product of the free will of men.

For if any particular form of government were established, or any movement of a nation took place, as a consequence of certain geographical, ethnographical, or economical conditions, the wills of those men who appeared to us to have established the form of government can no longer be regarded as the cause.

But still the old style of history continues to be taught side by side with the laws of statistics, of geography, of political economy, comparative philology, and geology, which directly contradict its tenets.

Long and stubbornly the struggle between the old view and the new went on in the domain of physical philosophy.

Theology stood on guard in behalf of the old view, and denounced the new for its destruction of Revelation. But when truth won the day, Theology intrenched herself just as solidly in the new ground.

Just as long and stubbornly at the present time rages the struggle between the old and the new view of history, and, just as before, Theology stands on guard in behalf of the old view, and denounces the new for its subversion of Revelation.

In the one case, just as in the other, passions have been called into play on both sides, and the truth has been obscured. On the one hand, fear and sorrow for all the knowledge elaborately built up through the centuries: on the other, the passion for destruction.

For the men who opposed the rising truth of physics, it seemed as if by their acknowledgment of this truth, their faith in God, in the creation of the universe, in the miracle of Joshua the son of Nun, would be destroyed.

To the defenders of the laws of Copernicus and Newton, to Voltaire, for instance, it seemed that the laws of astronomy were subversive of religion, and he made the laws of gravitation a weapon against religion.

In exactly the same way now it is only necessary to recog-

nize the law of necessity and the idea of the soul, of good and evil, and all state and church institutions that revolve around these concepts would be subverted.

Now, just as Voltaire in his time, the uninvited defenders of the law of Necessity employ this law against religion; and exactly the same way as the law of Copernicus in astronomy, so now the law of Necessity in history not only does not subvert, but even strengthens, the foundation upon which are erected state and ecclesiastical institutions.

As at that time in the question of astronomy, so now in the question of history, every variety of view is based upon the recognition or non-recognition of the absolute unit which serves as the standard measure of all visible phenomena. In astronomy this standard was the immovability of the earth; in history it was the independence of the individual — Freedom of the Will.

As for astronomy, the difficulty in the way of recognizing the immovability of the earth consisted in having to rid one's self of the immediate sensation that the earth was immovable, and of a similar sense as to the motion of the planets; so also in history the difficulty in the way of recognizing the subjection of personality to the laws of space, time, and causality consisted in being obliged to rid one's self of the sense of the independence of one's personality.

But, as in astronomy, the new theory says, —

“It is true we are not conscious of the motion of the earth, but if we grant its immobility, we arrive at an absurdity; whereas, if we admit the motion of which we are not conscious, we arrive at laws,” in the same way, in history the new view says, —

“It is true we are not conscious of our dependence, but, by admitting the Freedom of the Will, we arrive at an absurdity; whereas, by admitting our dependence upon the external world, time, and causality, we arrive at laws.”

In the first case it was necessary to get rid of the consciousness of non-existent immobility in space, and to recognize a motion that was not present to our consciousness; in the present case, in exactly the same way, it is essential to get rid of a Freedom of the Will that does not exist, and to recognize a dependence that is not present to our consciousness.

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